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OUTING.

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORT, TRAVEL AND RECREATION.

VOL. XXXV.

OCTOBER, 1899—MARCH, 1900.

JAMES H. WORMAN, }
BEN J. WORMAN, } *Editors.*

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXV.

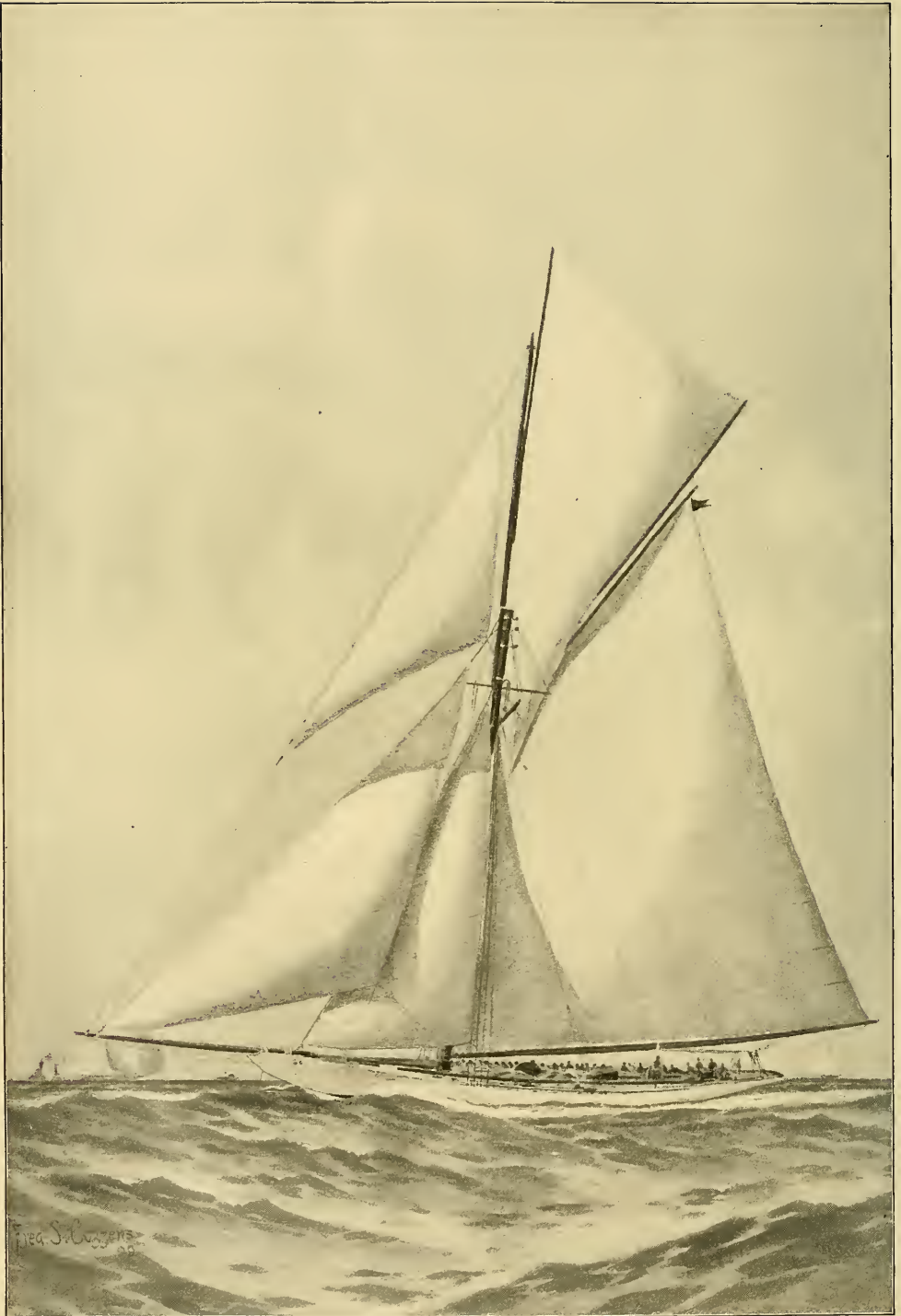
OCTOBER, 1899, TO MARCH, 1900.

ATHLETICS. (<i>See also Review Pages for Editorial Comment and News Items.</i>)		PAGE.
SOME HINTS ON THE USE OF WEIGHTS FOR HEALTH	George Elliot Flint,	292
REMARKABLE ATHLETIC PERFORMANCES. Illustrated	Malcolm W. Ford,	603
CANOEING.		
SAMOAN CANOE-CRAFT. Illustrated	Wm. Churchill,	75
CYCLING. (<i>See also Review Pages for Editorial Comment and News Items.</i>)		
A VACATION OF A DAY-AND-HALF AWHEEL	T. B.,	63
CYCLING OVER AN OLD VIRGINIA PIKE	George H. Streaker,	147
A BICYCLE TOUR IN THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT—MADEIRA	Wm. Jameson Reid,	270, 375
Illustrated.		
AN EASTER TRIP THRO' FRANCE. Illustrated	G. H. Leonard.	598
FICTION.		
THE TREASURE OF SAND DUNE ISLAND	W. Bert Foster,	25
Illustrated by F. W. Read.		
HELD FOR DOWNS. Illustrated by Alex. J. Rummier	Ward Cruikshank,	122
A RACE AROUND THE HORN	T. Jenkins Hains,	153
THE TURKEY SHOOT AT STEINHOFF	John T. Warren,	249
Illustrated by Albert Hencke.		
A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM OCRACOE	Sara Beaumont Kennedy,	329
Illustrated by F. W. Read.		
JEANIE MCLEAN. (A Tale of the Michigan Woods.)	W. D. Hulbert,	383
Illustrated by Jas. L. Weston.		
TWO KENTUCKY THOROUGHBREDS. Illustrated by F. W. Read	Francis J. Hagan,	453
CARTHWAITE'S CONVERSION	Florence Guerten Tuttle,	514
A MODERN CINDERELLA. Illustrated by F. W. Read	M. G. Cundill.	589
FISHING.		
HERRING-FISHING BY TORCHLIGHT	R. W. Sise,	60
TURTLE CATCHING WITH A ROD	John Cloverdale,	163
FISHING UNDER SUNNY SKIES Illustrated by G. W. Bonte	Edwin L. Sabin,	264
FISH AND FISHING IN FLORIDA WATERS	Wm. C. Harris,	391
TARPON FISHING AT ARANSAS PASS	Nellie D. S. Fraham,	473
Illustrated by Albert Hencke.		
AN ADVENTURE WITH THE TUNA	S. J. Mathes,	556
FOOTBALL. (<i>See also Review Pages for Editorial Comment and News Items.</i>)		
KICKING A FOOTBALL	George H. Brooke,	12
Illustrated from Photos by T. C. Turner.		
FOOTBALL REVIEW—SEASON OF '98. Illustrated	Walter Camp,	69
A FORECAST OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON. Illustrated	Walter Camp,	172
FRONTISPIECES.		
"COLUMBIA" (1899) AND "SHAMROCK"		2-4
Painted for OUTING by Fred S. Cozzens.		
"OLD EPHRAIM" THE GRIZZLY		110
Painted for OUTING by C. Rungius.		
THE OCELOT	Painted for OUTING by C. Rungius,	218

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
OUT FOR HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston,	328
THE RED RIBBON TARPON AT ARANSAS Painted for OUTING by Albert Hencke,	440
THE KOODOO OF SOUTH AFRICA Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston,	544
GOLF. (<i>See also Review Pages for Editorial Comment and News Items.</i>)	
THE GOLFERS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP, 1899 Charles Turner,	117
Illustrated from Photos by T. C. Turner.	
THE WOMEN'S OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP AND OTHER GOLF AT BALA Charles Turner,	233
Illustrated from Photos by T. C. Turner.	
WINTER GOLF IN SOUTHERN SUNSHINE. Illustrated John D. Dunn,	486
GOLFING IN THE FAR WEST. Illustrated Thomas H. Arnold,	559
MEDAL DAY AT ST. ANDREW'S, SCOTLAND. Illustrated. T. M. Parrott,	611
HUNTING.	
DR. CRAIG AND ANOTHER WOODCOCK SHOOTER C. H. Morse,	19
Illustrated by Jas. L. Weston.	
IN THE CASCADES. Illustrated by C. Rungius and G. W. Bonte R. L. Warner,	35
ON THE KEYA PABA MARSHES S. G. V. Griswold,	57
THE BUCK OF CORDWOOD HILLS. Illustrated by Jas. L. Weston Frank H. Risteen,	111
SMOKING OUT A GRIZZLY. Illustrated by C. Rungius Jos. E. Badger,	115
MOOSE IN THE MAINE WOODS C. Bailey,	127
THREE DAYS' DUCKING ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN Elliot C. Brown,	130
Illustrated by Jas. L. Weston.	
THANKSGIVING IN THE "POPPLES" J. R. Benton,	144
AUTUMN SPORT IN TENNESSEE D. C. Fitch,	157
HUNTING WILD YAK IN THIBET W. J. Reid,	184
WILD-FOWL SHOOTING IN OLD VIRGINIA J. Day Knap,	219
Illustrated by Jas. L. Weston.	
A 'POSSUM HUNT. Illustrated Chester I. Fidler,	240
A MOUNTAIN LION AT CHRISTMAS Jos. E. Badger, Jr.,	268
A NOVICE ON THE TRAIL Ed. W. Sandys,	284
WINTER DEER IN EASTERN MAINE L. C. Loct,	343
Illustrated by Carl Ahrens and from Photos by the Author.	
A RABBIT CHASE ON ICE. Illustrated by Jas. L. Weston Herman Rave,	350
A DEER HUNT ON THE COAST OF GEORGIA C. Wayne Cunningham,	370
Illustrated by G. W. Bonte.	
GUNNING FOR SNIPE IN JAMAICA Brux,	381
AMONG THE CALIFORNIAN DOVES WITH A SHOTGUN T. S. Van Dyke,	395
A LION HUNT IN SOMALALAND Marion Wright,	441
Illustrated by Jas. L. Weston and from Photos by the Author.	
A NORTHERN GIRL "HUNTIN' OF A GAITAH" Marion Pryde Quay,	447
Illustrated by the Author.	
WILD-CAT HUNTING IN OLD VIRGINIA. Illustrated by Jas. L. Weston R. H. Martin,	483
BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN SOUTH AFRICA W. W. Van Ness,	545
Illustrated by Jas. L. Weston.	
"OLD SQUAW" SHOOTING ON FIRE ISLAND INLET M. K. P. Fuller,	585
ICE YACHTING. (<i>See also Review Pages for Editorial Comment and News Items.</i>)	
HOW TO BUILD AN UP-TO-DATE ICE YACHT FOR \$60 H. Percy Ashley,	244-248
With Diagrams by the Author.	
FLAGNER'S COUP H. Percy Ashley,	347
Illustrated by G. W. Bonte from a Sketch by the Author.	

	PAGE
KENNEL.	
THE IRISH WOLF-HOUND. Illustrated H. W. Huntington,	569
LAWN TENNIS. (<i>See also Review Pages for Editorial Comment and News Items.</i>)	
THE SEASON'S REVIEW IN LAWN TENNIS. Illustrated J. Parmly Paret,	165
NATURAL HISTORY.	
AN EXPERIMENT WITH WOODPECKERS Leander S. Keyser,	615
PHOTOGRAPHY.	
A WINTER RAMBLE WITH THE CAMERA Herbert W. Gleason,	364
Illustrated from Photos by the Author.	
POEMS.	
AUTUMN W. T. A.,	18
IN THE AUTUMN WOODS Ella Woodworth,	49
FAREWELL Clifford Tremley,	50
IN AUTUMN LANES E. W. Barnard,	59
NOVEMBER Jenny T. Ruprecht,	143
THE WINTER CAMP Theodore Roberts,	184
A HUNTING SONG T. W. Olcott,	188
AS DAYLIGHT DIES E. Carl Litsey,	283
THE WINTER KING B. Kelly,	289
SPORTSMEN'S MEMORIES Milton H. Knowles,	296
HOMEWARD BOUND AT CHRISTMAS Dorothy Deane,	349
ROUNDEL Helen Fairbairn,	373
WAIL OF THE GUIDE. Illustrated Frederic C. Clarke,	374
'TWIXT THE COMING AND THE PASSING OF THE SNOW Charles Turner,	390
Illustrated by Albert Hencke	
CHRISTMAS EVE. Illustrated Beatrice Harlow,	406
A TIRED BOY. Illustrated Clara Whitmore Williams,	588
ROWING.	
ROWING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY. Illustrated Arthur Inkersley,	575
TRAVEL. (<i>See also Cycling.</i>)	
ACROSS THE DIVIDE ON A BRONCO Mrs. W. K. Townsend,	43
Illustrated by G. W. Bonte.	
ANTIGUA, GUATEMALA, AND ITS RUINS. Illustrated A. M. Beaupré,	50
A GLIMPSE AT CHINESE CITIES (Shanghai). Illustrated E. M. Allaire,	134
IN THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT (Madeira) Illustrated W. J. Reid,	270, 375
A BRUSH WITH THE SPEAR-THROWERS (Honduras) Guy E. Mitchell,	278
Illustrated by Jas. L. Weston.	
A DIGGER INDIAN BURNING Grace H. Bingham,	290
INDIAN SKETCHES (Calcutta) Illustrated Paul Eve Stevenson,	353
ON THE BANKS OF THE ZUIDER ZEE. Illustrated Elizabeth Robinson,	475
YACHTING. (<i>See also Review Pages for Editorial Comment and News Items.</i>)	
"COLUMBIA," THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN. Illustrated from Photos . Capt. A. J. Kenealy,	3
SKIPPERS AND CREWS OF THE RIVAL RACERS. Illustrated with Photos . . An Old Salt,	65
"COLUMBIA" AND "SHAMROCK." (Their Design and Sailing) C. G. Davis,	78
THE "MEDASKA'S" LOST CUP. (A Yarn of White Bear Lake) R. Slye,	180
THE DECISIVE RACES FOR THE CUP Capt. A. J. Kenealy,	223
PLEASURE YACHTING "WAY DOWN SOUTH" Lorillard D. Sampsell,	398, 463
Illustrated from Photos.	
THROUGH INLAND WATERS TO THE SOUTH. (The Trip of the "Dragoon" from New York to Savannah). Illustrated from Photos by the Author . . . Chas. G. Davis,	503
OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEWS OF AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.	
ATHLETICS, AUTOMOBILE, CANOEING, CURLING, CRICKET, CROQUET, CYCLING, EQUESTRIANISM (the Light Harness Horse and the Harness and Saddle Horse), FOOTBALL, GOLF, ICE YACHTING, ICE HOCKEY, KENNEL, LAWN TENNIS, PHOTOGRAPHY, POLO, ROD AND GUN, ROWING, SKATING, SWIMMING, YACHTING,	



Painted for OUTING by Fred. S. Cozzens.

COLUMBIA (1899).

OUTING.

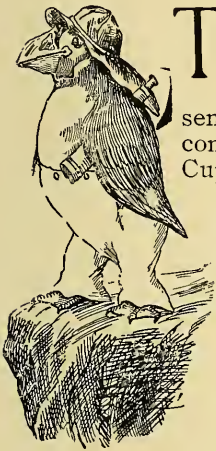
VOL. XXXV.

OCTOBER, 1899.

No. 1.

"COLUMBIA," THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

BY CAPTAIN A. J. KENEALY.



THE happy yachting prophet, who has the balancing quality of common sense, on the eve of a contest for the *America's* Cup, seeks to avail himself of the protective possibilities of the English language. He would like to name the winner, but he would also like to so cover up his tracks with mystifying verbiage that, in case of a wrong

prediction, he has a large loophole of escape. I will be guilty of no such feeble subterfuge. I declare myself frankly and freely at the outset of this yarn a *Columbia* man, first, last, and all the time. I think *Columbia* will win, for I have watched her superb sailing closely and observed her principal races with vast interest. She is a great boat. Moreover, I will put myself on record as saying that, if any misfortune should happen to her, *Defender*, in my judgment, on a pinch, would also beat *Shamrock*. My reasons will be found in the course of this article.

I don't remember any challenge that has been so popular as this of Sir Thomas Lipton's. He is almost as much of an American as he is an Irishman or a Scotchman. He is a self-made man and he made the foundation of his fortune in this country. Sprung from the plain people he has always been friendly to the people. Americans

will not grudge him a victory in the least, if he fairly earns it.

No matter what the issue of the present conflict may be, the result is sure to be of benefit to the sport of yachting. I take it for granted that Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Fife are both sportsmen, and that in case of defeat there will be none of the quibbling and uncalled-for protests which Lord Dunraven was so ill advised as to make, and which effectually destroyed his popularity here as a yachtsman. Sir Thomas has declared that if he is beaten this year he has friends who will immediately challenge for the cup, so that there will be another race in 1900. I gather that there is to be an organized attack on the trophy every year until it is won.

Should Sir Thomas win the cup there will also be a rush of candidates for the honor of its recovery, and American yacht designers, put on their mettle, are sure to turn out some superb racing craft and to excel their best efforts in the past.

From the point of view of the defense of the cup, Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan is one of our most popular yachtsmen. He was largely interested financially and otherwise in *Vigilant* and *Defender*. His gift of the costly plot of land on which the new home of the New York Yacht Club is being erected, his bearing the chief burden of the cost of *Columbia*, have shown him to be a generous supporter of the sport, and his charities to hospitals have endeared him to thousands.

The Commodore makes no pretension to being a racing yachtsman, but Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, the managing owner of



Painted for OUTING by Fred S. Cozzens.

"SHAMROCK."

Columbia, has enough knowledge of the sport for two. The yachting contingent are aware of the fact that no smarter amateur flies a private signal than Mr. Iselin—the proof being the victories of *Vigilant* and *Defender*, both of which boats he commanded. The public looks to him for a splendid race, nor will the public be disappointed. Thus, in the matter of popularity, honors are easy.

That yacht racing is one of the most fashionable of sports was apparent from the interest which society took in the squadron cruise of the New York Yacht Club. It is a question which is the paramount pastime, yachting or golf. Indeed, denizens who divide their interest between the two sports are to be found in quantities. The Yankee yachts-

lese servants, have in *Shamrock's* success. On what their calculations are based I have no notion and can form no conception. Surely, the two inconclusive trials with the cutter *Britannia* were not of sufficient importance to send their hopes sky-high! The fact remains, however, that her crew will not hear of the word defeat. They believe she is the fastest yacht ever built, and that she cannot fail to carry back the cup. This enthusiasm is all very well, but the performances of the yacht up to the time of writing this yarn scarcely seem to warrant such extraordinary exultation.

As for the *Columbia*, we are in possession of many cogent and convincing data. Her splendid behavior during all the spirited races of the New York



Photo by T. C. Turner.

THE "SHAMROCK" IN TOW, NEW YORK HARBOR.

woman, too, is now a power in the land and on the sea. The zeal with which she takes to the sport, and the knowledge, practical and historical, that she has at her fingers' ends, fill me with unfeigned admiration. I envy her her great learning. All the clubs, or nearly all, will have steamers to carry their members and their guests to the yacht races. No self-respecting yachting girl will allow herself to miss the opportunity of seeing the sea-giants in their conflict, and so the radiant American aquatic nymph will be very much in evidence during the fateful first week in October.

One cannot help admiring the proud confidence that all hands, from owner, designer, skipper and crew, down to Sir Thomas Lipton's picturesque Cingha-

Yacht Club cruise satisfied everybody that she can defeat *Defender* in any kind of weather, with the possible exception of a heavy blow. This was gratifying indeed, for it must be remembered that *Defender*, with her enlarged rig, is in every way faster than she was in 1895. Thus, when we see *Columbia* beating *Defender*, boat for boat, in every race, we actually know how fast a craft she is, and can thus show sound reasons for our faith in her, which is far more satisfactory than enthusiasm based on nothing but faith.

Luck in times gone by has had potent influence in yacht races, but luck seems generally to be on the side of the fastest boat and the smartest crew. Flukes have often won a race, but at the present

time two boats racing against each other aim to keep so close together that neither will benefit to any marked degree by a sudden shift of the wind. For instance, there is little likelihood of two cup-racers splitting tacks or going off on long wind-hunting "boards" in different directions. Such a proceeding is opposed to sound modern yachting polity. Thus skill, rather than luck, is the more powerful factor. The skipper that gets the best of the start in the leg to windward, and keeps his rival jammed under his lee from the first tack to the last, rises superior to luck. Likewise does the sea-jockey who, by sheer skill alone, blankets his opponent, and never

forgets Commodore S. Nicholson Kane has made and, at this writing, is still making to insure a clear course for the yachts, he would feel grateful to the Chairman of the Regatta Committee which will conduct the contest. Mr. Kane and his colleagues, Mr. Chester Griswold and Mr. Grinnell, are admirably qualified by skill and experience to manage the cup races. In the interest of sport it is to be hoped that neither of the yachts will be able to have the faintest excuse to complain of interference by excursion steamers, yachts or tugs. Let the course be kept clear from start to finish. In many previous battles for the cup, both boats have claimed to have suffered from the wash of



THE BREAKDOWN ON THE "COLUMBIA."

lets him get out of the influence of the blanket, overcome luck and is hailed as a winner at the finish.

In the matter of the collapse of a mast, the parting of a sheet or a halyard, luck does not enter. Such accidents are due to lack of judgment or to ignorance of scientific and mechanical laws. Take it all in all, luck is not likely to play any important part in the races scheduled to be sailed on the 3d, 5th and 7th of this month.

Nor will the unlucky outside interference this time be a probability. If Sir Thomas Lipton knew what great ef-

paddles and the churning of propellers, yet in my opinion, the American boats have generally suffered the most from the accompanying flotilla anxious to reach the finish as soon as the victor.

This is the only point which is likely to offer any real ground of difficulty to the yachts and to the Regatta Committee. I believe that arrangements have been made to insure an open course, and I hope that the appeal to the sportsmanship of steamboat skippers will have the best results.

It is always unwise to undervalue an opponent, and neither Mr. Iselin nor Mr.

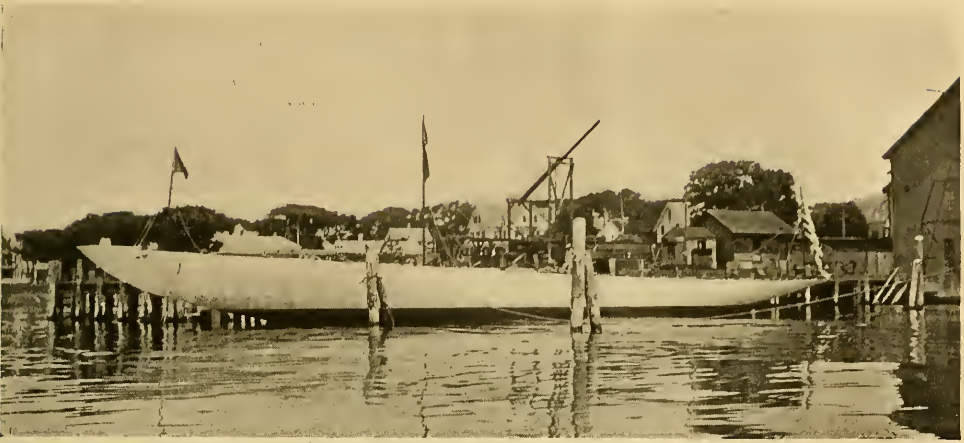


Photo by Hemment, New York.

THE "COLUMBIA" AFTER LAUNCHING.

Herreshoff has failed to appreciate how formidable a foeman Mr. Fife is. Thus no money has been spared in the building and fitting out of *Columbia*. As soon as the dimensions of *Shamrock's* racing mast were learned, Mr. Herreshoff was ordered to build a new steel mast for *Columbia* of greater height than the one that collapsed in Narragansett Bay on August 2d, as told in *OUTING* last month. Ample funds have also been at the disposal of Mr. Herreshoff in the way of experiments with spinnaker sprits and clubs, so that there should not be any possible excuse for blunders in that direction. It may be taken for granted, I hope, that *Columbia's* mishaps are all over, and that nothing but good fortune and glory await her in the future.

Barring accidents, I see no reason to doubt that *Columbia* will successfully defend the cup. Mr. Herreshoff, I suppose, may be depended upon to send the yacht to the starting point with all her gear good enough to race for a man's life. With her new non-collapsible steel mast and unbreakable steel topmast spreaders she is not likely to fall to pieces, blow high or blow low.

The challenger will have abundant opportunity to have her mettle tried in the waters on which the trials of her life will take place, for it was in the cool, gray dawn of August 18th, the lookout on the Sandy Hook lightship observed a yawl-rigged yacht in tow of a harbor tug heading for the channel. Accompanying her was a stately ocean-going steam yacht, from whose smokestack



Photo by Hemment, New York.

THE "SHAMROCK" STRIPPED.

came great clouds of black smoke such as soft coal produces. This showed she was British.

The two vessels were easily identified. The sailing craft was the *Shamrock* and the steam yacht the *Erin*. They had made an exceptionally fast passage, and their arrival was a surprise. Mr. David Barrie, who is the New York agent for Sir Thomas Lipton, was the most amazed man in town when he heard the news, which was telegraphed to him from the signalstation at Sandy Hook. He rightly concluded that the yachts had been favored with very smooth water during the passage across the sea, and that the *Erin* had largely availed herself of the kind permission of the New York Yacht Club, and had done "a powerful sight of towing."

As the *Shamrock* passed the lightship the tug *Robert Haddon*, whose hawser was fast to the yacht, gave vent to spasmodic shrieks from her whistle in joyful token of her good fortune in having picked up so famous a tow and so easily earning one hundred dollars. The progress of the yacht to the Quarantine station was a marine triumph. She was saluted by everything afloat that she met or passed. Steamers

blew their sirens and sailing craft dipped their ensigns, while their crews cheered lustily. Men on both *Erin* and *Shamrock* were stationed at the signal halyards to reply to the enthusiastic and noisy greetings which welcomed the cup challenger and her convoy to New York. The crews of the two yachts were surprised at the warmth of their reception. The average Britisher is more phlegmatic in temperament than his American cousin, and takes his

pleasure more sadly.

After being passed by the health officers, who admitted that a sturdier or more robust crew had never been inspected by them, the *Shamrock* and the *Erin* dropped anchor off Tompkinsville, Staten Island. Mr. David Barrie came from New York in the tug *James Lawrence*, which he had char-



Photo by Burton, New York.

"COLUMBIA."

tered to act as a tender to the cup challenger during her stay in American waters. Both yachts flew Sir Thomas Lipton's private signal—a green shamrock leaf on a ground of gold with an emerald border. From *Shamrock's* jiggermast floated the blue ensign, and from the fore truck of the *Erin* was displayed the burgee of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club—the "Red Hand of Ulster"

on a white shield with the royal crown above. Mr. Barrie first boarded *Shamrock*, where he was welcomed by Skippers Hogarth and Wringe. Then he climbed to the deck of the *Erin* and made himself known to Captain Matthews and the only guest aboard, the Chevalier Eduardo de Martino, Marine Painter in Ordinary to the Queen, whose intention it is, in the event of the *Shamrock's* victory over *Columbia*, to paint three pictures, one for Queen Victoria, another for the Prince of Wales, and the third for Sir Thomas Lipton.

Theskipers of the two yachts fought very shy of the reporters, who assailed them on every hand, cross-examining them with the forensic astuteness of veteran sea-lawyers. Little veracious testimony was forthcoming from those close-

mouthed canny Scots, who had received their orders to keep their jaw tackles belayed. It was learned, however, in a general way, that the yacht had been blessed with pleasant weather nearly all the voyage, which took her four hours less than fifteen days, during which she "sailed and towed" 3,400 miles. According to figures purporting to be extracts from the log of the *Shamrock*, she sailed 2,145 miles and was towed 1,255

miles. I do not place implicit credence in the authenticity of these figures, and think they should be taken with a large lump of salt. I have had the opportunity of inspecting the logs of several steamships that crossed the ocean with the *Shamrock*, and I find that the sea was smooth as a lake during nearly the whole of the passage, this condition making towing possible. The yachts steered a course considerably to the southward of the usual "steam lane"

traversed by west-bound "liners," and that is the reason why she wasn't spoken on her way over. I append, in this month's records, an abstract of the *Erin's* log furnished by Captain Matthews. This document makes the whole distance covered 3,596 miles, while the *Shamrock's* log made the run 3,400 miles only.

In the matter of west-bound



Copyright, Photo by West & Son, Southsea.

"SHAMROCK."

passages by cup challengers it may be interesting to recall that Sir Richard Sutton's *Genesta*, sailing from Queens-town on June 23, 1885, crossed in twenty-two days. Lieut. Henn's *Galatea* left Plymouth on June 30, 1886, and was thirty-one days on the passage to Marblehead, Mass. Commodore Bell's *Thistle* left Gourock on July 25, 1887, and made New York in twenty-two days. It took *Valkyrie II.* twenty-nine days and eigh-

teen hours to make the trip to this port, while *Valkyrie III.* made the trip in twenty-two days. *Vigilant*, in 1895, made the western passage in seventeen days and nineteen hours, the record run under canvas alone of any racing yacht. East-bound passages, because of the prevailing westerly winds and the trend of the Gulf Stream, are nearly always faster, but are valueless in a comparison with west-bound trips.

The towline which did such capital work in lugging the Scotch yacht across consisted of two lengths of steel cable, connected in the middle by a section of heavy Kyar hawser, which has considerable elasticity, and thus prevented any

from a serious collision with a water-logged bulk of timber covered with barnacles. The lookout saw it in time for the helm to be put hard over, and she missed the obstruction by a close shave. Her best run under sail alone is said to have been 268 knots.

The jury rig carried by *Shamrock* was very snug and serviceable. Her lower mast of Oregon pine was surmounted by a stump topmast. Her jiggermast was low, and on it was set a jib-headed mizzen and a mizzen-staysail. She carried when the wind was aft or on the quarter a squaresail of generous proportions, bent to the squaresail yard, and above this a "raffie" or square foretop-



Photo by Burton New York.

CAPT. BARR, SUPERINTENDING THE RIGGING OF "COLUMBIA."

undue straining. But the water, according to all accounts, was placid as a horse pond, except on August 9th, when a green sea was shipped, which broke open the fore skylight and washed First Mate Rowe out of his bunk. On the following day the throat halyards parted. These constituted the mishaps of the passage. The only exciting and romantic incident of the run happened at 9:45 P. M. on August 10th, when "it was reported that a huge monster had appeared about thirty yards from the yacht's side, lashing the water viciously." This was probably the sea serpent! On August 11th *Shamrock* had an escape

sail. On a little stump of a bowsprit a jibtopsail was set. A forestaysail and gafftopsail were the only other sails.

Beyond the washing off of some of the green paint on her topsides and a little growth of grass on her hull below the water-line, the yacht looked none the worse for her long trip. She was the object of unceasing interest all the time she was anchored off Tompkinsville. She had to undergo a bombardment of photographic shots and the sharpest criticism of yacht experts and land-lubbers. She was besieged by curiosity mongers, and was nearly the victim of some divers hired by one of

the yellow prints to explore the mystery of her hull. These men were scared off by one of the *Shamrock's* anchor watch, before whose hail they fled ignominiously.

In her jury rig *Shamrock* was not by any means beautiful. Her snub nose, accentuated by the merest stump of a bowsprit, gave her an ungainly and awkward look, far different from the easy entrance of *Columbia*. The way her deck was littered up did not enhance her general appearance. Her overhang forward is shorter, her bow fuller and not so sharp as that of *Columbia*. She has a broader beam and greater draught than the Yankee boat. She is a pronounced fin-keel and has more "brute" characteristics than *Valkyrie III.*, which is making a pretty sweeping assertion. It will be remembered that *Defender* was narrower than *Valkyrie III.*, and had a far more graceful shape both above and below the water-line, and that her superior speed was owing to this factor. Mr. Watson and Lord Dunraven expected to win by the element of power, and Mr. Fife has apparently relied upon the same principle in his design of *Shamrock*. He perhaps remembers how Mr. Burgess, by building a boat of wider beam, heavier ballast, greater draught and lighter hull, contrived to beat, with *Gossoon*, the all-conquering *Minerva*, after many experiments, and it seems to me that in *Shamrock* he has applied the same tactics as those of Mr. Burgess.

Shamrock's hull is lighter than *Columbia's*, and the Scotch boat—there is nothing Irish in her—was originally designed to carry a larger sail spread than the American yacht, but *Columbia* has shown such decided stiffness when sailing with her steel mast on end that in the cup races she will carry as big a cloud of muslin as her rival. *Shamrock's* racing mast was stepped in the Erie Basin and there she was rigged for her preliminary trial spins. As I write she has not been drydocked, and for that reason there has been no opportunity for a close and critical study of her lines. On general principles it may be said that she much resembles *Columbia* in all important features, and that in heavy weather she is likely to sail quite fast.

A marvelous transformation was made in *Shamrock* when she left the Erie Basin under her racing rig and took her

first trial spin in the bay. Under these conditions she looked to be a formidable opponent, and as every minute after being towed from the dock was to be utilized for "tuning-up" purposes, she ought to render a good account of herself in the coming sea fight.

The following official measurements of the *Shamrock* were sent by Secretary Hugh C. Kelly, of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, to Secretary J. V. S. Oddie, of the New York Yacht Club: "Registered tonnage, 135; Thames measurement, 260; length, 105.5; length on the water-line, 89 feet; breadth, 25.55; depth, 10.55. Port of registry, Belfast."

The conditions governing the cup races are that the match is to be decided by the best three out of five races, the start being from Sandy Hook Lightship and the length of the course thirty miles. First race to windward or to leeward and return. Second race equilateral triangle. Third race similar to first race. Fourth race similar to second race. Fifth race similar to first race. In case a course cannot be laid out from Sandy Hook Lightship the Regatta Committee of the New York Yacht Club may provide some other suitable starting point. The time of the start may be postponed in case of fog, if the space around the starting line is not sufficiently clear, and in case of serious accident to either vessel. The yacht's have two minutes to cross the line. If neither yacht goes over the course within five and one-half hours, such race shall not count and shall be resailed. The first race to be sailed on Tuesday, October 3d; the second on Thursday, October 5th; the third on Saturday, October 7th; and on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays thereafter until completed. An unfinished race of one kind shall be repeated until finished. Sufficient time shall be given for repairs in case of a serious accident to either yacht before the preparatory signal is given. If an accident occurs during a race, time for repairs will be given before the injured yacht is required to sail in the next race. New York Yacht Club rules to govern the races, with a few unimportant modifications.

To conclude, we have a chivalrous foe to contend with for the yachting supremacy of the sea. His yacht will have the benefit of the fair play that has been a feature of the contests since the *America's* Cup was placed by its winners in the custody of the New York Yacht Club. It is a precious and priceless guerdon. It has been a trophy which we have kept for half a century, in spite of the vigorous efforts made to wrest it from us. If the Royal Ulster Yacht Club succeeds in its quest, may it defend it in the sportsmanlike and stainless spirit which has been the pride and glory of the New York Yacht Club.



Photos by T. C. Turner.

A PLACE KICK.

KICKING A FOOTBALL.

BY GEORGE H. BROOKE (Univ. of Penn.).

VERY few of the many thousands of spectators who annually attend our great intercollegiate football contests, and who vociferously applaud the fierce efforts of the hardy youths battling for their alma maters on the gridirons below, realize the many difficulties that confront coaches and players alike in their efforts to build themselves into teams that will sustain the reputation and the traditions made and handed down to them by their predecessors. In this article I will not even attempt to enumerate the details involved in the development of a first-class eleven, but will endeavor, in a general way, to discuss that all-important feature of football, namely, the kicking game.

Football, as played in the American colleges, is often derided by admirers of the English and Australian games. They claim that our football is not bona fide, because our players pick the ball up and run with it, and only kick when it becomes necessary. However far this may be true of our game from the English and Australian standpoint, yet a careful analysis of our important contests of the last six years will show that proficiency in the kicking game has

been the deciding factor at all times. An extra long punt, an accurate drop, or a blocked kick have even turned the tide of battle. Volleys of punts have been the feature of the play, and the trend of present development is to give more and more prominence to all branches of kicking. True it is that we still do not kick so much as the English do in their games, but, on the other hand, we relieve the sameness by a combination of rushing and of kicking, which makes the good kicking shine out with greater brilliancy.

In order to view the kicking game from all sides and to arrive at just conclusions in regard to the comparative merits and methods of past and present kickers, we must glance into the history of the development of kicking.

Kickers, past and present, can be divided into three groups and as representing, if it may so be called, three periods in the growth of scientific kicking. The first group may be placed, in the good old days of our earliest football, when the players starred it on the college gridiron in short canvas jackets and tights. The accuracy and distance of their punting and drop kicking won them many a game, and their feats have

been handed down to the younger generation of footballers as models that the later kickers can hardly hope to equal. In this early group were such men as Bull and Watkins, of Yale; Moffat and Ames, of Princeton; Trafford, of Harvard, and Graham, of Pennsylvania.

Then, with the padded uniforms and football armor, there came a period when a goal from the field was a rare accomplishment indeed and the successful kicker was idolized as a hero among his comrades and contemporaries. Punting was still in vogue, but the beautiful drop-kick seemed to be eliminated from the game. Brewer and Wrightington of Harvard, Homans and Baird of Princeton, Butterworth and Thorne of Yale, Thayer of Pennsylvania, Ohl of Cornell, King of West Point, and Bagley of Annapolis, a splendid athlete and who died so gloriously in the late war with Spain, are representative of this second group of noted kickers.

During the last two years the drop kick has again come into existence, and with it the "placement kick," a new trick of the times. The punting has not improved materially, but there are more full backs who can punt fairly well. Hudson, the sure-footed Indian, is the most successful drop kicker lately developed. Herschberger, an all-round kicker of the very top flight, comes East and teaches our experts the only thing that they have ever learned from the Westerners, namely, that the "placement" kick (the ball being passed back to the quarter and held by him for the kicker) can be accomplished with steady success by one skilled in the art. Romeyn of West Point, Haughton of Harvard, Minds of Pennsylvania, McBride of Yale, Wheeler of Princeton, Bray of Lafayette, and Murphy of Stanford, have all come out in the last two years.

This seeming variance in the quality of the kickers, developed in the periods thus outlined, can be very easily explained by a study of the changing rules and tactics which mark the transition of each period. Such a study reveals the fact that the element of time allowance must be made the principal basis of a comparison of all of our best kickers. By time allowance I mean the time that a kicker is allowed in which to steady himself and to direct his aim, from the instant the ball reaches his hands until

the moment it leaves his foot. This time allowance may be cut down very small, according to the ability of the kicker, but it must be long enough and certain enough to assure the kicker some confidence. He must not be hurried out of all semblance of steadiness. The feeling that he may be thus hurried is almost as bad in its effect on him as if he was actually hurried. To kick accurately, and, above all, consistently, the kicker must concentrate his eyesight upon the ball, and this attention is fatally diverted if he is continually forced to watch the oncoming blockers in order to compute the actual time allowance that may be at his command.

Thus our kickers group themselves according to the time allowance which the tactics and rules of their day made possible. Bull and Moffat and the others of the earlier school made marvelous records at drop-kicking. Time was no consideration for them. The very clocks stopped running for their benefit. The time allowance needed is not much, but they had that and plenty to spare. The method of play then in vogue made possible a stonewall defense for kicking. The rules in regard to holding were neither strict nor were they rigidly enforced. A famous ex-Yale guard of that period tells me that the linemen were ordered "to cling to the very shoe laces" of their opponents rather than let any of them through on the kicker. These tactics, in conjunction with the allowance of the use of the straight arm in blocking, made the line of defense impregnable.

Things did not go so smoothly in the days of Butterworth and Thayer and the rest of the second group. The straight-arm method of blocking was abolished, the rules and the officials became stricter in regard to holding, and concerted methods of breaking through were invented. This period was characterized by innumerable costly blocked punts; the spectacular drop-kicking almost disappeared from the game, and the contest settled into a line-bucking affair, that side winning which could block the most kicks. The kickers themselves were hurried out of all chance for accuracy and consistency in drop-kicking and the best of punting was more often marred by being blocked. This seeming falling off in the art of kicking does not imply any inferiority

in the coolness, skill and judgment of the full backs of this period. They practiced harder than ever before to master the brilliant drop-kick, but conditions were against them and continued ill success forbade the use of the play. Butterworth, Thorne, Thayer and Wrightington were remarkably clever under even fairly advantageous circumstances. Aitken, an Australian player of note, never made better than a second eleven, for his marvelous proficiency at drop-kicking was marred by the lack of the needed moments of time allowance.

In 1894 a rule putting a premium on field goals, made from a first down within the twenty-five-yard line, was added to the revised set of football laws. The rule was invented to renew the interest in drop-kicking, but failed of the desired effect because, at that time, drop-kicking was too uncertain a method of scoring. In the last two years, however, the coaches, aiming to remove the disability of extreme hurry, have evolved a scheme, now generally adopted, which undoubtedly has been successful in giving the kicker more time. The center passes the ball by a long snap directly to the kicker, the quarter going aside to assist more effectively in the defense. This method is a distinct gain, for, no matter how quick a quarter back may have been, the average time that he consumed in handling the snap back was, comparatively speaking, considerable. This play has indirectly originated the "placement" kick and has brought drop-kicking again into vogue. There should be a decided improvement in the average of punting, too. As a matter of fact, neither Hudson nor Herschberger became prominent as past masters of the art of field goal scoring until the time-gaining scheme was invented.

Punting, dropping the ball from the hand and kicking it before it reaches the ground, is a play that has held an exceedingly important place in American football since the earliest days, and has gained in prominence with every year. Good punting generally turns the tide of battle, and a first-class all-round kicker and handler of kicks is held to strengthen his team fifty per cent. He can save his comrades an immense amount of otherwise wasted energy, for all that his side needs to do is to persist in kicking until the other side makes a disastrous mistake. The qualities of a

good punter are, first of all, consistency, or absence of tendency to fluke the kick; then, distance, or the ability to kick a good, steady length, with now and then a very long kick to upset the calculations of opposing backs, the ability and judgment in placing, and lastly, the art of kicking a difficult ball to handle. There are many ways in which a ball may be and is punted, but there are only two correct ways, namely, the so-called "straight" and "whirling" punts.

The straight punt is thus named because its flight is in a straight line, and in contrast with the whirling punt, which curves. I will consider it first, because the kick is much easier to make and more commonly used than the other. In accomplishing distance, the force of the foot drive and the resistance of the air are the two points to be considered. Any half-breed methods of kicking will develop a wabbling motion causing the ball to "fight the air," thus increasing the resistance. In the "straight" punt the ball, during the last twenty or thirty yards of its course, flies gracefully, smoothly rotating, as it were, flat on the air. Its flight, if low, is very swift, and can be easily directed. Butterworth, the great Yale punter, accomplished this effect by kicking almost directly in front of him; but the ordinary player, and especially a short-legged man, can do better with a wide side swing. The ball is dropped, *not tossed*, in a line with the leg, and met with a stiff instep and a straight leg squarely on the end, the body at the same time being thrown forward and away from the ball. The foot should follow well on through, as in a full golf stroke. A hop or a short side-step will do for the left foot. The whole whirl and weight of the body and of the leg should be put into the drive, and the simpler the movement the better and quicker the execution.

The whirling punt might be termed the finishing touch to the art of kicking. A billiard player must attain a thorough command of his cue before he can attempt a *massé* shot. His eye and hand must work perfectly together. So it is with the "whirling" kick. The eye and the foot must be practiced for a long time, I might say years, in all manner of kicking, before their unison will be close enough for the punter to attempt a *bona fide* "whirler." The

striking peculiarity that characterizes the real "whirler," and contrasts it with all imitations in use, is the remarkable fact that the ball takes a double curve in its flight. It leaves the foot whirling like a rifle bullet pointed directly forward into the air, thus putting the resistance at a minimum. That movement and position it maintains to the end. The first part of the flight is marked by an outward curve, caused by the spinning motion, just as a baseball is curved. Toward the latter end of the flight, and just as the ball seems about to drop, the outward curve is reversed to an inward curve, and the ball, appearing to gather new energy, carries on for ten or maybe fifteen yards. I have never heard any very plausible explanation of this double curve, and I think that the brain of a scientist would be taxed to discover the true theory.

In the whirling punt the ball is dropped almost directly in front of the kicking leg, fairly close to the ground, and met with a straight, lifting swing. The stiffened instep hits the ball well back of the widest bulge and as near to the point as convenient. Most football men think that the curve is caused by cutting the ball with the foot, very much as a tennis player cuts a tennis ball with his racquet. This idea is a fallacy, for such a cut only produces a single wide curve, and no distance can be accomplished because the cut naturally lacks driving power. The whirling, rifle-bullet movement is created by dropping the ball slanted very slightly across the instep. The foot is then driven almost squarely up against the under side of the ball and the full force of the blow tells, while the proper motion is produced at the same time. The less the curve, the further the ball will go. If the first or outward curve is too wide, then the second carrying curve is impossible, with the loss of several yards in distance. The play is hard to describe, and these directions are only very general. Practice is the only real teacher.

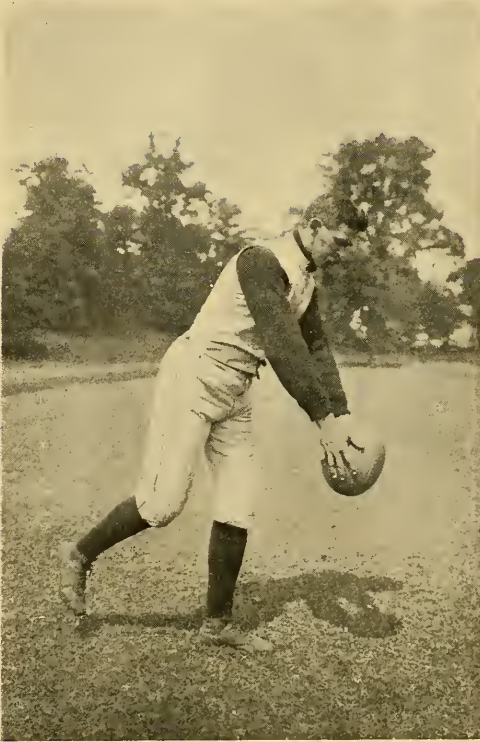
The writer happened upon the kick several years ago at Hog Island during the summer practice of the Pennsylvania eleven. Although the double curve and its distance-producing qualities were interesting, yet with the conditions surrounding a kicker in those days it was thought inadvisable to per-

fect it. Probably other kickers of that time had also discovered the secret of the double "whirler," but "Shep" Homans, of Princeton football fame, was the only player bold enough to regularly attempt it. While his kicking was very successful, yet he used too much cut motion, and hence too wide a curve. For this reason he was liable to flukes, and was powerless with a wet ball. I have already considered the time element and its effect on drop-kicking. The moments gained by having the center rush pass the ball directly to the kicker are fully as important in the whirling kick as they are in the drop.

Time element in the "whirler" is important. The ball is met by the foot directly in front of the kicker and close to the ground. Hence, like the drop-kick, losing the advantage of a side-step or hop, it is more apt to be blocked than a side punt. The greatest precision and nicety of movement are required. Furthermore, the slightest mistake of eye, hand or foot will generally result disastrously in a fluke kick. For these reasons the time allowance is extremely important, and in the days when the kicker was hurried so much few full backs felt justified in risking the "whirler" in place of a sure kick, which, after all, is just as valuable in its way and place.

And now a few words on Herschberger, who comes last and opens the wondering eyes of the coaches by the tremendous distance of some of his punts. With no wind at his back, Herschberger's longest punt in the Pennsylvania-Chicago game, last fall, probably outdistanced any kick made off or on the gridiron in East or West. He is a past master in the art of kicking the "whirling" punt, but even he, in a tight place, made a fluke kick, which a minute afterward resulted in a touchdown for Pennsylvania. However, his glory remains undimmed and he stands without a peer in distance punting and in "placement" kicking. The time gained by the center passing the ball directly to him made Herschberger possible, but both he and Hudson have taken advantage of their opportunities as no others have, and such men as these on champion teams would win undying fame in the football world.

But in my mind Herschberger does not go far enough in the science of his



WHIRLING PUNT, NO. 1.

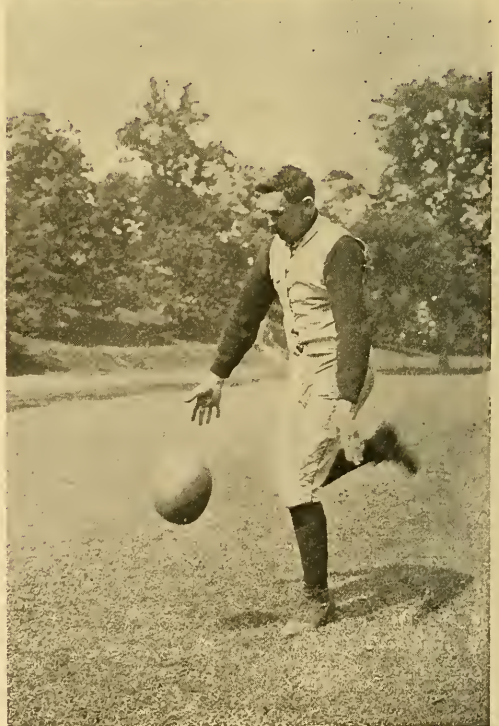
punting. The star punter of the future, playing under the present advantageous conditions, should be an expert at both the "straight" and the "whirling" punts. Each kick has its distinct advantage, and the master of both need only use good judgment as to when he should attempt the one or the other. Many a young kicking aspirant makes the fatal mistake of trying to learn the whirling kick too early, and the result is generally a half-breed method in which he bungles both kicks. The straight punt should be thoroughly mastered before any other style is attempted. It is easier to learn, and, once well learned, it will not be marred by experiments with the "whirler." Most young kickers seem to possess an inborn desire to kick "twisters," as the curving kicks are sometimes called, and the result is that they never really learn to kick, thus ruining any chance that they may have had.

COMPARISON OF THE TWO METHODS OF PUNTING.

The advantages of the "straight" punt might be summed up as follows: It is easier to learn, more certain in

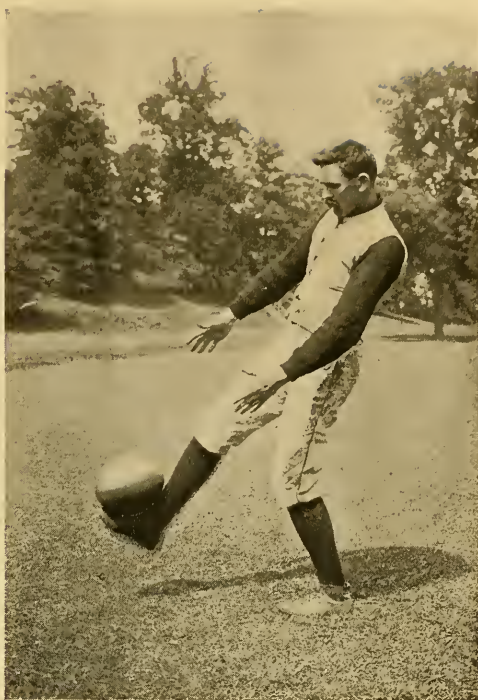
execution, requires less time allowance, can be easily placed, and lastly, rolls further when once kicked past the opposing back field. For these reasons it should be used in tight places, when the kicker might expect to be hurried, and when he thinks it possible to land it out of the reach of opposing backs. When an eleven is on the defense there is seldom more than one man in the back field, and a "straight" punt quickly kicked and well placed will sometimes sail over his head for a great gain.

On the other hand, the "whirler" requires more time and is less certain in execution, but it sails higher and longer and is much more difficult to handle successfully. If properly executed its flight is very hard to judge, on account of the double curve and the renewed energy which it seems to gather at the end of its course, when it seems about to settle into the arms of the catcher. It is thus very easy to see that this kick should be used whenever the kicker has plenty of time and especially on all punt-offs, as the one from the twenty-five-yard line. It is almost impossible to pass two clever players in



WHIRLING PUNT, NO. 2.

the back field by the swiftest and best placed straight kick, so the next best thing to do is to give them a long kick hard to handle, and which will allow fast end-rushers time in which to get down the field. The "whirler" does all this and hence is especially valuable on punt-offs, where the players who go down on the kick are handicapped by having to start behind the kicker, which is not the case on punt from scrimmage, and furthermore having to run through a scattered field of opposing blockers. The "straight" method should, of course, be used when the ball is wet and slippery. The master of both methods can soon size up the opposing backs, and then his good judgment in sending high or low, "straight" or "whirling," will be of the utmost value to the success of his team. A full back who has thoroughly learned either one of these kicks would be a power for his side, but the ideal punter who has both methods at his toes' end would be of inestimable value to his eleven. With a pair of Hinkeys or Gelberts for his ends, to support his kicking, he could soon have the cleverest opposing backs at his



WHIRLING PUNT, NO. 3.



WHIRLING PUNT, NO. 4.

mercy, and the tide of victory would turn with the movement of his foot. On the whole, the "straight" punt should be used at least twice as often as the "whirlers," but this would have the effect of making the latter style more effective when it was used.

I have one word further to say in regard to all-round kicking. There seems to be a tendency nowadays toward a division of labor in the kicking game. One man punts, another drop-kicks, and yet another does the place-kicking. This seems to me a bad policy for coaches to pursue in developing first-class kickers. Good kicking of any kind demands a perfect unison of the eye and foot. Practice at all kinds of kicking develops this essential quality. A really good kicker is just as good at one kind of a kick as at another, and if he is allowed to do all the punting, or place-kicking, he will be the better drop-kicker and *vice versa*. This rule is a general one, for, of course, there are exceptions and limits imposed by a man's weight or length of limb.

The new rules and the new plays invented for the gaining of time allowance have undoubtedly opened the door

for greater possibilities in the kicking game. The art of kicking will now advance with the development of the science of general play, and the next few years should produce greater kickers to add interest to the already fascinating sport, and whose feats should outshine those of all their predecessors. But this will never happen until coaches

remember that it generally takes years of practice to develop star kickers. Hudson developed his great drop-kicking ability by practicing every day throughout the summer holidays. Young kickers should be encouraged and carefully coached for a long time before they will be fully competent to step in and fill their places on a big eleven.



PLACE KICK.

AUTUMN.

A MELANCHOLY man at most is he,
Dull-visaged as he wanders thro' the
fields,
Where smiling Ceres fills her granary
With golden store, or counts her precious
yields.
And thro' the purple vineyards Autumn reels,
With listless hand lifting the skins of wine ;
He takes no joy in sunshine, and the flowers
Fall limp and dead beneath his rusty heels.
Idly to watch from some brown hill's incline
The dance of whirling leaves in ghostly line,
Careworn, he loves to lie in windy bowers.

Drunk with some misty opiate he lies,
While mellow beauty holds the world in
fee ;
While maple groves take on the gorgeous dyes
Of Indian Summer, and each poplar tree
Rains amber tears into the nearest stream.
The smoky incense of the fruitful soil
Ascends to heaven with rich aromas for the
gods ;
If haply they will but prolong the dream
Of peace enfolding Mother Earth, and foil
The fierce designs of Autumn, mad for spoil,
The stupid dotard with his tempest rods.

The old man Autumn shortly wakes from sleep ;
He shakes his russet locks and sallies forth
Across the world ; then with a voice as deep
As death he calls upon the bitter North,
Who sits forever on her throne of cold,
To loose her storm-clouds and her numbing rain.
The skies grow dim and drear ; early till late,
The wild geese slant their southern flight ; the fold
Harbors the silly sheep ; the weather-vane
Swings in the wind and wet, till once again
Rests Autumn, Nature's avatar of fate.

W. T. A.

DR. CRAIG AND ANOTHER WOODCOCK SHOOTER.

BY C. HARRY MORSE.



ONE of Boston's most fashionable Back Bay streets there stood a substantial brick dwelling, whose outer wall bore an inconspicuous black sign with the simple inscription, in gold letters, "Dr. Craig."

Dr. Craig was a successful man in everything he undertook. The world said that he was a busy man, gave all his time to his profession, but those nearest him knew that he found time for other things than study.

He was a great smoker, not an inveterate, but a fastidious burner of the fragrant weed. One of his hobbies was his pipes. He had but a small collection, to be sure, but each pipe had its particular associations, and all were old and tried friends. After a difficult surgical operation he invariably smoked a large brier bowl with heavy curved stem. His after-dinner pipe, if smoked in his den, was an elaborately carved straight-stemmed brierwood, with a long, slender, amber mouthpiece; if walking, a chunky, English pipe.

Dr. Craig was a successful smoker, if one can be said to have made a success of one's minor vice, for he was able to extract from his pipes the maximum amount of solace. His greatest success, however, that wherein he towered above all others, in the opinions of his friends, was as a woodcock shooter. In the pursuit of the long-bill, Dr. Craig had no peer. So said his friends. For a shooting trip he had, of course, his special pipe. It was a medium-sized meerscham bowl, in the form of a human head, and the carving was of the very finest. The model for it, if a human being served as a model, must have been the most ferocious of Malay pirates. This pipe was his inseparable companion on his fall shooting trips.

The doctor's friends took great pride in his success as a gunner, and were

wont to proclaim him as a "mighty hunter before the Lord," at least of woodcock. So it came to be quite generally known, even outside of Boston, that Dr. Craig was the king-pin of woodcock shooters.

Where he did his shooting was another matter, and one about which there was much speculation. One or two of his closest friends had frequently accompanied him to his favorite covers, and had returned with generous bags of woodcock, but immediately an inquiry was started as to where they had been, they were as dumb as oysters.

Year after year the doctor and a friend or two made these trips, dropping out of sight quietly and without warning, and returning at the end of a week or so with abundant evidence of a successful shoot. The more their success became known the greater the desire to ascertain where their shooting was done, but this desire remained ungratified.

Among those who heard of the wonderful bags of birds made by the doctor was one, who, in his modest way, also enjoyed quite a reputation as a sportsman. Ezra Benton knew much of the ways of game-birds. He was salesman for a large New York nursery and spent a good share of the year in driving about New Hampshire and northern Massachusetts, looking after his trade, which was all among the farmers and the store-keepers in the smaller towns. With him always went his setter Ned, and, according to the season, either his trout rod or his gun, and there were few streams or covers in the country which he traversed with which he was not familiar.

Ezra knew where there was good woodcock shooting. No doubt of that, for he killed many every fall. But the fact that Dr. Craig was reported to do his big shooting up in New Hampshire, a State that Ezra had shot over for the past dozen years, and where he had exhausted every source of information in locating all the flight-grounds, and yet had never been able to learn anything of Dr. Craig, was exasperating.

At first, Ezra thought it would only be a matter of a year or two at the outside when he must run across the doctor, but as season after season went by and every hotel-keeper and farmer of his acquaintance disclaimed all knowledge of Dr. Craig or of any such shooting as he was reported to get, Ezra's desire to locate his covers was intensified until the one great aim of his season's shooting came to be, not to kill woodcock in general, but Dr. Craig's woodcock.

The 15th of October found Ezra with dog and gun in a small New Hampshire town with a prospect for a splendid week's shooting before him. He had worked out a few covers beside the road as he drove up from H——, and as a result had a bunch of nine "woodies" when he drew up at the comfortable little village hotel. The following morning he drove out to a favorite flight-ground, and, a minute after hitching, Ned had a cock pinned, which was walked up and killed. Others followed, and a splendid day's shoot was soon under way. This cover was of white birches and alders, with patches of scrub pines, and lay along two side-hills between which ran a merry trout brook, fringed with alders. Ezra had figured that to work up one side and down the other would just about satisfy him, as it was two miles from the hitching place to the upper end of the run.

About noontime he had reached the big spring where the stream heads, and after quenching his thirst he slipped off his shooting coat and drew from the pockets the results of the morning's work. He held the birds by their bills and gently stroked down their feathers with his other hand, then laid them in a row on the pine needles, with their richly-tinted breasts upturned to the sun. When he had counted out eleven nice plump flight-birds, Ezra leaned his back against a tree-trunk and reached for his lunch.

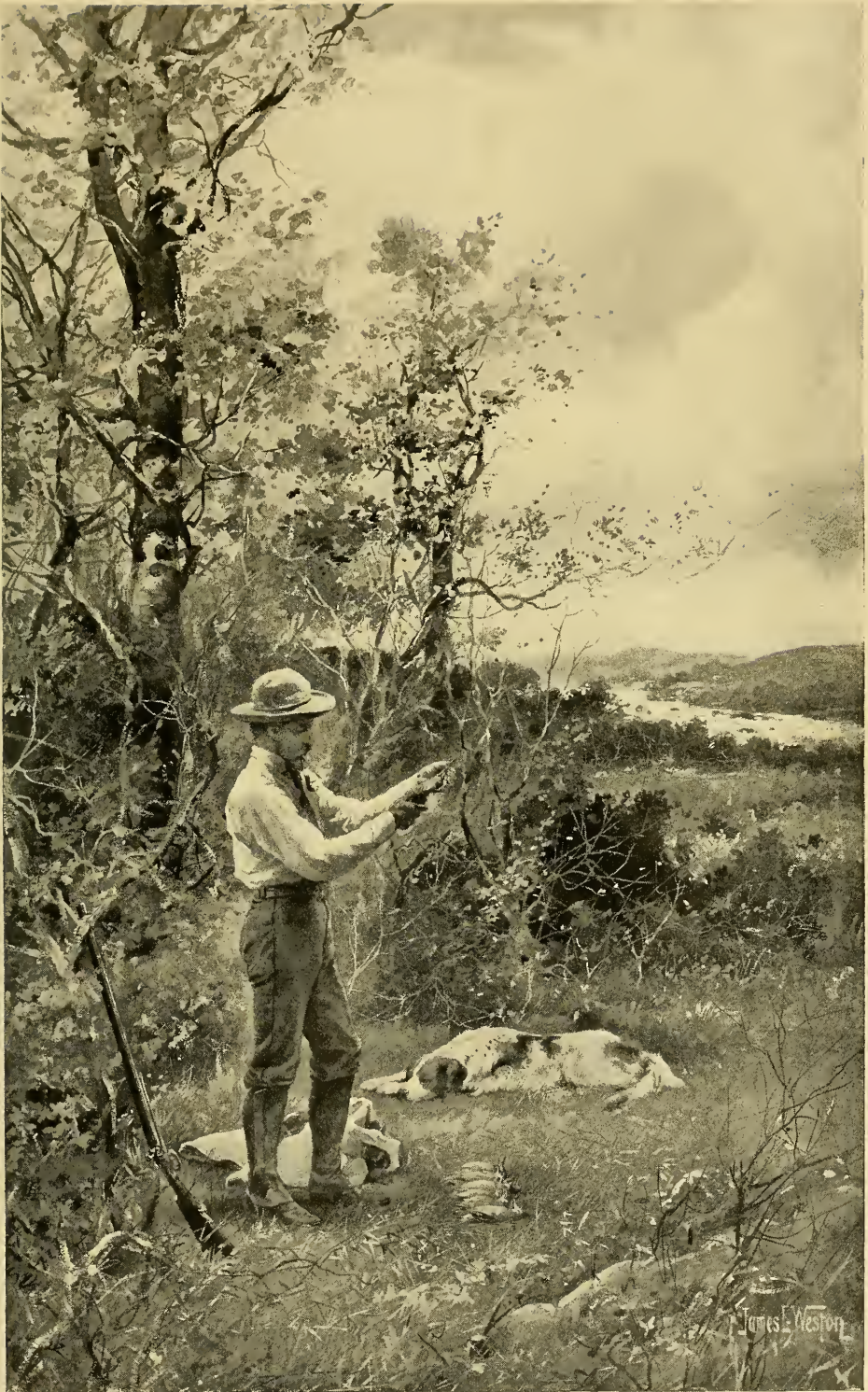
Old Ned, who had curled himself up in the sun for his noonday nap, straightened up, as a slight breeze ruffled the leafless branches, and, poking his nose inquiringly up into the wind, he took a few steps into the cover and came to a stanch point.

"Well," thought Ezra, "funny Ned didn't smell that fellow as we came in. I'll just gather him in to make it an even

dozen before lunch." He picked up his gun and walked in ahead of the dog, clucking to him to put up the bird. As Ned dove in under a scrub pine, out came a little chickerer that whipped around the pine, leaving Ezra's first charge a yard behind him; and, as the gun was brought to him again, he dumped down out of sight just clear of the second barrel. Ezra slipped in two fresh shells and started up the hill after him, but before he had gone many rods he heard the cock get up and move still further up the hill. Ezra kept right on after him, and, reaching the top of the hill pretty well out of breath, he faced about to take his bearings, when, "chick-er-chicker-chicker," up jumped the bird just behind him and went whistling down the further side of the hill. Ezra gave him both barrels at long range, as he caught an occasional glimpse of him between the tree-tops, "Just to show him my disposition," he said. But the woodcock kept right on.

By this time Ezra's dander was up. He called Ned to heel and retraced his steps to the spring, muttering to himself, "I'll have that little d——n bumblebee or I'll never leave this cover." He picked up his birds and put them, with his lunch, back into his capacious pockets, took a long drink from the spring, and started after that woodcock with blood in his eye and revenge in his heart. From the top of the hill he took the direction of the flight and soon Ned had the bird pinned, but he got up while Ezra was trying to get around into an opening. The next time he flushed wild, and so it went. Sometimes Ezra would merely hear his derisive whistle as he rose far ahead of the dog, and again he would catch an occasional glimpse of him as he switched around the pine-tops, and he always gave him a barrel, "just out of spite."

This sort of thing continued for some time. The sun had clouded over, and Ezra had turned and twisted around until he didn't know exactly which direction he had come from. At last he broke out on an open ridge just in time to see his woodcock pitch over the further edge into a side-hill of birches, the tops of which he could just see. The country here was entirely new to him. Ridge after ridge of hills rose on every side, but behind which particular ridge lay the run where he had started in he



Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

"SMOOTHING THE BAG." (p. 20.)

could not say. However, he gave it but little thought. He had other troubles.

Walking across the ridge he saw before him a small strip of young and scattering birches running out into a large open pasture. Here, at last, he had got the cock right where he wanted him, and he at once started in to end the matter. Old Ned quartered back and forth, the entire length of the cover, Ezra keeping abreast of him, with gun at ready, but there was no sign of the bird. They hunted it back with more care, but with the same result. Then they took a swing, wide around the outside edges, but it was fruitless, as Ezra expected it would be, since he had seen the bird drop fairly into the cover.

This was bad. So far there had been no trouble in starting him, and the keyed-up nerves had benumbed the cravings of hunger, but now that the dog hunted his ground over and over perfunctorily, with no scent to inspire him, his movements failed to keep Ezra's expectations up to that point where they could banish the ever-increasing assertions of an empty stomach, and Ezra was forced to call in his dog and eat his lunch, dry. The sandwiches went down first-rate, with the aid of an apple, but when he came to a couple of doughnuts he had to give up. He managed to worry down the first one, but the first bite from the second one positively refused to be swallowed, and Ezra tossed the remainder of it to the dog. Ned closed his jaws over it with a snap; then he looked distressed, stretching his neck outward and upward, and what looked like a slight enlargement of his windpipe slid from under his lower jaw down between his foreshoulders, and he nosed over the empty paper for any stray crumbs it might contain.

Ezra filled and lighted his pipe, but all he could taste was a smoky doughnut, and he put it out in disgust, and rising to his knees, said, "Come, old boy, we must be after that fellow."

Ned stretched himself and started into the birches, but he had not taken half a dozen steps when he dropped flat on the ground. Ezra looked just ahead of him, and there sat that woodcock about six inches from the dog's nose, with one wing sprawled way out behind him and every evidence of being asleep. Ezra reached toward his gun, and the

woodcock rose and went flopping along down the cover and over across the open pasture, and the last Ezra saw of him he rose high in the air to clear a piece of big woods about an eighth of a mile away.

Of course, in a case of this kind there is but one means of relief, and Ezra proceeded to avail himself of it in the most vigorous manner, until his quite extensive vocabulary was exhausted. Then he struck out for the woods. Ned worked it out faithfully, but found nothing until he reached the extreme end of the woods, when the bird jumped wild again, just as Ezra was half way over an old stone wall.

Ezra did not see him, but could tell by Ned's actions that he had gone on ahead across another open field, and probably down into a strip of cover which he could see in the distance.

By this time Ezra and Ned were both suffering for water, and leaving the woodcock to rest a while they turned down into the valley hoping to find a stream. The dog soon scented the water and bounded ahead. When Ezra reached the brook it had been stirred up as far as he could see in either direction by the dog, which lay in the deepest pool he could find, biting out great mouthfuls of the muddy water with evident relish. Ezra followed up the stream looking for a clear spot, and soon came to where a tiny spring made out from under the bank. The spring showed signs of having been recently cleaned out, and around it were depressions in the bank where some one had rested in the shade of the overhanging branches. As Ezra stooped to fill his drinking cup he saw, half buried in the moss and leaves, the stem of a pipe. He dropped it into his pocket without further thought, and dipped up cupful after cupful of the clear, cold water till the perspiration stood out on his face in beads. Then he called up the dog, charged him down in the stream just below the spring, and filled his pipe for a good smoke.

When he arose the afternoon was well spent. He first went to the top of the highest hill in the vicinity to take an observation. Right at its base was a small lake, and rising from its shores were sloping pastures with strips of birches and alders shooting out in all directions. Here was cover enough for

a week's shooting, and as likely looking a piece of country as ever gladdened the eye, but Ezra had pressing business on hand, and making a note of the lay of the land, he started for his woodcock. He was walking across the open pasture and had almost reached the cover where he expected to start him, when a slight noise caused him to look up, and there was the gentleman he was in search of, deliberately making his way back in the direction from which Ezra had last started him.

He would pass about twenty yards away and not a twig intervened. Ezra threw his gun to his shoulder, followed just ahead of his bill for a few yards and unhitched. You would have thought a feather pillow had been ripped open could you have stood where Ezra did. Ned went out to retrieve him but came back with a puzzled expression on his face, but with no bird. "Well, Ned," said his master, "he must have thought we were going to give up the hunt, and was coming back to look us up. He don't know us, does he, Ned?"

Ezra turned toward the lake hoping to find a road leading from it that would take him somewhere from which he could inquire his way. The road was there all right, so was a team onto which a grizzled old farmer was loading railroad ties. From him Ezra learned that his team was about four miles away, in an air-line, but six by the road. The old chap was so busy hauling ties to the railroad that he couldn't stop and drive Ezra over, even for a \$2 bill, though he admitted that \$1.50 per day was the best he could do hauling ties.

Ezra finally convinced him of the advantage of accepting his offer, however, and throwing off the ties, and sitting, one on either side of the wagon body, with legs dangling between the wheels, they started. The old fellow was very reticent and offered no remarks until Ezra lit his pipe, when a whiff of the smoke caused him to remark, "If ye don't mind, mister, I'd like a pinch o' thet terbacker o' yours. I ain't bin tu store since Sundy, an' I'm all aout."

Ezra assured him that he was welcome to all the tobacco he had, as he could easily replenish his stock that evening, and reaching into his pocket for his pouch he drew forth the pipe he had picked up beside the spring, but which he had entirely forgotten.

When his companion's eyes fell on the pipe he gave a perfect war-whoop. "Goshamighty fishhooks! Where d'ye git thet pipe? Well, I'll be eternally demmed if the doctor don't hev a fit. Never seen a man so crazy; c'dn't eat, c'dn't sleep; hunted three days fur 't. Say, where d'ye——."

"What in the world are you talking about?" asked Ezra, holding the pipe at arm's length.

"Why, the doctor's pipe—Dr. Craig, ye know——"

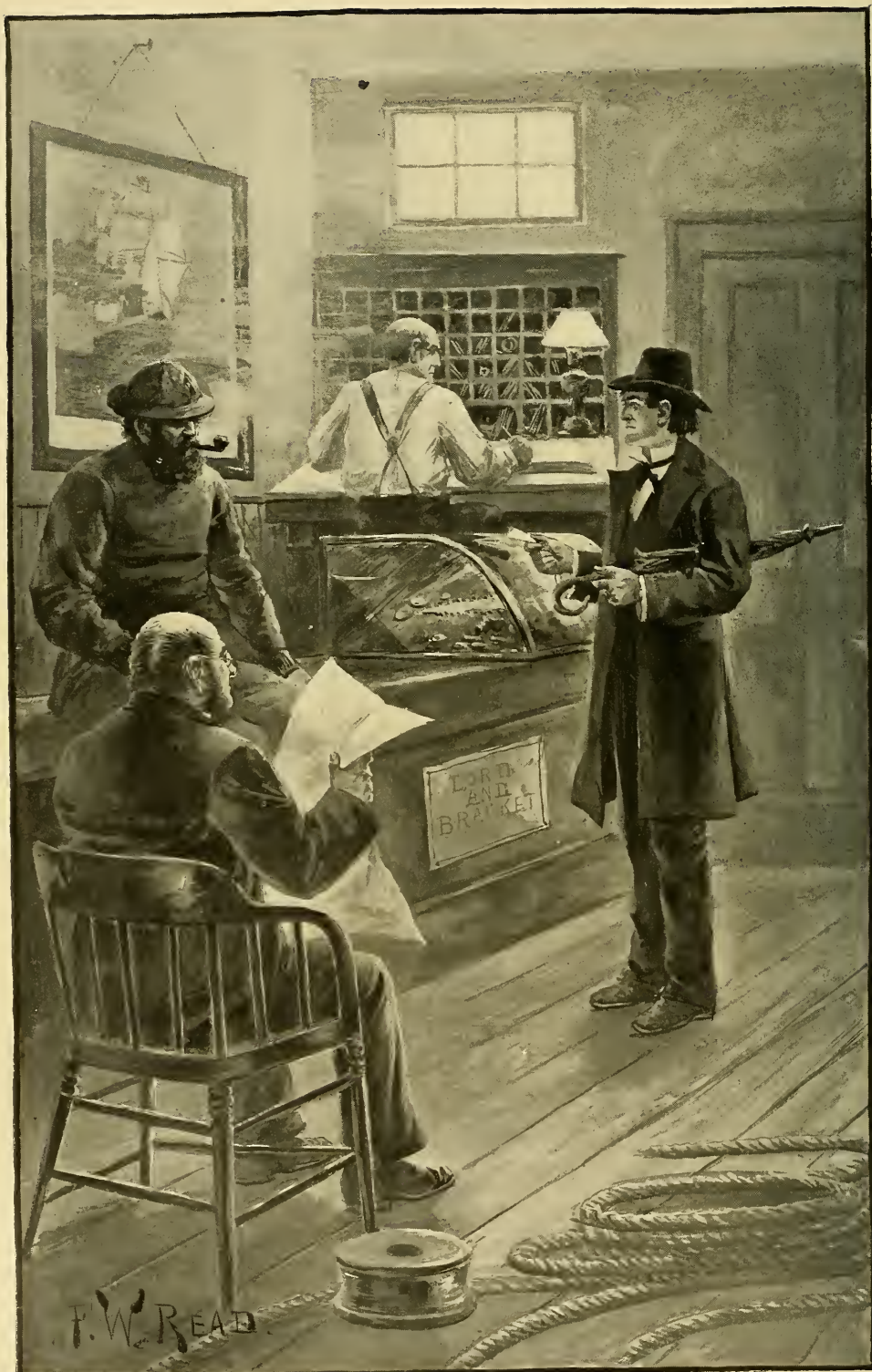
"Dr. Craig? Oh, oh, yes, of course, Dr. Craig, of Boston. Yes, I've heard of him. Hunts some up here, I believe, doesn't he?"

"Yaas, every fall; stops daown to my house, end o' this rud. Brings up his guns an' dawgs. Mother don't do nuthin' but cook all the time they're here. Never seen men eat so 'n all my born days; wus'n them Canucks thet cums daown f'm Canidy hayin' time."

"Kills a good many birds, doesn't he?"

"Waal, a considabl number o' pat-riges; not enny more'n sum ov aour own hunters, tho. But, say, them air swamp robins, Jehu; they kill the tarnalest site o' them things, ha'f a bushel basket on 'em a day. I wouldn't eat one o' the pesky things no more'n pizen. Doctor sez th'won't nawthin' touch 'em ennyway, 'cept hunters an' hawks. But they keep on killen 'em, and a luggin' on 'em hum to Boston. He's cummin' up agin next week, and he'll be the all-firedst tickledest man yew ever see to git thet ole pipe agin, but he'll be terr'ble dis'pinted to find yew huntin' here. He's so dumberd skart, he allus tells me never to say a word baout his bein' round hereshootin', cause summun else might git to shootin' on these grounds, and he's fraid he'll git hit. He sez its terr'ble dang'rus bisness when they's ennyone on the same grounds with ye."

"Yes, it is dangerous, very dangerous," said Ezra, "and the doctor is a prudent man, an extremely prudent man. Well, there's my team, just at the foot of the hill. You needn't carry me any further. Keep the pipe till the doctor comes, and give it to him with my respects. And tell him that I appreciate his caution, and I'll try to get through my shooting here before he comes—so that I won't hit him.



Painted for OUTING by F. W. Read.

"IS THIS THE OFFICE OF LORD & BRACKETT?" (p. 25.)

THE TREASURE OF SAND DUNE ISLAND.

BY W BERT FOSTER.

BEHIND the great markets and Blackstone street, in the basement of a dingy building which stands upon the left-hand side of a blind lane running north from Fulton street, is a cramped, box-like little office, containing a high desk, with a single high stool before it, a short counter dividing the room into two equal compartments, and a black armchair, shiny with age and wear. It is doubtful if a score of men, outside the proprietors of the office, ever enter its low door in a twelvemonth, and probably scant twice that number in all the city of Boston know the business of those proprietors.

There is no sign upon the outside of the door, nor upon the building, but fastened to the face of the counter is a narrow board on which is lettered :

LORD & BRACKETT.

The neighborhood is full of furniture manufactories, but it is quite plain that Messrs. Lord & Brackett have nothing to do with the paramount industry of the vicinity. Usually the firm is represented by a lean, keen-eyed man, with a bald crown, who comes to the office a little after nine, perches himself upon the high stool until four, and then disappears from the neighborhood again. This is Lord & Brackett's one clerk. When the firm are present, Mr. Lord, who is a square-built, dumpy little man, occupies the armchair; Mr. Brackett, who is big and burly, sits upon the end of the counter.

Two-thirds of the counter is occupied by a dingy showcase in which are scattered, with little regard to artistic display, a shark's tooth, the weapon of a saw-fish, several imperfect nautili in a glass jar, several specimens of marine vegetation crumbling with age, and a quantity of coral—some of a rare nature—but all thick with dust.

In one corner of the showcase a shallow wooden tray holds a number of strange coins, both gold and silver. There are Dutch pieces three hundred years old, Spanish doubloons of several issues—the old "pieces of eight" of buccaneer times, as well as those of quite recent mintage—English guineas, German marks, French crowns—the

early coins of the Union—a valuable acquisition to any numismatic collection.

It is not often that both partners are at the office, but early in March of the present year this happened to be the case. Brackett, his weight making the counter creak, smoking a short, black pipe; Lord, in his armchair, glancing over the marine intelligence in the morning paper. The clerk had an open ledger before him, but was drumming silently on the desk.

It was a gloomy, sloppy day—a typical Boston day in spring—and the occasional dull clack of boot-heels on the walk without, or the infrequent rustle of Lord's paper, was all that disturbed the silence of the office. Of a sudden the clacking of one pair of boots stopped before the door, a hesitating step descended the basement stairs, and the door opened doubtfully.

The visitor was a wiry, spare man with a smoothly shaven, somewhat sallow face. His countenance was one of those that successfully hide age. There was not a crow's foot or a wrinkle upon it; the man may have been thirty, or twenty years older. A mass of dark hair was brushed back from his brow, which was full and broad. He had more the air and manner of a student than of a business man.

Closing the door, the stranger removed one worn cotton glove, and drew from his pocket a card. The hand he thus revealed—lean, and with slender, dexterous fingers—was deeply stained, as though by acid. The linen cuff, which showed a little, now his glove was removed, was frayed; his whole apparel was very neat, but shabby.

"Is this the office of Lord & Brackett?" inquired the stranger.

The clerk nodded.

"Either Messrs. Lord or Brackett in?"

Another nod.

"Can I see—er—either of them?" asked the stranger, doubtfully.

Nod the third. Then, after an awkward silence of perhaps half a minute, the baldheaded clerk pointed first to the armchair and then to the counter.

"Lord—Brackett," he said.

The stranger turned slightly to each of the partners and bowed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have been referred to you, or, rather, let me say, *you* have been referred to me, by a casual acquaintance, as men who may be of assistance—I may say paramount assistance—to me in a matter in which I am interested. . . . Gentlemen, your business is——?"

"We are contractors," said Lord, positively.

"We're wreckers, divers—do anything in that line," explained Brackett, removing his pipe for a moment and then replacing it.

"So I was informed," pursued the visitor, bowing slightly again, first to the armchair and then to the cloud of smoke which enveloped Mr. Brackett's head. "I wish to bring to your attention something exactly in your line of business. But first, I have to ask a question. Whether you, gentlemen, and I do any business depends greatly upon the answer to this question. It is: 'Does the firm of Lord & Brackett ever undertake any contract upon speculation?'"

"Ahem! *sometimes*," said Lord, with marked emphasis.

"When it's a good thing," added his partner.

"Then, gentlemen, I should like to bring this matter to your particular attention. But, because of its nature, I should prefer a private interview—unless this gentleman is in your confidence," and he bowed to the baldheaded clerk.

"Mr. King, our confidential man," said Lord, calmly.

"Looks after the business while we're off," continued Brackett.

"Very well then, gentlemen, I can speak with perfect freedom?"

Lord nodded; his partner smoked quietly and eyed the stranger with bovine gaze. The latter glanced about for a seat and the clerk, getting deliberately down from his perch, opened a narrow door into what looked to be a deep and narrow cellar, and brought forth a second armchair. When this was placed in the space before the counter, near Mr. Lord's position, there was but little remaining room in the office. The visitor seated himself, and, first of all, propounded a question which acted like a bomb upon his audience.

"Did either of you gentlemen ever hear of the *Grand Roman*?"

The baldheaded clerk nearly slid from his stool, to which he had climbed

again. The partners, each in his own way, betrayed excitement. Lord sat up promptly in his chair and stared at the questioner with wide-open eyes; Brackett enveloped himself in a thicker cloud of tobacco smoke.

"I see you *have* heard of the ill-fated vessel," said the visitor.

"Rather," said Lord. "It's a pretty well-known name in our business."

"*We* call it the 'Great Atlantic Mystery,'" said Brackett. "Brand new, water-tight compartments, transverse and longitudinal bulkheads, steamer of six hundred tons; and she disappeared without leavin' a trace—not even her derelict reported to the Hydrographic Office."

"*And* with near half a million pound sterling aboard," added King. The matter even aroused him to speech.

"That is the vessel," said his visitor, briefly. He drew a long wallet from the inner pocket of his coat, and, holding it in both hands, looked slowly from one to another of his hearers. "Now, gentlemen," said he, calmly, "I have here a letter from the only survivor of the *Grand Roman*, stating briefly the cause of her disappearance—where and how she was wrecked, in other words—and showing conclusively that the money—the four hundred and twenty thousand pounds—not *quite* a half million, sir," and he bowed politely to King—"was not removed from the wreck."

Lord mopped his round face nervously. "Bless me! bless me!" he repeated, in an agitated voice. His partner showed *his* emotion by smoking to beat the stack of a soft-burning Britisher, but uttered no word.

"Allow me to read you the letter," said the stranger, calmly. He drew from the wallet an envelope much creased and worn, and from the envelope in turn a yellowed and time-worn document. This he spread out carefully, and, adjusting a pair of reading-glasses, prepared to peruse it. "This letter, gentlemen," he said, by way of introduction, "was received by me some ten years ago, but, for various reasons, which will appear as I tell my story, I have never cared to utilize the information contained herein. The letter is dated from New Orleans in the summer of '88, and was written by my brother, Michael Englesby. My own name, gentlemen, is Servius Englesby."

His listeners paid slight attention to this self-introduction; they leaned forward in eagerness to hear the letter read. But Mr. Servius Englesby was not to be hurried.

"Naturally, gentlemen, until we have a better and fuller understanding, I shall leave blank in my brother's letter," and he tapped the document with his long finger, "certain degrees of latitude and longitude and, in fact, the location of the bank where the *Grand Roman* was driven ashore. Not, of course, that I doubt your integrity, gentlemen——"

"We understand," interrupted Lord, with impatience.

"Yes, hang our integrity! Spin your yarn," burst forth his partner.

Mr. Englesby waved his hand in deprecation of their haste and began:

"PEST HOUSE, NEAR NEW ORLEANS.

"BROTHER SERVIUS—You will, without doubt, be surprised to hear from me, but I feel that this will be the last word you ever will receive from your brother Michael. I am shut into this place with the crew of the *Atalanta*, who are dying like flies with the most loathsome of all diseases—small-pox. I have the premonitory symptoms myself, and am so weakened by privation and lack of proper nourishment that I am positive I shall not be able to withstand the disease. I have bribed an attendant to mail this letter to you.

"Two months and a half ago I was clerk on the tramp steamer *Grand Roman*, owned by Mason & Co., of Liverpool. The papers have doubtless been full of her loss at sea ere this. She was loading for a South American port for her first voyage when the banking syndicate, headed by Nathan Rothschild and J. Buchanan Hurlbutt, engaged Mason & Co. to send out their enormous loan of four hundred and twenty thousand pounds in gold, to the Republic of Amazonia.

"I was given immediate charge of the gold, and there was, from the moment it was put aboard, an armed man at my office door to guard it. The *Grand Roman* was a brand-new steamer, as I have stated—a safer or more seaworthy vessel never left the Mersey. Seventeen days out of port, in latitude—— and longitude——, we were struck by a waterspout of huge dimensions, which crushed in the steamer's upper works and nearly carried her to the bottom.

"The boats were made ready to launch, but it was decided by the officers remaining (the captain and his first lieutenant were both killed in the first catastrophe) to remain by the steamer as long as she floated. Her hull was then sound and she might have been pumped out with the donkey. But the crew got wind of the vast treasure aboard and made a concerted rush for my office.

"The man who was on guard turned against us, too, and all we officers were more or less injured. I received a blow on the head which deprived me of my senses and was left for dead, I presume, by the mutineers. I regained my reason and understanding through another shock, one which shook the whole ship and doomed the *Grand Roman* to final destruction. It was the blowing up of the great boilers which drove the steamer's engines.

"Two or three dead men lay about me, killed in the fight for the treasure. The interior of my office had been wrecked by the mutineers, *but they had not found the gold!* I went on deck. The steamer floated low in the water. The deck was a fearful sight. It was strewn with mangled bodies. Every member of the ship's company but myself was dead. Of this I am positive, for I accounted for every person aboard, and for all the boats. I was alone with that vast treasure on the wreck.

"A sharp gale that night drove the wreck, which was kept from actually sinking only by her water-tight compartments, upon a sandbar, or key. Four days later I was rescued from the barren key, which has not even a palm upon it, by some turtle catchers in a small schooner. The turtle catchers stripped the hulk of all that they considered of value, and were half inclined to leave me behind. I finally prevailed upon them to take me to Nassau; but that very night we were run down (because of the failure on the schooner captain's part to show lights) by the brig *Vera Cruz*, bound for New Orleans.

"I was rescued with three of the half-breed turtle catchers; we were bundled into the brig's forecabin with her sailors, the captain of the *Vera Cruz* refusing to consider me any different from my associates. This awful disease broke out among us, and upon arrival at New Orleans the brig was quarantined, the

sick and well were taken ashore and shut up together in this foul place. More than two-thirds have died, and I feel my own end approaching."

Mr. Servius Englesby, who had read thus far without a tremor of his voice or a single break in the letter, ceased, and raised his eyes calmly to the faces of his audience. They were all leaning forward in suppressed excitement, and the junior partner, Brackett, had even forgotten to smoke.

"Go on—go on!" cried Lord. "Let's hear the rest."

"The remainder," said Englesby, quietly, "deals only with the situation of the key where the *Grand Roman* went ashore and the location of the treasure aboard her. Before we go into *those* details, would it not be better to have a thorough—er—understanding?" and he bowed suavely to the contractors.

II.

"You are a careful man, Mr. Englesby," said Lord, with a little laugh.

"Shrewd enough to be a Yankee," added Brackett.

"Which, I take it, you're not?" pursued Lord.

"A furriner, I'll be bound!" exclaimed the junior.

"You are correct, gentlemen. My father was an Englishman, my mother a Russian."

The four men looked at each other for several moments without speaking. Of the quartet the visitor was by far the calmest. The partners and King, the clerk, though perhaps familiar with strange stories and mysteries of the sea, their business bringing them frequently into contact with such, were thoroughly interested and not a little excited by the letter. Englesby seemed quite unmoved, as though the matter of such an enormous treasure was quite an everyday occurrence with him.

"Well," said Lord, at last, "I suppose you'd like to know what we think of it?"

"Want our mind on it, do ye?" echoed Brackett.

"Exactly."

Lord looked at Brackett and Brackett looked at Lord. Each seemed to read his partner's mind.

"Mr. Englesby," said the senior, moping his brow, "your story and that letter bear the stamp of truth."

"Cargo looks 'O. K.,'" added Brackett.

"Well, are you prepared to risk anything in a venture to recover the treasure?" demanded Englesby.

"Ahem! That is a question which should not be decided hastily," responded Lord.

"A bird of another feather," said Brackett, lighting his pipe, which had gone out during the reading of the letter.

"I should not wish to urge undue haste," said their visitor; "but if you have diving suits and apparatus and can charter a seaworthy boat, the outlay of capital ought not to be large. And the stake is great."

"Why didn't you try it without our help?"

"For two very good reasons. The first is, that I have no practical knowledge of your business and am no sailor. The second involves some explanation. I am a chemist—an investigator—an inventor, if you please. My time has been spent for years in the laboratory. I am, I firmly believe, on the brink of a discovery which will make me famous—will add to the scientific achievements of the ages!" For the first time the visitor's eye lit up and his face showed excitement. The letter he had read—the thought of the vast treasures which might be his—had not moved him; but as he spoke of his scientific researches a spark of enthusiasm seemed to glow within him.

"But," and he pursued the subject more calmly, "I have come to the end of my resources—quite to the end, I fear. I am no business man, but my agents assure me I can no longer draw at the bank as I have in the past. My labors must cease without money; my discovery, almost perfected, must be lost for the lack of funds. In my despair I turn to this letter and determine to find the treasure, although it had never been my intention to use the information contained in that letter."

"What!" burst forth Lord. "Let four hundred and twenty thousand pounds lie rotting in the Atlantic and not try to recover it?"

Brackett could only shake his head; he was beyond mere ejaculation.

"Of what good is money?" demanded Englesby, irritably. "I have always found it a nuisance. It is only, as I say,

that I have come to the end of my present resources that I take this matter up. If I was avaricious I should have tried to find the treasure before ; I have had the letter for nearly ten years."

His three listeners were silent, marveling greatly.

"Now, gentlemen, what do you say?" pursued Englesby, suavely. "Can we settle this business now, or will you take time to decide?"

Lord and Brackett again looked at each other, and, as though long intercourse had enabled them to read each other's minds, seemed to come to an immediate decision.

"Think we could get the *Spread Eagle*?" demanded Lord.

"Sure."

"Is Billy in town?"

"Ain't been away since we come back from Sable Island last fall.

"Then—ahem!—you'll go yourself, I presume, Mr. Englesby?"

"Certainly ; but I am no sailor."

"You'll learn to take your trick at the wheel all right," said Lord. "The *Spread Eagle's* small and the smaller the crew we have on such a voyage as this, the better. With Billy, and a boy to cook, we'll get on very well. . . . Now, all that remains is for us to hear *your* proposition and sign contracts if it suits us."

"That's right," agreed Brackett.

"You will furnish all the apparatus—everything needful?" asked Englesby. "You have diving-bells, or suits, or whatever you call them?"

Lord motioned to the clerk, who got down from his stool, lighted a dinky lantern, and opened the door into the back cellar again. Mr. Englesby followed him. The place was stored with lead-shod rubber suits, awkward, goggle-eyed helmets, hose, pumps of several different kinds, tools—in fact, everything which a diver could possibly use. Mr. Englesby was satisfied.

"We'll provision the schooner. You'll be to no expense whatever—if we decide to go into it. But, of course, we must know the terms you are willing to offer, and likewise see the instructions given in that letter, before we put our hands to any paper."

"Quite right," returned Englesby. "My idea is this, gentlemen. We will divide the treasure equally. But I am not to be held responsible for failure, nor

put to any expense whatsoever. Is it agreed?"

The proposition had almost a paralyzing effect upon the firm and their clerk. It spurred Brackett into making a remark totally upon his own responsibility.

"If this pans out straight goods, it'll be our last trip, eh, matey?" he said to Lord.

An hour later the contract was signed at an attorney's office, and four days thereafter the *Spread Eagle*, schooner yacht, passed Highland Light, outward bound.

III.

Work out a circle of two hundred miles diameter, having for its center the thriving port of Nassau, on the island of New Providence, and there will be found within its circumference quite two hundred islands and islets, sandbars, coral keys and reefs large enough to be signified on the Hydrographic Office chart. The majority of them are not named, however, except locally, and many are only known to the half-breed turtle catchers and wreckers who infest these seas.

The *Spread Eagle* touched at Nassau publicly for water and fresh provisions. Privately, Messrs. Lord and Brackett were desirous of obtaining information concerning the key on which, according to Michael Englesby's letter, the *Grand Roman* had been driven after her wreck. As they ran into Nassau Harbor, Englesby read again the remaining paragraphs of the letter :

"The steamer went aground on the northeast point of a turtle island, or sandbar, without, as far as I can learn from the wreckers who took me off, any distinctive name. It is about two miles and a half long at high water, but much larger at low tide, for the water is exceedingly shallow all about here, vast sand-flats stretching away from the island in nearly all directions. The sand shifts continually ; no tree grows upon the key ; there is nothing upon it as a distinctive landmark, unless it be the rows of high sand dunes which the sea and the gales have thrown up along the shore—and even those are shifting.

"The key is, according to the wreckers, due east from Nassau, and from forty to forty-five miles distant. There are three keys, lying in the shape of a triangle, some eight or nine miles apart, and the *Grand Roman* went ashore on

the key which forms the easterly apex of the triangle. One of the other islands, which the wreckers called Santa Maria, is, I believe, inhabited.

"The treasure is under the floor of my office just aft of 'midships, and is so securely hidden by cunning iron-work that the compartment will have to be broken open by force. The *Grand Roman's* hull was all iron and steel; the treasure will lie there for years safely.

"This the last word from thy brother,
"MICHAEL ENGLSEBY."

"My brother and I," said Englesby, in explanation, "parted some years before his death under rather—er—unfortunate circumstances. We did not quarrel; in fact, we separated so that there should be no danger of our quarreling. He was all for money—an avaricious man," said this strange individual, coldly, "while I cared nothing for it. I little thought, when I received this, that I should ever use the information."

"And you've let four hundred and twenty thousand pounds lie rotting for ten years!" gasped Lord.

"Beats me!" remarked the laconic Brackett.

The crew of the *Spread Eagle* consisted of an old employee of the divers who answered to the name of Billy—and Billy only, although Englesby persisted in prefixing a "Mister" to it—and a youth of a lanky and lackadaisical appearance to cook and assist in working the craft in heavy weather. But after lying at Nassau three days another individual was brought aboard—a man whose pedigree and nationality it would be as hard to trace as that of the Mound Builders. He looked like a Portuguese, was called Manyon, talked a *patois* of French, Spanish and English, and looked the thorough scoundrel. But he had lived at Santa Maria and was not averse to going again and acting as pilot for his passage. He had a brother living there still, he said.

"We might find the triangle of islands all right ourselves," said Lord, "and then again, we mightn't. We'll be sure of getting rid of this dago at Santa Maria and of picking out the right key with that as a starting point."

He went a little further than this, however, for he questioned Manyon about the islands near Santa Maria. The diver made out from his account that

the sand key on which the *Grand Roman* had run aground, and which Manyon said was "far to de sea" from Santa Maria, was well known to turtle catchers but was seldom visited by them. Although the beaches were low, the sand shifted so that the female turtles did not go there in any numbers to lay their eggs. Lord learned also that the key was called by the American sponge and coral traders "Sand Dune Island."

But neither of the divers mentioned the word "wreck" to Manyon, nor did they allow him a peep into the cabin, where, each evening, they overhauled their suits, or into the hold, where the pumps, etc., were stowed. To all appearances, the *Spread Eagle* was a pleasure craft, and her company were simply lazily sailing the pleasant seas about Nassau and wished, out of curiosity, to visit some of the keys.

To make this seem their only reason and impress Manyon and his friends with their disinterestedness, they anchored at Santa Maria, and spent a day roaming over the island, which was verdure-covered and abounded in birds and small game. But they slipped away before daylight the next morning, and stood off to the northward, until Santa Maria dropped below the horizon; then they turned the schooner's prow toward the open sea, and clapped on all sail.

From the high ridge which ran the length of Santa Maria like a backbone they had seen a faint, blue outline away to the eastward, which Manyon had declared to be Sand Dune Island. It hove in view again at noon, and before dark they had beat down quite near it. Their approach was from the northeast—from the very direction the letter intimated the *Grand Roman* had been swept ashore; but they saw little of the island that night. The dusk falls quickly in this semi-tropical region. They anchored a mile or two off the northeast point, for they knew not how far out the shallows extended.

At daybreak all hands but Englesby were on deck excitedly viewing the key. Nothing seemed to move him. He did not appear outside the cabin until after breakfast, and by that time the anchor had been hove up and the *Spread Eagle* was slowly drifting with the light breeze just abaft.

"It's not a very inviting place," was Englesby's cool criticism.

"It is *not*, sir," said Lord, emphatically. "I never saw a spot that looked more God and man forsaken."

"'Bout as cheerful as a churchyard," said Brackett.

The island lay before them in dull yellows and greens with the morning sun flooding it and the sea. It seemed the duller in hue and the more desolate because of the deep rich purple of the sea.

Patches of sickly green appeared here and there along the center of the island. Occasionally a black rock, like some strange breed of cattle grazing on the sand, reared its back. But for the most part it was sand—dreary, desolate sand. Sand in heaps and hummocks, sand in windrows, sand blown by the wind into all manner of odd fantastic shapes.

And, strangest of all, it seemed ever in motion. Light and fine as powder, the dry sand above high-water mark was swept about by every zephyr. When scarcely a breath of wind was apparent to the spectators on the schooner, the sand would swirl up as though by magic, dance in an eddy for a moment, and then sink back again; or, carried higher by a steadier breath, would sweep along the shore and at last fall in a glistening shower upon the sea.

They dared not bring the schooner very near the point, for they soon found the bank and the water shoaled rapidly, forcing them to drop anchor again fully a mile off shore. There was no sign of a wreck. Both Lord and Brackett had expected to find some of her upper works out of the water, for the *Grand Roman* had been an iron screw steamer and iron does not decay like wood.

"I tell you what it is," said Lord, positively, "her weight has sunk her out of sight. If this is quicksand we'll have the devil's own time getting at the treasure."

So they got out the boat and made soundings and figured about where the *Grand Roman*, considering her weight and that she was low in the sea, had struck. But the water was so clear they could plainly see the bottom, and not a spar, or a smoke-stack, or any other sign of the lost steamer appeared.

For three days they rowed over, took soundings upon, and minutely scrutinized every fathom of the northeasterly shoals. Finally Lord suggested that Michael Englesby might have been mistaken about the direction from which

the wreck was cast upon the bank. It might lie at some other point. Servius shook his head in doubt.

"Michael was a very methodical, exact man," he said. "Much more so than myself. He would not be guilty of such an error."

Lord stuck to his point. Finally they decided upon a compromise suggested by Brackett. Before making a circuit of the key they would get out the diving apparatus and examine the shoal at closer quarters.

IV.

A strongly planked raft was heaved over and the pumps and suits placed aboard. The boy was left as shipkeeper, and Englesby and the seaman, Billy, went on the raft to tend the pumps and signal lines. Both divers had decided to go down, for as long as there was some doubt about the nature of the shoal they feared quicksands.

By the aid of long sweeps the raft was forced in shore some distance; then anchored and a short iron ladder put over the side. The partners had already begun to get into their suits. The lead-soled rubber dress was pulled onto the neck, and then Billy set on the heavy helmets and screwed them tightly to the shoulder-plates. Each diver wore a belt in which was a long dirk in a sheath and the signal line was tied around his waist also.

The air pumps were at once started, and Lord helped over the side first. At the foot of the ladder he dropped off and sank easily to the floor of the shoal. Brackett quickly followed him. From the raft their uncouth forms could be dimly seen moving about upon the sand. They examined the shoal as far upon either side of the raft as the pipelines would allow, and came up in little over half an hour.

"It is no use," said Lord, decisively, the instant his head was out of the helmet. "We can examine this bank just as well by rowing over it as we can by going down. There's no quicksand here, but the bottom shifts enough with the action of the swell to keep any marine plants from taking root. The bottom is therefore clear, as you can see, sir, and there is no wreck here, sunken or otherwise."

"Then the currents or a strong tide has carried the steamer off again," said Englesby, calmly.

"Or she went ashore at another point," responded Lord, gloomily.

But Servius Englesby shook his head in doubt. He had no faith in that hope.

They got the raft back to the *Spread Eagle*, and with much labor hoisted it aboard again. There being not much daylight left by that time, the divers and Englesby went ashore in the yawl for a closer examination of the island.

There was not much to see but the sand. There were several large hummocks, or sand dunes, quite thirty feet high, and from the top of these the party were able to see all around the island. Not a spar or a bit of drift betrayed the presence of any wreck.

"It is little likely we'd see much drift from a wreck ten years old," said Lord, confidently. They were standing upon the summit of a high dune on the northeasterly point of the island, near which the letter declared the *Grand Roman* to have grounded. "Whatever came ashore has been buried by the sand long ago. I never saw such a place. See how the sand eddies round that stick I stuck into the ground below there. I swear, 'twould be out of sight by morning."

The sky, which had been clouding over lightly during the afternoon, now warned them back to the schooner.

"There's a blow in store for us," said Lord, as they descended the round side of the dune. "I don't want to get caught here in any hurricane. What d'ye think, Brackett?"

"No anchorage here and no shelter," declared his partner, briefly.

"I recommend that we run for it, then," remarked Lord, leading the way to their boat.

The *Spread Eagle* was got under way immediately upon their boarding her, and before a breeze which rapidly grew stronger as the dusk shut down they ran back toward Santa Maria. They anchored in the lee of the island before midnight, and there rode out the gale. The hurricane continued steadily for three days, and the schooner's company considered themselves fortunate to lie in such a secure anchorage.

Some of their acquaintances, the half-breed islanders, came aboard; but when they went ashore to return the compliment, they were evidently not exactly welcome. The islanders were making preparations, Brackett said, for a wreck-

ing expedition as soon as the weather cleared, and were very secretive.

"There'll be brave pickings for these vultures after *this* gale," he declared. And then he set to work to pump Manyon—but very circumspectly—about any wrecks that might have come ashore on any of the neighboring islands.

"No wrecks ever came ashore *here*, Señor," declared the wily Manyon.

"How about this key off to sea—Sand Dune Key?" demanded the diver. "Isn't there a wreck there?"

"Oh—ah—de Señor ees correct!" exclaimed Manyon, eagerly. "But that was long ago—ten years ago—*certainement!* De Señor haf see eet?"

"Oh, no," said Brackett, carelessly. "A mate of mine did once, though. It's been swept off—or sunk—before this, hasn't it?"

"No, no! Impossible!" cried Manyon. "Eet was de hull of an iron steamer, an' she was too far ashore to be carried back. She was stripped already, Señor," he added, with a shrewd twinkle in his eye.

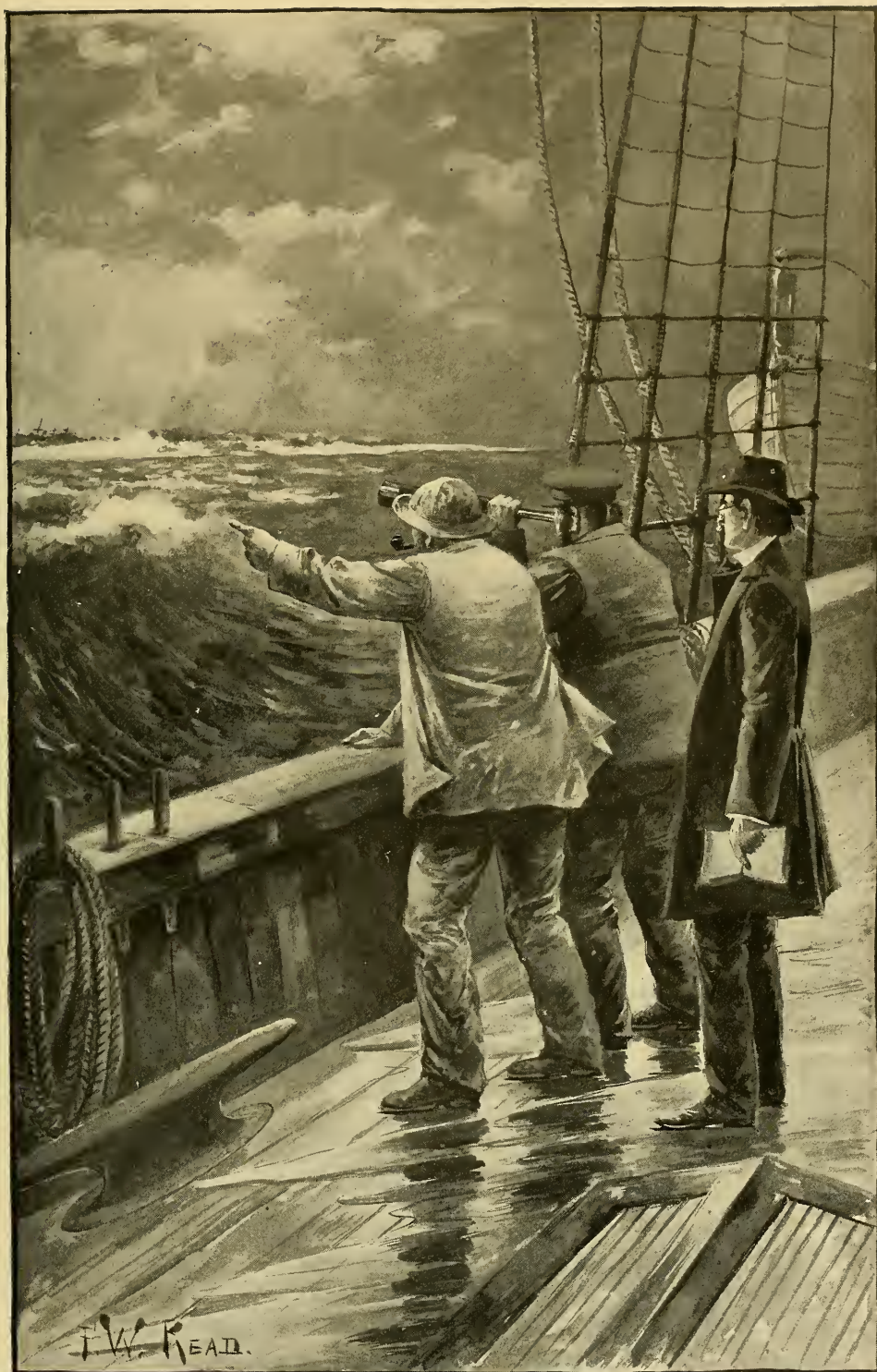
"How long since *you* saw it, Manyon?" demanded Lord, with a jovial wink.

"Ah, Señor, eet was stripped many year before *I* see her. There iss not de wort' of a handspike left. She lays on de northeast coast point with her stacks still standin'—you fail not to see eet as you round de point."

"Englesby, I'm going back when this gale is over," declared Lord, with some enthusiasm, when they were aboard again. "That wreck is there, *somewhere*."

Englesby did not share in the general hope, but he made no objection, and the next morning they took advantage of a change in the wind and ran out from behind Santa Maria Island. The crazy old turtle boat, owned by the islanders, was already off to the northward in search of wreckage blown in among the islands by the gale.

The *Spread Eagle* made a heavy passage to Sand Dune Island, but she was seaworthy, and the waves were rapidly going down. They drew near enough to the sand key in three hours to see that the gale had made fearful havoc with it. The wind and sea together had utterly changed the topography of the islet. At certain points the waves had swept clear across it, and everywhere



Painted for OUTING by F. W. Read.

"DON'T YOU SEE IT, BRACKETT?" (p. 34.)

the sand was too saturated to allow of the wind carrying it about as it pleased.

The northern portion of the key had felt the full force of the hurricane. The sand dune, from the summit of which they had viewed the isle, had been torn to pieces. Great cavities had been eaten into the hill by the waves, and the tide, now at the flood, still swept its base.

But as the *Spread Eagle* drew nearer, climbing the swells and diving into the troughs like a sea-fowl, Lord, who stood in the bow, with a glass to his eye, began to get excited.

"What's happened ye, mate?" Brackett demanded, looking on in wonder as his senior danced up and down as though the schooner's deck was a hot gridiron.

"Look—er—there!" cried Lord, and passed the glass into his partner's hand. "D'ye see what the gale's done?"

"What is it?" asked Englesby, calmly.

"*The wreck is there!*" cried Lord. "Don't you see it, Brackett?"

"I see *something*," said Brackett. "I reckon you're right."

"Of course I'm right!" shouted the other. "That wreck's lain there all the time—we've been walkin' over her! She was the basis of that sand hill."

"An' a precious hard time we'll have shoveling the sand out of her, too," growled Brackett.

But Englesby's only comment was: "I was quite sure my brother had made no mistake."

* * * * *

For the better part of a week the divers and Englesby remained at work upon

the wreck. The *Spread Eagle* only came in during the night, for they feared to attract attention to their labor if the schooner lay off the key by day. The weather remained clear and the wind light, so that old Billy and the boy successfully worked the vessel back and forth.

The three men were forced to move a vast quantity of sand before they could get to the steamer's lower deck. They found the purser's or clerk's office, as instructed in Michael Englesby's letter, and, as further stated in that document, *were* obliged to break the iron plates of which the deck was made to get at the treasure compartment.

And the treasure was there. The four hundred and twenty thousand pounds, which was originally intended to purchase the first bond issue of the State of Amazonia, was, with much care, stored in the hold of the *Spread Eagle* and was brought back to Boston in her. Servius Englesby disappeared with his share of the money immediately, and what he did with it—whether he finally accomplished, by its aid, the great scientific discovery in which he was interested—Lord and Brackett never knew.

Their share of the treasure of Sand Dune Island is the capital with which they propose to establish an American steamship line between Boston and South American ports, and the office of the *new* firm of Lord & Brackett, on Commercial street, will be far superior to that which the old firm occupied, as befits the beneficiaries of the *Grand Roman*.



IN THE CASCADES.

BY R. L. WARNER.

"I am still a lover of the woods and fields
and mountains,
And of all that we behold from this green
earth;
Of all the mighty world of eye and ear,
Both what they half create and half perceive;

Well pleased to recognize, in nature and the
language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts,
The nurse, the guide, the guardian, of my
heart and soul,
Of all my moral being."

—WORDSWORTH.



THAT'S the way I always feel when I temporarily cease camping on the trail of the dollar, light my brier pipe, and, through the wreaths of gray incense, review the scenes of days spent in

communion with our gentle mother, Nature, in the far West. I think that when a fellow once has had a real taste of Western life under favorable conditions, he never quite gets over wanting to hit the trail toward the setting sun.

There is no better hunter or woodsman in Washington or Oregon than John Davis. Thoroughly good-natured, obliging to a degree, full of dry humor, a tireless and patient hunter, he is hard to beat as a guide and companion for weeks in a country where even blazed trails are exceptional and you mostly have to feel your way cautiously along as you go.

I was going through a lot of old photo prints and picked up a little bunch marked "Southern Oregon." They bring back to me recollections of one of the happiest hunts which it was my privilege to enjoy with John Davis and the "chosen few." Two of the boys are now in Alaska, two are helping to hold down the Atlantic seaboard, and of all the five, John Davis, the faithful, alone resorts to the scenes of our former joys.

The memorable autumn, of which these pictures partly tell the story, was spent in the Cascade Range in Southern Oregon. Our base of supplies was a little town, where we engaged a native of the Emerald Isle to transport our outfit sixty-five miles into the mount-

ains. The road lay for twelve or fifteen miles through a beautiful farming country with wide expanses of wheat stubble, dotted here and there by the orchards which have made Oregon famous as the land of the big red apple; then rising gradually into the hills, we followed the course of one of the many river valleys which form the Pacific water-shed of the Cascades.

Many of the brilliant-hued Mongolian pheasants, or "Chineys," as they are locally called, were seen running in the fields or passing on noisy wing to some bit of dense cover, and, as signs of civilization became less frequent, our old friend, the blue grouse, was occasionally met with, and two or three of them were gathered into the wagon for future reference.

The native grouse has had a hard time of it in Oregon since the Mongolian emigrant began to possess the



WE WERE FOUR.



Painted for OUTING by C. Rungius.

THE BLACK-TAIL AT HOME.

land. The Chinese pheasant is very hardy, multiplies with astonishing rapidity, and is, withal, such a greedy monopolist and pugilist, that he has wiped out almost everything else in his class, frequently not even drawing the line at the barn-yard cock.

About noon we arrived at the ranch of Monsieur Pierre Peppiet, where we put up for dinner. M. Peppiet was something of a hunter himself, and had, the previous year, captured and domesticated a fawn, which, after some persuasion, consented to stand for his picture. One of the most inspiring events of the day was enacted by our "native" pilot with the assistance of his team of half-broken cayuses, which served as motive power for the buck-board, upon which we sat at short intervals throughout the day. These demure-looking, rawhide-covered, equine motors had figured it all out that they were not going to accompany that buck-board any farther than M. Peppiet's ranch, and when they came to be hooked up after dinner, they resented the indignity vigorously. After an hour's work, upon the part of seven men, we got enough harness onto the brutes to keep them within hailing distance of the buck-board, and six of us held them while their sandy little proprietor mounted the bridge and yelled to us to stand from under. When they were released they started for headquarters on their front feet, employing their rear extremities the while in a well-directed effort to dissolve partnership with the buck-board. Swaying and plunging, the outfit disappeared down the road, with the master of ceremonies magically sticking on and plying the long whip with a liberal accompaniment of profanity. After the space of a quarter of an hour, during which time bets were freely offered, with no takers, that the combination would not again be seen intact, there trotted into view a humiliated-looking team of yellow cayuses, the buck-board and proprietor following triumphantly in their wake. We secured from Monsieur Peppiet the loan of a pack pony named Spilley and resumed our journey, with the same in tow.

The country became wilder, with only a little ranch nestling in an open valley here and there, and soon we were buried in one of those great forests of Douglass, fir and cedar, with which the

Oregon slopes of the Cascades are covered. Emerging, late in the afternoon, into a little open prairie of a few acres, which had been roughly fenced by the pioneer who had "taken it up," we jumped a white-tailed doe just at a point where the road passed between the fence on one side, up hill, and a steep slide below. She started with great leaps, trying to take the fence, but could not, and after trying several times, stopped a moment, bewildered, then whirled around and dashed back directly past us, not twenty yards away. She was a beauty, her sides shining red in the sunlight, the picture of grace.

Six miles beyond this point, just at dark, we arrived at the head of navigation for buck-boards and camped for the night. Before daylight the next morning we had had breakfast, and, with our outfit packed on the three horses, were following the trail, which was to bring us to a little meadow in a pocket of the mountains, six or seven miles further up. A dense fog filled the valley, but the trail was steep and we soon emerged from it, coming out upon a high point into the clear upper atmosphere, just as the first hint of dawn appeared.

Turning, we looked back across the great sea of white fog which stretched away from our feet in mighty billows, rolling on until the eye could follow no further. The rose light in the east grew stronger, putting out the night lamps, one by one, till only the morning star remained on high, above the snowy cap of a lofty peak, like a spark of incense before God's altar. The dark outline of the Cascade Range stood like a silhouette against the lightening sky, its great shadow falling over us onto the white sea of fog, fifty miles away. And then the morning came swiftly on, shedding its rich light upon this glorious scene and waking the first notes of the forest birds.

We located our meadow in due course and dismissed our guide with his two treacherous mustangs, retaining Spilley as a packer for side trips. By nightfall we had constructed a substantial camp, thatched with shakes split out of a fallen cedar. An ice-cold spring afforded an abundance of delightful water, and Spilley munched the grass in the little meadow with evident satisfaction. An attractive feature of this camp was the

abundance of late huckleberries. Great patches of the blue and brown fellows were to be found all through that part of the range and were appreciated by the bears no less than by ourselves. Bear sign was plentiful about these berry patches, many of the bushes being broken down and stripped of fruit by Bruin, who knows a good thing when he sees it.

I have never seen deer sign so plentiful anywhere as on this range. You would have said there were thousands of deer, and there must have been, for their trails were everywhere, and numerous fresh tracks were to be seen every morning, even along the rivulet which flowed out of our spring, down through the meadow, not a hundred yards from camp. Nevertheless, it was not until the evening of the fourth day that we had any venison, for it was the light of the moon and the deer were feeding at night, lying close during the daytime among the great beds of thick fern, which made still-hunting, under such circumstances, well nigh impossible.

These great ferns are characteristic of the Cascade forests, growing often to the height of a man's head and filling in the spaces between the huge tree trunks so completely that, though we frequently jumped up bedded deer, it was rarely that a fair shot could be had. John Davis, however, succeeded, as usual, in circumventing regularly enough venison to keep the camp well supplied. John could go out and get a deer where nobody ever heard of deer before. He "don't hunt 'em perticlerly, jus' kinder goes out and looks round till he sees one and shoots it." But in time we all got our deer, and I my first one, by the way, although this was by no means the first occasion on which I had gone out to "look round for one."

In the course of our peregrinations we had discovered a lick crossing on the river a couple of miles below our camp, and we were dead certain that, if it only had not been in the light of the moon, we could have got more deer than you could shake a stick at. I had watched the crossing faithfully two evenings till dusk and no deer, but, on returning in the morning, would find that from five to twelve deer had been there during the night.

A third evening I had stayed a little later than usual, and was just going to

pull out for camp when there appeared across the river the head of a doe; then there was a doe there, and then another, two beauties, one of them drinking, the other standing just at the edge of the water looking up the stream, broadside toward me. I couldn't see them come out of the woods; they just seemed to happen there without coming at all. I kept cool enough to draw a careful bead well down on the shoulder of the first one and unhitched my Marlin 40-60. That doe disappeared instantly, and I felt sure I saw her go into the river. Then I began to pump cartridges into the gun and blaze away like mad at the remaining doe, succeeding in throwing five shots into the scenery around her before she could make up her mind into which direction she wanted to run.

I fooled around about an hour in the growing darkness, trying to find the doe I had "killed," but finally had to give it up and make for camp. The next morning I was back at the crossing about as soon as it was light, and, sure enough, there was my deer ashore on the edge of an eddy, about fifty yards below where she had been shot. After this our luck began to improve, and, in the course of two weeks, we had jerked as much venison as we felt we could comfortably take out with us.

I don't know whether the fellows who go hunting down in Maine, and elsewhere in the "East," ever "jerk" venison or not, but if they don't they miss a good deal. It is very easy to jerk the meat so that it will keep for a year, and jerked venison isn't half bad either.

One day I created a little diversion for myself by getting lost, although I think this is the first time a public confession of the fact has been made, for I succeeded in flimflaming the rest of the crowd as to how it all happened. It was our custom to hunt alone, each fellow filling out his own programme for the day. On this day I had gone into a new part of the range, about six miles from camp, which was especially blessed with huckleberries, in the hope of finding a bear. After pottering around there nearly all day without meeting my bear, I started to return. I had the general directions of things all right, but, somehow or other, a country like that looks a whole lot different at five P. M. from the way it does at nine A. M., and I got lost.

I was about three miles from camp when I got off my bearings and headed through the wrong gap down toward the river. When I struck the river it was pretty dark, and the going was difficult. I managed to cross, however, and then started down stream, away from camp instead of toward it. The more I worked along the less familiar the bank of the river seemed, but I attributed this to the darkness and kept picking my way down stream through the great tree trunks and over dry beds of small boulders in bends of the river, all the time expecting to find the big fallen cedar across the stream, which would give me the bearing for camp.

After about an hour of this, I came out upon the high bank of a dry creek bed, which had been cut deep by the spring freshets. While everything about me was pretty dark, I could distinguish the big tree trunks fairly well, and could mark the course of the river by the foaming rapids and constant roar, but, as I peered down into this black creek bed, I began to feel a little bit creepy, for it was darker than a pocket down in there.

While I hesitated and tried to decide whether to cross or turn back, there came suddenly, from out that inky blackness, the sound of pebbles crunching together and the cracking of a stick, as if made by the movement of a heavy body. I have heard it variously disputed as to whether a fellow's hair will actually rise with fright, and I believe that the weight of scientific opinion is against the phenomenon, but I am sure that, at that moment, all the hairs of my head individually *tried* to stand on end. I could feel them tingle clear down into the roots.

I don't say that I was actually scared as I backed away from the edge of the bank, grasping my rifle tighter, all ready to fire at the slightest provocation; but when I had got back thirty or forty yards, and faced up stream again, I felt that irresistible desire to flee from an unseen danger behind, which instinctively comes over you when you go down alone through a long, dark corridor, which you know is absolutely empty.

After working up stream to the starting point, I had about decided to build a fire and lie out all night, when three rifle shots, in quick succession, from over

the ridge to the north, away up stream, revived my ambition, and an hour later I was in camp. I lounged into the fire-light as unconcernedly as possible, ungratefully inquiring whether they were afraid to stay in camp alone, whether they supposed that I couldn't take care of myself in an open country like that, etc., but I believe it was three days before I altogether recovered from that creepy feeling.

The "artist" had possessed himself of a brand-new camera for this trip, and a very large majority of his time was put in cruising around getting the scenery to sit for him. His insatiable activity in this direction came near resulting in his taking home a punctured skin, and, although the incident afforded us unbounded joy at his expense after it was all over, it was pretty ticklish at the time. A spike buck had been killed late one evening and hung up not over a mile from camp. In the morning it was found that a cougar had visited the carcass during the night and helped himself freely. One of the boys volunteered to go down to the nearest settler's cabin, twelve miles below, and enlist the coöperation of a hound, which we had seen there while passing through, so the next morning we all returned to the spot prepared for a real cougar hunt.

The cougar had dined plenteously on venison, and the hound took up his trail at once, working along through the high ferns out into a windfall and up along the side of a bald butte. The artist, who was a corker in fast going through such country, kept close after the hound with his camera in position for quick action, and, when we finally heard the dog baying, high up among the rocky benches of the butte, he and John Davis were the only ones within range of the game. It seems that at this juncture the man of the camera came up and found the big cat at bay on a shelf of rock, with the dog camped out ten or twelve feet below him. Climbing carefully up along a dead tree trunk, in order to get within range, the artist brought his focusing battery to bear on the enemy.

That plate, however, has not yet been developed, for the cougar, mistaking this for a hostile move, cut the sitting short by making a flying leap at the camera man, knocking him off the log to the ground four or five feet below,

where he landed on top of the camera. Just at this moment John Davis put in an appearance, and took a crack at the cat, which had remained upon the log, growling viciously. All he said, as he finished carefully skinning the beast, was, "folks what ain't got no more sense than they need in town, ought to stay there!"

But our artist redeemed his reputation, with interest, a couple of days later, and the big white bear's tooth, which swings on the latch-string of my den, is a constant reminder of his triumph.

Four of us were to spend a few days on a goat hunt on the eastern slopes of the range, leaving in camp one of the boys, who had a short line of traps set down the river. With our commissary department lashed upon the back of the patient Spilley, we trailed up through the head of the valley, out toward timber line, until nearly noon. At this time we were following the edge of a deep and heavily wooded cañon, our artist in the lead, *sans* camera, but equipped with his Marlin 45-70 by way of consolation.

The going was very rough and two of us, with the cayuse, had fallen pretty far to the rear, when we heard a shot from up in front, followed at the space of twenty seconds by another. Hurrying forward, as fast as we could get Spilley over the logs and through the bare pines, we found the other fellows complacently viewing the remains of a large black bear.

It seems, as Louis climbed onto a log and paused, raising on his knee, the bear came up over the edge of the cañon and, without seeing him, moved along toward him not twenty paces distant. With perfectly steady nerve, the converted camera cruiser placed 405 grains of lead through the bear's nose into his neck, killing him instantly. The second shot had been fired into his head, just to make sure that he was not playing possum. This bear was in very good condition, and bear steaks formed a welcome addition to our larder. He was in poor fur, however, and the hide could not be saved.

About the middle of the afternoon we came out into the bare upper country, between timber line and snow. Here our trail, if such it might be called, lay over beds of lava, sometimes fairly even, sometimes broken into great blocks, the interstices filled with pumice

and a little scant soil which sustained a few small herbs. Now and then was heard the long, clear whistle of our old friend, the hoary marmot, and occasionally we saw him at a distance scampering across the rocks. Other signs of life were few, and there prevailed that clear stillness which is found only in the rare altitudes above timber line and which has caused these regions so aptly to be called, "the country of the silence."

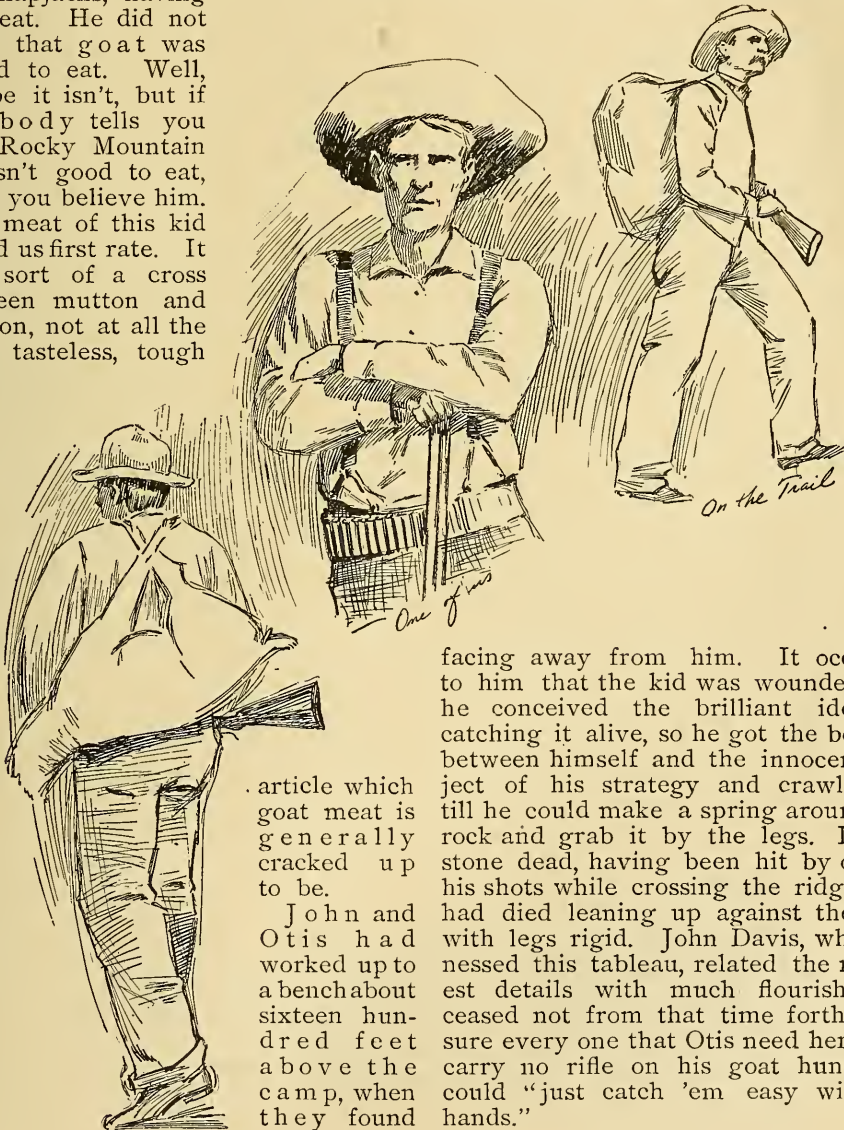
Toward night we descended a little and camped in the head of one of the coulées which draw into the cañons about the bases of these mountains. Early the next morning we pushed on again, working into a wilder and more forbidding country, scarred with bare cañons, which had been cut hundreds of feet deep by the waters of the glaciers which they have drained through the long centuries since the flight of years began. While crossing the bed of one of these cañons we came upon unmistakable signs of goat. Three or four ewes with kids had been through there early in the morning. Their tracks were easily discernible in the wet sand, and they had evidently come out of the timber at dawn and passed across to the higher benches of a peak which rose three or four thousand feet above us.

This was encouraging. None of us, barring John Davis, had ever killed, or even seen, a goat, and here were goats within two or three hours' travel, at most, from the spot where we stood. Late in the afternoon, just as we were going into camp, we saw, far up on the mountain, what at first appeared to be a couple of white rocks, but when they moved closer together we knew that they were the real thing which we had come to see.

In the morning we divided, John and Otis making for a spur on the west slope of the mountain, while the rest of us passed on to the northeast side. After an hour of the hardest kind of climbing, we reached a point of rock which jutted out, overlooking, on one side, the bare, steep slope of loose volcanic matter across which we had come, and on the other commanding a view of a sharp, crevice-like cut in the side of the mountain, the opposite cliff being somewhat lower than the point on which we stood. Here we remained for some hours.

At one time we thought we could hear distant shots, but finally ascribed the noise to falling rock. Late in the afternoon we cruised along around the mountain and then down into camp, without having seen a living thing the entire day. At camp, however, we found a different story. Otis had scored; he got goat, sure enough. Only a little one it was—a kid, in fact, we assured him—but a goat nevertheless. I have heard of a well-known sportsman who went goat-hunting, killed three or four goats, the heads and skins of which were preserved, all the time living on sowbelly and flapjacks, having no meat. He did not think that goat was good to eat. Well, maybe it isn't, but if anybody tells you that Rocky Mountain kid isn't good to eat, don't you believe him. The meat of this kid suited us first rate. It was sort of a cross between mutton and venison, not at all the dry, tasteless, tough

the very identical band of ewes and kids whose trail we had crossed the day before. John had made a long detour to get above them, and had, he firmly declared, killed a ewe, but could not find her, she having run a little way and fallen into some deep crevice in the rocks. The band started down the mountain and Otis opened fire, turning all but one kid, which passed down over a little ridge one hundred yards above him, he firing as it ran. Running up to this point, he looked over and saw the animal apparently leaning against a great boulder thirty yards distant,



article which goat meat is generally cracked up to be.

John and Otis had worked up to a bench about sixteen hundred feet above the camp, when they found

facing away from him. It occurred to him that the kid was wounded, and he conceived the brilliant idea of catching it alive, so he got the boulder between himself and the innocent object of his strategy and crawled up till he could make a spring around the rock and grab it by the legs. It was stone dead, having been hit by one of his shots while crossing the ridge, and had died leaning up against the rock with legs rigid. John Davis, who witnessed this tableau, related the minutest details with much flourish, and ceased not from that time forth to assure every one that Otis need hereafter carry no rifle on his goat hunts; he could "just catch 'em easy with his hands."

This was all the goat we had to show for four days' patient hunting, although we were satisfied that John had killed his ewe, by the sight of a flock of ravens, those croaking undertakers of the upper country, circling about that corner of the mountain.

The story of our hunt would be incomplete without some reference to our camp followers. Chief of these was Spilley, our little yellow cayuse, who, whether he looked at you with his pink eye or his blue eye, always looked the same demure, patient, abused little bargain-counter remnant that he was. But Spilley, like the famous singed cat, felt better than he looked, and he knew a great many things that some people who live long and useful lives never find out. He knew, to the fraction of an inch, just how far the pack bags stuck out from his sides, and we soon learned that if, in his judgment, it was not advisable to attempt a passage between two certain trees, it was best to let him go around, and whenever he started to make his way through an opening which appeared too narrow to his less intelligent human guide, he always came through with everything on and generally an inch to spare.

When he was cinched up in the morning, he knew just how to swell himself up, roll his eyes and groan in a manner that would have brought tears to the cheeks of an S. P. C. A. officer; and after you had gone away and left him cinched up in this fashion for five minutes, you could go back and throw a dog between him and his cinch without half trying. He was an expert in getting over logs. Instead of getting his front feet clear over, as a city horse would do, and then scraping his shins trying to bring up his rear guard, Spilley would put his front feet on top of the log and then clamber up with all fours, like a cat, jumping off on the other side. We became very

much attached to him, and it was with genuine sorrow that we bade him good-bye and left him with his urbane owner, Monsieur Peppiet.

The Canada jays frequented our camp, watching for scraps of meat, while their more noisy blue-coated brethren flew about among the high tops of the firs.

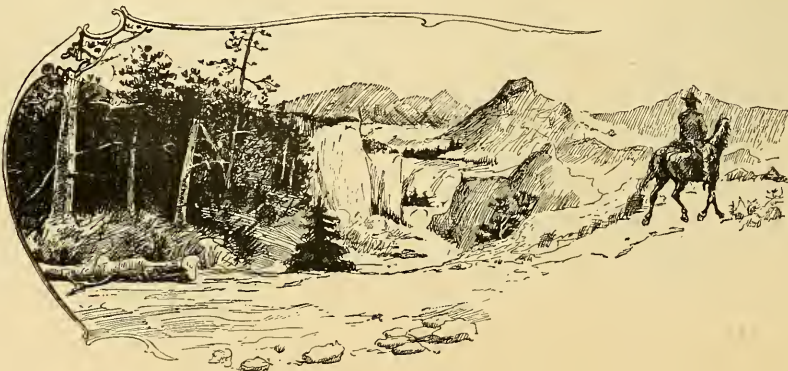
Two glossy little chipmunks afforded us much pleasure by their comical games of tag back and forth about the camp, and we became very well acquainted with them indeed before we left. Such free life near to Nature's heart endears to one amazingly these dumb creatures.

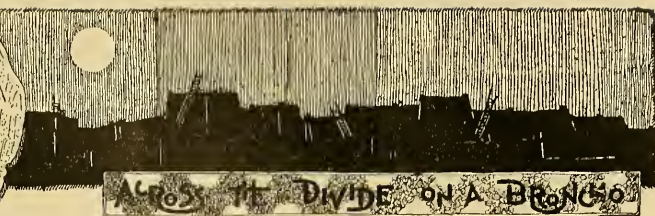
There was another little contemptible winged insect, namely, the yellow jacket, which took the liveliest interest in our jerking venison and seemed to appreciate the spare scraps of meat hardly less than did the familiar whiskey jacks.

It has always been our rule on these hunts to imitate, as nearly as possible, the primitive savage, taking with us no extras and depending upon our own resources for everything but the merest necessities; in short, going right back to first principles. Even hats are tabooed much of the time after we quit civilization, and it is surprising how comfortable you can be, in all sorts of weather, without any head covering save that which Nature has provided.

The last morning finally came and with it Riley and his mustangs. Camp was broken; the last frying-pan was tied onto the pack, and, as we paused, before plunging into the thick forest, for a parting look across the little meadow, some one, in happy vein, pronounced a benediction upon the scene, in Shakespeare's lines:

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.
I would not change it."





BY MRS. W. K. TOWNSEND.

"GIVE him the butt!" "Hold him out of the current!" These ejaculations caused me to look away from my captive, thereby nearly losing him, and to realize my surroundings. I was standing waist-deep in the Rio Grande, near Wagon Wheel Gap; my six-ounce rod almost bent double with the struggles of a big red-bellied trout that had been tempted to make an early breakfast upon my silver doctor. In the distance a background of ragged mountain peaks sharply outlined against the clear grayish pink of the morning sky; in the immediate foreground, across the swiftly flowing river, a solitary cowboy on a large gray mustang slowly loping through the sage brush.

As the rider drew near I noticed that his heavily-banded sombrero, fringed chaparejos, flannel shirt, red neckerchief, high-heeled boots, silver spurs and richly appointed Mexican saddle denoted unusual prosperity. He plunged down the steep bank and quickly forded the river, reining in his horse directly by my side. Looking from the outstretched hand into the shadow of the great sombrero, I recognized an old friend, a Yale graduate of two years before, whom I had last seen at New London. He had just started on a horse-back trip of several hundred miles across the divide to visit a silver mine near the borders of New Mexico; would we join him? Our guide would be a broncho buster from Taos, New Mexico, whom we would meet within a day or two at Antonito.

The trout was landed, the river left behind, and over a steaming cup of coffee at the little ranch we discussed the possibilities and probabilities of such a trip, and—decided to go. My baggage was limited to such few necessities as could be carried in a sack strapped on the back of my saddle; so

perforce much thought was exercised in the selections, a slicker being the most important acquisition. Hastily bidding farewell to our good ranch friends, we drove to Del Norte in search of horses. Indeed, this was no easy task, for the stupid, hang-dog looking creatures, with an inherited tendency to upward spinal curvature, would any of them pitch at an offside mount or an over-tight back cinch.

At last we secured two bronchos and an innocent-eyed mule with a reputation for general good behavior.

The strain of my pony's ancestry had dyed his coat with the Pinto war paint of the cayuse and had closely knit his firm flesh with muscles of steel. His hitching haunches, his humping back, and drooping head marked the ancestral traits of the bucking broncho. Yet five hundred miles on his faithful back proved that these were but faults of form; his errors, those of the head, not of the heart.

Next morning, our friends of overnight, with true Western hospitality, helped us to pack our saddle-bags, fit straps, hunt stirrups, tighten cinches; and at last started us on our long ride with a cheery "So long."

I don't know where we were booked to pass our first night, for we never reached there. The lazy lope of the horses, novel scenes, glimpses of horned toads sunning themselves by the roadside, and the warning whirr of the deadly rattler coiled to strike from under the sage brush, made time and miles pass quickly until fading daylight reminded us that there were as yet no signs of a ranch.

We were in the heart of the great San Luis Valley, surrounded by a low line of snow-capped peaks, overtopped by Sierra Blanca, queen of the Rockies.

The approach of darkness was emphasized by the gathering gloom of a

thunderstorm. Suddenly a light loomed up in the distance. It must be with feelings like ours that the mariner, when buffeted by storms, welcomes a friendly light-house. We were tired, stiff, hungry; our horses so worn that they could hardly leave a walk. Too dark to follow the faint tracings of a road, we steered for the light, but unprepared for the deceptive distances of the transparent Colorado air, our will-o'-the-wisp receded as we advanced; and when at last we reached the main artery of a large irrigating system and found it too deep to ford, we accepted the inevitable and prepared for a night on the prairie. Not a tree in sight, not even the consolation of a camp-fire, and the big cloud coming nearer and nearer. Hurriedly we unsaddled our animals, treasuring even the old gunny sacks, used under the mule's saddle, as a protection from the cold and wet.

Fortunately, our student friend had become by training a cowboy in resources as well as in outfit, so with what poor assistance we could give, the horses were picketed to our saddles, and the meek-eyed mule carefully hobbled with a shawl strap, as we suspected cunning under that mild exterior. The first drops of rain fell upon unmindful heads, for we were busy finding the sardine box and crackers that we had slipped into our canvas sacks as we left Del Norte.

The storm was upon us. We could only wrap our slickers about us, cover our feet with our Navajo saddle blankets, prop our heads on our saddles, and prepare to rest, if possible. Down poured the rain, loud rolled the thunder, and the fitful flashes of lightning showed this luckless party of four stretched on the ground, encircled by the still more wretched looking bronchos, who, with drooping, dripping heads, had crowded near us for companionship. But Colorado storms are short-lived, and soon a feeble light began to break through the storm clouds that fled away before the big, round moon, leaving her to watch over this little group asleep upon the prairie.

As the first pink streaks shot above the eastern horizon, we shook ourselves free from our miscellaneous coverings, and wearily determined to push on in search of a breakfast. Our poor, hungry horses watched us with sullen disappro-

val as we cinched them up. But where was San Pedro? Although we had not trusted him, we had trusted to his hobbles; now he was gone. With the aid of a field glass, he was at last discovered, the centre of a bunch of wild range horses, which stood aloof, gazing at him and his hobbles with curious half-timid questionings. The sun was pouring its hot, cloudless rays upon us long before this too innocent faced big-eyed mule was cut out, rounded up, finally roped, and brought back an artless, repentant sinner.

Our cowboy guide was to meet us at Antonito, so, after a noonday breakfast at a cattle ranch and a nap under the cottonwoods, we took a slow, even lope across the level plain toward Conejos.

Gradually the surroundings and appearance of the people changed. The log ranch was replaced by lines of gray adobe houses, flanked by cone-shaped mud ovens. Listlessly lounging in the ever-open doorway were dark-skinned Mexican women, peeping coquettishly from the shadow of gayly-colored shawl or Spanish mantilla. We passed long trains of burros, hidden under their burden of green corn, wood or hay, driven by men in peaked sombreros and tanbark-colored clothes. They greeted us with a courteous "Buenos días," but their heavy-featured, restless-eyed faces were not attractive; moreover, we had been cautioned to avoid a quarrel with them, and never to give them a chance to stick a stiletto between our shoulder-blades.

At evening as we sat in the office of a little hostelry at Antonito we heard gay, joyous "howdys" outside; the face of our young hostess grew bright with expectation, and soon, with the jangling of spurs and a loud guffaw, our cowboy hero from Taos, New Mexico, burst into the room.

Let me describe him here, for never have I met such an ideal picture of fearless, chivalric, fun-loving, high-minded, Western manhood. He was over six feet tall, fair-haired, broad-shouldered, with the keen blue eyes that could laugh at some pretty girl's joke or fearlessly face death, if necessary, in order to stop a stampede of cattle committed to his care. Starting in early boy life as mule driver on a freight team, to him had many times been intrusted the treasure that the mail stages feared to carry.

Known as the best broncho buster in Northern New Mexico, he had been warned by his doctor that he must either give up his business or give up his life, for, despite agile strength, the incessant plunging, pitching, rearing, of these wild horses had so torn his lungs that after each fresh conquest the blood would gush from his ears, nose and mouth.

To see him on his horse, puffing the inevitable cigarette, was to see him at his best; he then became an inseparable part of his large, raw-boned Bob. Between the two there were perfect understanding, absolute good fellowship. No jump was too broad, no current too swift, for Bob to attempt when his beloved master held the reins.

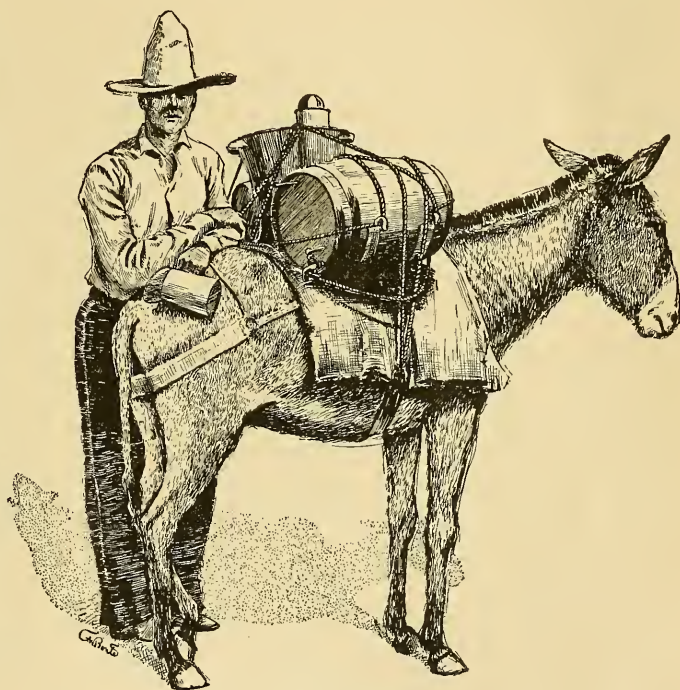
Let me add in justice to that unique outgrowth of Western life that this single cowboy was no exception to the rule, for after spending many summers hunting and fishing with these men in the wildest parts of Colorado, New Mexico and Montana, I have had cause to appreciate that a woman is to them a sacred trust to be respected, protected — by their lives if need be.

To return to our ride. Our muscles had become accustomed to their unwonted exercise, our horses were rested. Our spirits rose high as, marshaled by our guide, our company of five left Antonito for a cut across the mountains. We soon struck the foothills of the San Juan range, slowly climbed their shady slopes, getting an occasional breezy dash; were entertained by George, who would mischievously tickle old Bob to make him give a fancy exhibition of pitching, or, seeing a bunch of cattle in the distance, would run off and rope one for the fun of showing its antics. In every direction a profusion of color from the gorgeous wild flowers — great patches of painter's brush in yellow, red and white, clusters of purple columbine, Colorado's national

flower, red tiger and white mariposa lilies, and an infinite variety of smaller flowers, which the two rival punchers, swinging low in their saddles, would pluck and bind into brilliant bunches.

Twenty miles were soon left behind us, and early afternoon found us at Osier, a small section-house settlement on the Rio Grande Railroad, at the entrance of the famous Toltec Gorge.

Some unusual excitement seemed to be in the air, and we soon found that we had arrived just in time to assist at a big Mexican round-up, captained by the noted cattle-king, President Archuletta. I say "assist" advisedly, for



A MOUNTAIN MILKMAN.

while our would-be cowboys and our real cowboy eagerly inspected their lariats and offered their services, the weaker members left their horses and as eagerly sought refuge on the roof of a shed in the corral. The hurried rush that the men were making as they galloped over the foothills in their efforts to cut out and corral the cows followed by their young calves, and such unbranded "mavericks" as were found in the herd, was explained by seeing a trail herd of two thousand cattle zigzagging up the gulch. The sure-footed,

intelligent, little cayuses, carrying their reckless riders, were rushing up and down the steep draws at regular intervals along the line, doing their work with no apparent direction from their riders, who were shouting, swinging their rawhides or shooting their "guns" in their efforts to keep unbroken the long line of sharp-horned cattle. A tough-looking lot of men they were, all armed with six-shooters and with rifles strapped under the stirrup leathers.

Only seven punchers were needed to transport this huge herd from southern Utah to Kit Carson, where they would get better pasturage, and whence they would eventually find their way to our Eastern markets.

I confess to a feeling of trepidation as night came on. The handful of cabins were filled with wild characters drinking, playing poker, only too anxious to pull their guns if any excuse offered. Even the section-house was full to overflowing. No place for me but the bare floor in the eating room. Just here, with a broad-ruffled white cap tied under her chin, a short black gown, and neat white apron, appeared a wrinkled old woman. It didn't require her full brogue to tell that she had left her beloved Ireland to follow a roving son to these uncongenial surroundings. Overhearing the discussion, she wished to say that "The sweet lady shall have one of my own feather beds to lay upon the floor and some fine linen sheets that have never been out of the ould wooden chest since I left ould Ireland."

Dear guardian angel. Her valued belongings gave us a comfortable night, and her unselfish kindness a deeper insight into true Irish nature.

Not wishing to waste many hours in this primitive place, we made an early morning start. We rode along during the morning near the railroad track, which has monopolized the easiest grade through the pass, reaching Chama with a glorious appetite for dinner.

Before us spread the long, yellow, sun-scorched stretches of the sheep-grazing country. As we drew nearer, patches of waving yellow dust arose in the silent air, disturbed by huge flocks of dirty, brown, fluffy sheep, bleating, pushing, fighting their mimic battles, each drove guarded by a sleepy shepherd with his cone-shaped hat, his bright serape, and his devoted and only companion, his

shaggy-coated collie. The constant companionship of these stupid irresponsible sheep is so terrible in its loneliness that our Western ranchmen can seldom secure American herders, but send over the border for some dull-minded greaser, who with his more intelligent dog, wanders day and night over these lonely wildernesses guarding his wooly pets from the coyote and cloudburst.

It hardly seemed that there could be grass enough on these sun-baked prairies to feed these vast flocks of sheep which we passed, but they looked fat and generally in condition. The rams were herded by themselves, and very handsome they looked with their huge curved horns; excepting that they were whiter in color and clumsier in shape, they might well be mistaken for his lordship, the Rocky Mountain sheep.

A line of trees in the distance announced the approach to a river, the Rio Navajo, so we hurried along to find a resting place before night should overtake us. When we reached the shore we could find no bridge, see no ford, but as my guide boldly plunged down the steep embankment, I gave my intelligent sure-footed pony his head, leaned over on his back and followed. Slipping and sliding he got down the slope, and with almost human knowledge picked his way around the boulders and treacherous eddies in this swiftly flowing river; but his Waterloo came at the opposite bank, and after several unsuccessful attempts to climb it I dismounted, and hanging on to his tail, was pulled up to the top.

On the well-wooded shore, amid a gorgeous patchwork of blossoming flowers, was a picturesque home, where we gladly asked for admission. A sweet, refined New Hampshire woman bade us welcome. Her boy would "see to the animals." For the sake of this boy whose lungs were too weak to bear the chill of a New England winter, this doting mother had packed together such few belongings as she could easily transport, and come to this peaceful remote place. When later we heard of the death of her beloved son we wondered whether the lonely woman would again return to the friends of her youth, or whether the lotus-eaters' charm was upon her, keeping her in this "land where it seemed always afternoon," and which she so much loved.

When we mounted our horses in the morning, she tendered her last act of kindness, a huge pitcher of sage-bush tea, which she urged us to drink to ward off the danger of mountain fever from such long exposure in this scorching sunshine. Truly, it was a frightful dose, but it pleased the good woman's heart and I think did us no harm.

Pagosa Springs, the nearest town to the mine that had given us an excuse for taking this unique ride, was to be our next stopping place. Indeed, it was necessary that we should find the mine owner, for the united funds of our party were reduced to just thirty-six cents, and already the horrors of starvation began to take tangible shape.

Since leaving Osier, where we crossed the range at an altitude of nearly ten thousand feet, we had been steadily descending. Although all the while in the midst of a luxuriant green growth of forest, it at first surprised us to find little trace of game, but when we learned that we were on the borders of the Ute Reservation, our wonder ceased. The punchers' protection for game in this part of the country is certainly unconventional. When they discover the Utes hunting beyond their limits, they steal their Indian ponies, and soon the interlopers seek safety across their own border.

The dry sparkling air and perpetual sunshine were great invigorators. Forty miles a day seemed but child's play now. Occasionally our slickers were called into requisition, for Colorado's thunder storms are as terrific as its sunshine is intense, but then one dries off so quickly that a little wetting is really refreshing after a day's ride in sun and dust.

Before Pagosa was sighted we knew that we must be in its immediate neighborhood, for we could smell it—such a melange of burnt leather, rotten eggs, and—I will leave the rest for your worst imaginings, for these famed springs are of boiling sulphur water, and Uncle Sam has already made use of their healing qualities by locating here a sanitarium for his decrepit wards.

As we drew near, jets of steam would appear in unexpected places, and the tread of the horses caused a hollow sound that made one realize the insecurity of all things earthly. However, the tiny hotel was most comfortable,

and numerous boilings in these natural hot baths gave us a better impression of the place.

Hoping to strike the mining camp of Summitville by sunset, we left Pagosa Springs behind us. The air was of that peculiar transparency only found in the Rockies; the distant snow peak looked near enough to reach before nightfall. The trail was lined in places with thimble berries only waiting to be picked; the quaking asp was beginning to don its robe of gold. Its quivering leaves recalled vague memories of a legend where the wind whispered a secret to all the trees of the forest; the asp alone divulged it, to be forever doomed to quake with fear and shame whenever breathed upon by its outraged friend.

The Utes had selected this range of mountain as isolated enough to warrant their leaving their reservation and making stealthy raids for venison and buckskin, and the smoke of their forest campfires could be seen curling up along the ridges. My guides suggested asking of them a night's lodging, which not being to my liking, we rode on.

As we neared snow line the splendor of the dying day bathed the distant peaks in crimsons and purples, and enveloped us in dull green shadows that slowly paled, pierced by the cold glitter of countless stars. Seeing a steep zig-zag trail up the mountain we took it, hoping thereby to cut off a few miles toward a resting place; so, mounted on Barry's big Bob, he being the only horse strong enough to climb the ascent with a load on his back, I rode in state up the crooked trail, followed by the others, puffing and panting as they clutched their bronchos' scraggy tails for assistance. At the top disappointment awaited us, for we found only a big hole in the ground that told of a worse disappointment than ours, of money buried, fairy castles ruined and hopes crushed, when pay ore played out after months of ceaseless toil.

For us, there was only a slow, weary retracing of our steps. In the gathering darkness the outlines of the pines cast weird shadows across our path. The "hoo-hoo" of a distant owl reverberating through the forest became to me the call of invisible bands of Utes; the cry of the wildcat was human in its misery.

Answering to the howl of a coyote came the unmistakable bark of a dog; some fellow-being must be near. Another turn, and a brightly-lighted tent stood boldly out from the enveloping shadows, guarded by two huge St. Bernards, who growled us scant welcome. Who might these rough men be in this lonely spot? Would they share their shelter with us, or would they hold us up taking our small belongings, then once more turn us adrift? These thoughts crowded upon us as we called out to pacify the dogs. Then the tent fly opened; uncertainty gave place to joy, for behind two men stood a kindly faced woman who heartily bade us enter. The tent was small; they had no bed or covering to offer, but they had food and wood, and we were welcome to all there was.

Under the influence of delicious juicy bacon confidences were exchanged. They were prospectors who, attacked by the fatal symptoms of the dread mining fever, had given up their homes, their friends, to grub-stake through these mountains with burro and pickax. Courageously they staked out claims at each freshly dug prospect hole, always eagerly gambling with nature's secrets for the hidden mine that would transform them in a single hour from toiled wanderers into mining kings. As sleep crept over us my female friend and I were properly banished behind the diaphanous curtain, while the men agreed to take turns in keeping the sheet-iron Sibley going; even so, it was almost too cold to sleep, and we eagerly greeted the first gray tinge of early dawn.

George's first thought was of the horses. Partly owing to our fatigue of the night before, and partly to the scarcity of grass, he had not taken the precaution to picket one of them. George disappeared from sight for several hours, returning toward noon with the crestfallen culprits.

I have never ceased to wonder at the unerring instinct displayed by ranchmen in following up lost animal trails. They all dread it, saying: "It's easier to hunt horns than hoofs," but among these rock-bound pastures where horses must forage for themselves, when they "hit the trail" their eventual round-up and return is only a matter of hoof-prints and hours.

Hastily the saddles were thrown upon the horses, and the front and back cinches carefully adjusted, for we knew that a long fifty miles spread between us and Del Norte.

At first our trail wound through green timber and long stretches of grass-grown parks. Up to this point Nature had sheltered her mountains in the living majesty of the growing forest; now we were nearing timber line. Around us grew gnarled and stunted pines; beyond were the whitening forms of wind-swept, fire-scorched forests; above the seamed ridges of the age-scarred rocks; then eternal silence; all witnesses that here Nature had set her limit of life, had here drawn her inexorable dead-line. Patches of snow surrounded us, and pushing through it, as though to soften too harsh a mood, were tender blossoms. Before us loomed the peaks of Summit, 14,000 feet, a beetling crag of brown-gray rock, its caps of perpetual snow enveloped in cloud wreaths. Black caves yawned upon its sides, the work of man's hands as they burrowed for the treasured silver that had been hidden in its bosom since time began. The earth does not willingly resign its treasure.

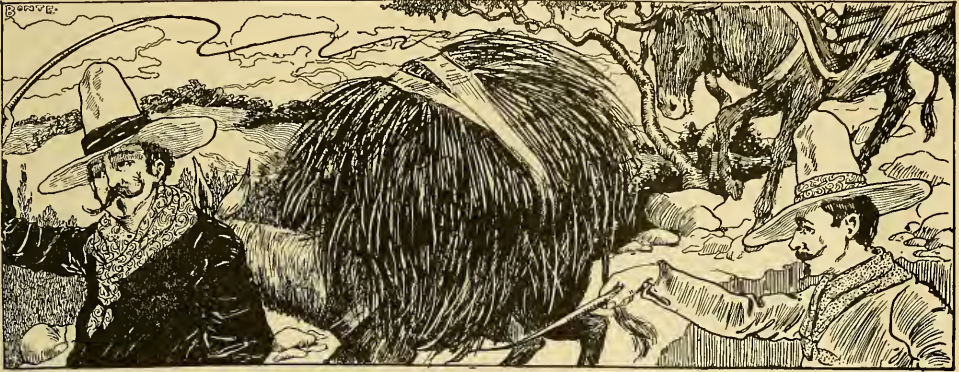
As we rode through the empty streets of Summitville, built above timber line, with its unpainted "Early Western" architecture, its hotels, Chinese laundries, its rows of saloons, and gambling dens, all dead, and looked through the shutters banging to and fro, into the vacant houses, we seemed to see a bustling, eager population of thousands of stalwart, broad-shouldered, hard-featured men, with their trousers tucked in their boot-legs, their flannel shirts and broad-brimmed hats, their devil-may-care air, their whole world bounded by the specimens they toiled to obtain. Around the deserted bar and over the deathly stillness of the place seemed to float the hum of voices, the drunken brawl, and the sharp report of the six-shooter.

It was many hours after a moonless night had closed around us before we saw the distant lights of Del Norte. But all things come to an end, and as we dismounted from our tired horses in the stable yard we unwillingly realized that hereafter these experiences, both sad and merry, would be only happy memories, and that our little party of soul-

tried friends must now separate—perhaps forever.

The first to leave in the early morning for his long ride to Taos, was honest, fun-loving George B—. His long confidences with me in regard to matrimonial felicity have borne fruit, for he writes me that he has "rounded up and corraled" the prettiest girl in New Mexico. Our whilom cowboy

friend is running a fruit ranch in Southern California, where, clad in the garments of polite society, he sustains his old-time reputation as a "fusser;" and we—well, we are living on, saying with Sienkiewicz, that "The human being finds a resting place only when he is in harmony with his surroundings, and is reminded that his soul and the soul of nature are of the same organization."



BIRDS IN THE AUTUMN WIND.

A SUDDEN, whirling gust, that lifts the dust
Of winding country roads—along them spins,
Then turns into the fields, and twists the whins,
And empties pods of seeds and tinted rust.

Then, small brown birds, like leaves, are blown about,
And gladly whirl to bushes wildly tossed,
Or drop in cup-like hollows, thinly mossed,
Which dent the fields, or by the tussock stout,

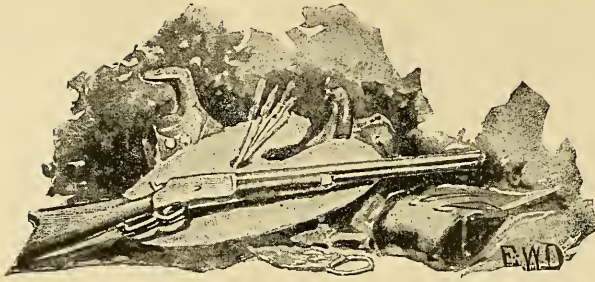
They sit and peer, or wait with wind-shut eyes,
And hear the crisping leaves, that look like birds,
Skim by, and whisper out the Autumn words,
Of loneliness and Death, with waning sighs.

The meadow quail are hid in tufts of bent,
Where round them leans the wild hay-scented awn,
And shuts them in a silken shelter drawn,
But tossing like a tiny, wind-blown tent.

The wind has passed, the pasture tree is calm,
Its slowly drifting leaves no longer crisp,
But chickadees begin their gentle lisp,
And creepers search again its trunk of balm.

The bushes rest : their refugees out-fare,
And balls of freckled brown quit mossy dents,
And quails in covey leave their amber tents,
While sunshine goldens all the tranquil air.

ELIZA WOODWORTH.



FAREWELL.

THE distant hills were bathed in mellow light,
 October's golden days were almost run,
 Vacation over ; and at rise of sun
 Our tents would folded be, and from the sight
 Of pleasures sweet, in idle moments spun,
 Reluctant would our footsteps turn, when,
 lo !

The slowly-sinking sun's celestial glow
 Upon the bosom of the lake burned bright.

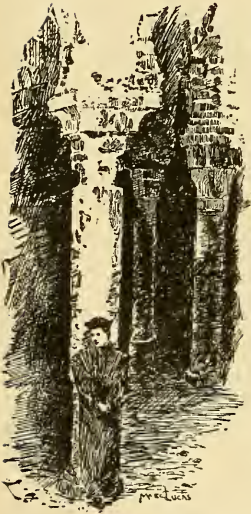
It touched the topmost pines with amber
 rays
 Of quiv'ring flame, and hilltops, distant,
 cold,

An artist's palette made, until the ways
 Of Day's departing steps were paths of gold.
 In flaming majesty the God of Day
 Behind the hills, in glory, rode away.

—CLIFFORD TREMBLY.

ANTIGUA, GUATEMALA, AND ITS RUINS.

BY ARTHUR M. BEAUPRÉ.



THE scenes of the exploits of Cortez have been made familiar by the witchery of the pen of Prescott, but how few know that when the fair-haired Alvarado, the enterprising and ambitious lieutenant of Cortez, conquered the tribes of Guatemala in 1524 and founded the city of Santiago de los Caballeros de Guatemala, he had established himself in a valley so marvelously beautiful

that even the Valley of Mexico pales in comparison.

On the site of a pre-historic city, at the foot of Volcán de Agua, and quite near the volcanoes of Fuego and Acatenango, he built his capital; but in 1542 this city was destroyed by a deluge of water and sand coming down the sides of the volcano of Agua, caused either by an eruption or the bursting of

the crater, and was so submerged and covered, that scarcely a vestige of it now remains. Here and there a wall or column appears above the surface, nothing more.

The Spaniards then located the present city of Antigua, about three miles away, near the center of the valley and still within a short distance from the three volcanoes, Acatenango, Fuego and Agua—13,012, 12,821 and 12,300 feet high, respectively. The other mountains, completing the chain surrounding the valley, tower upward into nearly the same altitudes; thus enclosed, spring is eternal in Antigua, the average temperature for the year being from 64° to 73° Fahrenheit.

The city grew rapidly after it was founded, until it became one of the noted places of the world. It attained, as some claim, a population of about 280,000 people. It was famous as the chief ecclesiastical city of the New World—the fountain head of Catholic church authority—and in consequence it grew opulent and arrogant. But in 1773 came the end. A terrible earthquake shook down and destroyed everything not as solid as the eternal hills. The capital

was then removed to Guatemala Nueva, the present city of Guatemala, at a distance of about thirty miles. The people, however, were so averse to leaving their beautiful valley, that it required the combined power of Church and State to drive them out, in order that the new city could be built. It is even said that, to this end, the destruction wrought by the earthquake was rendered more complete by the authorities. In the light of subsequent events it seems unfortunate that the will of the people did not prevail, for, ever since, the volcanoes have been quiescent and peaceful, and the location of Antigua is incomparably the better.

The Spanish Conquistadores must have been sublimely gifted with the love of nature. They chose delightful sites for their cities. The valley in which they located Antigua is one of rare beauty. It is not large, is quite level, and from a slight elevation on any of the surrounding mountains the eye can comprehend and include all it contains in a single view. Perhaps the best place for this view is what is known as the Bishop's Palace, situated on the northern slope of the volcano of Agua. This is now in ruins, although the walls and main portions of a church still remain almost intact. Here was the residence of the Bishop, the religious and civil chief of this great ecclesiastical city in its palmy days, from whence he could look down over the territory subject to his authority, and contemplate eighty-five magnificent cathedrals and churches, of which the ruins that now remain of forty five should be classed among the wonders of the world. His grounds were evidently very extensive, and embraced not only the palace and church, but other edifices now only indicated by broken columns and masses of masonry scattered about.

Stolid must be the person who could gaze upon the wondrously beautiful view from this place without being moved to exclamations of surprise and astonishment. The city and valley are all within the circle of vision—a panorama of nature's loveliest aspect and of the effects of one of her most terrible convulsions.

The lines of the old city, as the latter existed before the earthquake destroyed it, are easily traced by the ruins of the massive walls that lined the streets and

divided the grounds. These walls were originally covered with a white cement finish, smooth and polished, traces of which yet remain. The ruins of the private residences and ordinary buildings have been largely removed, mainly to make way for coffee fincas, although in some instances shattered buildings have been rehabilitated into dwelling places. In almost every case where a beautiful portal or covered gateway survived the destruction, it has been preserved; so many a coffee finca surrounded with an adobe wall is provided with a portal designed for a palace.

In looking down over the site of this once great city one sees but a trace of its former magnificence. Where lived the old Spanish Don in his splendor, now grows the coffee tree. Still, in all the vegetable world there is nothing more pleasing to the eye than a well-cared for coffee finca. The foliage is deep green and shines as though varnished, and whether in bloom, or whether in berry, as it now is, with every branch covered with the deep red fruit the tree is always beautiful. The coffee is shaded by regularly planted rows of firs, mountain ash and eucalyptus, all highly ornamental.

The ruins of forty-five of the eighty churches remain almost untouched and, except for the slight disintegration wrought by the elements during a hundred and twenty-five years, appear as they did after that mighty quaking of the volcano of Fuego. The condition of the ruins would indicate that the shock was greatest in that portion of the valley most distant from the volcanoes.

Some of these churches were built of granite blocks of regular sizes, but generally the construction of inner and outer walls, domes, columns and pillars, was of brick and mortar. A thin red brick was used, and the interstices filled with mortar of a thickness equal to that of the brick, and the whole became as hard and indestructible as granite.

The ruins of La Recolectión, one of the largest of the churches, present a tableau of unusual interest. The whole front having fallen, masses of the enormous masonry, weighing many tons, were thrown completely over, so that the ornamental façade of broken columns, statues, stucco work and stone carvings, now faces the church. These walls were nine feet thick, apparently as

solid as stone, yet they are in fragments and piled up like pebbles. It is one of the most wonderful examples of an earthquake's power anywhere to be seen.

The ruins of the cathedral facing the central plaza are the most interesting from a historical standpoint, for here is the supposed burial place of Doña Beatriz de la Cueva, wife of Don Pedro de Alvarado, conqueror of Guatemala and founder of the original city. The cornices of stucco in this cathedral, as well as other interior ornamentations, are exceedingly beautiful.

But to the ordinary tourist, the ruins of Las Capuchinas will prove the most interesting. This great church, with its attached nunnery, occupied an entire

for what purpose can only be conjectured.

The ruins of San Francisco, one of the most important Catholic temples ever constructed by the Spaniards, are sufficiently preserved so that they can be quite fully explored. They cover a block, and underneath the wreck of the stately structure the walls, colonnades and arches standing, and the fallen fragments of others, are dark dungeons, chambers, galleries and secret passages that suggest the mysteries and horrors of the past.

All of the ruined churches were massive and elaborately ornamented with stucco work, sculptured figures and columns, while in the grounds are still



DILIGENCIA DE ANTIGUA EN STA. LUCIA.

block. It was much less ornamental in interior finish, and the rooms curiously shaped and gloomy. Subterranean passages and dungeons are numerous, and one of these, a very large room, circular in form, and supported in the center by an immense pillar, shaped like an hour-glass, is so awesome and dismal that it would indeed have been a most appropriate meeting place for a tribunal of the Inquisition. The nunnery portion is a perfectly circular building, resembling a small amphitheatre, with a circular room inside, and all around this room are the entrances to the cells or cloisters of the nuns. The entrances to two of these cells have been walled up,

standing the stonework of fountains, beautifully chiseled and sculptured with graceful designs, and large crosses cut from solid granite.

In all the world there is not to be seen to-day such another exhibition of nature's power to wreck man's stoutest works as Antigua presents. Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried under ashes and lava, but the buildings were not broken and crushed by the quaking earth as were these.

With a party of friends, I recently took a ride about the valley, and the extraordinary beauty of it all remains in my mind like a gorgeous picture, with its foreground and background and ex-

quisite colorings; but how to convey even an impression of it is the difficulty. I am afraid my words will be as ineffectual as would a photograph of the Plaza there on market day, when the blending and glittering of many bright colors

nue, a mile or more long, flanked on both sides with coffee fincas. Along the entire length were double rows of tropical amate trees, of thick and deep green foliage, whose tops met and intertwined over the driveway, forming a



INTERIOR OF SAN FRANCISCO.

make the sight most interesting. The photograph would show no color, therefore the most striking effect would be lost.

On one of the many drives, on the outskirts of the city, we entered an ave-

complete arch, through which the sun could not penetrate; and the vistas opening before and behind us were most pleasing. Out of this we rode past landscapes of surpassing beauty, past mountain brooks, and banks of flowers and

trees and shrubs of tropical and sub-tropical luxuriance, past the ornamental grounds and residences of finqueros, past thatched huts of Indians and occasionally a pueblo of characteristic native architecture and surroundings, until we finally reached an eminence overlooking a little corner of the valley—and certainly the most beautiful spot of that rare valley in which every object delights the esthetic faculties—and there, far below us, nestled the Indian village of San Antonio, by the side of a swiftly running stream, while all about were evidences of thrift and careful attention to gardens and fields. The mighty mountains loomed up on the other side in majestic grandeur. Over

northern waters. If he has the misfortune to catch a thirty-pound maskalonge the first day out, his trip is spoiled, for all the five-pound bass and ten-pound pike or twenty-pound maskalonge are thereafter as nought to him; nothing short of a thirty-one-pound maskalonge can reanimate him. Unfortunately there is but one San Antonio in this valley.

The Volcán de Agua is so tremendous that its slopes do not seem steep—in fact, the ascent to the crater is not difficult. Part of the distance can be made in a carriage, and the remainder on horseback, taking in all about seven hours. And as there are no foothills, and the sides of the volcano are all



"IN THE GROUNDS ARE STILL STANDING THE STONEWORK OF FOUNTAINS." (*p. 52.*)

their hoary tops storm-clouds had gathered, and rain was falling on their rugged slopes. Just as we reached the crest overlooking, an immense rainbow appeared. Its crown was far below the heights beyond. One end seemed to rest in the center of the village, and thence it curved upward through the clouds above. It flamed with resplendent colorings against the background of deep green; and, with this to augment the natural beauties of the place, the view was most entrancing.

There are many other beautiful drives about the valley, and I would advise tourists to take these before visiting San Antonio, else their experience may be that of the man who goes fishing in

cultivated up to the timber line, it presents a lovely sight from the city. It is not such a picture as one is accustomed to seeing in Northern countries, for here nature is so bounteous in her gifts that side by side can be seen vegetation in all its stages of life and growth, so that the distinctly marked fields of the mountain sides are tinged in separate colors of green and yellow and red and brown—all the contrasting colors of northern seasons being exposed in one view. Above the cultivated lands the well-defined but irregular timber line circles around the mountain, and as this timber is an immense and thick growth of virgin forest, it adds much beauty to the scenery.



RUINS OF SAN AUGUSTIN, ANTIGUA.



IN THE CLOISTERS.

The ride from the city of Guatemala to Antigua is a most interesting one. The road traverses the mountain range, ascending gradually to the summit, and to the side and below are tremendous barrancas and thickly wooded valleys filled with flowering trees, shrubs, plants and orchids. The giant eucalyptus is a native here. Many of the northern tender greenhouse perennials are wayside weeds, notably bouvardias and latanias. Perhaps the most striking flower of all is a huge thistle which is said to be found only on the top of this range of mountains.

from the heights of this road fairly glistens in the sunlight.

San Rafael, the half-way stopping point, is a scenic gem. The place is located on a steep declivity, with a deep barranca in front and a semi-circular background of heavy timber. There is but one house, an ornamental structure of adobe painted white and pink, and the grounds contain but a few acres, terraced and molded into irregularly shaped beds, scrupulously cared for and all blazing with flowers. To show how flowers may be cultivated here, I saw in this garden a heliotrope tree eight to



"THE MIGHTY MOUNTAINS LOOMED UP ON THE OTHER SIDE." (p. 54.)

The road as it winds up and along the mountain sides commands the finest views obtainable of this valley of Guatemala. It goes in and out with the varying surface of the sides of the mountain, so that the valley is lost to sight on the inward turns and bursts into view again on the outward turns. The valley is a beautiful one in itself, looking almost like the valley of Mexico in its contour and its surrounding of mountain ranges. White being the predominating color of the buildings in Guatemala, the city

ten feet high and five or six feet across the top. The growth was dense and symmetrical, and it was covered with a mass of bloom. I also saw rose bushes, evidently of the tea variety, with canes or stems three or four inches in diameter. From San Rafael to Antigua is a continuation of the same grand mountain scenery, which, together with the ruins of the ancient city, would quicken the interest of the most weary globe-trotter who has left this land unvisited. It has no parallel on either continent.



ON THE KEYA PABA MARSHES.

BY S. G. V. GRISWOLD.



THE long line of serrated bluffs, in the increasing light, looked like some old rampart frowning down upon the shadowy waters of slough and lagoon.

It was our first morning out—Stockton Heth, Simeral and myself.

The mists lifted rapidly from the surface of Raccoon Lake as the sun came up over the rim of the eastern prairie, sprinkling willow, reed and rice as with golden rain and starting the blackbirds in motion. The honk of the wild goose sounded from the distant marsh; then a small cloud of birds arose and fanned themselves over the low hills to their feeding-grounds to the south.

We were out for a two weeks' duck shoot and had just reached the point agreed upon for our camping ground. It was in a snug little pocket in the foothills, but a few steps from the furzy banks of Haycreek, which wound down the valley through the yellowing herbage.

We soon dumped our camp luggage from the wagon. It was no child's play to get things in shape for so long a stay, and, work as hard as we did, it was late in the afternoon before the tents were up, beds made, wood chopped, and the spot began to assume the air of a hunters' home.

The big tent, with flaps tied back, displayed an odorous pile of new-mown hay, with blankets drawn over it. On the rear tent-pole hung hunting coats and waders, gun cases and other paraphernalia, while in the corner, in a rudely constructed rack, stood our guns and fishing rods.

The morning broke fresh and we were off; we made an early start. Simeral, with "Spot" at his heels, moved down the narrow cane-covered peninsula that poked its nose far out into the lake, while Heth and I hurried to the spot where our pine scow had been moored the day before. It was laborious work, rowing and poling even this light craft

across the lake to a headland of reeds and rice we had selected for our blind before we left the shore.

The water in the lake was very low, and below the surface was an almost impenetrable matting of aquatic moss. We reached the spot at last, however, only to find still more and harder work awaiting us. There was scarcely enough water here to float a feather, but the mud was knee deep, and we were forced to pull up our waders and get into it before we could push the boat back securely into the rushes.

By the time we got the scow well anchored, the decoys out and the tops of the rice bent over to facilitate shooting, the sun had risen.

Bang, bang! came the report of Simeral's weapon, and as the smoke curled up from a likely spot in the cane we heard a mighty flapping and scurrying on the water, a thousand startled cries, and the air was filled with ducks. They arose in great black masses from a half-hundred different points and circled round and round as if to locate the source of danger.

"Mark! Right in front!" said Heth. A bunch of mallards came cleaving the air straight for our decoys from the south. "You take the right and I the left."

The next instant his gun cracked, and a big greenhead tumbled dead among the decoys. As the rest of the flock towered they received a salute from me and Heth's remaining barrel. Three more fell, two dead, but the third with a broken wing only. Another shot secured it.

"Great!" shouted Heth; "we've got four fat mallards!"

"Mark!" My warning explanation caused him to squat with such precipitation as to nearly turn him over the low gunwales, and before he could recover and get in position to shoot a bunch of greenwings skimmed over the decoys. The four loads we sent after them were thrown away. The single moment lost was fatal to our chance.

"That wasn't quite so great," I remarked with some acerbity. "If you want to kill ducks you will have to keep down. Can't you see without getting up on the gunwales?"

Soon there came a small bunch of widgeon. We were crouching low with our guns protruding through the reeds, but not an elbow did we crook until the birds had dropped their legs and cupped their wings, when we let them have it.

Unfortunately we both singled out the same bird. Our pieces cracked as one gun and the biggest bird got both charges. With that marvelous speed for which scared widgeons are noted the remaining birds wheeled as if on so many pivots, but they were not quick enough, and as they tore away we gave them our remaining barrels, and we both knocked down our bird. Neither, however, was killed clean, and realizing the need for haste we rapidly reloaded. One keeled over at the first shot, but we were chagrined to see the other make off for the nearest line of rushes on the other shore.

"Well, let him go," philosophically quoth my companion; "he's old and tough and we do not want him anyway; but look! look! there comes a thousand of them!"

The sight was really well calculated to make a duck hunter's heart leap in excitement. They were coming from the lower lake, and within the feathery cloud were mallards, redhead, widgeon, bluebill and teal, and, what was more, their course was sure to carry them directly over our blind.

The advance guard was actually settling among the decoys when we arose and began a fusillade the like of which the most persistent duck hunter experiences but few times in his whole career.

A half-dozen birds fell at the first volley, but so many more were there and so great was the momentum of the swarm in the rear that they came on in confused and erratic flight over and by and all around us. The very air seemed a mesh of frightened birds, and as fast as we could load and shoot the intense excitement was maintained. Without exaggeration, it must have been a full two minutes before the last bird had cleared the danger.

"By the gods, I thought they were going to rout us!" ejaculated Heth, but there was yet no time for congratulations, and I simply replied:

"The crips!" and I banged away at a greenhead, which, despite his shattering wing, was fairly lifting himself through

the scant water and fatal mosses. Heth was quickly to my aid, and although there were five wounded birds striving to escape by divers routes, we turned over every mother's son of them before the longed-for haven of reeds and rushes could be reached.

We could still see great clouds of birds in the distance, all of which seemed to be leaving, but we did not care much, we had just experienced such a royal time.

A swish and a splash announced the arrival of a brace of bluebills, which, like apparitions, plumped themselves in the middle of our decoys, coming whence neither of us had the slightest suspicion.

As I pushed my gun out through the rice I whispered that I would pot them both at once and banged away. Both the birds left the water as if from a springboard and sped away. With an exclamation befitting the exploit I cut loose with my second barrel while Heth gave them both of his, and although we saw one of the birds was hard hit, they both got away.

And thus the sport continued, with intervals of rest throughout the entire day. Of course there were many little interesting incidents, such as a fine double, by one or the other, a ludicrous miss, and sundry other happenings which always go to make up the whole of a magnificent day's shooting.

Not until the red sun was within a half hour of the western bluffs, however, did we vacate our reedy concealment and begin the laborious task of retrieving the dead ducks. It was prodigious hard work pushing and rowing about the shallows of water, mud and moss, but finally the last bird was deposited in the boat and I gave a sigh of regret that the happy day was gone.

After a moment's breathing spell, Heth grasped the pole in the stern and I took up the oars, and together we resumed the struggle, heading for the landing on the other side.

Tired and hungry as we were, that trip back to camp was one that will never fade in memory. In an entrancing, hazy sunset, with a boat full of ducks, what could have been more felicitous?

As we slowly crawled through the low water and clinging moss the sun dropped well behind the hills, leaving the lake checked with masses of light

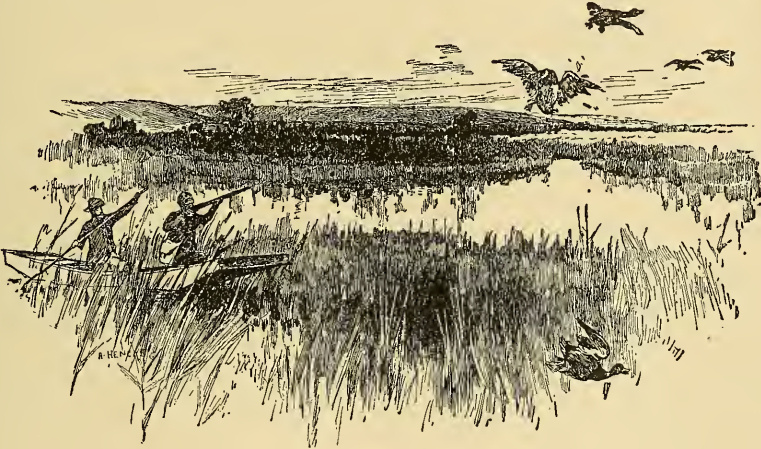
and shade, the chiaroscuro of the Master's hand. The bravura of the loon or the wild scream of the fish-hawk, in perfect keeping with that wild region, greeted us now and then.

On, across the darkening lake, we slowly crept, exquisite twilight pictures gleaming out unexpectedly as we passed. Here a brown muskrat house, with a silvery commotion in the water showing where the rat had gone down as we approached; there a colonnade of canes, an arbor of matted rice, a sedgy-hung pool, a half-whelmed cottonwood, with the amber waters softly washing its sides, an islet of bedraggled water lilies, a bit of bog, where the cane-stalks cut the breeze into plaintive murmurs, and the splatter-duck curled its decaying dishes among the rushes and fuzzy

cat-o'-nine-tails. Sometimes a playful wind stooped to the surface, brushing it into darksome ripples, then fanned our faces and melted away.

It was dark when we reached camp, but Simeral was there before, and he not only had a genial fire roaring away in the stove and the tent all brilliant with the glare of our lanterns, but a supper hot and ready that would have tempted the gods, and a bag of birds, including a big Canada goose, that would have made a most gratifying day's work alone.

The royal labors of the day had admirably prepared us all for a dreamless bed, and we were not slow in tumbling in, and were soon lulled to sleep by the rhythmic plaint of whining coyotes, whispering winds and restless waters.



IN AUTUMN LANES.

MARK you these paths, how dingy they have grown
 Within a few short weeks. A pall-wise blight
 Of dust lies thick on leaf and limb. The light
 Of yellow mullein-torches flares alone,
 Though dim and dimmer still, where we have known
 A trillion tapers summer—trimmed and bright.
 One 'lated daisy shows its gold and white
 Deep in the grass, by some quick foot o'erthrown.

The thinning troops of asters wan reviewed;
 Reached, the high-road, the lane's worse counterpart,
 We conscious grow, unconscious sighs between
 That strangely fill the wider solitude,
 Of longing, keen, impatient, in the heart,
 For the return of Spring's own tender green.

EDWARD W. BARNARD.

HERRING FISHING BY TORCHLIGHT.

BY ROBERT W. SISE.



"HORE fishing is all right for making money," said Captain Will Pratt of Annisquam to me one day in summer, "but if you want fun, you want to come down here when we're torching herring in the fall."

I did want to have fun, and as I had always had a great curiosity to witness the night herring fishing, a sharp, clear evening late in the following October found me standing on the end of Captain Will's fish wharf, smoking a pipe, and watching him, with Manuel and Joe, getting the boat ready for an evening's work.

Manuel and Joe are rock-coddors by profession, but although they had been up at daylight that morning, and had spent the whole day hauling, they were glad to go along with Captain Will for the fun and possible profit of the enterprise.

Herring torching is more of a diversion than a business for the shore fishermen of Cape Ann. The fish taken are, as a rule, not large enough for salting, and are sold at Gloucester to the banksmen for bait. This demand, however, is only about three hundred barrels a day for the whole port, and as that much is taken by a single steamer at Newburyport, it will be seen that the question of making any money is more one of getting the fish to market ahead of all competitors than of catching them in the first place, for when they are running well almost any amount of them can be taken. Captain Will generally succeeds in making some money out of it because he pursues enlightened methods. The ordinary fisherman, however, simply fills up his dory, and then sells his catch if he can. If he cannot he dumps them overboard, and does the same thing the next night, for such is fisherman nature.

The last pale gleam had faded out of the west by the time the men had finished the work of getting ready the boat. The craft commonly used for herring torching is simply a fisherman's

dory, but Captain Will goes a-fishing in a twenty-foot naphtha launch, built especially for this purpose and for seining. The little gas engine is placed in the extreme stern, with a small house around it, in which is also the wheel, and in this Captain Will and I took our stations. Manuel and Joe had cleared the rest of the boat of everything, and had put in place near the bow a small partition, giving just room for Manuel to stand forward of it. From this back to the house, planks were laid across about a foot below the gunwale, leaving one hole about amidships to dump the fish through. The fishing implements consisted of the torch, which is an iron rod about six feet long with a cage at the end of it, a huge dip net, and a couple of smaller nets.

A sharp northwesterly wind was sweeping across the bay as we pulled out from the wharf, and I found a heavy ulster and the shelter of the house not uncomfortable; but Manuel and Joe, instead of putting on more clothing, stripped to an undershirt and a pair of trousers, pulling on their oils over these.

"They'll be warm enough when they get to work," said Captain Will, with a grin, "and that won't be long," he went on, casting a look to the westward, where in fact a number of bright lights, dancing about over the water in the vicinity of Bald Rocks, showed that a part of the herring fleet was already at work.

Carefully the skipper picked his way out through the narrow and rocky channel, and then turned his boat's bow westward, skirting closely along the coast until we were well up toward the rest of the dancing lights, and could see that each was hung from the side of a dory with three men in her—one bending to the oars and the other two bending and lifting, bending and lifting, and each time bringing up over the side something that flashed white in the brilliant glare of the torches.

"All right now, Manuel. Shove her out," said Captain Will, and Manuel pushed the iron cage out a little to the starboard side of the bow, fixed it in a socket in the boat's side, and threw into it a mass of cotton batting that had been

soaking in a tank of kerosene at the bow. He then touched a match to the whole, and in an instant a brilliant, flickering glare shot up, lighting the surface of the water for a long distance around. Then he picked up the big dip net and stood leaning on its shaft, with his eyes fixed on the water under the torch, his lithe, sinewy figure standing out sharply against the fierce red glare.

For a few moments the water ran by the side as black and still as before, and then there was a thin gleam of silver, a ripple and a splash, and Manuel plunged the net down into the water under the torch, and holding the hoop at right angles to the boat let it drop back along the side. As it came back Joe seized it by the hoop, pulled it inboard, and hauled the net through the hoop, dumping a dozen or so of the pretty little shining fish out onto the planking. By the time the net was ready again the silver gleams had changed to a broad band of white, and the next dip brought up perhaps fifty fish.

But now there was a warning cry from Captain Will, who had been shading the light from his eyes and looking shoreward. "Here they come, off the beach!" he shouted, and come they did, in a way that took my breath away. There was a swish and a roar like a heavy fall of rain, and in an instant the water on both sides of the boat was a smother of foam with the rush of the fish. Absolutely crazed by the brilliant light, they crowded along the sides, jumping up at the torch and actually forcing each other out of the water in their rush, until we could feel the boat move heavy with the masses packed against her bow.

Down went the net into the thick of the struggling fish, and as it dropped back along the side both men braced themselves to hold the great weight. Joe stands six feet three in his stockings, and carries about some two hundred pounds of bone and muscle, but it taxed his great strength to the utmost to lift the big net, brimming with fish, into the boat, and as he turned it through the hoop a good two and one-half bushels of fish went flopping out onto the planking.

Another dip and another haul, just as heavy, and another and another, until the whole planking was covered with a flopping, struggling mass, and I, who had shipped as a passenger, and should

have kept back out of the way where I belonged, was floundering about, knee-deep in the slippery mass, covered with fish-scales from head to foot, and shouting with excitement, as I helped Joe pull in netful after netful and dump them out onto the planking.

For about five minutes we took them as fast as we could lift, and then for a few moments they sheered off, and gave us an opportunity for a much-needed rest and to shovel the fish down through the hole in the planking, so that we could have a clear space in which to stand.

We were in the thick of the fleet, and on every side of us were the blazing torches of the other boats, lighting up the whole surface of the water. The figures of the men, as they toiled at the oars or the nets, the silver glitter of the masses of fish being lifted over the sides of the boats, the black, dancing water underneath, and over all the fierce shifting glare of the torches, all combined to make a scene worthy of the brush of Rembrandt, and one indescribably full of color and action.

Hardly were we ready for the fish when they were on us again, more fiercely than ever, and the next ten minutes were spent in a joyous delirium of struggling fish and filled with the animal lust of capture and the glory of putting out our full strength to good advantage. Then of a sudden the water ran black and still again, and we waited in vain for any return of the fish. The lights of the rest of the fleet were far behind us, and we knew that we had overrun the shoal and must try back. So our skipper swung his craft round in a wide circle, and headed back along shore, while we took up the planking and scooped the fish out level with the small dip nets so as to leave room for more.

As we were doing this I fell to making a few interesting mental calculations with regard to the carrying capacity of twenty-foot naphtha launches. The boat's gunwale was now a short foot above the water, and I figured that about one more trip through that shoal would reduce that foot to a few inches. There was a nice little breeze and sea, and I could easily see that if the water once got to coming in over the side we would go down like an iron pot with a hole knocked in the bottom. I recalled a tale that Captain Will had told me of three Gloucester men who overloaded

their dory and subsequently went down in an ill-timed squall, and I sent up a short but fervent prayer that the fish might have knocked off business for the night and gone back into deep water.

But they had not, and when we were once in the middle of the shoal again I was glad of it, and would have been perfectly contented to go to the bottom, so long as we were given time to get in the next netful of fish. On the second trip through the shoal we had as good and better luck than on the first, and we had to stop every few netfuls to level the fish out so that they would not slide back into the water as fast as we took them in. When we reached Bald Rocks on the return trip the boat was about as full as she could hold, a good deal fuller, in fact, than she could hold with safety, and Captain Will ordered the torch out and headed her back for Annisquam. I looked at my watch, and found that it was just twenty-five minutes from the time we had lighted it. In that time we had taken eighteen barrels of fish, or about two-thirds of a barrel a minute, including the times when the fish were not running and when we were making the turn.

Manuel and Joe pulled off their oilskins and donned the heavier jerseys and coats that the sharp air and their heated condition made grateful, and Captain Will shook up the little engine to her top notch, for already the torches in most of the other boats had been snuffed out, and the race for the market had fairly begun.

There are two ways of getting a catch of herring from Annisquam to Gloucester, one by loading the fish into wagons and hauling them overland, and the other by going up Annisquam River

and through the canal which connects it with Gloucester harbor. On the night in question we chose the latter way, and distanced all competitors. A naphtha launch loaded gunwale deep with herring does not move very fast, but it moves faster than two men can pull a dory under the same conditions, and one after another we passed all the boats that had left the grounds ahead of us, the men bending hard at the oars, and grinning their disapproval of the superiority of naphtha gas over muscle as we shot by them.

All was dark in the harbor, except the riding lights of one or two fishermen and a few lighted windows in the bait-houses on the wharves. We ran alongside one of the latter, and a short colloquy resulted in the sale of five barrels of fish, for the only vessel in need of bait, for a dollar a barrel, which is about the average price paid.

The fish were delivered, and only a few minutes after we had tied up at the wharf a wagon drawn by a pair of sweating horses came down it, loaded with herring that had come overland. They were too late, however, for it is one of the rules of the trade that the first boat in takes the whole market at that house until its supply is exhausted. Captain Will had control of the market, and the others would have to wait until his whole load had been sold out to incoming vessels or to rock-codders in the morning. Therefore, Manuel and Joe tossed a coin to see who should stay with the boat and act as salesman, and, fortune favoring Manuel, he and Captain Will returned to Annisquam, while I took the train for Boston, carrying as a memento of the trip an ineradicable smell of fish-scales.





WITH WHEEL AND GUN.

BY T. B.



OUR vacation lasted exactly a day and a half. Can more out-of-doors enjoyment be obtained in that length of time by devoting it to any other occupation than a combination bicycle ride and "coot-ing" expedition?

Pleasant October sunshine and exhilarating October air, good roads, a congenial human companion, besides one's bicycle, the certainty of a New England welcome at the end of the ride, and the probability that the morning will offer a few shots at wild fowl, in addition to hours on the water—with these prospects, certainly no lovers of exercise and fresh air could start out otherwise than in high spirits.

Through Charlestown, we take the Everett road, preferring the circuitous route through Cliftondale and East Saugus to Lynn, with its excellent roads. The straight route through Chelsea and over the old "Lynn turnpike," while much more direct, is far less comfortable, consisting, as it does, of the most abominable pavements all through Chelsea and almost to Revere, then either mud or the deepest of dust to Lynn.

From the top of the hill just beyond Everett we enjoy our first extended view of the sea. From here to Lynn is a good part of the road to hurry over. Lynn is soon reached, and after a glass of soda (the "life-preserver" of the bicycle rider!) we continue toward Swampscott. We are tempted to linger at one of the beautiful beaches here, but are warned by the declining sun that unless we push

on darkness will hide from us the most beautiful scenery of all, on the latter part of our road.

Through Salem, whose beautiful Lafayette street is a never-failing source of delight to any lover of New England elms, across the bridge into Beverly, and then, as we leave the town behind, begins the most charming succession of water-views, sylvan scenes, made bright by the changing leaves and the velvet lawns of the homes of summer residents.

It seems a pity that these lovely places should be deserted at the pleasantest season in any place combining country and seashore, but now and then a house still open shows that autumn at the shore does not universally fail of appreciation.

Through Beverly Farms, Manchester and the almost forest-shaded roads of Magnolia, where the occasional openings in the woods give views on one side of the shore and on the other of the gorgeously tinted sunset clouds, the ride is so enjoyable that we should regret nearing Gloucester and the end of our ride.

After leaving Gloucester a ride of a few miles brings us to the quiet village and the hospitable door within which not only our guns and other baggage, but also a welcome and supper await us. "What, have you ridden all the way from Boston? Well, you must be tired!" says our hostess. We assure her that we are not very tired, but that we are very hungry, and soon we are enjoying a most thoroughly appreciated meal. Bed soon follows, for we well know that when she knocks on our door at half-past three next morning we shall feel as if we had not been asleep more than ten minutes.

However, we obey that summons promptly, and by four are at breakfast. It is bright moon and starlight as the two wayfarers, now become seafarers, pull down the river in their decoy-laden dory.

Reaching by dawn what seems to be a "likely" part of the bay, the decoys are placed and the boat anchored near them, so arranged as to deceive the feathered tourists that pause here during their migration.

Scarcely have we loaded our guns before four coot are seen to change their course and swing toward us. Will they seek the society of our wooden birds or will they pass on?

A moment answers the question—they swing up the wind and pause over the decoys. Four reports ring out, sounding like two; three of the birds drop, and the remaining one disappears, probably wondering at the fate of its companions, but apparently not warning others, nor indeed learning itself, to keep away from decoys in future.

It is but the work of a moment for one man to throw overboard the float on the end of the anchor-rope, while the other reloads his gun, ready to administer the *coup-de-grace* to one of the birds which is still flapping in the water and may yet get away. Soon all three are in the boat, and we start to row back to the decoys, from which we have drifted some distance to leeward. Before we get back a single bird pitches near the decoys. As we approach he rises, but is stopped by a shot from the man in the stern of the boat, and gathered in before we return to the anchor-float. We have struck it all right, and we recall the story of the two men who got fifty-one birds a few days before, and begin to wonder if we shall approach that record; for it is not yet fifteen minutes since we put our decoys out, and we already have four birds.

It is quite light, we can see flocks in almost every direction, but alas! an hour passes, and none come near us. Our hopes are occasionally aroused when a flock comes in our direction, but it always passes at a safe distance.

The sun has risen, and disappeared behind a bank of clouds. The wind freshens and the waves get livelier, and from wondering what those fellows are shooting at way off there to the westward, we pass on to wondering

whether we could hit a bird if one came, with our boat now jumping around in such a lively fashion. At last that question is answered.

One bird comes along, and falls a victim. One of us did hit him, evidently—no one knows which one, as we both fired. Then soon three more are tempted by the counterfeit birds, and two are gathered in. And so the time goes on, until we think it must be nearly noon, it seems so long since breakfast. Consulting a watch we are surprised to find that it is still twenty minutes before nine!

We have a few more shots, some of which we miss and some of which are more successful, and at length the rising wind has so increased the size of the waves that we see that if we delay longer it will be difficult to get the decoys safely into the boat.

After a few perilous moments, and the shipping of some water, the decoys are safely stored, and we start on our pull for the mouth of the river.

What though we do find that two other fellows who came in just ahead of us have quite twice as many birds as we have? We got our share of fresh air and exercise, and have as many coot as we can use and are amply satisfied.

After dinner, having packed our guns and shooting clothes away to wait for our return a week later, and prepared our game for shipment by express, we give our wheels a hasty rub and a few drops of oil, and then mount for the homeward journey. Weary from the rather laborious rowing, we find ourselves not inclined to try to make very rapid progress against the head wind. But we can all the better enjoy the varied scenery, and it is not a whit less beautiful than we thought it yesterday. Yesterday? Can that be right? We have had so much enjoyment that it seems as if a much longer time must have elapsed than a single day.

Boston at length, and, while weary in body, we are so refreshed in mind and spirit that we feel that it is indeed a vacation which we have had, and that the daily treadmill of work has no terrors for us for some time to come. And before we drop off to sleep his bed becomes for each of us a tossing boat, and eyes open involuntarily, looking for swiftly moving specks far away.

SKIPPERS AND CREWS OF THE RIVAL RACERS.

BY AN OLD SALT.



SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

behind the gun in a naval battle. So much depends upon the knowledge, skill and smartness of the men in charge, that an inferior yacht has not infrequently beaten a far faster craft simply because of her being commanded by a superior sea-jockey. Thus the skippers—amateur and professional—and the jack tars that man *Shamrock* and *Columbia* will have much to do with the outcome of the great international yacht race.

For that reason a little information concerning the men who will sail the two yachts may prove interesting to the readers of *OUTING*. To begin with the *Shamrock*, Sir Thomas Lipton, who does not make any pretensions to a knowledge of yacht-racing, may consider himself lucky in commanding the services of so talented an amateur as Mr. William Fife, Jr. Many a craft has he steered to victory, and, in addition to being an able helmsman, he is an expert sail trimmer, and nobody can beat him in "tuning up" a yacht to racing pitch.

When we come to the professional element aboard *Shamrock* we find that the first captain, Archie Hogarth, and the second captain, Robert Wringle, are both devoted Fife men, having gained their

IT is a true axiom that the *personnel* of a racing yacht is as great a factor of success in a conflict for the cup as the man

greenest and most splendid laurels in racing craft designed by that gentleman. Both skippers pull well together, and the men before the mast, with possibly a few exceptions, have sailed under one of the two skippers. The terms first captain and second captain are not perhaps well understood in this country, where racing yachts are in charge of a

skipper and a mate. The first captain in a British yacht is in actual command. He steers the yacht during her races, but consults with the second captain in important crises. The duty of the second captain is generally to act as executive officer, to see that the orders of the captain are carried out smartly, that sails are promptly set and the sheets properly trimmed. He is a very useful officer, but his title of second captain might very well be altered to first mate. In the



C. OLIVER ISELIN.

day s of my English yacht- ing, a quarter of a cen- tury ago, there was no second captain, and all races were quite as well sailed as they are now.



Photo by Davis & Sanford, N. Y.

W. FIFE, JR.,
Designer of the "Shamrock."

Captain Hogarth is a big Scotsman about thirty-six years old. He is every inch a yachtsman and a sailor. He has a large amount of Scotch cannyness and caution, and by no means wears his heart upon his sleeve. He is up to every trick and device known to yacht skippers, and by his nerve and skill has often in times gone by snatched victory from the yawning jaws of defeat. He comes of seafaring stock and was born in Port Bannatyne, where his father was known as one of the most daring fishermen on the Ayrshire coast. It is a notable fact that all of his sons took to the sea and that last season four of them were in command of Clyde-built yachts. Hogarth, after an apprenticeship in coasters and fishing smacks on the Scottish coast—the hardest life in the world—began his yachting experience in 1885 as sailor aboard the 10-rater *Doris*. He showed much zeal and enthusiasm. Nobody could steer straighter or was smarter at taking in sail than he. Mr. Peter Donaldson heard about him and in 1890 made him skipper of his 10-rater *Yvonne*, then in her second season. His record for that year was ten first and six second prizes, whose value was \$1,000. His next command was *Yscult*, another Fife craft, owned also by Mr. Donaldson. With this smart little boat he won fifteen firsts and one second prize, valued at \$720. In 1893 he became skipper of the rather unlucky *Calluna*, designed by Fife, yet with her he won two first and eight other prizes, worth \$1,575. In the following year he sailed *Lilith* for Mr. Collins, winning ten first and twelve other prizes, valued at \$750. His next command was the *Isolde*, in which he won for Mr. Donaldson \$18,415 in four seasons.

Hogarth has the reputation of being one of the smartest skippers in Great Britain, being rated on equal terms with Carter of the *Britannia*, Cranfield of *Valkyrie III.*, Ben Parker of the German Emperor's *Meteor*, and Sycamore of the *Laurea*. He possesses nerve in abundance mingled with coolness and courage. He is quick to decide in an emergency. In brief, he possesses all the qualifications of a successful yacht captain.

Robert Wringe, the second in command, is a few years older than Hogarth. His father was skipper of a coaster

plying between the north of England and London, and aboard this vessel, in the North Sea, Robert was born. As soon as he was big enough he began to "tail on" to sheets and halyards, taking to the sea kindly and learning the arduous duties connected with his salt-water life in coasters and fishing smacks, even as Hogarth picked up his knowledge as a seafarer. He says that he joined his first yacht twenty-five years ago, and that in 1888 he got his first command on the *Alceste*, of which he was skipper for four years. In 1894 he took charge of the 40-rater *Carina*, which he sailed against *Isolde*, commanded by Hogarth, his present chief. In *Carina* he sailed as plucky a series of losing races as has Captain Rhodes on *Defender*. No higher praise can be given. His next command was the big Fife cutter *Ailsa*, and he was successful with her. Last year he skippered the 52-rater *Eldred*, bringing her out at the head of a capital class. He is a thoroughly good yachtsman.

Nearly all of those in command of our battleships that did such splendid work in the late war with Spain disclaimed, with the becoming modesty of brave men, all gushing praise, and pointed out with much truth that the "men behind the guns" did the greater part of the work. The same truth prevails in yacht racing. Without an agile and able crew, well drilled and disciplined, no yacht can win a race. Thus Sir Thomas Lipton was especially careful to have the smartest crew that money could hire. After consultation with Mr. Fife, he gave Hogarth *carte blanche* with regard to the choosing of the sailors. Hogarth picked out all of his old crew of the *Isolde*, who had demonstrated their worthiness in four successive seasons. He supplemented these with tried and trusty men, who had served with Carter on *Britannia*, with Cranfield on *Valkyrie III.*, with Tom Jay and Robert Wringe on *Ailsa*, so that he has the very cream of British yacht sailors to sail against Captain Barr and the Deer Isle crew of *Columbia*. The English and Scotch element in the crew is about equally divided, the Englishmen hailing from the banks of the muddy Colne in Essex, and the Scotsmen, as a rule, coming from the Clyde. There is a rumor that two of the British contingent of the yacht's company, who have

a little talent in the way of light comedy, are cultivating an Irish brogue in order to offset the story that there is nothing Hibernian about the *Shamrock* except her name, her private signal and the green paint of her topsides. But the efforts of the Essex men to give the blarney accent will prove futile, for in the alphabet of the Colne there is no letter "H," and the hard burr of Ayrshire can never counterfeit the soft and liquid tones of the Emerald Isle. Their "bluff" will easily be "called."

So much for the ship's company of the *Shamrock*.

In dealing with the crew of the American craft, nothing except in the way of praise can now be said. Mr. C. Oliver Iselin has established his fame as a yachtsman by years of success. In *Titanica*, *Vigilant* and *Defender* he has shown how thoroughly a capable man he is. His private signal was often carried to victory when it flew aboard those three celebrated yachts, and on *Columbia* it has never been beaten this year up to the present time of writing, so far as official figures show. Thus American yachtsmen have come to rely upon Mr. Iselin as a successful cup defender. No further comment is necessary. His record speaks for itself. With his talent and his money he has worked indefatigably for the defense of the *America's* Cup. Other men might have tried to do as much, but they might have failed, as men with money often lack the yachting talent, while those possessed of the yachting talent do not always possess the ready cash and the inclination to spend it.

It struck me from the first that Mr. Iselin demonstrated his knowledge of the world when he chose Captain Urias Rhodes, Mate Lemuel Miller and a Scandinavian crew to sail *Defender*. Rhodes is a dogged hustler. He never knows when he is beaten. The Norse crew realized that they were fighting for their lives when they were confronted with the Deer Isle boys—the only native Americans that had been invited in a body to man a racing yacht since the days of *Defender* in 1895. The experiment of Mr. Iselin in that year was highly successful. *Defender* was skippered and manned by a native-born American crew. Every manjack, from that sterling skipper, "Hank" Haff, down to "Nat," the cook's mate, was American

from clew to carring. The boys did the trick and successfully defended the cup. When Mr. Iselin prevailed upon Mr. Butler Duncan, Jr., to take charge of *Defender*, he knew that he was playing in great luck when that yachtsman consented. Mr. Duncan has worked his way upward in yachting from the smallest racing craft to the largest. The magnificent showing he has made with *Defender* entitles him to the earnest gratitude of the New York Yacht Club. The work he did spurred on the crew of *Columbia* and transformed them from "hayseeds" to sailormen. For this reason I could not fail in this short sketch to withhold credit that is certainly due to Mr. Butler Duncan and his plucky and persistent skipper, officers and crew.

Concerning the crew of *Columbia* this much must be said, that never was a yacht's company so harshly criticised before. All of them, with the exception of Captain Charles Barr, hail from Deer Isle, Me. In the early races they had not been properly drilled and disciplined, and in consequence made several mistakes in setting and shortening sail. All of the lack of yachtsmanship they showed was blamed on their skipper—most unfairly, as it seems to me. The trouble was that Barr is of Scottish birth. It was falsely said of him that he became naturalized for the sole purpose of commanding *Columbia*. The truth is that he took out his first papers more than ten years ago, and that he reluctantly gave up the command of Commodore Clarence A. Postley's schooner yacht *Colonia*, in which he made a capital record as a cup winner, to join the *Columbia*.

His history speaks for itself. Few skippers have had such a wide experience in all kinds of craft. He is equally at home in a fishing boat trawling for herring, an English cutter of the old type, all length and lead mine and no beam to speak of, a racing center-board craft like *Vigilant* or a crack schooner like *Colonia*. Born in Gourock thirty-five years ago, he began his sea life in a coaster at a tender age, his first yachting experience being on the cutter *Ulerin* as man before the mast. He soon made his reputation on the Clyde, and the agile, muscular young man with black hair, piercing dark eyes and a determined, well-cut mouth and



CAPT. ARCHIE HOGARTH,
First Captain of the "Shamrock."

became skipper of the cutter *Shona*, a craft all length and no breadth, and with her he won some famous victories, his opponents being of the skimming-dish type. In 1886 he was engaged by Admiral Charles Tweed, of the Corinthian Yacht Club of New York, to bring to this port the Fife cutter *Minerva*, a forty-footer which sailed across the Atlantic on her own bottom like *Clara*. For two seasons she was queen of the class. In her third season she was beaten by the Burgess boat *Gossoon*.

His next command was the 46-footer *Oweenee*, which he sailed for all she was worth. Then he skippered the *Wasp*, the conqueror of *Gloriana*. He sailed the *Navahoe* to England in 1893, but, owing to a disagreement with her owner, did not sail her in all the races in English waters. In 1895 he was engaged by Mr. George Gould to bring the *Vigilant* back to New York from Southampton. He made the passage in quick time, and sailed her in all the trial races of that year against *Defender*, to the utmost satisfaction of Mr. Ed. Willard, Mr. Gould's personal representative.

In 1897 he was engaged as captain of the great racing schooner *Colonia* by

chin, was in great demand in fast racing craft.

He came to this country in Mr. Charles Sweet's 20-ton cutter *Clara*, of which his elder brother, John, was captain. Soon after his arrival he

Mr. Clarence A. Postley, who is now Commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club. Mr. Postley has won so many cups and other trophies that he now stores them away in a burglar-proof safe. If you ask Mr. Postley who, in his opinion, is the best and most faithful sailing-master that was ever on his pay-roll, he will tell you that Barr about fills the bill. So far as I am aware, Barr is as good a skipper as ever stood his trick at a wheel.

His chief mate is Frank M. Allen, a young citizen of Rhode Island, who has been boating from his boyhood and is a tip-top yachtsman, having been for the last ten years in command of yachts owned by Mr. Willard P. Ward, of the New York Yacht Club.



CAPT. CHARLES BARR,
Sailing Master of the "Columbia."

As for the "jackies," as mentioned above, all come from Deer Isle, Maine, where the *Defender's* crew was shipped. When they are seen at their work, in a few days, some of the critics will have the very best of reasons to be sorry for the harsh words they said about them in print and otherwise.

In summing up these casual remarks about the *personnel* of the two craft it would be invidious to discriminate. In other words, it is a very unwise thing to prophesy unless you know. No doubt each

crew will put forth its best efforts. Both Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. C. Oliver have done their prettiest in the matter of the choosing of their men.



CAPT. ROBERT WRINGE,
Second Captain of the "Shamrock."



Photo by Pach, N. Y.

HARVARD, 1898.

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|--------------------|-------------------|-----------------|----------------------|----------------------|-------------|
| 1. R. A. Nourse. | 2. W. Eaton. | 3. M. Donald. | 4. P. M. Jaffray. | 5. P. Haughton. | 6. Burnett. |
| 7. F. D. Cochrane. | 8. McMasters. | 9. L. Warren. | 10. W. A. M. Burden. | 11. J. W. Hallowell. | |
| 12. W. A. Boal. | 13. J. W. Farley. | 14. W. T. Reid. | 15. B. H. Dibblee. | 16. C. D. Daly. | |

FOOTBALL REVIEW—SEASON OF '98.

BY WALTER CAMP.

IN the season of 1898 three of the largest Eastern Universities put into the field teams below the average—markedly so in point of the fundamental principles of the game. These teams were Pennsylvania, Princeton and Yale. Two of them, Pennsylvania and Yale, lost their big matches owing to their lack of ability in what have come to be considered the first principles of the game. Pennsylvania, in the match with Harvard, at Cambridge, lost a touchdown, or rather was scored upon in the first two minutes of play, owing to inability to catch the ball, and, during the rest of the game, lost enough ground, owing to that same inability to catch kicks, to defeat any team. Yale lost her Princeton game because her players could not hold the ball nor catch kicks. Of the three Princeton, when Wheeler was playing full-back, was best able to handle kicks

properly, but her offense in a running game was weak and her line was not by any means impenetrable. But there was a team in the East which saved the season from being a very mediocre one, and that team was Harvard. Starting a year before under the general direction of Mr. Forbes, Harvard had had two years of time which had been used to the very best advantage. The work of the first year was to develop a goodly quantity of first-class material. This plan was followed out, and while, in the final game of 1897, the Harvard team failed to defeat Yale, the progress had been nevertheless very marked. And in the fall of 1898 Harvard started in with enough men to insure her finishing out the season with plenty of substitutes to use when needed. She thus brought into the final game her best men in fairly good condition and by no means exhausted through having to play in minor

matches when partially unfit. Up to the middle of the season there had been in the work of the Harvard eleven a good deal of encouragement for her sympathizers. The men had been progressing steadily, and while special brilliancy of play had been confined to the Harvard Captain, Dibblee, with an occasional spurt by Daly, the general average of play had been very satisfactory and people were beginning to hope that Harvard had at last found a way out of her football slough of despond. Harvard had, up to the latter part of October, defeated Williams, 11 to 0; Bowdoin, 26 to 6; Dartmouth, 21 to 0; Amherst, 53 to 2; West Point, 28 to 0 (and this game was especially notable from the fact that it demonstrated how strong in pushing ability was the Harvard line); Newtown, 22 to 0, and Chicago, 39 to 0. Then came, on the 29th of October, the match with the Carlisle Indians. Just what was the reason for the poor showing Harvard made in this game it is difficult to say; but when Harvard was only able to score 11 points, and that, too, aided by some very foolish plays by Carlisle, while the Indians themselves forced Harvard two or three times and scored 5 points, her sympathizers lost heart and believed that the usual well-known slump in the team was coming and that the season would end in defeat, as it had so many times before. But here they argued on wholly erroneous premises.

In former seasons, when Harvard had tended to go to pieces in mid-season there had been no strong backing in the way of material and second eleven men such as were now in the ranks. Not discouraged by this showing, Mr. Forbes and Captain Dibblee prepared for their first serious game, which was to come on the 5th of November. On that day Pennsylvania, whose record against Harvard had been: 1894, Pennsylvania, 18; Harvard, 4; 1895, Pennsylvania, 17; Harvard, 14; 1896, Pennsylvania, 8; Harvard, 6; 1897, Pennsylvania, 15; Harvard, 6, was to come to Cambridge for the annual contest. They came, and they came fairly confident of victory; but they had reckoned without their hosts, for Harvard was a very different team from that of former seasons and offered far greater difficulties than any Pennsylvania had up to that time encountered. The game proved that the two

greatest factors in Harvard's development were the strong defense of her line and the accurate and high punting of Haughton. Harvard had the kick-off, and sent the ball down to Pennsylvania's goal line, where it was badly fumbled, and in an attempt to retrieve the error the ball was lost and a Harvard forward, who had followed up well, dropped on it for a touchdown. This probably took a good deal of the heart out of Pennsylvania. But it is very doubtful if, even after this disaster, they had any idea that Harvard would win the game. They had every confidence in their ability, by the use of the guard's back play, to gain ground when needed, and especially to wear out an opposing team. This peculiar quality of their play had been evident all through the season, and in no case more conspicuously than in the match a week before against Chicago University, when Pennsylvania had finished the first half behind and been obliged to fight it out in the second thirty-five minutes. After this score by Harvard there followed a period of play when, Pennsylvania spurred into action by the necessity of overcoming this lead, and Harvard still more or less in the thrall of remembrance of earlier defeats, it looked as though the teams were very evenly matched and that Pennsylvania might exhibit the greater endurance. But this condition of affairs did not last long. Harvard was feeling every moment more and more how great her strength was, and the fact of the ability of her line men to hold Pennsylvania's plays in check encouraged to a wonderful degree the play of her men behind the line. Gradually it became apparent that practically the only man on the Pennsylvania team who could be relied upon to gain ground was Hare. And this man, unfortunately for Pennsylvania, seemed also to be the strongest factor in her defense, as well as the kicker who must be used when the running game was checked. As the minutes went by this man's strength grew steadily less and less, while Harvard, relying upon the kicks of Haughton and good following up by her ends, gave the Pennsylvania backs opportunities to handle high punts, which they seemed to relish but little. In fact, repeatedly these punts were muffed or fumbled, and Harvard would gain long distances at almost no

expenditure of effort. The result was that Pennsylvania began to lose heart and strength, and when Harvard, having heeled a fair catch just outside Pennsylvania's thirty-yard line, successfully tried a place kick at the goal, the result of that kick effectually settled the match. From that time on the struggle became merely a desperate one on Pennsylvania's part to prevent further scoring. And at the end, beaten and crushed back, she yielded foot by foot, until at the call of time the ball was only one play removed from another touch-down. That the game was an exhausting one to Harvard as well, the result of her next game, played a week later with Brown, demonstrated; for Brown was able to score—a thing which had been too much for Pennsylvania—while Harvard, in spite of the fact that Brown's defense was much weaker than Pennsylvania's, could only score 17 points.

On this same day Yale was playing Princeton and suffering defeat. The defeat was of such a nature, however, as to make it almost impossible to judge just what the caliber of the team really was. For this reason, and with memories of the Indian and Brown games, Harvard felt that victory at New Haven was by no means absolutely secure. The day of the game came and with it a most terrific downpour of rain. The Harvard-Yale Freshman match was played in the morning in a veritable sea of mud and water, but toward afternoon the rain slackened, and the University field, having been covered and more or less protected, was in fairly good condition. When the teams kicked off a moderate wind was blowing in Harvard's favor. Until Harvard got the ball and settled down to a running game there was nothing in the way of especial interest save that her defensive work was already shown to be of the same strong nature as that exhibited against Pennsylvania. It was soon manifest that Harvard meant to try to carry the ball from mid-field over Yale's goal line without being checked, and, as her men went plunging up into the line with excellently well-formed and well-timed interference, it was seen that Yale had not the strength to hold them, and from that time on the result of the game could hardly have been doubtful, even in the mind of the most devoted Yale adherent. Although it was not one

point only in the Yale line that Harvard assailed, still the greatest pressure of her plays was directed upon Yale's left, and eventually a touchdown resulted. Thereafter during the first half Yale occasionally made an heroic stand and attempt to retrieve her fast failing fortunes. But the attempt usually resulted in the final overpowering of her efforts by Harvard and the general progress of the ball toward Yale's goal. With the beginning of the second half came an opportunity for Yale to make her stand and save herself from annihilation. Harvard had the kick-off, and McBride, in a game effort to stem the tide of defeat, made a splendid kick on the return which sent the ball well past the middle of the field and into Harvard territory. But it seemed as though a petrifying numbness had taken possession of the Yale forwards, for, instead of downing the Harvard man in his tracks, as was manifestly not only their duty, but what seemed an easy privilege, for they were all well under the ball, they allowed him to run the kick back some twenty-five yards. At this point, however, Yale seemed to recover something of her old-time force and dash; her men held the Harvard onslaught and secured the ball. Then, by a series of desperate plunges, they gained yard after yard until they had passed the center of the field and had really retrieved some thirty yards. But here again the effort seemed to be too much, and Harvard eventually regained possession, and everyone felt that Yale would be thoroughly humbled at last at the hands of a Harvard team. The result proved the truth of this apprehension; for although Yale did, in sheer desperation, once force the ball within kicking distance of the Harvard goal and essay a drop kick, it was a failure, and when the final call of time rang out on the field Harvard had scored 17 points to Yale's nothing.

Princeton had a record that was better in some respects than that of Harvard. No team, for instance, was able to score on her until the West Point game, but here, against a team which Harvard had beaten 28 to 0, Princeton could at best make but a tie game, 5 to 5. It is a matter of speculation, but is generally believed, that Princeton's games in the early part of the season were not sufficiently hard to fairly test •



Photo by Pach, N. Y.

PRINCETON, 1898.

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|-------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Kafer, Half-back. | 2. Edwards, Guard. | 3. Geer, Tackle. | 4. Crowdis, Guard. | 5. Christie, Trainer. |
| 6. Mills, Sub. Guard. | 7. Beardsley, Half-back. | 8. Booth, Center. | 9. Palmer, End. | 10. Duncan, Quarter-back. |
| 11. Wheeler, Full-back. | 12. Ayres, Full-back. | 13. Hillebrand, Capt. and Tackle. | 14. Poe, End. | 15. Hutchinson, Quarter-back. |
| | | | 16. Black, Half-back. | |

her interference or her offensive play. This looks reasonable, for, until Princeton met Cornell, she scored with ease, and, with the exception of one game, ran up more than thirty points against each rival. The Cornell game, played at Princeton, was the first one that gave a fair measure of Princeton's strength, and although Cornell was unable to score, Princeton also labored hard and generally in vain, for it was only one touchdown which she could secure. From that time up to the West Point game, Princeton struggled to perfect her interference and her running game, but the result was not marked, and it was not expected by those best posted in her offensive play that she could make much headway against the Yale line. The game was played at Princeton and the result justified this supposition. During the game Princeton made but little progress in runs against the Yale forwards, while Yale seemed able, whenever her men could hold the ball, to make ground. The game opened with some

poor kicks on Princeton's part, and at a very early stage Yale was found in possession of the ball and crowding it up close to Princeton's goal line. Here, when everyone thought that Yale would surely score, one of her half-backs allowed the ball to be squeezed out of his hands after he struck the line, and Poe, the Princeton end, picking up the ball, ran the entire length of the field for a touchdown, which was easily converted into a goal, and which proved to be the only score of the afternoon. After Wheeler began to do the kicking for Princeton, the latter team was manifestly superior to Yale in that department, both in driving the ball, in catching and in getting the ends down under it; but in the running game, Yale would repeatedly make considerable gains, only to lose the ball on a fumble, and usually, through a badly handled kick of Wheeler's, to sacrifice all the ground her backs had gained with their offensive play. To the spectators the game presented much of interest, but it was by no means high-grade football, in fact,

the playing of both teams was below the average. The day was a beautiful one and worthy of a better exhibition.

Comment has already been made upon the play of the University of Pennsylvania team, especially in the Harvard game. Up to the time of her match with Chicago, the week before the Harvard game, Pennsylvania had not been scored upon, but in that game and the three other games of the season, Pennsylvania was scored upon each time and a total of 22 points made against her. The vigor of her play seemed to have diminished, and, especially on the defensive, she was manifestly weak. The two most serious defects in Pennsylvania's play, as illustrated in the Harvard game as well as in her matches with Chicago and Cornell, were too great a dependence upon one individual, namely, Hare, and no apparent skill in the meeting or performing a kicking game, and it will throw light upon this weakness of Pennsylvania to turn to two important games of Cornell and the University of Chicago. The latter had arranged for a trip East to try conclusions with a first-

class Eastern team and demonstrate the high grade of Middle West football by an actual test. The game was played at Philadelphia, and that sport-loving town—and there is no better—turned out a very fair-sized audience to welcome the Westerners. They were indeed well repaid for their attendance, for the game was exciting and intensely interesting not only to the average spectator but to the student of the game. In fact, the Pennsylvania team themselves, who had regarded with considerable skepticism the much heralding of Chicago's prowess, which had been taking place in the newspapers, found a far more exciting half hour than they had bargained for. Herschberger proceeded in the very early part of the game to prove that the stories regarding his kicking ability had not been in the least exaggerated. It was his punting which gave Chicago much of her advantage, but the rest of the Western eleven were by no means far behind. They had some good plays, bordering upon the trick order, but also put up a good stubborn defense against Pennsylvania's attack,

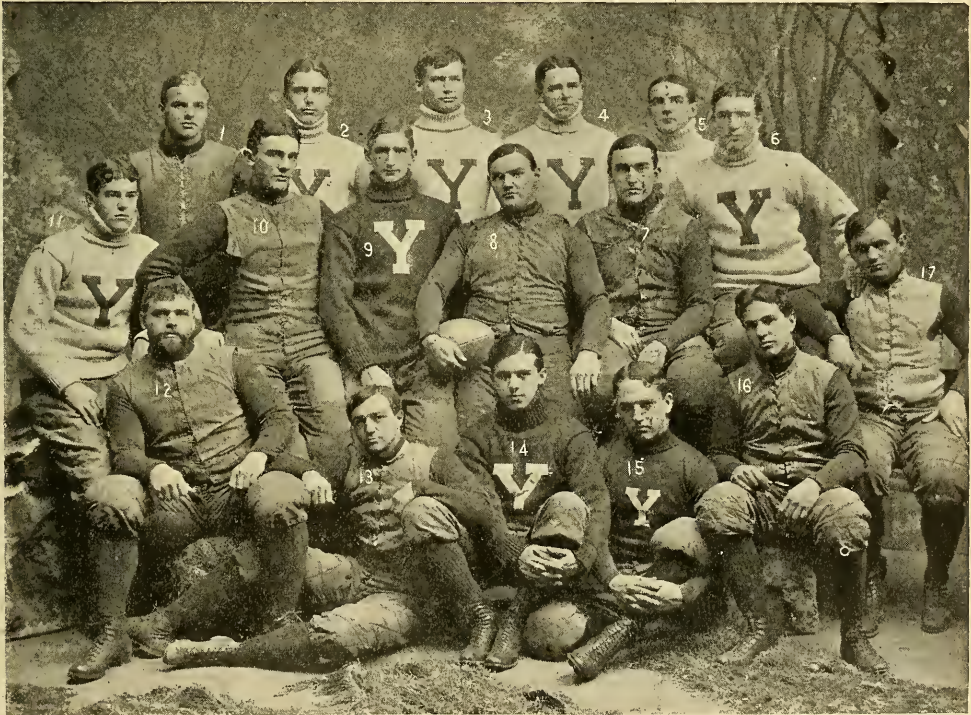


Photo by Pach, N. Y.

YALE, 1898.

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|----------------|---------------|----------------|----------------|-------------|------------|-------------|
| 1. Stillman. | 2. Benjamin. | 3. Brown. | 4. De Saullés. | 5. Hubbell. | 6. Dudley. | 7. Durston. |
| 8. Chamberlin. | 9. McBride. | 10. Marshall. | 11. Coy. | 12. Cullen. | 13. Ely. | |
| 14. Eddy. | 15. Schweppe. | 16. Townshend. | 17. Corwin. | | | |

so that, to the extreme surprise of the Pennsylvania's supporters, the end of the first half found Chicago in the lead. But in the second half, the better condition or the more desperate playing of Pennsylvania succeeded in crowding Chicago down, and in the end, in spite of a beautiful kick of Herschberger's, which scored a goal, Pennsylvania won. But the match gave Chicago a well-deserved and fairly earned reputation in Eastern football circles.

Cornell's principal and most sensational match was the one played at Philadelphia on Thanksgiving Day against Pennsylvania. This game, owing to the weather conditions, was one of the most remarkable ever played since the introduction of the sport into this country. Some idea of it can be gathered from the fact that several times the punts of the backs were so checked by the furious gale of sleet and snow as not to go over the heads of their own rush line. The actual suffering of the men engaged was at times, especially toward the end of the first half, extreme. Rain had been falling during the morning, which soon after noon had changed to sleet and snow. The temperature fell rapidly and the gale increased in force so that by the time the players took the field, although they slipped and slid about in a morass of mud, snow and water, the air was biting cold. Cornell had the wind during the first half, and that factor, combined with the far better handling of kicks by her backs, gave her a decided advantage for a time, and really during the entire half. But after intermission, when sides were changed, Pennsylvania emerged from the dressing-rooms in clean dry clothes and were plainly considerably aided by this relief from the wet, cold and heavy garments in which they had finished the first half. The wind also was now in their favor and they speedily pushed their way down the field. In both this game and the Chicago game, Outland, at a critical moment, put in a long run which aided Pennsylvania greatly at a period of the play when some such encouragement was badly wanted. Could he have brought off a similar run at Cambridge he might have re-inspired his men.

Hare was in bad shape for such work as was required of him in the Cornell game and did not, in his kicking, compare at all favorably with Young of

Cornell, who really did some excellent work when all the conditions were considered. The final result of 12 to 6 in Pennsylvania's favor was a fair measure of the playing done.

In the Middle West the game has reached a high state of perfection, and an opportunity for comparison was offered in the contest already described between Chicago University and the University of Pennsylvania. There has never been a game played on an Eastern gridiron that showed anything like the difference between schools which this game exhibited. Chicago had by far the better of it in the kicking department, and Herschberger was a revelation. The general development of play, also, as illustrated in Chicago's work, proved conclusively that the West has reached a point in football where, perhaps lacking in the strong defense of Eastern teams, that section must be granted to have an offensive play and a kicking game quite the equal, and, in point of individual skill (instance the cases of O'Dea and Herschberger), beyond the caliber of the Eastern organizations.

Michigan carried off the principal honors in this section by defeating Chicago in their big match on Thanksgiving Day. It was an exceedingly close game and the result in doubt up to the last moment, for Chicago, although evidently defeated, made an impressive attempt to recover the lost ground in the last few minutes. Herschberger made one beautiful try for goal toward the end of the first half, succeeding in sending the ball over the goal bar from the 45-yard line. The final score was 12 to 11 in Michigan's favor. Widman's long run in the second half practically settled the game in Michigan's favor. The day was a good one and the crowd numbered 10,000. Wisconsin was the only team that really was in the same class with these two. But the other teams, like Illinois, Northwestern, Notre Dame, all developed their game, and Illinois particularly improved after the early part of the season, putting up a very good game against the Indians the middle of November. Minnesota played as close a game with Illinois on Thanksgiving Day as Chicago did with Michigan. Oberlin's game with Cornell, in which she held the Ithacans down to a single score, was her best work and a

notable triumph. Farther west Iowa triumphed over Nebraska, but Nebraska defeated the Kansas team, their old rivals, 18 to 6. Nebraska was the only team that defeated Kansas, and some comparison with Middle West football can be gained from the fact that Iowa lost to Chicago University by a score of 33 to 0. As in other parts of the West the offensive game was stronger than the defensive. On the Pacific coast the University of California was for the first time victorious over Stanford University, defeating them 22 to 0. In the New England Association, Dartmouth won once more, although having a very close game with Williams. Some of the pleasure of this victory was taken away by the defeat by Brown, who scored 12 to Dartmouth's 0. The University of North Carolina improved enough to defeat Virginia by a score of 6 to 2. Lafayette and Lehigh had some hard contests, Lafayette winning in the final match by a score of 11 to 5. The Knickerbocker Athletic Club defeated the Chicago Athletic Club, and after one tie with Orange defeated them also by a

score of 12 to 0. The Andover-Exeter match resulted in a draw, neither side being able to score.

The conclusions to be drawn from the season's play are that at last there is more general appreciation of what all-round play means, and that a team of only one style can hardly expect to win. Kicking was demonstrated to be of the greatest value, and those who have advocated a more extensive use of that part of the play have had their views conclusively confirmed. There was practically nothing new developed in the running game, except that Chicago showed greatest possibilities in secondary passes and Pennsylvania further carried out the delayed pass. The season was especially remarkable for the overturning of former victors, and this overturning was accomplished, not by some new trick play or by a single unusual long run or a lucky kick, but by superior general play in all departments. That is the way Harvard defeated Pennsylvania and Yale, Berkeley defeated Stanford, and North Carolina defeated Virginia.



FLEET OF PAO PAO.

SAMOAN CANOE-CRAFT.

BY WILLIAM CHURCHILL, EX-CONSUL UNITED STATES.

THE history of the Polynesians of the South Sea Islands opens afloat. The day of their knowledgeable dawn upon them in a canoe voyaging the broad and stormy Pacific. The legends of the Maoris far to the south in New Zealand, of the Hawaiians sixty degrees and more away to the north, of the folk of Tahiti, and the Marquesas

and the Paumotus far on the eastern verge of the insular Pacific—all are filled with accounts in which fact and fable are massed in an almost inextricable tangle, yet all containing the memory of long voyages back and forth between the several widely parted groups. In the heart of all the tales which the wise old men tell is a tradition of a

central point of distribution in the peopling of the Pacific. It comes therefore by natural inheritance that the Samoans are as much at home on the water as on the land. Even in these days the traveler may see before each house in the waterside Samoan towns the canoes, bilge uppermost, and note in the soft sand of the beach the shallow grooves where the fishermen have dragged their vessels beyond the reach of the tide.

Samoan vessels are of two types, the outrigger canoe and the catamaran, undoubtedly variant developments of the same principle in boat construction, namely, to insure against capsizing. The catamaran, which in the old days when the islands yet lay unknown to white men was the great war canoe, has yielded to the march of progress, and is now represented by a solitary surviving example in the whole group. But now, as then, the waters are dotted with smaller canoes and hardy sailors to such an extent as amply to justify the name of Navigator Islands, which Bougainville gave them when he was first of Europeans to lay them on the chart. All these vessels depended, for the most part, on paddles for their motive power; and sails were employed only occasionally when the voyage so lay as to make a fair wind, and for the most part only on the catamaran vessels, whose greater stability provided better security against gybing, and consequent capsizing.

Similarly the outrigger type of canoe is found in two forms, the difference appearing in the construction of the hull, the outrigger being the same in each. Of these, one is a pirogue with an outrigger attached, for the hull is of one piece, and is scooped and shaped out of a single piece of timber. The other has a hull in shape very slightly differing from that of the pirogue, but composite; that is to say, built up of separate pieces of timber, which are almost planks. The former is known as the *paopao*, and is devised for knockabout work in the streams and lagoons where the still water will expose the vessel to but few strains; the latter, known as the *tafaga*, is specifically for the rough work outside the reefs, and is the one fitted up for bonito-fishing.

For a length over-all of three fathoms the beam will rarely be more than fifteen inches. It has a rocker bottom, the sharpest arc being that toward the

stern, the two curves springing from a point about two-thirds of the length abaft the bow. The bow has steep sides very nearly as deep as the deepest part of the 'midships section, and ends in a sharp edge with a reëntering curve which is carried out into a sharp horn above. The stern rapidly assumes a series of diminishing semi-circular sections, ending in a slightly carved knot by way of ornament. The only other ornamental carving is a series of serrate or square-cut billets at the bow. The sides are left about two inches thick, and the excavation of the interior quite closely corresponds to the outside lines of the hull.

While the *tafaga* is built up of distinct pieces of wood, it follows the lines of the dug-out *paopao* in its molding. The great difference between the two in appearance is the presence in the former of a half-deck at bow and at stern, reaching in each case as far as the nearest brace of the outrigger. These half-decks make it necessary to bale the *tafaga* with a cocoanut shell. But when the *paopao* is inconveniently full of water (and a great deal does flop over the topsides), all that the paddler has to do is to hop overboard and move the canoe rapidly back and forth. The water within rushing violently to bow and stern is discharged in a spout some feet into the air, and the canoe is rapidly and effectively baled. The canoe sailors being perfectly at home in the water can do this just as well when swimming as when standing on the bottom.

The outrigger is a round log some three or four inches in diameter no matter what the size of the canoe to which it is attached. It is tapered at its forward end for about five feet to a slightly sharpened chisel-point, the width being horizontal. Forward it extends as far as the bow of the hull, but aft it is cut short off just abaft the after brace. It is made fast on the port side of the hull at a distance of about a yard. According to the length of the canoe, there are two or more braces athwart the hull and securely lashed with coir sennit to both gunwales through holes drilled in the topsides. The outrigger beam is connected with each brace by two divergent pairs of light rods lashed to the brace with sennit and socketed in the beam. A stout lashing of sennit is passed

several times through a hole drilled in the beam and over the brace vertically above it; each part of the lashing is drawn as taut as possible and the whole is made both stronger and tenser by being served with a whipping of fine sennit. The parts of the braces crossing the hull are used as seats for the paddlers. Another article of necessary furniture is the *tootu*, a forked stick lashed to the braces to serve for the carriage of any article which it is desirable to keep dry. When not in use the *paopao* is hauled up the beach, turned over to prevent rotting from accumulations of water in the frequent and copious rains, and covered with the leaves of the cocoanut in order that the wood may not split in the heat of the sun.

The *tafaga*, or sea-going canoe, is built on the same lines in every respect, except that it is truly built and not scooped out. A keel is laid, a solid block cut from the choicest heart of very hard timber. To this are attached large and small planks of irregular outline, but all fitting together in the plan which the builder carries in his mind. Each plank is cut from the solid block of seasoned timber, and is laboriously dressed to the proper external curve. Each is cut out inside to a uniform thickness, except at the edges, where the carpenter leaves a continuous lug or shoulder of an inch in thickness. In the larger planks a similar lug is left at intervals where it may act as a brace for strength. It is characteristic of all Samoan carpentry that it is utterly devoid of the idea of a pin, nail or spike; for fastening, but one device is used, the fibre of the cocoanut husk, retted and beaten and made up into sennit. So, in the building of these sea-going canoes, every plank is tied to its neighbor and to the keel by sennit passed through holes pierced in the shoulders. Before making the final lashings every seam is rasped down to the closest fit. Last of all, each seam is thoroughly paid with the very elastic gum of the bread-fruit, which ensures a joint almost perfectly watertight, no matter how much it may work in a seaway. The *tafaga* are al-

ways housed on blocks along the keel in a specially-constructed boat-shed, to which they are dragged over a way made of stalks of the cocoanut leaves.

The sort of paddle used in these canoes is a leaf blade, ten inches wide and thirty long, its greatest width above; the handle about three feet. The paddler fans forward, and may paddle only on one side, steering by the deflection of his blade, but as the steady drag of his outrigger is a serious consideration it is common to paddle three or four strokes on each side in turn.

The earliest boat with which the Samoans made acquaintance was aboard the whalers which visited their archipelago in search of sperm. Naturally the clever builders on the islands tried to imitate the whale-boat, and the result is called the *taumualus*, or "two bows." It is an outrigger boat and is pierced for oars. It has never come into general use, because of the heavy cost of oars; and when a Samoan town has determined to mortgage its crop of copra for enough to buy oars, it is generally desperate enough to have a big boat built altogether and not be content with a thing neither native nor foreign.

In the ancient days when the missionary had not yet come along with his gospel of peace to a people whose whole delight was in wars and rumors of wars, there was a plenty of great catamarans in Samoa. Each town had canoes enough, or had one large enough to put the whole of its fighting strength aboard ready for a descent upon the seat of war. But in these days there is only one left, and when that rots away no other will be constructed, for its day is past and gone. It is now drawn up high and dry in a grove of cocoanuts on the beach of the town in Savaii of which it was once the pride and the glory. It consisted of two large, complete canoes braced apart side by side. For all of their length except a small portion at the bow and stern a platform is decked over between the two canoes, and on this is built a lean-to shed to shade the person of the leader of the war party.



“COLUMBIA”—“SHAMROCK,”

THEIR DESIGN AND SAILING.

BY C. G. DAVIS.

ONE of the elements which have entered into several of the preceding races for the *America's* Cup—that of rival models—will be absent in the coming races.

The old-time question of keel *versus* centerboard has been eliminated entirely. It disappeared when the *Defender* was put up as the American representative, for she was a cutter as much as was the *Valkyrie III.*, her competitor.

There must have been some good reason for this unity of opinion as to the best all-round type of yacht that the best designers of the two countries could produce. For after years of experience they have arrived at practically the same conclusions, and such boats as the *Defender*, *Valkyrie III.*, *Columbia* and *Shamrock* are the result.

True, to the expert eye there are wide discrepancies between these vessels; yet to the ordinary eye there is no means of distinguishing one from the other than the difference in the colors which they are painted, or from a difference in the color of their sails—sometimes one being a yellow, compared to the other one's white.

For instance, it was a long time this year before the spectators and reporters at the trial races between *Defender* and *Columbia* could distinguish one boat from the other, so closely did they resemble each other, and yet there was a difference that made the one boat several minutes faster than the other. The apparent difference lay in a slightly different contour to the stern, the *Columbia's* low bow being longer and flatter than the round stern line of the *Defender*.

There are some people who believe that if a radical departure had been made from the *Columbia's* present model in favor of the old-time sloop, greater speed would have resulted, but Herreshoff, without doubt, took this into consideration when he decided on *Columbia's* model.

The sloop might have many advantages under certain weather conditions, just as a cutter might at times develop

great speed, but to take the weather as it comes, blow high or blow low, in smooth water or a heavy sea, the present style of boat must have great advantages, or our designers would not have adopted it.

An extreme centerboarder, for instance, might reach an angle of heel where her ability to stand up under canvas would disappear and a capsize result; but such boats as *Columbia* and *Shamrock* can never reach this danger point. Like the toy yachts we used to make when we were boys, they have lead enough on their keels to right them, were they turned upside down in the water. The fact, that they are uncapsizeable, lends a great deal of confidence to those who are sailing them, for they know when the occasion arises for carrying on sail through a squall that the yacht will stand it, and it is only a question of whether the spars and gear will stand the strain. On the other hand, if the helmsman knew his yacht could only heel over so far with safety, he would have to rely more on the ability of his crew to quickly take in or set sail, and on yachts of this size, where the strains are so enormous, this handling of canvas might not always be feasible.

Then, in a sea way, to a yacht going at the speed these boats do, the shock as she hits a sea is something tremendous, and experience evidently has taught that it pays to bear this point in mind, and make the yachts fine in the ends, so that, like a whaleboat, they will cut into the waves easily and not pound so hard as to throw all the wind out of their sails or carry something away by the shock. When smooth water has to be provided for, flatness is rather an advantage, on account of the stability it is possible to give the yacht, and the long, clean sweep, which the flat model has, allows the water to flow around.

So the race of to-day is really a test as to which designer can produce the yacht best suited to the wind and weather conditions met with in a varying autumn week, day in and day out, outside Sandy Hook. Hence each year sees a nearer approach to the flat model. From *Volun-*

teer to *Vigilant*, for instance, is a big step in the evolution of the racing yacht's hull, and broad and flat as she was, there was only one day during the races with *Valkyrie II.* when, with a heavy sea running, the *Vigilant's* hull seemed to pound; in all the other races the flatness of her hull seemed to be beneficial.

In the small boats keen competition has taught that flatness of hull and lightness of construction pay, for the weather conditions favorable for such a type of boat are met with in the majority of races sailed in New York waters, and just so, although perhaps more cautiously, are the big yachts approaching in model that extreme.

For instance, in the *Shamrock*, Fife has gone a long step farther than Herreshoff, and made the hull of his boat much broader and shorter than any cup challenger heretofore built, and for that matter more so than any defender ever built. Her great beam and extreme flatness of hull, combined with something like seventy-five tons of lead on her keel, give her a stability that permits of her carrying an enormous sail plan, greater than *Columbia*, whose hull is narrower, with ninety tons of lead on her keel, can carry.

And yet, with all these differences in model, the profile of the two boats is very similar. A long, overhanging bow and stern, with the deadwood or fin cut away so far aft that the whole shark-like nose of the yachts can leap clear of a sea without exposing a bit of her keel, and one begins to wonder what it is, if the keel is so short, that keeps these boats from drifting sideways. In the old-time yachts a long, straight keel, with a good proportion of vertical deadwood fore and aft, was considered essential to make a boat hold on in beating to windward, and yet, now, with only a short fin, just long enough to give structural strength to hold their lead keels, the modern yachts sail faster and closer to windward, and carry much larger sails.

And now, to turn from design to sailing, to successfully manœuver and make all the quick gybes and tacks necessary for a racing yacht, something more than speed alone is required. A yacht that answers her helm promptly, with a smart skipper controlling her, can often blanket another at the start and keep her under her lee all the way

to windward, although, if not interfered with, the other may be the faster yacht on a straight run. This brings up what is called jockeying, and is really the fine point of the game, for when two yachts are equal it is the jockeying that will win the race. A yacht may be ever so good, but after all it is the brain and quick conception of the man sailing her that make her go faster or slower, according to his ability.

An experienced man when sailing his boat hears and feels every sound and every vibration of his boat. How often have you been out sailing when everything to you seemed all right, and yet whilst the old skipper sailing her seems to listen uneasily to your conversation, he hears or feels something that tells him his yacht is not sailing just right, so finally he gets up and slacks off a few feet of the main sheet and sits down satisfied; then you notice she sails much faster, yet you did not know but what everything was right before. He knew, however, just as at times he knows the sail is not set right and slacks or hoists the peak halyards a little, to make a sail that was fluttering set quiet and do its work.

There is all the difference in the world between sailing a yacht and racing a yacht. Very little knowledge is needed to sail a boat, but to race her, and develop all the speed she is capable of, and know when you are getting all the speed possible, is another matter.

It is one of the grandest of sights to see two such yachts as *Columbia* and *Shamrock* manœuvering for position at the start. It is not as if one man was doing it all. Here is a test of the thorough drilling of something like sixty men on each boat to all work in unison; and when you see the towering pyramids of canvas, with acres of wind blowing into them, trimmed down flat, as the boats round up on a wind, you can realize how these sixty men must be working, and some of the difficulties a skipper of one of these immense racers has to deal with.

The first point in every race where jockeying occurs is at the starting line, between the preparatory signal and the starting gun. Especially is this true if the first leg of the course is a beat to windward; each boat then wants to be the one to windward when the line is crossed, and, as only one can be there, the result is naturally very exciting to

the onlookers. In match races between two boats very different tactics may be employed from those used when there are many starters, as in a club regatta. There the windward berth is a big gain at the start, but when only two boats are racing, if the line is laid at right angles to the wind, there are ways of overcoming the loss of the weather berth, provided the lee yacht can get clear of the weather one far enough to cross the line at the same time and get clear wind. If the start happens to be made on the port tack this is sometimes a good move, but, to be successful, the yacht doing it must shake off the weather yacht and cross as far away as the length of the line will permit, and with good headway. By this move it is sometimes possible to tack soon after crossing to starboard, when the right of way will force the other yacht about, and the positions at the start are reversed. Then again, if the weather boat is sharp, she will not allow the lee yacht to get too far away at the line, but aim to keep close down on her, and interrupt her wind. Once a yacht blankets another, the man to leeward, unless he has a faster boat, or is a much better jockey than the man who has him blanketed, is well-nigh helpless. The man to windward can tack every time he does, and so keep just between him and the wind.

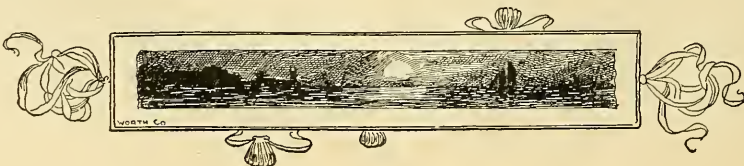
But I have seen it done more than once, by very quick jockeying on the part of the leeward man, when he has worked out from under the other yacht's lee.

The personal factor comes into play so largely at this work that the whole fate of the race is often decided by one or two quick moves executed just at the proper time. For as big and complex as these two racing yachts are when they are in the positions that we have just described, we will say that the skipper of the leeward yacht gives his boat a luff, and he watches the other yacht to see if he does the same. If such is the case he tries him again, and a few trials at just a slight luff and then a good full will soon give him a gauge on about the caliber of his opponent, for after all we are only human and the man controlling

the other yacht may close his eyes long enough to wink.

If his opponent is his equal, or his better, the windward yacht will probably disregard his bids for a luff entirely, and then he will soon find out he loses every luff he makes; *but* on the other hand, if his rival accepts and follows the luffing tactics he lays himself open to defeat, for the lee man will watch, as a cat watches a mouse, for a certain favoring puff of wind, and when he sees it darkening the water to windward he luffs, or only pretends to; his rival does luff, just as the strong puff hits him, while the leeward man quickly lays his boat off to the puff and drives past far enough to get a clear wind.

Another extremely difficult point of racing, when the two boats are evenly matched and close together, is for the leading yacht to attempt to hold her lead before the wind. She then tries to run as fast as the following boat, and yet that boat, by getting just to windward of her, can interrupt her wind to such an extent that she may come up to and pass the leader. This part of the race, if the two boats are evenly matched, often results in really comical antics between them. Several times I have seen the two rivals follow each other miles out of their course, one chasing the other. There is a way, however, out of this difficulty which is really a good kink in yacht jockeying. That is for the following boat, after ineffectual attempts to luff past the leader, to get his spinnaker ready for instant setting. Then, after what appears to be a bold luff, but what in reality must be made a hollow bluff, by backing the luff of the mainsail so the other yacht will shoot some distance ahead, while his own yacht does not follow him too quickly, bear away before the wind and set the spinnaker. Of course this, as all other jockey moves, owes its entire success to the quickness and skill with which it is accomplished; but as the main object in a race between only two boats is to beat the other fellow, it matters not how far out of the course you chase him, provided you come out ahead when the jockeying is over.



OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

YACHTING.

THE OFFICIAL TRIAL RACES.



CAPT. URIAS RHODES,
Sailing-master of the *Defender*.

THE formal trial races of *Columbia* and *Defender* were sailed off Newport this year, at the urgent request of Mr. Iselin, who preferred the course off Newport to that off Sandy Hook. The first race was in a good breeze, and *Columbia*, with her new steel mast stepped, once again defeated *Defender* in creditable style and gained newer and greener laurels. The contest was exciting, and owing to the keen rivalry between the crews was well worth seeing. There was a large assembly of steam and sailing yachts off Brenton's Reef lightship on September 2d, the flagship *Corsair* acting as judges' boat. The wind blew steady from east, and it had a velocity of about nine miles when the starting gun was fired at 1:35:00. The course was 15 miles to windward and return.

Mrs. Iselin and Nat Herreshoff were aboard *Columbia*, and Mrs. Butler Duncan sailed with her husband on *Defender*. *Defender* gauged the time admirably, and crossed the line 23 seconds after the gun, with *Columbia* 40 seconds behind the signal. There was great jockeying done by *Columbia* to get from under *Defender's* lee, and she accomplished it by a number of short tacks. The fact that she is quicker in stays than the champion of 1895 rendered this possible. Once in the lead she continued to gain. The wind freshened as the

day grew older. The race was close for a time, but as the breeze grew weightier, *Columbia* slowly ate her way out to windward, tack by tack. It was the same old story. *Defender* was sailed as doggedly and determinedly as though she had been a winner all along. Neither skipper nor crew was demoralized by the succession of defeats the boat had encountered.

The boats threshed at it in fine style, the breeze increasing at times and forcing the skippers to douse the little jibtopsails, which, however, were set again when they would help the speed. Nothing of note happened in the spin to windward. *Columbia's* mast behaved perfectly, and the pine spars of the clubtopsail stood much better than the steel ones which Nat Herreshoff had previously experimented with.

At 3h. 27m. *Columbia* tacked for the mark, which she had slightly overstood, and headed for it with eased sheets and a magnificent burst of speed. *Defender* followed. The times were :

	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	3:50:03
<i>Defender</i>	3:54:56

This was 5m. 10s. to the credit of *Columbia*, including the loss at the start. Both yachts set balloon jibtopsails for the run home, and later hung out their spinnakers to starboard. The wind kept fairly steady during the spin before the wind, still it was noticed that *Defender* got the benefit of a puff which helped her along considerably, but grew quite faint before it caught *Columbia*.

Amid a great display of enthusiasm the finish line was passed with *Columbia* far in the lead, the summary of the whole race being :

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed Time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	1:35:40	5:22:43	3:47:03
<i>Defender</i>	1:35:23	5:29:15	3:53:52

Thus *Columbia* won by 6m. 49s. *Columbia's* time from the start to the outer mark was 2:14:23, while that of *Defender* was 2:19:33, the gain of *Columbia* being 5m. 10s. In the run home *Columbia* gained 1m. 39s. *Columbia*, as well as winning the first trial race, won a cup presented by Captain Brokaw of the schooner *Amorita*.

The second race, on September 4th, was so satisfactory to the *America's* Cup committee that they concluded that no other official test was necessary. They decided that *Columbia* was their choice to meet *Shamrock*, though for prudential reasons no formal announcement was made at the time, as only a week's notice to the challenger is called for by the terms of the match. So in case *Columbia* happens to be disabled *Defender* will be eligible for selection.

The course was an equilateral triangle 10 miles to the side, the first leg being a close reach, the second a broad reach, and the third a beat to windward. The wind was north by east and fresh when the start was made, with *Columbia* in the lead. Both yachts slipped through the water quite fast, and made capital time to the first mark, *Columbia* sailing the ten knots in 58m. 36s., and *Defender* in 1h. 2m. 12s.

After gybing round this mark they steered for the second, which they luffed round as follows: *Columbia*, 1:27:53; *Defender*, 1:33:51. On this leg *Columbia* had gained 2m. 9s., making a total gain of 5m. 45s.

In the beat home *Columbia* gave a fine exhibition of speed. Her victory was hailed enthusiastically. The official figures furnished by the Regatta Committee tell the whole story:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed Time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	11:26:09	2:43:33	3:17:24
<i>Defender</i>	11:26:22	2:53:53	3:27:31

The *Columbia* wins on elapsed time by 10m. 7s.

Elapsed time between marks:

	Start.	First Mark.	First Leg.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	11:26:09	12:24:45	0:58:36
<i>Defender</i>	11:26:22	12:28:34	1:02:12

	Elapsed Time.
	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	12:24:45
<i>Defender</i>	12:28:34

	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Sec'd Leg.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	12:24:45	1:27:53	1:03:08
<i>Defender</i>	12:28:34	1:33:51	1:05:17

	Elapsed Time.
	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	1:27:53
<i>Defender</i>	1:33:51

Gains by the *Columbia*: From the start to first mark, 3m. 36s.; first mark to second mark, 2m. 9s.; second mark to third mark, 4m. 22s. Total gain by the *Columbia*, 10m. 7s. The *Columbia* wins the Harrison B. Moore Cup by 7m. 7s., corrected time. She allowed the *Defender* 3 minutes under the new time allowance agreed upon.

On September 5th, *Columbia* and *Defender* sailed another race for a cup presented by Col. William Goddard, the father of Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin. The course was ten miles to windward and back, the wind being southwest by west and blowing a nice sailing breeze. *Columbia* had spread a new mainsail, which fitted like paint on a post. In the windward leg *Columbia* gained 3m. 4s. Spinnakers were set for the run home, in which *Columbia* gained only 38s.

The official summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Outer Mark.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	2:21:50	4:55:06	4:00:40
<i>Defender</i>	2:21:19	4:58:17	4:03:13

Columbia thus won by 3m. 11s.

While in Newport I spoke to many veteran yachtsmen, amateurs and professionals. All are satisfied that the *America's* Cup is in no danger, and that, unless in case of accident, *Shamrock* will be defeated.

CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

The cruise of the New York Yacht Club, which began on August 7th and ended on August 16th, was remarkable for the fight to the death of the *Columbia* and the *Defender*, and also for the large number of craft that composed the squadron. It was brilliant from the rendezvous at New London to the disbandment in Newport Harbor. Never before had so large a fleet of splendid pleasure craft assembled at the anchorage at the mouth of the Thames off the Pequot House. There were close upon two hundred yachts at the rendezvous, each flying the club burgee; and more than one hundred yacht-owners attended the meeting of captains on Commodore Morgan's magnificent flagship *Corsair*, on board of which Fleet Captain Beaver Webb and the Regatta Committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Irving Grinnell, were guests.

The presence of *Defender*, *Columbia*, *Vigilant*, *Mayflower* and *Navahoe* added to the interest taken in the fleet, while the saucy appearance of the grand old schooner *America*, now nearly half a century old, surprised all who saw her. She is indeed a great boat yet.

NEW LONDON TO GARDINER'S BAY.

August 8th.—The yachtsmen were up early, and those yachts that did not intend to take part in the first squadron run to Deering Harbor made sail and steered a direct course through Plum Gut to Gardiner's Bay and thence to Shelter Island. The course of the racing yachts was from off the bell buoy at Sarah's Ledge to and round a mark three and one-half miles, south by west one-half west, from Watch Hill, leaving it to starboard, and thence to a mark the same distance south-southwest of Plum Island Light, the distance being thirty nautical miles.

A lively breeze blew from west-southwest when the preparatory signal was given from the *Corsair* at 10h. 45m.; and all the sloops, with the exception of *Columbia* and *Defender*, were started in the first division, the schooners following, and the champions for cup defence, in racing trim, being sent away fifteen minutes after the two-stickers. It may be remarked that this system of starting prevailed in all the squadron runs. It was a reach with the wind on the starboard beam to the first mark, and mighty pretty did the fleet of forty-five look as, heeling over to the pressure of the brisk breeze, they darted across the imaginary line, watched by a proud array of steam yachts. First to cross was the sloop *Razmatang*, quickly overtaken by *Navahoe*, while those keen rivals for honors, *Sycc* and *Kestrel*, brought up the rear of the single-stickers. Next came the schooners, led by the handsome *Ariel* with *Lydia* last.

The start of *Columbia* and *Defender* was smart and picturesque, the champion of 1895 getting the better of it, luffing out across her rival's stern and securing the lead of a length. Both yachts, in addition to their three lower sails, carried club-topsails and large jib-topsails. *Defender's* triumph was, however, destined to be short-lived. *Columbia* gradually drew ahead, made up the eighteen seconds she was behind at the start, and kept away past Race Rock ten seconds ahead of her rival. From that point to the finish her gain was slow and sure. At the Watch Hill mark she had 1m. 32s. to her credit, and at the finish she had beaten *Defender* 4m. 1s. on actual time. A squall struck *Columbia* off Great Gull Island, causing her to carry away part of the lacing connecting the topsail with the club. The balloon jib-topsail was devised to ease her. *Columbia* led the fleet at the finish, while the *Amorita* was the leader of the schooners.

Columbia beat the *Vigilant* 53 minutes. *Navahoe* withdrew soon after the start. *Carmita* lost her topmast. The official measurements of *Columbia* were not announced, so that her corrected time could not be calculated.

GARDINER'S BAY TO NEWPORT.

August 9th.—The flagship, from a position $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-southwest of Plum Island, fired the preparatory gun for the second squadron run to Brenton's Reef lightship off Newport at 10:20 A. M. The distance between the two points is 43 miles, but it took some of the yachts nearly till dusk to go over the course. This was owing to the fluky weather which prevailed for the greater part of the day. *Acushla II.* crossed just as the gun was fired at 10:30, followed by *Vigilant*, *Navahoe*, *Gloriana*, *Lotawana*, *Hussar*, *Mira*, *Katonah*, *Systal* and *Sayonara*, in the order named. *Kestrel*, *Uvira*, *Queen Mab*, *Hildegard* and *Rusalka* were handicapped.

In the schooner classes *Quissetta* led, followed by *Emerald*, *Shamrock*, *Colonia*, *Alcæa*, *America*, *Constellation*, *Gevalia*, *Amorita*, *Marguerite*, *Latona*, *Hildegard*, *Priscilla II.* and *Uncas*. The rest were bunched astern. *Defender* crossed the line 1m. 15s. before *Columbia*. All the yachts set spinners to port and slowly sailed as far as Little Gull, where the flood tide stopped their way considerably. There were many shifts of wind during the day, and it may be truthfully remarked that the element of luck was more powerful than any other factor. It wasn't until two o'clock that the breeze came out moderately fresh, from west-southwest. *Columbia*, when the wind came, had a long lead of *Defender*. *Vigilant* had been exceptionally favored and led the whole fleet by at least four miles at Point Judith, with *Colonia* chasing her only a short distance astern. *Ariel* was third, with *Columbia* fourth. The fleet was met off Narragansett Pier by the old cup defender *Volunteer*, with the veteran Hank Haff at the helm. She was saluted and made much of. *Vigilant*, handled beautifully, would not permit *Colonia* to pass her, and she crossed the finish line 55 seconds in the lead. The Regatta Committee figured that *Columbia* beat *Defender* 22m. 25s., but, as mentioned above, luck favored the new boat.

In Class A, schooners, *Hildegard* won from *Constellation* by 5m. 19s. corrected time; in Class B, *Colonia* won by 18m. corrected time, *Emerald* being second; in Class C, *Ariel* won by 23m. 41s., *Marguerite* being second; in Class D, *Katrina* won by 11s., corrected time, from *Latona*, which was second, and *Amorita*, which was third, by 39s.; in Class F, *Necera* won by 1m. 58s. from *Gevalia*.

Of the sloops, *Columbia* won from the *Defender* by 22m. 25s. elapsed time; *Vigilant* beat *Navahoe* by 17m. 19s. corrected. In Class H, *Hildegard* beat *Queen Mab* 8s.; Class J, *Sayonara* won; Class K, *Kestrel* beat *Systal* 8m. 27s.; *Acushla II.* 26m. 36s., and *Syca* 32m. 27s. In Class L *Katonah* won.

NEWPORT TO VINEYARD HAVEN.

August 10th.—A stiff breeze from the southward, a perturbed sea, with rain and mist, were the conditions that confronted the fleet in this particular squadron run, but as it was a fair wind all the way, the sailing was neither difficult nor dangerous. The distance sailed was 37 nautical miles, and the close contest between *Columbia* and *Defender* will long be remembered as the most exciting race of the cruise. The single-masted craft were sent away at 10:55, *Vigilant* crossing first, followed by *Syca*, *Hildegard*, *Navahoe*, *Lotawana*, *Queen Mab*, *Katonah*, *Sayonara* and *Systal*. The large boats, including the cup defenders, carried only working topsails, while most of the smaller fry were reefed. *Amorita* led the schooners, closely hunted by *America*, *Alcæa*, *Iroquois*, *Katrina*, *Colonia* and *Quissetta*.

Defender started at 11:20:10, with *Columbia* 22s. later, her bowsprit pointing for her rival's weather quarter. It was a close reach on the starboard tack to Vineyard Sound lightship, and from the start until this mark was passed the two big yachts were nip and tuck. Never before had *Defender* so distinguished herself. A long luffing match failed to give *Columbia* any advantage. Lee rails were awash in the puffs, and green water came in over the bows. *Defender*, owing to her steel mast, proved a trifle stiffer than her opponent, although, as a matter of fact, the difference was well nigh imperceptible. For an hour and twenty minutes they sailed so close to each other that a man aboard *Columbia* to windward might have easily thrown a biscuit onto the deck of *Defender* to leeward. It was splendid sailing. At the Vineyard Sound lightship *Columbia* was 15 seconds ahead, her time being 12:47:20 and that of *Defender* 12:47:35. Small jib-topsails were now set and the yachts kept away a couple of points, steering for the finish line at West Chop Buoy, which marks the entrance to Vineyard Haven. The water in the Sound was a little smoother and *Columbia* gained inch by inch, winning eventually by 1m. 14s., a rather narrow margin in so long a course. The corrected time was not given, but *Columbia* probably won.

The old schooner *America* sailed a plucky race, holding her own for a long time against many modern schooners, but she carried away her forepeak halyards and was forced to retire.

VINEYARD HAVEN TO NEW BEDFORD.

August 11th.—This squadron run, owing to fluky weather, was disappointing. The weather at the start looked promising, a nice easterly wind blowing, but this wind soon gave out and the fleet was becalmed for quite two hours. *Columbia* kept in the middle of Vineyard Sound, while *Defender* hugged the Naushon shore. *Columbia* got a fresh southwester that lasted long enough to give her a seven-mile lead of *Defender*. All the fleet with the exception of the big sloops went through Quick's Holl, the cup defenders reaching Buzzard's Bay by rounding Vineyard Sound lightship *Vigilant* was first to finish at Wilkes Ledge, followed by *Navahoe*, *Colonia*, *Quissetta*, *Amorita*, *Ariel*, *Gloriana*, *Syce* and *Iroquois*. *Columbia* is winner, *Defender* not having covered the full course; *Vigilant* wins from *Navahoe* by 53m. 14s.; *Hildegard* wins from *Queen Mab* by 13m. 20s.; *Gloriana* wins in her class, being the only boat timed; *Syce* and *Mira* win in their respective classes; *Colonia* wins in her class; *Ariel* wins from *Iroquois* by 44m. 13s.; *Quissetta* wins from *Amorita* by 8m. 38s.; *Uncas* wins from *Neaera* by 6m. 34s.

The dreariness of the run was enlivened by several spurts of steam yachts, in which the flagship *Corsair* tried conclusions with the *Kanawha*, and the *Felicia* had a tussle with the *Marietta*. *Colonia* and *Navahoe* grounded at the entrance to the harbor, but got off without damage.

NEW BEDFORD TO NEWPORT.

August 12th.—Light airs characterized the squadron run from New Bedford to Newport, a distance of 22¾ nautical miles, but *Columbia* contrived to score a remarkable victory over *Defender*, beating her by 19m. 4s. The start was made in a paltry northeaster from off Wilkes Ledge, the signal for the start of the first division being given at 11h. 10m. *Gloriana* led with *Vigilant* close astern. Spinnakers were set to port. *Latona* led the schooner class with *Quissetta* bringing up the rear. *Defender* crossed 19s. ahead of *Columbia*, and in about half an hour was passed by the last-named craft. Every advantage was taken of each passing puff, and *Columbia* had great luck. At Sakonnet light she was 11m. 47s. in the lead, showing herself a marvel in light and fluky weather. The yachts finished in a fog and luckily without accident.

The *Vigilant* won from *Navahoe* by 17m. 31s.; *Queen Mab* won from *Hildegard* by 19m. 59s.; *Gloriana* won from *Sayonara* by 4m. 31s.; *Acushla II.* won from *Syce* by 33s.; *Katonah* won in Class L; *Colonia* won from *Alcæa* by 52m. 6s.; *Ariel* won from *Marguerite* by 13m. 19s.; *Amorita* won from *Quissetta* by 8m. 51s., and *Uncas* won in Class F of schooners.

The squadron lay at anchor in Newport Harbor all Sunday, the racing crews resting and recuperating for the great race of next day.

RACE FOR THE ASTOR CUPS.

August 14th.—The contest for the \$1,000 cup for schooners and the \$500 cup for single-masters, offered by Capt. John Jacob Astor, brought out the two-stickers *Colonia*, *Ariel*, *Amorita* and *Quissetta*, and the cup defenders *Colum-*

bia and *Defender*. The race, although sailed in light weather and a smooth sea, was very interesting. It showed what *Columbia* is capable of under such conditions and demonstrated a marked improvement on the part of her crew. The course sailed was from Brenton's Reef lightship to a mark off Block Island; thence to a mark off West Island and back to Brenton's Reef lightship, the distance being 38 nautical miles. A light breeze blew from north by west when the starting gun was fired. *Defender* started first with jib-topsail set and sheets well off to port. *Columbia* followed 3m. 29s. after her rival, and with balloon foresail and jib-topsail hunted *Defender*. Both lowered their spinnaker booms to starboard, and 25 minutes later set their big spinnakers.

The schooners were led by *Amorita*, with *Ariel* and *Quissetta* next and *Colonia* last. *Columbia* passed *Defender* long before the Block Island mark was reached, and maintained her lead to the finish. The contest between *Amorita* and *Colonia* was keen, the smaller craft getting the better of it throughout. It is interesting to note that *Columbia* gained on every leg. From Brenton's Reef to Block Island, a distance of 13½ miles, before the wind, she gained 6m. 15s. Thence to the West Island mark, 18 miles, partly a beat to windward, she gained 3m. 5s.; and from that point to the finish, a broad reach of 6½ miles, 3m. 47s., making a total beat of 13m. 7s. *Amorita* won from *Colonia* by 1m. 14s.

RACE FOR THE "WIND-UP" CUPS.

August 15th.—The yacht races of the cruise were ended by contests for the "wind-up" cups presented by Commodore Morgan, the competition being open to all yachts that had sailed in the squadron runs. He also gave a prize to the 30-footers belonging to the club. The course for the larger vessels was over a triangle 7 miles to the side, but the 30-footers went over a 14 mile course of their own. The breeze was moderate from east-southeast and continued light all day. It was another exemplification of the extraordinary speed of *Columbia* in smooth water and a faint breath. She beat *Defender* 8m. 52s.

August 16th.—The fleet disbanded at noon after races for launches and small boats had been steamed and rowed.

Amorita won in the runs from New London to Gardiner's Bay, from Willis Ledge, New Bedford, to Newport, and the "wind-up" cup. She also won the Astor cup for schooners.

Quissetta won the runs from Newport to Vineyard Haven and from Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.

Katrina won the run from Gardiner's Bay to Newport. For the Rear-Commodore's cup *Vigilant* won from Newport to Vineyard Haven and from Vineyard Haven to New Bedford. *Syce* won from New London to Gardiner's Bay. *Kestrel* won from Gardiner's Bay to Newport and *Gloriana* won from New Bedford to Newport. *Vigilant* wins the cup.

And so ended the successful cruise of the New York Yacht Club. Much praise is due to the Regatta Committee, who worked hard. The general opinion of yachtsmen is that *Columbia* is quite able to take care of the *America's* Cup. They base their belief in her from her exploits during the cruise.

THE TRIAL SPINS OF SHAMROCK.

After the racing rig of *Shamrock* had been fitted in the Erie Basin, she was towed to Tompkinsville, and subsequently to the Horse-shoe, which is to be her anchorage until the cup races. Her first spin was on September 4th, when she appeared in the well-fitting suit of sails she carried in the race against *Britannia*. In her actual races against *Columbia* she will set, should the weather permit, a much more bounteous cloud of muslin. It may seem uncomplimentary to Mr. Fife if I say that the canvas of *Shamrock* is the better part of her. I don't like the look of the Scotch yacht with the Irish name, and, in my judgment, the glowing eulogies of her speed in the newspapers have been utterly uncalled for and exaggerated. Some of them have been almost hysterical. All I can discover that the fears of these scribes for the safety of the *America's* Cup are based on is the fact that the challenging craft, under full sail, was able to pass the sluggish harbor tug from whose pilot house they were taking observations. I will also add, in fairness to the Knights of the Quill, that their expressions grew even more complimentary when, on a subsequent trial, they timed the yacht between Scotland and Sandy Hook lightships, and found that she averaged something like 12 knots an hour.

It is a pleasant thing, no doubt, to pay compliments to so excellent a sportsman and such a capital fellow as Sir Thomas Lipton, but the alarm of the reporters has infected all the dear old women in the land, who think that the *America's* Cup is as good as lost. This is too bad!

But, seriously speaking, the trial spins of the *Shamrock* have not been such as to be very impressive. A yacht sailing by herself generally seems to be going quite fast, but no sound opinion of her speed can be formed by a spectator.

In my judgment, *Shamrock* is the worst handicapped yacht that ever sailed across the ocean to race for the cup. Her predecessors had the advantage of hard racing with smart craft before they sailed westward. Thus they came to the scratch in fine fettle. If *Shamrock*, a crude, untried craft, can beat so splendidly tuned-up a racer as *Columbia*, we shall all look upon her victory as marvelous, and will all pay tribute to her designer and to her owner. But until she accomplishes something there is no reason for going off at half-cock.

THE CONTESTS FOR THE CANADA CUP.

It is somewhat singular that our Kanuck cousins should go to Great Britain when they want a racing yacht for an international contest. Thus *Canada* was from the design of Mr. William Fife, Jr., and she won handsomely from the Chicago craft *Vencedor* at Toledo, Lake Erie, in 1896. This year, to defend the same cup, *Beaver*, a boat designed by Mr. Arthur E. Payne, of Southampton, England, was chosen to meet the American boat *Genesee*. By agreement it was decided that the contestants should come within the 35-foot class, the challenger being the Chicago Yacht Club and the holder of the trophy the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. The main conditions of the races have already been given in OUTING. Much interest was

aroused on the Great Lakes, the Royal Canadian Club forming two syndicates, which built three yachts, *Beaver*, *Minota* and *Toronto*, while Hamilton turned out three others, *Myrtle*, *Weir* and *Hamilton*. The trial races to choose a defender were held at Toronto, beginning on August 7th, *Beaver* and *Minota* proving the two fastest; and the first-named, after she had clearly established her superiority, was adjudged the victor, and the Chicago Yacht Club was informed that *Beaver* had been selected.

Trial races were held at Chicago, beginning on July 4th, the contestants being *Vera*, *Josephine*, *Bald Eagle*, *Prairie Briar* and *Genesee*, the last-named being selected, as she was clearly the best of the bunch.

Genesee was built by a syndicate of the Rochester Yacht Club, headed by Mr. J. E. Burroughs, Secretary of the Y. R. U. of the Great Lakes. Her designer and builder was Mr. C. C. Hanley, of Quincy, Mass., famous for his Cape Cod catboats, and such craft as *Meeker*, *Privateer* and *Acushla*. *Genesee* may be described as a Cape cat cut away wherever possible to make the best of the girth rule.

Beaver was built by George Andrews, of Oakville, near Toronto, the head of the syndicate being Mr. Æmilus Jarvis. She is of the modified fin-keel type. Her best point of sailing was in a strong breeze. So stiff was she, in fact, that 500 pounds of lead were taken off her keel after the trial races.

Genesee had about all the canvas she needed, but her rival could have well stood more.

Beaver was sailed by Æmilus Jarvis, assisted by J. Wilton Morse, mate, and J. S. McMurray, A. A. Macdonald, H. O. Hughes, amateurs, and J. Young, paid hand. Scrutineer, E. Macdonald, Rochester Yacht Club.

Genesee was sailed by C. G. Davis, J. E. Burroughs, Mate M. A. Duff, Charles Van Voorhis, C. C. Hanley, amateurs, and E. Thompson, paid hand. Scrutineer, George E. Evans, of the Canadian Yacht Club.

The first race was started on August 21st. There was a large attendance of Lake yachtsmen and a fine fleet, Commodore Morgan's flagship *Pathfinder*, of the Chicago Yacht Club; *Siren*, of Chicago; *Result* and *Minx*, of Detroit; *Thistle*, of Chicago, and *Pastime*, of Walkerville, being among those present.

The course was round an equilateral triangle, seven miles to the side. A good breeze blew from southwest. *Genesee* took in three reefs, but *Beaver* carried all sail. Just after the gun was fired *Beaver's* throat halyard pennant parted, and the starboard spreader, struck by the halyard block, was doubled. Thus the boat was disabled. *Genesee* sailed partly over the course, being disqualified for not rounding the first mark.

The second race was sailed on August 22d, the wind being W.N.W., making it a broad reach to the first mark, a beat to the second, and another reach back to the finish. *Beaver* got the better of the start by 11s. Both boats set their spinnakers, but *Genesee* dowsed hers soon and set a balloon jib instead, and luffed out and got ahead of her opponent, maintaining her lead to the first mark, where the boats were thus timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
Genesee.....	12:24:35	0:54:35	0:01:28	0:01:28
Beaver.....	12:26:03	0:56:03		

Thence to the next mark it was a beat in a light wind, with a little roll to the sea. *Beaver* gained on this leg 36s., the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
Genesee.....	2:27:35	2:03:00		0:00:52
Beaver.....	2:28:27	2:02:24	0:00:36	

A broad reach in smooth water to the finish wound up the race. *Beaver* tried hard to overtake her rival, but her efforts were in vain. *Genesee* won by 1m. 22s., the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
Genesee.....	3:25:10	3:55:10	0:00:30	0:01:22
Beaver.....	3:26:32	3:56:32		

The third race, on August 23d, was over a course nine miles to windward and back, the wind being S.W. and light at the start. It took the boats nearly three hours to reach the windward mark. *Genesee* crossed second, but soon ran through *Beaver's* lee, and kept ahead to the first mark, where they were timed:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
Genesee.....	5:15:59	2:54:19	0:01:19	0:01:19
Beaver.....	5:16:38	2:55:38		

Spinnakers were set for the run home. There was a smart luffing match on the way, in which the Canadian craft gained 40s. on her opponent, but *Genesee* was too much for her, and beat her by 39s. over the whole course, the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
Genesee.....	5:06:57	4:45:57		0:00:39
Beaver.....	5:07:36	4:46:36	0:00:14	

The decisive race was sailed on August 24th over the triangular course in a light southeaster and smooth water, the first leg of seven miles being to windward, the second a free reach, and the third with the wind abeam. *Genesee* had good luck in getting some rare catspaws, and, owing also to her superior speed in light airs, led at the first mark by 11m. 11s., the times being:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
Genesee.....	1:05:39	1:50:39	0:11:11	0:11:11
Beaver.....	1:16:50	2:01:50		

In the next leg *Beaver* lost more than another minute. She carried her spinnaker all the way, but *Genesee* soon shifted hers for a balloon jib. The times at the second mark were:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Gain.	Lead.
	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
Genesee.....	2:35:48	1:30:09	0:01:17	0:12:28
Beaver.....	2:48:16	1:31:26		

In the last leg of the course the wind freshened considerably, and *Beaver* picked up 1m. 41s. *Genesee*, however, won by 10m. 47s., thus capturing the cup. The times at the finish were:

	Time.	Elapsed.	Lead.
	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
Genesee.....	3:32:11	4:17:17	0:10:147
Beaver.....	3:42:58	4:27:58	

In the evening the two crews and the judges dined together. Commodore Plummer, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, presented the cup to Commodore Morgan, of the Chicago Yacht Club, at the clubhouse. The best of good feeling prevailed. Speeches were made, and Mr. Jarvis, the skipper of *Beaver*, promised

to send a challenge for another cup race in time for next year.

LAKE YACHT RACING ASSOCIATION.

The annual meet of the Lake Yacht Racing Association began at Toronto on August 14th, and ended with a cruising race to Hamilton, with a regatta there and a sail back to Toronto. The first race was over a triangular course four miles to a side, and was sailed in a fresh east wind. In the 45-foot class *Canada* had a sail-over. In the 35-foot class *Weir* beat *Hamilton* and *Myrtle*. In the 30-foot class *Kestrel* beat *Verona*, *Chetta*, *Brenda*, *Mirage*, *Wona* and *Sylvia*.

On August 15th, over the same course, the wind being light from east, *Merry Thought* beat the schooner *Clorita*, designed by Cary Smith and taken by the canal to the lake, and also the cutter *Vreda*. In the 40-foot class *Vivia* beat *Vedette* and *Vera*. In the 25-foot class *Lady Aldine* defeated *Pedro*, and the knockabout *Petrel* came in ahead of *Veritas*, *Enid* and *Winona*.

The course on August 16th was five miles to windward and back in a light wind. In the 35-foot class *Minota* won from *Hamilton* and *Weir*, while in the 30-foot class *Mirage* came in ahead of *Verona*, *Wona*, *Kestrel*, *Happy Thought*, *Brenda* and *Chetta*.

The racing came to a close on August 17th, the course being five miles to windward and back in a moderate breeze. In the first class *Merry Thought* beat *Volda*, *Canada* and *Clorita*. In the 40-foot class *Vivia* vanquished *Vedette* and *Vera*. *Lady Aldine* was leader of the 25-foot class, defeating *Pedro* and *Bat*, while *Petrel* was a victor over *Enid*, *Veritas* and *Winona*.

INLAND LAKE REGATTA.

The regatta of the Inland Lake Association, sailed on Lake Winnebago, August 14th to 19th, was, according to my correspondent, highly gratifying to all who witnessed it. The race for the Felker Cup was exciting. There were ten competitors in the 20-foot class, and only 37 seconds difference in time between the winner and the fourth boat. The race was won by *Aderyn*, with *Argo* second, *Algonquin* third and *Cavite*, of the White Bear Club, fourth.

The second day's race was the first of a series of three for club trophies. In the 20-foot class, *Argo* won her first victory for the championship, beating *Aderyn*, *Lassie*, *Iota*, *Cavite*, *Algonquin*, *Cherokee*, *Momo*, *Patricia* and *Rajah*. In the 17-foot class, *Nightingale* defeated *Xenia* and *Flying Fox* (disabled).

On the third day, in a fine southeast breeze, *Argo* won her second victory, beating *Cherokee*, *Iota*, *Cavite*, *Aderyn*, *Lassie*, *Patricia* and *Algonquin*. In the 17-foot class, *Flying Fox* beat *Nightingale* and *Xenia*.

On August 17th, *Argo* won her third victory and the championship of her class. *Nightingale* beat *Flying Fox* and *Xenia* in the 17-foot class.

On August 18th, *Argo* won the cup offered by the Oshkosh Y. C. for 20-footers, beating *Algonquin*, *Cherokee*, *Aderyn*, *Iota* and *Harpoon*. *Nightingale* was once more victorious in the 17-foot class, defeating *Flying Fox* and winning the Inland Lake Cup. A. J. KENEALY,

CANOEING.



OFFICERS' QUARTERS, HAY ISLAND, 1899.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION—THE MEET OF '99.

ON the southwest point of Hay Island, in the St. Lawrence River, there was camped between the 4th and 18th of August as jolly a crowd of canoeists as ever congregated. It was the occasion of the Twentieth Annual Meet of the American Canoe Association, and, for the ninth time, the site selected was among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence.

The first week was devoted principally to preparation, pitching tents, cruising and fishing. By the end of the week more members were present than appeared altogether at the camp of the previous year, and during the second week, when the racing really commenced, many more arrived.

Hay Island is situated among the Admiralty Islands, about a mile and a half from Gananoque, Ont., and within easy cruising distance

of Clayton, N. Y., Thousand Islands Park and Alexandria Bay.

The fishing in the vicinity was found to be excellent, and many bass, pike and pickerel were lured and landed, to form substance for the frying pan of the voracious canoeist.

The regatta programme was unusually long, there being no less than thirty events, comprising all sorts and conditions of canoeing contests. Especial efforts had been made by Commodore Thorne to promote war-canoe races, and he succeeded admirably, for no less than seven war-canoes, manned by one hundred and five powerful paddlers, lined up for the two events for which they were eligible, and the races which ensued proved the most exciting and exhilarating that have been seen for many a long day. Another noticeable feature of the regatta programme was the



WAR-CANOE DAY.

prominence given to open canoes, thirteen of the events calling for this class. In several of the other races they were used effectively. It would seem that the decked canoe is doomed to be used only for sailing races pure and simple, and sailing races this year seemed secondary to paddling.

The only regrettable feature of the meet was the refusal of many of the sailing men to enter the trophy race, because no "trial race" was put on. Article V. of the racing regulations requires a trial in the event of there being more than fifteen entries for the sailing trophy, the first fifteen who cross the line being then selected, with some exceptions, as eligible for the trophy race. There not being that many on this occasion, the Regatta Committee considered a trial race unnecessary. This, apparently, did not meet the approval of many of the sailing canoeists, who formed themselves into a "sailors' union," protested, and went on strike. The result was that C. E. Archibald, representing the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, had virtually a walk-over with his famous canoe *Mab*, and, for the fourth time, won the coveted trophy cup.

The A. C. A. championship was a most exciting race, the Bohemians winning by but a few feet from the Britannias, who were quite as closely pressed by Dorval. The remaining four canoes were bunched several lengths behind, the freak canoe in the rear. It is but fair to the builder of the latter to explain that, having been finished only three days before the race, the crew could not sit it properly.

The half-mile with turn was won comparatively easily by the Bohemians, and again the Britannias barely beat out Dorval. The winners are said to have been paddling but a few months, and their success would seem to be wonderful. However, this fact may be the secret of their success, for all learning to paddle at the same time, under the one instructor, they acquired the same style, which must be an important factor in such a race.

After the war-canoe races the whole seven canoes swarmed around Commodore Thorne and gave him three cheers, each of the hundred odd men waving his paddle in the air. They formed a pretty sight indeed. At the conclusion of the day's programme the Brockville men came through the camp with their freak



AH-YAN-DORA-WAH—BOHEMIAN WAR-CANOE CHAMPION.

The same entries were made for both war-canoe races, the A. C. A. championship (one mile straight away) and that of the Northern Division (half-mile with a turn), namely: Bohemian A. A. A., of Brockville, Ont.; Brockville Rowing Club, Britannia Canoe Club, of Ottawa; Dorval Canoe Club, of Dorval, P. Q.; Kingston Yacht Club, Ottawa Canoe Club and Toronto Canoe Club.

The freak of the meet was the war-canoe of the Brockville Rowing Club, who, having been recently defeated in their orthodox canoe by their fellow townsmen the Bohemians, had a racing machine built by Gilbert, with which they fondly hoped to turn the tables. Their boat was built to comply with the letter and beat the spirit of the rules. It looked like a torpedo-boat destroyer, being long and low, with no sheer, and a hood-shaped deck on the bow to throw off the water. It was also provided with a fin to assist the steering, which, however, the Regatta Committee insisted upon being removed, resulting in the craft careering all over the course, and colliding with the Britannia canoe.

failure on their shoulders, marching with slow, measured steps, each man solemnly whistling the "Dead March in Saul;" and as they passed through groups of canoeists, these, instinctively, formed in two lines, and placing caps over their respective hearts, stood reverently with bowed heads.

Many were the camp fires, many the yarns spun, many the friends found, and many the sighs sighed (down by the river side) when the two weeks were up, and the tents were struck of the A. C. A. camp of '99.

The programme of races, with winners, was as follows:

SAILING AND PADDLING RACES—DECKED CANOES.

- Event No. 1.—Record combined race, paddling and sailing—Wasp, J. R. Stewart, Irondequoit Club, 1; Aziz, Louis May, New York, 2; Eel, J. W. Sparrow, Toronto, 3.
- Event No. 2.—Record sailing—Aziz, 1; Wasp, 2; Eel, 3.
- Event No. 3.—Record paddling—Eel 1, Wasp, 2; Aziz, 3.

Same canoe had to be used by each competitor in these three events. Wasp won record prize with 7 points; Aziz second with 6, and Eel third with 5 points.

- Event No. 4.—Novice sailing—Hoonyali, F. G. Palmer, New York, 1; Toreador, Mr. Pawla, New York, 2; Marie, A. G. Beghan, Rochester, 3.
- Event No. 5.—Trophy sailing—Mab, C. E. Archibald, Royal Canadian Yacht Club, 1; Marie, A. G. Beghan, Rochester, 2.
- Event No. 6.—Dolphin trophy sailing—winner of trophy race barred. All entries refused to start.
- Event No. 7.—Sailing, live man overboard and picked up again—F. C. Moore, New York, 1; J. R. Stewart, 2. Messrs. Palmer, McTaggart, Quick and Sparrow also started.

A. C. A. WAR-CANOE CHAMPIONSHIP RACE.

- Event No. 8.—War-canoe race—Ah-Yan-Dora-Wah, Bohemian A. A. A., of Brockville, 1; Britannia, Britannia Canoe Club, 2; Dorval Juniors, 3; Hi-yah, Toronto Canoe Club, 4; Fag-A-Bealach, Ottawa Canoe Club, 5; Cataract, of Kingston Canoe Club, 6, and Brockville Rowing Club disqualified.

SAILING RACES—OPEN CANOES.

- Event No. 9.—Open canoe sailing—Mab, II., C. E. Archibald, 1; Triumph, 2; Isis, J. R. Stewart, 3.
- Event No. 10.—Combined sailing and paddling—Mab II., 1; Isis, 2.

DIVISION SAILING RACES.

- Event No. 11.—Atlantic division cup—Aziz, Louis May, New York, 1; Hoonyali, F. G. Palmer, New York, 2; Pioneer, F. C. Moore, New York, 3; Torment, L. B. Palmer, New York, 4; Question, H. H. Smythe, New York, 5, and Foggy Dew, H. L. Quick, Yonkers, 6.
- Event No. 12.—Central division cup—Chas. B. Forbush, 1; John S. Wright, 2.
- Event No. 13.—Western division cup—Norma, F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, 1; W. M. Clark, Peoria, withdrew.
- Event No. 14.—Northern division cup—No entries.

PADDLING RACES.

- Event No. 15.—Western division Gardiner cup paddling—W. M. Clark, 1; F. B. Huntington, 2.
- Event No. 16.—Northern division war-canoe race—Bohemian A. A. A., 1; Britannia C. C., 2; Toronto C. C., 3; Ottawa C. C., 4; Brockville Rowing Club, 5; Dorval Juniors, 6, and Kingston Yacht Club, 7.
- Event No. 17.—Trophy paddling—J. Smith, 1; W. T. Lawless, Ottawa, 2; E. B. Nellis, Wyandotte, 3; J. M. Mowat, Kingston, 4; Chas. Eastmond, 5; E. McNichol, 6, and M. D. Wilt, Red Dragon C. C., 7.
- Event No. 18.—Paddling double blades, half mile and turn—E. Smith, 1; E. B. Nellis, 2; E. McNichol, 3.
- Event No. 19.—Tandem paddling—Frank Taylor and J. Smith, Toronto C. C., 1; C. Cooch and R. Craig, 2; J. M. Mowat and A. D. Cotter, 3, and E. McNichol and Herbert Blatchley, 4.
- Event No. 20.—Relay race—No starters.
- Event No. 21.—Paddling single blade—J. Smith, 1; Frank Taylor, 2; E. Richards, 3.
- Event No. 22.—Novice paddling—R. H. Parmenter, 1; Herbert Blatchley, 2.
- Event No. 23.—Four men paddling—Britannia C. C., Percival, Lynch, McNeil and Stott, 1; Toronto C. C., 2; Ottawa C. C., 3, and Kingston C. C., 4.
- Event No. 24.—Tandem overboard—Toronto C. C., McNichol and Begg, 1; Kingston Y. C., Britton and Parmenter, 2.
- Event No. 25.—Tilting tournament—H. L. Quick and M. D. Wilt, 1; H. C. Allen and W. T. Lawless, 2.
- Event No. 26.—Upset paddling—W. T. Lawless, 1; L. Fournier, 2.
- Event No. 27.—Hurry-scurry—Britton, 1; Parmenter, 2, and McNichol, 3.
- Event No. 28.—Ladies paddling—No entries.
- Event No. 29.—Ladies tandem paddling—No entries.
- Event No. 30.—Swimming, 100 yards—W. T. Lawless, 1; Charles Eastwood, 2.
- Event No. 31.—Extra race, sailing, Gananoque banner—Mab, C. E. Archibald, 1; Aziz, Louis May, 2; Wasp, J. R. Stewart, 3; Foggy Dew, 4; Ellen L., 5; Pioneer, 6; Hoonyali, 7; Question, 8; Toreador, disabled.

W. S. BUELL.

LAWN TENNIS.

ONCE more the same old lesson of steadiness has been taught to the lawn-tennis players of our country; and it is to be hoped that the tournament experts will profit more from it than did those of 1895 from Goodbody's success at Newport the season before. Again this year the championship meeting ended in the triumph of steady, aggressive play backed up by the best of physical condition, over the intermittent brilliancy that is so characteristic of American top form.

There is a remarkable similarity between Goodbody's success in 1894 and that of Paret this season. Each struggled through a difficult field, with the chances of a draw against him, and each seemed beaten again and again, only to rise to the surface once more through dogged persistence and the constant ability to keep the balls "coming back" to his opponent. Each triumphed over one brilliant opponent after another, only to spend his last strength in a heart-breaking final match of the full five sets, and then go down before aggressive steadiness in the challenge match for the championship.

Is not the moral writ down plain? Look back at the championship records for the last six or seven years—ever since the modern game came into vogue—and what do you see?

Steadiness, steadiness, steadiness on top, first, last and all the time!

In 1893 Wrenn fell heir to the American championship through the default of Campbell, the previous holder. But Wrenn had just beaten Hovey in the finals through his steadiness alone, for Hovey was much the more brilliant player of the two, and generally supposed to be the stronger, before that match. From that day to this, Wrenn and Whitman, the two steadiest players America has ever turned out, have maintained the position of supremacy, except for one year, 1895, when Hovey broke into Wrenn's series of successes for a single season. It was in this year, however, that Hovey's clever game was brought to the height of its success, and combined perfect steadiness with his former brilliancy. And I want to say here, purely parenthetically, that Hovey at Newport in 1895, was in my opinion the greatest player that has ever been seen in this country, either before or since that day, all of the lavish praise of both Wrenn and Whitman to the contrary notwithstanding. But Hovey reached that height only once, the amount of practice and hard training it takes to keep a brilliant player at such a pitch of steadiness being far too great for one of his type to long maintain that degree of skill.

A second glance at the list of runners-up at Newport adds still more force to the moral, for here lies the grave of many fondly-cherished championship aspirations. Larned, of all American experts the most brilliant and the least steady, has been the greatest sufferer. No less than four years has he reached the finals—in 1892, 1894, 1895 and 1896 (to say nothing of both 1893 and 1897 when he was unexpectedly beaten in the semi-finals)—only to have his skill desert him at the critical moment. This year and last we have another instance of the same thing, for Davis, the successor of the great Larned, has each time been beaten in the finals. Here are the two most brilliant experts of the country struggling for eight years and not once winning the All-Comers', much less the championship, and in six of the eight years furnishing the disappointed and disappointing losers in the finals.

Brilliant tennis is by all odds the finest to watch, and, perhaps, reaches the greatest heights the game affords; but when it comes to tests of relative skill, to tournament play, where the first importance is to win, the winning tennis is that which combines absolute steadiness with as much aggressive play as can be crowded in without risking the first attribute. And the lesson of 1899 serves but to emphasize this fact once more, to drum in the oft-repeated lesson again. Will our experts never see the force of its moral? Can they not read the handwriting on the wall—writ out for the benefit of those who persist in sacrificing steadiness for brilliance, as plain as in the days of Babylon: "*Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!*"

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS OF 1899.

The national championship tournament of 1899 offered one innovation which must be looked upon as desirable above all others, in the absence of the crowding on the entry-list of a host of third and fourth-class players who were bound to be hopelessly out-classed in such a tournament. Whenever the list has run over sixty-four players, Referee Dwight has compelled the men in the preliminary round to play three matches in the first two days. This frequently worked considerable hardship to those whose draw was unfavorable, and the "duffers" who persisted in entering at Newport in such numbers were responsible for the trouble.

Now the first season that the entry-list falls down to reasonable proportions, the complaint is made that "tennis is dying out," despite the fact that there has been an almost universal howl for a smaller entry, for some seasons. The scant number this year was a distinct blessing, though some writers did their best to disguise the fact. The list included every active player of importance, except Davidson, Millett, Miles, Hackett and a few prominent Westerners. It was unfortunate perhaps that Larned and Allen were forced to default on account of unfitness, but Wrenn's absence was solely because he was in no condition to play, while Neel, Foote and one or two others who played in the spring, had no thought of playing at Newport. To make up for these absentees, there were the entries of both Huntington and Chace, the two veteran experts of years gone by, as well as Collins and Bond from the West, it being

the first appearance in the East of the ex-champion Chicagoan. All in all, the entries this season were stronger, if not more numerous, than those of last year, and the tournament was in every way a success.

The preliminary round brought out nothing of particular interest, but in the first the Ward-Budlong, Paret-Chace, Huntington-Little and Wrenn-Fischer matches began the excitement. In the first was shown a most striking contrast between modern methods and those of ten years ago. Budlong seems to have stood absolutely still for the last six or seven years, and his style of play is thoroughly antiquated. Very near the top, eight years ago, he is now rated as a long way below the leaders. Ward, on the other hand, carries modern tactics to the extreme point they have yet reached, with overhand twist service and constant net play. The result was never in doubt, and, of course, the up-to-date player won.

Chace made his reappearance after several years of retirement from the courts. He showed much of his old skill, but poor physical condition. Opposed by a well-trained player of steady style, he weakened gradually and was an easy victim toward the end of the match. Fischer also lacked the physical condition to stand the strain that was asked of him, and his chances against Wrenn faded rapidly toward the end of the third set. Huntington, the other veteran, won from Little in three close sets, by clever net-play, backed by his really beautiful passing strokes and excellent ground drives. The old Yale expert showed early in the tournament that he had returned to competition in better form than that of any other veteran who had ever left the courts for several years, and then come back.

In the second round, only the Huntington-Stevens and Bond-Wright matches were of vital importance. Here the veteran first showed his splendid staying qualities, and won in five sets from the one man above all others who is supposed to outlast any other player on the courts. Huntington showed wretched judgment at first in trying to play Stevens from the base-line, and this cost him the first two sets. Then he went to the net and so it was only a question of strength, and as he had plenty in reserve, he won out easily in three straight sets. Once more the modern volleying methods triumphed over base-line plays. Bond beat Wright unexpectedly in a curious match of five sets, in which each took turns at weak play. Wright lost his nerve somewhat in the third set, and slowed up noticeably in his speed, which gave the Westerner just the chance he wanted, and he took quick advantage of his opportunity.

The fourth round furnished four exciting matches, three of them being of the fiercest "heart-breaking" order. Ware won from Ward after five sets of the most trying kind of play, and this, too, after the score had reached two sets to one against him. Collins, the Westerner, showed his first real touch of championship form against Wrenn, winning by three sets to two in really clever style. His play showed so much thoughtful headwork that he was at once picked out as a student of the game who must ultimately rise to the top, or very near it.

Davis beat Bond in four sets, which were a constant struggle for the net, with the advantage in favor of Davis because he had passing ground-strokes and Bond had practically none. The fourth match was the longest of the tournament, being between Paret and Huntington, and finished another struggle with endurance as a potent factor. The weather was very trying that day, and all of the players suffered badly from the heat, Paret and Huntington perhaps the most, because their match lasted over four hours through the middle of the day. The veteran's proven endurance promised at one time to carry him through ahead, for his driving was better than Paret's, and his volleying generally as good. But the New Yorker showed remarkable steadiness and persistence, and clung on until he had evened up the score at two sets all. Then Huntington's strength seemed to desert him, and Paret had an easy road in the fifth set.

The semi-final round brought Paret against Ware, and Davis against Collins; and Paret and Davis each won in straight sets. Once more lack of condition told against Ware, and his opponent's persistency gradually wore him down and won, the constant net play becoming very difficult to progress against after the first snap of freshness had been worn off. Davis beat Collins because of greater speed, faster volleying, and his twisting service, that has proved so puzzling to other players. The Westerner made a splendid stand in the last set, but Davis was in rare form and no kind of play could stop him.

The final match between Paret and Davis proved the biggest "upset" of the tournament. Paret, hitherto a second-class player, was thought to be nearly if not quite outclassed, and Davis suffered somewhat from over-confidence. Both men rushed to the net at every opening, coming in constantly behind the service, and sharp volleying at the net or the opponent's errors accounted for nearly every point. Both used the most modern tactics, and each made such good use of his service that the server won a large majority of the games.

Davis became a little nervous in the second set when the score grew close, but finally pulled it out, only to "let down" badly in the third. He got back into his true form in the fourth set and won easily; but once more physical condition told against him, and Paret's superior training gave him the match in the fifth set. Davis weakened toward the end and staggered somewhat in the court, Paret still playing strongly to the end and winning in the fifth set by 6-3.

It was another victory for steadiness and physical training, backed by the everlasting persistence that has scored so many victories for ex-champion Wrenn.

The challenge match for the championship found a tired man pitted against a fresh one, with the same result recorded in nearly every previous year where the challenger has not out-classed the holder of the title. Paret was totally unable to do himself justice, although Whitman would probably have won anyway. Poor judgment and physical "staleness" kept the challenger from continuing the net play that had won every victory for him, in the first two sets; and from the base-line he was no

match for the champion, getting only three games in the two sets. When the third set began, however, Paret changed his style, and instantly the whole complexion of the match was altered. Rushing net tactics bothered the champion badly, and his antagonist ran the first five games off the reel in rapid fashion, a substantial lead which ultimately gave him the third set. In the fourth, however, his overtaxed strength was not equal to the long strain that he had undergone, and the champion won, although not without a fierce struggle up to 5-all.

The championship doubles were very one-sided. Davis and Ward are easily the strongest pair in the country, and their loss of the first set to Allen and Hackett in the East vs. West match, was due more to over-confidence and carelessness than inferior skill. After that the result was never in doubt, while, in the challenge match, the lack of practice of the holders left them little chance for a victory, and they were unable to win a set.

The full scores of the championship meeting follow:

Preliminary round—R. Stevens beat D. Miller, by default; R. P. Huntington beat R. McKittrick, 6-2, 8-6, 6-4; W. S. Bond beat W. J. Clothier, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4, 6-4; J. S. Bridges beat Payne Whitney, by default; B. C. Wright beat G. P. Sheldon, Jr. by default; R. D. Little beat F. Huntington, by default.

First round—R. P. Huntington beat Little, 6-4, 8-6, 6-4; Bond beat Bridges, 6-1, 6-2, 6-0; N. H. Mundy beat J. A. Allen, by default; H. Ward beat C. R. Budlong, 6-4, 6-4, 4-6, 6-2; A. Codman beat E. A. Freshman, 6-2, 6-4, 6-3; L. E. Ware beat N. McLeod, by default; J. P. Paret beat M. G. Chace, 3-6, 10-8, 6-0, 6-3; H. E. Avery beat W. A. Larned, by default; D. F. Davis beat H. G. Whitehead, 6-2, 6-4, 6-0; G. L. Wrenn, Jr. beat E. P. Fischer, 5-7, 8-6, 7-5, 6-2; J. S. Taylor beat J. K. Willing, 5-7, 8-6, 6-3, 3-6, 6-2; K. Collins beat T. Sturgis, Jr., 6-3, 6-1, 6-1; W. C. Grant beat E. Stillé, by default; Stevens beat H. W. Stiness, by default; Wright beat L. G. Grant, by default; C. W. Beard beat D. S. Ricker, 6-2, 6-2, 8-6.

Second round—Ware beat Codman, 9-7, 6-3, 6-3; Wrenn beat Taylor, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3; Collins beat Grant, 6-1, 6-1, 6-2; Huntington beat Stevens, 2-6, 3-6, 6-3, 6-3, 6-1; Bond beat Wright, 4-6, 6-4, 7-5, 4-6, 6-3; Paret beat Avery, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3; Ward beat Mundy, 4-6, 10-8, 6-2, 6-0; Davis beat Beard, 6-2, 6-0, 6-1.

Third round—Ware beat Ward, 3-6, 6-4, 9-11, 6-2, 6-4; Paret beat Huntington, 3-6, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4, 6-0; Davis beat Bond, 6-4, 6-4, 1-6, 6-4; Collins beat Wrenn, 8-6, 4-6, 4-6, 6-4, 6-3.

Semi-final round—Davis beat Collins, 6-4, 6-1, 8-6; Paret beat Ware, 7-5, 6-2, 6-4.

Final round—Paret beat Davis, 7-5, 3-10, 6-3, 2-6, 6-3.

Championship round—M. D. Whitman (holder) beat J. P. Paret (challenger), 6-1, 6-2, 3-6, 7-5.

EAST vs. WEST DOUBLES.

H. Ward and D. F. Davis (East) beat H. H. Hackett and J. A. Allen (West), 3-6, 6-3, 6-3, 6-2.

Challenge round—H. Ward and D. F. Davis (challengers) beat L. E. Ware and G. P. Sheldon, Jr. (holders), 6-4, 6-4, 6-3.

CONSOLE SINGLE.

First round—R. D. Little beat R. McKittrick, 6-2, 6-0; H. E. Avery beat L. G. Grant, 6-2, 6-1; E. A. Freshman beat H. G. Whitehead, by default; T. Sturgis, Jr., beat J. K. Willing, 6-4, 6-2; J. S. Bridges beat D. S. Ricker, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4; E. P. Fischer beat M. G. Chace, by default; W. J. Clothier beat W. C. Grant, by default; C. R. Budlong beat N. H. Mundy, 6-1, 6-4.

Second round—Little beat Avery, 6-3, 6-3; Budlong beat Freshman, 6-1, 6-0; Sturgis beat Bridges, 6-1, 4-6, 6-2; Fischer beat Clothier, 3-6, 6-4, 6-2.

Semi-final round—Fischer beat Sturgis, 6-2, 6-1; Little beat Budlong, 6-3, 10-8.

Final round—Fischer beat Little, 6-3, 6-0.

INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

Final round—B. C. Wright (Harvard), beat W. C. Grant (Columbia), 6-0, 6-2, 6-1.

ATLANTIC VS. PACIFIC COAST EXPERTS.

By far the most important of all the inter-sectional lawn-tennis matches that have yet been held in America took place in California early in September. The Western experts invited a team of representative Eastern cracks to meet them on the Pacific Coast in a series of special invitation tournaments, and this was the first of the series. The home players were fortunate in securing the presence of such a strong team as Champion Malcolm D. Whitman, Double Champions Dwight F. Davis and Holcombe Ward, and Interscholastic Champion Beals C. Wright. The team was made up at Newport during the National Championship week, and started for the Pacific Coast the week following.

The first tournament was held at the Hotel Del Monte courts, in Monterey, Cal., and the four Eastern players there met George F. Whitney, the Coast champion; his brother, Robert N. Whitney; Sumner Hardy, last year's champion of the Coast, and Samuel Hardy, his brother. The conditions called for each of the Eastern players to meet all four of the Coast champions in turn, each match being best three out of five sets and two rounds to be played each day. Play was started on September 5th and ended the following day, each man having played four matches.

The result was in many ways surprising. We of the East had long considered our leaders stronger than the best of the Pacific Coast experts, but the Westerners were not so thoroughly convinced of Eastern superiority until after the first tournament was over. Then the result was rather convincing, since the Eastern players won fourteen out of the sixteen matches played, with a score of 42 sets against 13 and 308 games against 194. To the surprise of both Eastern and Western men, the Coast champion, George Whitney, did not show the greatest strength. On the contrary, by far the strongest of the Californians turned out to be Sumner Hardy, who held the Coast championship last season, and it was he who won both of the matches for his team. Hardy beat both Ward and Wright in straight sets, but lost to Whitman and Davis in close matches. The former Coast champion volleyed fast and aggressively, his attack being very much stronger than that of any of the other Western players, and his defense quite as strong. He ran in to the net constantly, as do our most successful Eastern players, and the visitors found it very difficult to pass him.

Davis proved to be the strongest of the Easterners, and his "hurricane" style was

very discouraging to the home experts. They could make no headway at all against his long, fast strokes and his marvelously deep volleying. When in his best form, Davis is unquestionably the strongest active player in the country to-day, and he was very much on his game during the early part of his stay in California. He and Whitman were the only two first-class players in the Eastern party, and neither of them lost a match, Davis losing only two sets and Whitman but three.

The general result of the first meeting between the two teams would suggest that Sumner Hardy was nearly, if not quite, equal to our first-class Eastern players, while the other three were about even with the weaker men of the Eastern second-class. The conditions, it must be remembered, entirely favored the Western players, since they were on their home courts, to which they were thoroughly accustomed, and played amidst familiar surroundings, while the visitors not only played in a strange climate markedly different from that they are accustomed to, but also on a different kind of court.

The individual summary and scores follow:

EASTERN TEAM.									
Player.	Matches.		Sets.		Games.		Per cent.		
	Won	Lost.	Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.	Won.
Dwight Davis.....	4	0	12	2	74	35	.678		
Malcolm Whitman....	4	0	12	3	87	52	.625		
Holcombe Ward.....	3	1	9	4	68	40	.581		
Beals Wright.....	3	1	9	4	79	58	.576		
Total for team.....	14	2	42	13	308	194	.614		

WESTERN TEAM.									
Player.	Matches.		Sets.		Games.		Per cent.		
	Won	Lost.	Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.	Won.
Sumner Hardy.....	2	2	9	6	78	64	.549		
Samuel Hardy.....	4	2	12	44	84	.351			
George Whitney.....	4	1	12	40	85	.320			
Robert Whitney.....	4	1	12	32	75	.299			
Total for team.....	2	14	13	42	194	308	.386		

First Round—Malcolm Whitman beat Robert Whitney, 6-4, 3-6, 6-1; Dwight Davis beat George Whitney, 6-2, 6-1, 6-2; Holcombe Ward beat Samuel Hardy, 9-7, 3-6, 6-4, 6-1; Sumner Hardy beat Beals Wright, 7-5, 6-4, 6-3.

Second Round—Dwight Davis beat Samuel Hardy, 6-3, 6-2, 6-0; Holcombe Ward beat Robert Whitney, 6-4, 6-1, 6-4; Beals Wright beat George Whitney, 8-10, 6-3, 7-5, 8-6; Malcolm Whitman beat Sumner Hardy, 8-6, 3-6, 6-4, 7-5.

Third Round—Malcolm Whitman beat George Whitney, 6-1, 8-6, 6-0; Dwight Davis beat Robert Whitney, 6-3, 6-2, 6-0; Beals Wright beat Samuel Hardy, 6-3, 6-1, 8-6; Sumner Hardy beat Holcombe Ward, 6-3, 6-2, 6-3.

Fourth Round—Malcolm Whitman beat Samuel Hardy, 6-1, 6-2, 4-6, 6-2; Beals Wright beat Robert Whitney, 6-0, 6-3, 6-2; Holcombe Ward beat George Whitney, 6-1, 6-2, 6-1; Dwight Davis beat Sumner Hardy, 2-6, 6-4, 6-3, 0-6, 6-1.

J. PARMLY PARET.

SWIMMING.

THE Sixth Annual Championship swimming races of the Atlantic Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, were held on the upper Schuylkill River on August 19th. The remarkable events of the day were the swimming of E. C. Schaeffer, of the University of Pennsylvania, who started from scratch in the 220-yard handicap and made a new American record for the distance, and the performances of H. Kollock, who won the hundred yards and half-mile in fine style.

Summary of the events follows:

100-yard novice race—Won by Walter M. Jarman, N. S. A.; Howard E. Story, N. S. A., 2; Otto Hoinkes, 3. Time, 1:21 2-5.

100-yard championship—Won by Harry Kollock, N. S. A.; Howard C. Story, N. S. A., 2; C. H. Kollock, A. C. of P., 3. Time, 1:14 3-5.

Half-mile championship—Won by Harry Kollock, N. S. A.; time, 15m. 17 2-58. Walter M. Jarman, N. S. A., 2; time, 15m. 26 2-58. Victor Binder, A. C. of P., 3; time, 16m. 14 2-58.

220-yard handicap—Won by E. C. Schaeffer, N. Y. A. C., scratch; time, 2m. 45s. F. A. Wench, N. Y. A. C. (10 seconds), 2; time, 2m. 57s. C. H. Kollock, A. C. of P. (20 seconds), 3; time, 3m. 12 4-57.



ATHLETICS.

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE national championship games of the American Athletic Union were held August 26th on the athletic field of the Riverside Recreation Club, at Boston, Mass. The meet was a successful one, although only one new record was made, that of R. Sheldon in the discus throw. This distance was four feet three and five-eighths inches better than the previous record.

The most disappointing feature of the meet was the comparatively small number of entries. This can be accounted for, in a way, by the fact that during the past two seasons performers of such remarkable quality have sprung up that the majority of the events at a meeting in which they are entered is, barring accidents, a foregone conclusion.

The most remarkable feature with regard to the phenomenal athletes of to-day is the fact that they are equally good in two or more events, whilst most previous great performers confined themselves to one event; for instance, Kraenzlein is good in the hurdles and broad jump, and, in an emergency, in the high jump and hundred yards. Flanagan can usually be relied upon for the hammer-throwing and the fifty-six-pound weight, whilst in shot and discus he can cover more than the average distance. Baxter is another double performer in high jump and pole vault, and Alex. Grant can be intrusted with the long-distance runs. It is difficult to find a superior athlete to Long in the two-twenty and quarter, for he is practically reliable in both events. These men, together with Sheldon, Bray and Powers, form a very formidable combination.

The officers of the A. A. U. have recognized the fact that some step is necessary for the encouragement of the younger aspirants for honors. Undoubtedly some action for their benefit will be taken before another season, or it will not be long before the great national will dwindle down to a contest limited to the representatives of the New York A. C., who have had the good fortune to gather all the brilliant performers under their "winged foot."

A new name which I am pleased to record on the championship list is that of A. F. Duffy. He ran a great race in the hundred, and proved himself all that his followers had claimed.

The summary follows:

100-yard run—Won by A. F. Duffy, East Boston A. A.; A. C. Kraenzlein, N. Y. A. C., 2; Frank L. Stephens, Wanderers A. C., Halifax, 3. Time, 10s.
220-yard run—Won by M. W. Long, N. Y. A. C.; Frank L. Stephens, Wanderers A. C., Halifax, N. S., 2; B. J. Wefers, N. Y. A. C., 3. Time, 22 2-5s.
440-yard run—Won by M. W. Long, N. Y. A. C.; W. J. Holland, Boston, 2; J. J. Meynihan, St. Ann's A. C., Worcester, Mass., 3. Time, 50 4-5s.
880-yard run—Won by H. B. Manvel, New York; John Bray, N. Y. A. C., 2; G. F. C. Wood, N. Y. A. C., 3. Time, 1m. 58 1-5s.
One-mile run—Won by Alexander Grant, N. Y. A. C.; A. L. Wright, Newton, 2; D. J. O'Connell, Stamford, 3. Time, 4m. 28 3-5s.
Five-mile run—A dead heat between Alexander Grant, N. Y. A. C., and Dick Grant, Concord Junction, Mass.; J. L. Maguire, C. G. A. A., 3. Time, 28m. 30 4-5s.
120-yard hurdle race—Won by A. C. Kraenzlein, N. Y. A. C.; J. J. Peters, Yale A. A., 2; C. A. O'Rourke, N. Y. A. C., 3. Time, 15 4-5s.
220-yard hurdle race—Won by A. C. Kraenzlein, N. Y. A. C.; C. A. O'Rourke, N. Y. A. C., 2; T. F. McQueeney, C. G. A. A., Worcester, 3. Time, 26 1-5s.
Pole vault—Won by L. K. Baxter, N. Y. A. C., 10ft. 6in.; D. Reuss, K. A. C., and Aug. J. Anderson, New West Side A. A., New York, tied for second with 10ft. 6in.; Anderson waived his right and took third place.
Running high jump—Won by L. K. Baxter, N. Y. A. C., 6ft. 1in.; A. C. Kraenzlein, N. Y. A. C., 6ft., 2; J. Fred Powers, N. Y. A. C., 5ft. 11in., 3.
Running broad jump—Won by A. C. Kraenzlein, N. Y. A. C., 2ft. 5in.; E. B. Bloss, N. Y. A. C., 2ft. 9 1/2 in., 2; J. Fred Powers, N. Y. A. C., 2ft. 5 1/8 in., 3.
Throwing 56-lb. weight—Won by John Flanagan, N. Y. A. C., 33ft. 7 1/2 in.; Richard Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., 32ft. 4 1/2 in., 2; J. C. Coffey, K. A. C., 28ft. 3 3-8 in.
Throwing 16-lb. hammer—Won by John Flanagan, N. Y. A. C., 155ft. 4 1/2 in.; Charles Chadwick, N. Y. A. C., 145ft. 10in., 2; J. A. Coffey, K. A. C., 145ft. 2in., 3. Flanagan made a foul throw of 162ft. 5in.
Putting 16-lb. shot—Won by Richard Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., 44ft. 1/2 in.; J. Fred Powers, N. Y. A. C., 40ft. 4in., 2; John Flanagan, N. Y. A. C., 38ft. 10in., 3.
Throwing the discus—Won by Richard Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., 122ft. 5 8in., new world's record; J. Fred Powers, N. Y. A. C., 120ft. 6 1/2 in., 2; R. J. Sheridan, Pastime A. C., 115ft. 5 8in., 3.

CINCINNATI.

The field day of the Y. M. C. A. Athletic Club, of Cincinnati, was held at Chester Park, Cincinnati, Ohio, on August 26th. The meet was one of the largest and most successful events of the kind ever held in that city, and was sanctioned by the Athletic League of North America and A. A. U. The track was in poor condition.

Representatives from Yale, Kentucky State College, Owensboro, Ky.; Huntington, W. Va.; Hillsboro, Ohio; Lebanon, Ohio; Cincinnati

University, Cincinnati Gym. A. C., and local high schools took part in the different events.

Critchell, of Cincinnati, and State champion in the 100-yard dash, won fresh laurels by defeating Burnett, of Yale. Critchell ran a magnificent race in the 50-yards dash, winning in 5 3-5s. In the 100- and 220-yard dash Critchell also proved an easy winner, and with these three events to his credit was declared field champion by fifteen points.

Harry Spear, also of the Cincinnati Y. M. C. A., defeated Walter Adriance, of Yale, in the pole vault, clearing 10ft. 6in., breaking his own record of 10ft. 3in.; while in the running broad jump Spear again showed up in good style by defeating Robert Mitchell, Jr., of Yale, clearing 21ft. The results of the events follow:

50-yard dash—Won by Critchell, Cincinnati Y. M. C. A.; Burnett, Yale A. A., 2. Time, 5 3-5s.

880 yard run, handicap—Won by Beecher, Hillsboro, Ohio, 30yds; Ruff, Jackson A. C., 2. Time, 2m. 8 1-5s.

Running high jump—Won by Davies, Cincinnati Y. M. C. A.; De Camp, Cincinnati Y. M. C. A., 2. Height, 5ft. 4in.

220-yard hurdle—Won by Barber, Cincinnati Y. M. C. A.; Mitchell, St. Xavier's College, 2. Time, 28 2-5s.

Pole vault—Won by Harry Spear, Cincinnati Y. M. C. A.; Adriance, Yale A. A., 2. Height, 10ft. 6in.

100-yard dash—Won by Critchell, Cincinnati Y. M. C. A.; Hargrave, Franklin School, 2. Time, 10s. flat.

Shot-put—Won by Robertson, Yale A. C.; Wright, Princeton A. C., 2. Distance, 37ft. 3in.

220-yard dash—Won by Critchell, Cincinnati Y. M. C. A.; Hargrave, Franklin, 2. Time, 23 4-5s.

Running broad jump—Won by Harry Spear, Cincinnati Y. M. C. A.; Mitchell, Yale, 2. Distance, 21ft.

440-yard run, handicap—Won by Heintz, Cincinnati Y. M. C. A., 10yds.; Mannheim, Walnut Hills A. C., 2, 20yds. Time, 53 1-5s.

50-yard dash, Y. M. C. A. Juniors—Won by Hill; A. Sandan, 2. Time, 6 3-5s.

One-mile run, handicap—Won by Howard Speer, Yale College (scratch); A. Bass, Cincinnati Y. M. C. A., 2 (80yds). Time, 5m. flat.

Hammer throw—Won by Wright, Princeton; Lene, C. Y. M. C. A., 2. Distance, 130ft.

One-mile relay—Won by Cincinnati Y. M. C. A. first team, Barber, Lang, W. Heintz, Mottern; Y. M. C. A. second team, 2. Time, 4m. 11 3-5s.

WEIGHT-THROWING.

In addition to the usual programme provided for the annual Labor Day Athletic Carnival of the Knickerbocker Club, a special all-round weight-throwing competition was provided. John Flanagan, the New York Athletic Club's great weight-tosser, once more proved his re-



J. FLANAGAN
THROWING THE 56-LB. WEIGHT.

markable skill, winning first with a score of 16 points. Richard Sheldon was second with 13.

A summary of the weight contest follows:

ALL-ROUND WEIGHT-THROWING.

Throwing 16-pound hammer from seven-foot circle, scratch—Won by John Flanagan, New York Athletic Club, with 157ft. 10in.; J. C. Coffey, Knickerbocker Athletic Club, 2, with 148ft. 4in.; Charles Chadwick, New York Athletic Club, 3, with 130ft. 10in.

Throwing the 56-pound weight, scratch—Won by John Flanagan, New York Athletic Club, with 33ft. 2 1/2 in.; Richard Sheldon, New York Athletic Club, 2, with 32ft. 3in.; J. C. Coffey, Knickerbocker Athletic Club, 3, with 29ft. 2in.

Throwing the discus, scratch—Won by Richard Sheldon, New York Athletic Club, with 111ft. 11 1/2 in.; John Flanagan, New York Athletic Club, 2, with 103ft. 4 1/2 in.; J. C. Coffey, Knickerbocker Athletic Club, 3, with 94ft. 1in.

Putting the 16-pound shot, scratch—Won by Richard Sheldon, New York Athletic Club, with 45ft. 10in.; John Flanagan, New York Athletic Club, 2, with 39ft. 4in.; Charles Chadwick, New York Athletic Club, 3, with 31ft. 6in.

VIGILANT.

CROQUET.

THE Eighteenth Annual Tournament of the National Croquet Association was held at Norwich, Conn., from August 15th to 19th. The weather conditions were most favorable, and the tournament a decided success from all points. One of the surprises of the meet was the fine playing of C. G. Williams, of Washington, D. C., who is a new-comer, and succeeded in carrying off first honors, in the first division. Washington men in this division took first, second and third; they were also first in the second division, and tied for first in the third; but as H. Wahly could not remain to play off the tie, so first honors were awarded to H. Congdon.

At the annual meeting the subject of changing the name of the game from croquet to roque was discussed; the change was considered advisable. The standing of the first six players in each division follows:

FIRST DIVISION.

Name.	Won.	Lost.
C. G. Williams, Washington.....	12	2
W. H. Wahly, Washington.....	11	3
Sackett Duryea, Washington.....	10	3
Professor Jacobus, Springfield.....	6	8
W. A. Towne, New London.....	5	9
B. A. Bean, Washington.....	5	9

SECOND DIVISION.

Paul N. Peck, Washington.....	13	1
J. B. Bell, Wilmington, Del.....	11	3
Charles T. Bard, Norwich.....	8	6
T. J. Baker, Washington.....	8	6
G. H. Cooper.....	6	8
W. E. Dwight, Melrose, Mass.....	4	10

THIRD DIVISION.

H. Congdon, Norwich.....	10	1
H. Wahly, Washington.....	10	1
R. W. Prentiss, New Brunswick.....	9	2
G. S. Vanwyckle, New Brunswick.....	8	3
E. B. Stauffer, Boyertown, Pa.....	7	4
F. H. Foss, Norwich.....	6	5

VIGILANT.

POLO CALENDAR, 1899.

HEMPSTEAD CUPS.				Handi-	
Date.	Field.	Winners.	Goals.	Losers.	cap.
May 15.	Meadow Brook...	Meadow Brook, 2d.	6¾	C. C. Westchester.....	L. 1
MEADOW BROOK CUPS.					
May 19.	Meadow Brook...	Westchester (Newport).....	8	Meadow Brook, 1st.....	W. 1
COUNTRY CLUB CUPS.					
May 29.	Westchester.....	Philadelphia, 1st.....	13½	Meadow Brook, 2d.....	6½ L. 4
May 31.	Westchester.....	Philadelphia, 2d.....	11	Lakewood.....	9¾ L. 2
June 3.	Westchester.....	Philadelphia, 1st.....	14	C. C. Westchester.....	4 E. 1
June 5.	Westchester.....	Philadelphia, 2d.....	9	Philadelphia, 1st.....	8 E.
WESTCHESTER CUPS.					
June 2.	*Westchester.....	Westchester (Newport).....	10	Meadow Brook, 1st.....	8 W. 1
SPECIAL CUPS (IN LIEU OF WESTCHESTER WITHDRAWN).					
June 16.	Meadow Brook...	Westchester (Newport).....	6¾	Meadow Brook, 1st.....	1 W. 1
VALENTINE CUPS.					
June 12.	Devon.....	Devon won by default of C. C. Westchester.....	—	—	—
June 13.	Devon.....	Philadelphia, 2d.....	13	Lakewood.....	7¾ L. 6
June 14.	Devon.....	Devon.....	18½	Philadelphia, 1st.....	10 L. 1
June 17.	Devon.....	Devon.....	14	Philadelphia, 2d.....	6¾ L. 5
MORRELL CHALLENGE CUPS.					
June 19.	Bala.....	C. C. Westchester.....	12¾	Rockaway.....	7¾ W. 5
June 20.	Bala.....	Devon won by default of.....	—	Myopia Freebooters.....	—
June 21.	Bala.....	Lakewood.....	10¾	Philadelphia, 2d.....	6¾ W. 3
June 22.	Bala.....	Devon.....	8¾	Philadelphia, 1st.....	5 L. 1
June 23.	Bala.....	C. C. Westchester.....	12	Lakewood.....	8½ L. 9
June 27.	Bala.....	Devon.....	8¾	C. C. Westchester.....	7¾ L. 2
ALDEN CUP.					
June 26.	Bala.....	Lakewood.....	17½	Philadelphia, 2d.....	7 L. 1
June 28.	Bala.....	Philadelphia, 1st.....	10½	Rockaway.....	2¾ L. 1
June 28.	Bala.....	Lakewood.....	11½	Philadelphia, 1st.....	7¾ W. 5
June 29.	Bala.....	Devon.....	17¾	Myopia.....	6 W. 4
July 1.	Bala.....	Devon.....	19	Lakewood.....	9¾ L. 8
BLIZZARD CUPS.					
July 3.	Rockaway.....	Meadow Brook, 2d, won by default of.....	—	Philadelphia, 2d.....	—
July 4.	Rockaway.....	Lakewood.....	10	Rockaway, 2d.....	4¾ W. 1
July 7.	Rockaway.....	Meadow Brook, 2d.....	10½	Lakewood.....	9½ L. 3
LADIES' CUPS.					
July 5.	Rockaway.....	Meadow Brook, 1st.....	6	Rockaway (veterans).....	1¾ O.
July 6.	Rockaway.....	Devon.....	14½	Philadelphia, 1st.....	1½ O.
July 8.	Rockaway.....	Meadow Brook, 1st.....	11¼	Devon.....	4½ O.
CEDARHURST CHALLENGE CUP.					
July 10.	Rockaway.....	Philadelphia, 1st.....	14¾	Rockaway, 2d.....	9¾ L. 3
July 11.	Rockaway.....	Devon.....	10	C. C. Westchester.....	5¾ L. 2
July 12.	Rockaway.....	Meadow Brook, 1st.....	8¾	Rockaway (veterans).....	8½ W. 4
July 15.	Rockaway.....	Devon won by default of.....	—	Meadow Brook, 1st.....	—
July 18.	Rockaway.....	Devon.....	14	Philadelphia, 1st.....	7½ L. 5
GOULD CUPS (SPECIAL).					
July 14.	Rockaway.....	Lakewood.....	11	Philadelphia.....	2¾ E.
SOUTHAMPTON CUPS (COLLIER).					
July 19.	Rockaway.....	Lakewood.....	13¾	Rockaway, 2d.....	9¾ L. 1
JUVENILE CUPS (GOULD).					
July 20.	Rockaway.....	Blue Team.....	3	Red Team.....	¾ O.
RHODE ISLAND CUPS.					
July 24.	Point Judith.....	Dedham, 2d.....	13¾	Point Judith, 2d.....	2 E.
July 24.	Point Judith.....	Dedham, 2d.....	6¾	Meadow Brook, 2d.....	6¾ E.
July 25.	Point Judith.....	Philadelphia, 2d.....	8½	Westchester, 2d.....	8 W. 5
July 27.	Point Judith.....	Dedham, 2d.....	17	Myopia, 2d.....	1¾ L. 1
July 28.	Point Judith.....	Philadelphia, 2d.....	13	Devon, 2d.....	3 E.
July 31.	Point Judith.....	Dedham, 2d.....	18½	Philadelphia, 2d.....	Less 1 W. 1
POINT JUDITH CUPS.					
July 26.	Point Judith.....	Myopia, 1st.....	5½	Devon, 1st.....	4¾ O.
July 29.	Point Judith.....	Westchester (Newport).....	15½	Dedham, 1st.....	4 O.
Aug. 1.	Point Judith.....	Meadow Brook, 1st.....	3¾	Myopia, 1st.....	2¾ O.
Aug. 5.	Point Judith.....	Westchester (Newport).....	4½	Meadow Brook, 1st.....	4¾ O.
NARRAGANSETT CUPS.					
July 28.	Point Judith.....	Philadelphia Freebooters won by default of Lakewood.....	—	—	—
Aug. 2.	Point Judith.....	Westchester C. C., 1st.....	15	Point Judith, 1st.....	8¾ L. 2
Aug. 2.	Point Judith.....	Dedham, 1st.....	—	Myopia, 2d (game cancelled).....	—
Aug. 3.	Point Judith.....	Myopia, 1st.....	10	Devon, 1st.....	9½ L. 4
Aug. 4.	Point Judith.....	Westchester C. C., 1st.....	13	Philadelphia Freebooters.....	9 L. 6
Aug. 7.	Point Judith.....	Dedham, 1st.....	14¾	Myopia.....	11 W. 6
Aug. 9.	Point Judith.....	Dedham, 1st.....	16	Westchester C. C., 1st.....	5¾ W. 4
NEWPORT CUPS.					
Aug. 10.	Newport.....	Philadelphia Freebooters.....	—	Westchester C. C. (game cancelled).....	—
Aug. 11.	Newport.....	Devon.....	6¾	Point Judith.....	5¾ E.
Aug. 17.	Newport.....	Devon.....	9½	Philadelphia Freebooters.....	7 L. 4
WESTCHESTER POLO CLUB CUPS.					
Aug. 12.	Newport.....	Westchester (Newport).....	13	Myopia.....	8 O.
Aug. 16.	Newport.....	Westchester (Newport).....	8¾	Meadow Brook.....	7¾ O.
OELRICH'S CUPS.					
Aug. 15.	Newport.....	Eustis' Team.....	8¾	Hazard's Team.....	7½ W. 1
PRESIDENT'S CUPS.					
Aug. 19.	Newport.....	Blue Team.....	12	Red Team.....	2¾ O.
HAMILTON CUPS.					
Aug. 21.	Hamilton.....	Buffalo.....	12¾	Myopia, 2d.....	6¾ W. 3
Aug. 21.	Hamilton.....	Point Judith, by withdrawal of Westchester.....	—	—	—
Aug. 25.	Hamilton.....	Myopia, 1st.....	12	Point Judith.....	11 L. 10
Aug. 26.	Hamilton.....	Buffalo.....	14¾	Dedham.....	8¾ W. 12
Aug. 28.	Hamilton.....	Myopia, 1st.....	19¾	Buffalo.....	16¾ L. 16
MYOPIA CUPS.					
Aug. 22.	Hamilton.....	Westchester C. C. (veterans).....	18	Myopia, 1st.....	12 L. 9
HANDICAP CUPS.					
Aug. 24.	Hamilton.....	Point Judith.....	9	Dedham, 2d.....	5½ W. 1
Aug. 24.	Hamilton.....	Buffalo.....	14¾	Myopia, 2d.....	7 W. 6
Aug. 30.	Hamilton.....	Buffalo.....	18	Point Judith.....	6 W. 6
KARLSTEIN CUPS.					
Aug. 31.	Dedham.....	Myopia, 2d.....	13	Dedham, 2d.....	12 W. 2
Sept. 5.	Dedham.....	Myopia, 2d.....	19	Buffalo.....	14¾ L. 10
DEDHAM CUPS.					
Sept. 2.	Dedham.....	Dedham, 1st.....	16	Myopia, 1st.....	14 W. 3

NOTE.—Handicap: L. 1 means losers were allowed 1 goal; W., winners; E., even; O., handicap ignored.

POLO.

AS predicted in the June issue of *OUTING*, the polo season of 1899 has proved most enjoyable, and has aroused wide public interest in the sport. The tournaments held on the Eastern circuit from May 15th to September 5th, inclusive, at Meadow Brook, Westchester, Devon, Philadelphia, Rockaway, Point Judith, Newport, Hamilton and Dedham have been characterized by polo of the most thrilling nature; and the games have been well patronized, not only by members of the fashionable set, but also by the general public in immense crowds. The weather has been delightful, with two or three exceptions, throughout the tournaments at the several clubs; and the schedule of games, as published by the Polo Association, has been as closely adhered to as circumstances would permit, so that there has been little or no disappointment on that score. The calendar, submitted herewith, shows sixty-five games actually played and only eight contests canceled. With the score or more games yet to be played during the championship series, and the tournaments of the Staten Island, Somerset, Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis clubs, the complete list for the entire season will show an extraordinary increase over any previous record. Last year there were in all only forty-five games contested, the withdrawal of many prominent poloists being rendered necessary by their participation in the war with Spain. These, having now resumed peaceful vocations, have returned to their old love, polo, with renewed ardor, and are prosecuting the game with more zest than ever; all of which points to the early adoption of the sport at army posts, which, if effected, will result in a series of military tournaments such as has been customary with English organizations for many years past. But pending this condition of things, the younger members of social clubs here have during this season plunged into polo with remarkable zeal, and lovers of the sport have better reason than ever before to feel gratified at the great degree of popularity which polo now enjoys.

As heretofore, it is still somewhat difficult to follow up the work of specific teams throughout the season, the substitution of players for those regularly entered having been all too frequent. But this cannot always be avoided, for the reason that players find it inconvenient, on account of business or social engagements, to live up strictly to the schedule as published. The enrollment of players on the membership lists of several clubs, and their appearance for one or more of those clubs at the different tournaments is, however, a feature which operates against the results hoped for from the handicapping and classification of players, and is, apparently, a factor tending to the elimination of local club pride. While there can be no objection to any player joining half a hundred clubs situated at summer resorts or elsewhere, being thus enabled to make use of several fields to keep himself and ponies in practice, yet to a follower of the sport it does not seem proper that such a player should represent any but his home club in regular match games. Of course, against this may be argued the fact that the clubs are a long distance apart, and in

order to make the sport popular over a wide area, it is necessary to induce every available player at the several summer resorts to participate in the games scheduled. As increased popularity of the sport is the prime object of the association, the methods now in vogue may be admissible. The arrangement has in its favor the fact that by it mixed teams are procurable, and so, young and inexperienced players get the benefit of playing with, instead of against, men either more expert or of longer experience on the turf. It also tends to the development and sealing of friendships among men of different social status, and so widens the sphere of the sport and breaks down the barrier that might otherwise encroach upon that democratic spirit by which all good sportsmen claim to be actuated.

The change from the old-time three to the new four-period match game cannot, in the opinion of the writer, claim to have produced any material improvement in play.

As played to-day by experts mounted on a breeder and swifter class of ponies than used in years past, a game of polo seems to be carried out as follows: First period, hot pace and rapid play on the part of at least one team, and if not by both, then the team not forcing the pace takes the measure of its opponents. Second period sees more science brought to bear, and as a rule more infield play and a dexterous passing to and fro of the ball, rather than many goals being scored. Third period (if a three-period game), a dashing wind-up with players and ponies screwed up to concert pitch and a grand finale that rouses the audience to a high plane of enthusiasm. In short, a most enjoyable game from start to finish. In the present four-period game interest seems to lag frequently, during the third period at least; and as there is a rule requiring players to continue after the end of each period until the ball is either knocked out of bounds or a goal made, the ponies and players get fagged out, and so there is much slow play and maneuvering for wind toward the end of a match. The four-period game, too, has a tendency to protract play until a later hour than a three-period game did.

Referring to the rule requiring extra play at the close of each period until the ball is either knocked out or put through the goal-posts, a similar rule governs at the end of a game, so that as a matter of fact, players are oftener engaged for four periods of about twenty minutes each. The question might be asked: "If a game starts at the sound of a gong, why should it not stop when the bell rings?" Further, the rule now in vogue gives the team slightly ahead an advantage, because it is much easier to tip a ball over the border than it is to force it through the goal-posts. In nearly every case of a close finish this season (and by reference to the list there will be seen quite a number), the winning team was a quarter or half or a full goal ahead when the closing bell rang, and all the team had to do was to tip the ball over the border and thus prevent an opponent working the ball up the field for a goal. The game might just as well stop when the bell rings and let the team slightly in the lead win legitimately, instead of continuing for another minute or two until the

team may be said to win by a fluke, or, in other words, an unsportsmanlike effort.

With regard to the association's system of handicapping players, it has operated with good effect on the circuit in many instances, and is to be highly commended as far as it goes; but it would be much more effective if it could be extended early in the season, so as to cover players belonging to clubs far removed from the Eastern seaboard, in other words, clubs which are not represented at the tournaments held near New York, during the first portion of the circuit. The Buffalo and Dedham teams were noticeably underhandicapped when they appeared on the circuit; and in one case, that of the Lakewood organization, players of fair experience—some of them somewhat advanced in years, it is true, but not less ardent and plucky for all that—might well have carried heavier penalties, although I'm sure no one who saw the Lakewood players carry through their half-dozen victories in this the first year of the club's existence, begrudges the team its success. But there is another phase of the question, and that is that an extension of the system of handicapping distant clubs would perhaps let in those clubs at tournaments where crowds of enthusiasts congregate, and where valuable trophies are offered only to highly rated teams. For instance, the St. Louis club asked for admission to the Newport tournaments this season on the basis of a higher handicap than their actual rating authorized. The Polo Association, recognizing the sportsmanship that actuated the club's request, would, of course, have signified its approval had the Western organization ultimately decided to come on, or, at any rate, the association would have quickly arranged contests at a handicap suitable to the applicants' rating. How such a difficulty is to be surmounted, however, does not appear clear, as players cannot well be handicapped until they have been seen in actual competition with experienced teams which have had the opportunity to earn their laurels against a number of clubs. Distances are great between Eastern and Western clubs, and traveling with a batch of ponies no small item of expense for any club that undertakes to follow the circuit from start to finish. The establishment of more local clubs seems to be the only remedy; and an arrangement of Eastern, Central and Western circuits which could be traveled by clubs local to the several sections, the only basis for anything like an absolutely correctly gauged handicap list.

One more point which seems to operate against the proper matching of teams is the permitting of one or more expert players at a high handicap to combine with low-rate players on so-called second teams. On its face this is ridiculous, as the team is not second-rate in the proper sense of the term. It is pleasing to find that in offering trophies, some donors, in opening a contest to, say, players whose aggregate handicap does not exceed sixteen goals, insist that no player shall rank higher than four goals. It is the offering of prizes to players of low handicap that encourages young poloists, and stipulations of this nature are to be commended.

As much adverse criticism has been going the rounds with regard to the fees charged by the authorities of the Point Judith and New-

port clubs for admission to their grounds when polo games are in progress, it may be well to devote a moment to the subject in a magazine wholly reserved for the edification of amateur sportsmen. For several years past the Newport Club has collected an admission fee, and the two or three hundreds of dollars so collected have been used to meet a little of the immense expense incident to keeping the polo grounds, etc., in playable condition. When it is understood that many thousands of dollars have been expended in keeping up the grounds, and this winter something like \$13,000 more will be spent on the resodding and leveling of the new field at Newport, the few dollars collected from sight-seers may safely be regarded as merely a drop in the bucket. At Point Judith the bulk of the expense fell upon one generous member; and as he contemplates many extensive changes and alterations of the grounds, clubhouse, etc., before next season, he cannot surely be blamed for expecting visitors to his grounds helping to bear some of the expense incident to catering to their amusement. Not every one is a millionaire able to present hundreds of acres of land for a playing ground, and then keep up those grounds in perfect order for an indefinite term of years at his own expense. Neither is it possible to organize clubs at all the summer resorts, the members of which can afford to purchase and support spacious grounds, clubhouse, etc., in addition to the drain upon their purses for the support of their home clubs and polo fields, etc. There can be no fear of the charging of a small admission fee to polo games taking on the commercial aspect which has of late years become attached to the "big games," such as football contests, etc., conducted under the auspices of athletic organizations.

As space does not permit of an analysis of the calendar, I will confine myself to pointing out briefly the work of the leading teams on the circuit. The Westchester (Newport) organization, consisting of J. M. and Lawrence Waterbury (the former in place of that rare old sportsman, Stanley Mortimer, who, after some brilliant work and a few falls, resolved to relinquish the polo field this season), John E. Cowdin and Foxhall Keene, has met the next best team, viz., the Meadow Brook Light Blues: W. C. Eustis, C. C. Baldwin, H. P. Whitney and Benjamin Nicoll (the last relieved occasionally by J. B. and George P. Eustis), seven times, and defeated them five, the Light Blues turning the tables on the other two occasions in about equal measure. Both these teams are entered for the championship in progress at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, as OUTING goes to press. The next best team, also entered for the championship, is the Myopia, which has met all comers successfully except the Meadow Brooks and the Westchester Newporters, also having suffered one defeat by the Dedham first quartet, after allowing that team three goals. The Myopias, made up of A. P. Gardner, R. L. Agassiz, R. G. Shaw, 2d, and H. H. Holmes, have proved themselves an extraordinary delegation and well worthy of third place on the list. The most noticeable team of young players is the Devon quartet, C. R. Snowden, George W. Kendrick, 3d, Charles Wheeler and George McFadden, that has won

the Valentine, Alden, Morrell and Cedarhurst challenge cups in a series of brilliant contests against all comers during the first half of the season. This young team gave the Meadow Brook Light Blues quite a tussle on the flat, and it is to be regretted that the latter did not meet them under the handicap. The Philadelphia Country Club changed its representatives so many times that the wonder is the several teams did as well as the list shows. Albert E. Kennedy, Hinckle Smith, J. Frank McFadden and Robert Strawbridge, assisted at intervals by Messrs. Altemus, Bodine, Zeilin, Warden and Rosengarten, have been the most noticeable players on this team, and made a record at the opening of the season by winning the Country Club Cups after four straight victories. The Westchester Country Club has, by a judicious substitution of players, come out fairly well, Messrs. Beeckman, Potter, the two Waterbury brothers, and Eugene Reynal having alternated with each other and given the club a good showing considering the quality of the players the team has played against. George J. Gould's organization, the Lakewood team, on which have appeared H. L. Herbert, Chairman of the Polo Association; P. F. Collier, the well-known master of fox-hounds; his son, Robert Collier, and J. Dallett, Jr., (the latter two doing most of the brilliant work in the middle of the team, while the elderly players backed them up), had a brilliant career, and George Gould himself proved invincible as a

"forward," his riding-off being beyond criticism. Buffalo and Dedham, already mentioned, made matters most interesting at Narragansett and Myopia, and both teams are deserving of attention at the hands of the official handicapper.

The juveniles who have essayed polo on ponies came in for their share of glory this season, two teams made up of the younger sons of members of the Rockaway Club having put up a game contest for cups presented by George J. Gould. To perpetuate this phase of the sport W. A. Hazard, who has been fondly called the foster father of polo on Long Island, has offered the Juvenile Polo Cup, to be played for each year by young aspirants to honors on the turf.

A. H. GODFREY.

POLO IN CALIFORNIA.

On August 24th, on the grounds of the Hotel Del Monte, at Monterey, Cal., a polo match took place between teams representing northern and southern California. The representatives of the north were R. M. Tobin, J. S. Tobin, C. Baldwin and C. M. Dunphy, who are all members of the Burlingame Country Club, while the champions of the south were C. E. Maud and R. L. Bettner, of Riverside, and W. Stillwell and C. Ealand, of Santa Barbara. The northerners were much better mounted, and had all the best of the play, the match ending in their favor, 9 goals to 1.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ROWING.

MIDDLE STATES ASSOCIATION.

THE tenth annual regatta of the Middle States Association was held on the Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, September 4th. The local oarsmen secured premier honors in seven out of the twelve events on the programme. One of the most interesting and exciting races of the day was the senior double shells between Vesper and Pennsylvania Barge Club, of Philadelphia, and Harlem Rowing Club. The first half mile was a hard race, and Vesper, after being hard pressed, finished winners in the best time of the day.

Summary follows:

Intermediate single shells, final heat—Won by Joseph Dempsey, Pennsylvania Barge Club; M. A. Cornell, Union Boat Club, New York, 2. Time, 6m. 46 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Senior single shells, final heat—Won by Edwin Hedley, Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia; Henri C. Scott, Pennsylvania Barge Club, Philadelphia; 2; R. C. Lockwood, West Philadelphia Boat Club, 3. Time, 6m. 6s.

Junior double shell, final heat—Won by Passaic Boat Club, Passaic, N. J.; C. Schwinn, J. L. Mason; Nassau Boat Club, New York, Jesse Powers, H. L. Powers, 2; Lone Star Boat Club, New York, E. Keller, M. Metzler, 3. Time, 5m. 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

Senior four-oar shell, final heat—Won by Pennsylvania Barge Club, H. Monaghan, M. Reugenberg, E. Marsh, J. O. Exley, stroke; Detroit Boat Club, Detroit, 2; Vesper Boat Club did not finish. Time, 5m. 14s.

Intermediate double shell, final heat—Won by Passaic Boat Club, Passaic, N. J.; C. Schwinn, J. L. Mason; Malta Boat Club, Philadelphia, G. F. Haetrich, Jr., J. M. Root, Jr., 2. Time, 5m. 47s.

Junior four-oar gig, final heat—Won by Quaker City Barge Club, Philadelphia, F. Jackson, bow; C. C. Mehler, 2; W. Benkert, 3; J. Surman, stroke; George Bihn, coxswain; Chamounix Boat Club, Philadelphia, 2; West Philadelphia Boat Club did not finish. Time, 6m. 51 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.

Junior single shell, final heat—Won by William Mehroff, Nassau Boat Club, New York; H. De Baecke,

Vesper Boat Club, 2; George W. Engle, Malta Boat Club, 3. Time, 6m. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Intermediate eight-oar shell, final heat—Won by Vesper Boat Club, Philadelphia, J. Shane, R. W. King, R. Haggarty, H. Teaf, F. Stehle, Jr., F. Hanlon, P. Madden, W. Wark, stroke; J. B. Love, coxswain; Montrose Boat Club, Philadelphia, 2; Palisade Boat Club, New York, 3. Time, 7m. 49s.

Senior double shell, final heat—Won by Vesper Boat Club, R. Harflinger, E. Hedley; Pennsylvania Barge Club, H. Monaghan, E. Marsh, 2; Harlem Boat Club, New York, C. W. Mase, J. W. Maher, 3. Time, 5m. 36s.

Intermediate four-oar gig, final heat—Won by Union Boat Club, New York, L. Cornell, G. W. Effinger, J. Steen, W. Rogers, stroke; F. P. Fitzsimmons, coxswain; West Philadelphia Boat Club, 2; Vesper Boat Club, 3. Time, 5m. 55s.

Junior eight-oar shell, final heat—Won by Potomac Boat Club, Washington, D. C., W. Young, F. B. Gordon, W. J. Mawgan, S. B. Maize, W. Britt, R. M. Heth, J. T. Daily, C. Lansford, stroke; J. T. Crow, coxswain; Harlem Boat Club, New York, 2; Malta Boat Club, Philadelphia, 3; Staten Island Boat Club, New York, 4. Time, 8m. 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ s.

Senior eight-oar shell, final heat—Won by Pennsylvania Barge Club, A. C. McCloskey, Joseph Dempsey, H. Monaghan, M. Reugenberg, P. Kuenzig, H. G. Scott, E. Marsh, J. O. Exley, stroke; George Klages, coxswain; Vesper Boat Club, 2. Time, 7m. 46s.

CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR OARSMEN.

The twentieth annual regatta of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen was held on the St. Lawrence River, Brockville, Ontario, Canada, on August 3d and 4th. The course was one and a half miles with turn. On the first day the water was perfectly smooth. On the second the weather was less favorable and the water rough.

The summary of events follows:

Junior singles, first heat—Won by L. Scholes, Dons; E. McGee, Toronto, 2; Walter Laing, Grand Trunk, 3. Time, 10m. 43 1-5s.

Junior doubles, final—Won by E. S. Warner, bow, H. N. Leonard, stroke, Detroit; F. I. Ritchie, bow, E. Carr, stroke, Brockville, 2; G. B. Greene, Jr., bow, W. T. Lawless, stroke, Ottawas, 3. Time, 9m. 50s.

Junior singles, second heat—Won by Harold Fraser, Brockville; J. C. Knight, Detroit, 2; R. J. Kell, Grand Trunk, 3. Time, 10m. 36 1-55.

Senior doubles, final heat—Won by James Henderson, bow, William Weinand, stroke, Delawares; J. O'Connor, bow, L. Marsh, stroke, Dons No. 1, 2. Time, 9m. 40s. Dons distanced.

Junior fours, final—Won by J. F. Lyon, bow, Walter Mower, 2, D. B. Duffield, 3, H. N. Leonard, stroke, Detroit; Torontos, 2; Lachines, 3. Time, 9m. 13 1-55.

Intermediate singles, first heat—Won by J. C. Mason, Argonauts; J. T. Eastwood, Toronto No. 2, 2. Time, 10m. 51 1-55.

Intermediate singles, second heat—Won by E. J. Minnette, Toronto No. 1; L. Kennedy, Dons, 2, but put back for foul. Time, 11m. 32s.

Junior singles—Won by Harold Fraser, Brockville; L. Scholes, Dons, 2; E. McGee, Torontos, 3. Time, 11m. 33 1-55.

Intermediate fours—Won by J. F. Lyon, bow, Walter Mower, 2, D. B. Duffield, 3, H. N. Leonard, stroke, Detroit; Grand Trunk, 2; Ottawas, 3. Time, 9m. 36 1-55.

Senior fours—Won by Detroit, same crew as Intermediate; Brockville, 2; Dons, 3. Time, 9m. 13s.

Senior pair oars—Won by Fred Andrews, bow, E. L. Warner, stroke, Detroit; J. R. Bennett, bow, A. R. Stell, stroke, Torontos, 2, distanced. Time, 11m. 22 4-55.

Intermediate singles—Won by J. C. Mason, Argonauts; E. J. Minnette, Torontos, 2; L. Kennedy, Dons, 3. Time, 11m. 23s.

War canoes—Won by Bohemian A. A. A.; Brockville Rowing Club, 2.

Senior singles—Won by L. Marsh, Dons; J. C. Mason, Argonauts, 2; C. L. Van Damme, Mutuals, 3. Time, 10m. 50 2-55.

VIGILANT.

ROWING ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The sixth annual regatta at Astoria, Oregon, took place August 21st, 22d and 23d. The Astoria regatta is the most important rowing event on the Pacific Coast, and attracts oarsmen from Portland (Oregon), Vancouver and Victoria in British Columbia, and also from San Francisco. The following are the results of the races rowed on August 21st:

Junior out-rigged skiff race—J. Lewis, of the Alameda Boat Club, Cal., defeated E. C. Sternberg, of the Ariel Rowing Club, of San Francisco, by several lengths. Course, one and a half miles with a turn.

Senior out-rigged skiff race, first heat—Dr. C. C. Dennis, of the South End Rowing Club, of San Francisco, 1; S. J. Pembroke, of the Alameda Boat Club, 2; James Patton, of the Portland Rowing Club, 3. Time, 14m. 05s.

Second heat—F. W. Ayers, of the Alameda Boat Club, 1; James Foley, of the South End Rowing Club, of San Francisco, 2. Won handily. Time, 15m. 37s.

Double pleasure-boat race, open only to Astorians—P. A. Trullinger and Park Upshur won. Time, 14m. 49s.

Four-oared barge race—Crew consisting of W. G. Hansen and D. Greenleaf, of the Alameda Boat Club, and J. Dalgleish and J. Patton, of the Portland Rowing Club, beat the University of California crew by 5s. Time, 10m. 45s. The University of California representatives were as follows: James Hopper, bow; Roy Fryer, No. 2; F. Waggershauer, No. 3, and Clinton Tracy, stroke. Rowed in a driving rain and against a strong current.

On August 22d the weather cleared up, and in the morning the water was smooth. The following were the results:

Senior out-rigged skiff race, trial heat—F. W. Ayers, of the Alameda Boat Club, defeated Dr. C. C. Dennis, of the South End Rowing Club, by several lengths. Time, 11m. 10s.

Special four-oared barge race—The senior crew of the Alameda Boat Club, consisting of J. Lewis, bow; W. G. Hansen, No. 2; R. C. Webb, No. 3, and F. W. Ayers, stroke, finished one length ahead of the University of California four, made up as follows: J. Hopper, bow; Roy Fryer, No. 2; D. Greenleaf, No. 3, and F. Waggershauer, stroke. D. Greenleaf is a member of the Alameda Boat Club, but rowed to fill the vacancy created by the illness of Clinton Tracy, stroke of the University crew.

Double sculling race—Hart and Scott, of the Portland Rowing Club, won from Alexander and Thompson, of the Vancouver Boat Club. The race was unsatisfactory, as Alexander's rowlock was damaged shortly after the start.

Four-oared shell race—The Vancouver crew, which had a new shell, refused to row on account of the roughness of the water; the shell of the Alameda Boat Club's senior crew swamped before they had rowed a quarter of a mile, and the Portland four, who rowed cleanly, alone finished the course, though their boat nearly filled.

August 23d, the last day of the regatta, was fine, with a light breeze and smooth water. The following are the results:

Single shell race—Five started. J. Patton, of the Portland Rowing Club, won, and Dr. C. C. Dennis, of the South End Rowing Club, of San Francisco, was second. J. Foley, of the South End Rowing Club, finished third, H. Wittkopf, of the Ariel Rowing Club, fourth, and E. C. Sternberg, also of the Ariel Rowing Club, last. J. Patton crowded C. C. Dennis, and won by less than half a length. Time, 12m. 39s.

Exhibition four-oared barge race—The University of California crew paced the Alameda Boat Club senior crew, who attempted to break the Coast record of 9m. 54s. for 1½ miles with a turn. The record was made by a barge crew of the Stockton Athletic Association at Stockton, Cal., in 1896. Alameda crew's time fell considerably short of this, being 10m. 30s.

Besides the rowing races mentioned above, there were Indian canoe races, Chinese boat races, Whitehall races, greasy pole and many other aquatic contests.

The University of California crew, which are only a junior four, found themselves pitted against seniors. To reward their pluck, the junior championship was awarded to them, the other crews which had entered withdrawing in their favor.

The regatta was under the control of a managing committee, of which G. C. Fulton was Chairman, Harrison Allen, Secretary, and C. E. Hughes, Treasurer.

PACIFIC COAST ASSOCIATION OF AMATEUR OARSMEN.

On Thursday, August 24th, a meeting of delegates from the rowing clubs of Astoria, the University of California, the South End Rowing Club, the Alameda Boat Club, the Ariel Rowing Club and the Olympic Boat Club, of San Francisco, was held at the headquarters of the Astoria regatta. The Pacific Coast Association of Amateur Oarsmen was organized, with G. C. Fulton, temporary Chairman, and Harrison Allen, temporary Secretary. The proposed constitution and by-laws of the Association were discussed. Oarsmen are placed in two classes, senior and junior. Medals are not to exceed \$35 in value, though presented cups may be of any value. A four-oared barge was defined as a clinker-built boat, with rowlocks on the gunwale; and a skiff as a clinker-built craft not exceeding 21 feet 6 inches in length or 22 inches in width. The following officers were elected:

President, G. C. Fulton, of Astoria; Vice-President, S. J. Pembroke, of Alameda, Cal.; Secretary, Harrison Allen, of Astoria; Treasurer, E. C. Hughes, of Astoria; Directors, S. J. Pembroke, of Alameda, Cal.; Dr. C. C. Dennis, of the South End Rowing Club, San Francisco; W. C. Espy, of the Pioneer Rowing Club, San Francisco; A. L. Rothkopf, of the Dolphin Boating Club, of San Francisco; J. R. Bockman, of the Ariel Rowing Club; George James, of the Olympic Boat Club, and James Hopper, of the University of California.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE HAND CAMERA.



I HAVE written much both here and elsewhere against the abuse of the hand camera, or, perhaps more correctly, against its employment by those unacquainted with its limitations. To such an extent is this the case that, according to the estimate of one who has unusual opportunities of seeing such work from all sections of the country, ninety per cent. of all the exposures made are simply worthless rubbish; and the editor of the *Amateur Photographer*, in a recent number, places it still lower when he says:

"Experienced workers know well enough that not more than one snap-shot in a thousand is of any real use."

It should be remembered, however, that the fault is not with the hand camera, but with those who expect it to do the impossible, by employing it on unsuitable subjects and under unsuitable conditions, exposing with the full aperture of the lens on subjects for which it should be stopped down, and for only a fraction of a second where several seconds were required.

There is hardly a hand camera on the market with which first-class photographs, may not be made, but, in ninety-nine cases in each hundred, it can only be by putting them on the stand and abandoning all idea of snapping.

POSITIVES DIRECT IN THE CAMERA.

There has always been a desire to get positives direct in the camera, and various methods have from time to time been proposed, but without practical success. The Photographic Society of Philadelphia recently appointed a committee to take into consideration the action of the recently introduced ammonium persulphate; and in their report, which fully indorsed all the qualities in reduction claimed for that salt, attention was called to the possibility of its enabling the photographer to make positives direct in the camera.

The method is founded on the fact that while silver, such as the image in a developed negative, is soluble in the persulphate, it does not dissolve or otherwise act on the unaltered silver bromide. The exposure should be made in the usual way, but considerably longer than what might be considered normal. Development is pushed till, if possible, the image shows strongly on the back of the plate, and the plate is thoroughly washed. It is then taken to the light and placed in a 10 per cent. solution of persulphate, which soon dissolves the whole of the image, leaving the unaltered bromide in its original state. Then, still in the light, the plate is a second time developed in the ordinary way, the resulting image being positive.

LANTERN SLIDES.

I have dealt with slides in more than one monthly record, but as many of the readers of *Outing* will be about to prepare for the winter campaign by making them from the negatives acquired during the holidays, a few words of advice may be in season.

A technically good lantern slide is one of the most beautiful of photographic productions, while one that is not so is probably the least interesting of all; and, unfortunately, of all that are made in this country, professional as well as amateur, the bad are, out of reasonable proportion, more numerous than the good. This arises partly from the fact that few are able to recognize a good slide when they see it; and few are able to produce it, partly from the fear of fog inducing them to curtail both exposure and development, and partly from the hopeless attempt to make good slides from bad snap-shot negatives.

A good slide should include all degrees of gradation, from the highest light to the deepest dark, and, as there can be reproduced in the slide only what is in the negative, a suitable negative is of vital importance. Hardly one in a thousand snap-shot negatives has been sufficiently exposed to give more than white and black—skies, water, and everything on which direct light falls, white paper and all else equally black.

A lantern slide must contain at least five degrees of gradation—light, half-light, middle tint, half-dark and dark; and from a suitable negative there need be no difficulty in getting them, the one thing needful being correct exposure. In the production of a negative there may be considerable latitude in the exposure, provided the operator knows how to modify the development to suit it; but in slide-making it is not so. The developer should be a "fixed quantity" and the exposure made to suit it. The following answers admirably:

Ortol	30 grains.
Potass metabisulphate.....	15 "
" bromide	5 "
Sodium sulphite.....	150 "
" carbonate.....	100 "
Water.....	15 ounces.

One good slide is worth any number of bad ones, and, the correct exposure once ascertained, it is as easy to make the one as the other. To ascertain this, plate after plate, or, if economically inclined, a plate may be cut into strips, and strip after strip exposed until the goal is reached. Correct exposure is best recognized by the behavior of the plate in the developer, the order in which the various objects, according to their degrees of luminosity, appear: First, the highest lights, of which there will be very few, as there is little in nature really white; then sky, followed by such water as may be lighted directly from above, and then, one by one, tone after tone, till the last, that which gives transparency to all but the very deepest darks; and the only parts that remain as unaltered silver bromide, and become bare glass after fixing, are the deepest darks, of which there should be as few as of the highest lights.

DR. JOHN NICOL.



THE RUBY-THROATED HUMMING-BIRD—*Trochilus colubris*.

Seen an instant in the sunlight,
On wee pinions swiftly fanned,
Gleaming like a priceless jewel
Thrown from a spendthrift hand.

A PUNY hurricane of wings; a haze of almost invisible fans; a gleam of emerald and ruby, and the play of a back as pliable as rubber, and we have the marvelous ruby-throated humming-bird, the only one of his family found east of the Mississippi.

The order *Macrohires*, to which the hummers belong, includes the swifts, nighthawks and whip-poor-wills. The humming-birds comprise the family *Trochilida*, of which about four hundred species have been recognized by science. All of these are peculiar to the New World.

Those whose summer lives fall in pleasant places, where the trumpet-flower, honeysuckle, and other good old-fashioned growths riot about the quiet piazza, well know this almost insect-like bird, the gleaming thing which whizzes into view from nowhere, poises a moment above a blossom, then disappears as magically as it came. We are blessed with a wonderful variety of bird-life, but of all our extended list there is nothing in feathers more interesting than this tiny thing, which comes with the hum of a bee and goes with the flash of a gem.

Diminutive as it is, the ruby-throat is a bird, and a game little bird at that, having all the passions and characteristics which make bird-life so fascinating a study. If need be, it will wage a three-inch war with a courage and determination worthy of the stoutest eagle that ever soared above its feathered kin, and few birds can put up a braver defense of nest and young.

I have watched these birds by the hour and have marveled at the wondrous living machine which can drive wings so fast that they become almost invisible, while the power is incased within a body barely so large as the end of a lady's thumb. What heart action and what marvelous quality of muscle must be necessary to develop such speed, for it is a speed which does not readily exhaust! And this jewel, in almost microscopic plumage, migrates after the manner of real, sure-enough birds. The winter range of the ruby-throat extends as far south as Central America, and the bird returns north early in May, frequently about the first of the month. It breeds from Florida to Labrador. I have skinned and mounted many specimens, and have wondered at the muscular development of the trifling bodies. Like the bat, they appear to be perfect flying machines, more complete and compact than the daintiest of watches.

The male ruby-throat is considerably less than four inches long, a beautiful metallic green above, with lower parts whitish. The wings and deeply-forked tail are very dark, almost black, with a brownish tint, but the distinguishing feature is the curious marking of the throat, which in certain lights flames with all the splendor of the choicest of rubies. The female lacks this gorgeous ornament, while her upper parts are less brilliant than the emerald dressing of her lord. Her small tail, too, is without a fork, being rounded and tipped with white.

Contrary to general belief, this bird does not feed entirely upon the juices of flowers. Certain small insects favor the blooms which he visits, and upon these he feeds as freely as upon the nectar stored in the blossoms themselves. The long trumpet-flower is a favorite of the hummer, and I have frequently caught the bird by waiting until it had crept into a flower and then pinching the flaring end of the trumpet behind it.

The nest of the ruby-throat is a marvel of bird architecture. As a rule, it is placed upon the upper side of a branch and looks like a knot. It is made of fern wool or plant down, and is so cunningly dressed with fragments of lichens that only sharp eyes can discover it. Birch, pear, cherry and fir trees are favorite nesting-places, but one of the prettiest nests I ever saw was in a black-currant bush. My drawing shows male and female and the usual form of nest construction.

GUNS AND SHOOTING.

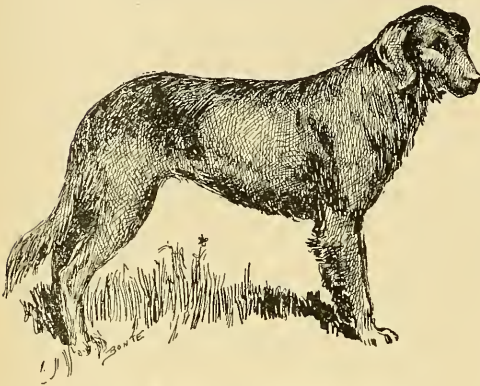
As an answer to many correspondents, let me say that, in my opinion, the gun for all-round shooting is a hammerless twelve-gauge of about seven or seven and one-quarter pounds weight, built by any of the leading

makers, American or English, and cylinder bore. There is no use in having a "full" or a "modified" choke for ordinary shooting. I will admit, as any practical sportsman would, that at long range in the open, the "choke" and the "modified" will kill at proportionately longer distances than the cylinder, but how many shots in our average Eastern country are in the open? In the East we mainly depend upon ruffed grouse, cock and quail, all of which are either found in cover, or they go to cover after the first flush. Once in cover, nearly all the shots are at exceedingly short range, more birds being killed inside of twenty-five yards than beyond that distance, and a choked or a modified choke gun can claim no advantages. Shot thrown too close at such short range simply cuts a bird to pieces, while the cylinder spreads the shot,

spoils less meat, and by its more open pattern increases the chances of hitting. In cover shooting, the bigger the killing circle the better, and a cylinder-bore of approved make affords the surer chance. Last season I shot an old cylinder gun of high grade, while my comrade used an expensive weapon which had a modified choke in each barrel. The appearance of our dead birds told the story. We were shooting in fairly heavy cover, and most of the birds were dropped within twenty-five yards. Many of his were *shattered*, while mine, although killed clearly, went into the coat in good condition. There is no use concentrating the shot for short-range work; it merely increases the chance of missing, or puts an unnecessary amount of lead into a bird fairly hit.

ED. W. SANDYS.

KENNEL.



DOGS OF TO-DAY—THE RETRIEVER.

THE English retriever is but little known in this country, and is very seldom seen in the East. Now and then a good specimen may be found upon some far Western ranch, and the dog is almost certain to be a special importation. Among the broad streams, lakes and sloughs of the West the retriever does great work in gathering in geese, ducks and other waterfowl.

The nearest thing we have to the true retriever is the justly celebrated Chesapeake Bay dog, an animal absolutely without a peer at such cold, arduous work as gathering canvasbacks and other ducks from rough salt water. While the English dog is a good, kindly, intelligent fellow, he cannot hold a candle to his American rival at the latter's specialty.

In this country one rarely thinks of using a dog whose particular line is retrieving, except for waterfowl. We teach our setters, pointers or spaniels to fetch, and so do not require the extra dog, but in England it is different. Your Briton cannot travel without a lot of baggage, and when he is at home and wants to enjoy a bit of sport he likes plenty of everything, including dogs. And, mind you, he has good dogs, too!—among them the retriever. This dog's business is to gather any game a dog can carry, from land or water, and right well does he attend to it, providing he has been properly broken.

The qualities imperative in the retriever include a delicate nose, for tracing skulking quarry; intelligence, because quite frequently puzzling propositions may have to be solved; and obedience, because a wrong move on the part of the dog may mean no end of trouble. In order to secure these, breeders cross the small Newfoundland and the setter, preferably the Irish, which gives a good-looking, rather heavy dog, which seems like a half-bred setter. He has more bone and lumber than the field type, bad ears and feet, if judged from the setter standpoint, but he will face anything, and will display an intelligence worthy of his blended blood.

Retrievers may be divided into four classes, *i. e.*, the large black retriever, the curly-coated, the wavy-coated, and the terrier cross. The first-named is bred between the small Newfoundland and the Irish water spaniel, or setter, and usually follows the Newfoundland type. At shows the dogs are classed as curly-coated or wavy-coated. The wavy-coated breed has the appearance of a heavily-made, somewhat clumsy setter, with much more bone and substance than would be required in a *fast* field dog. The curly-coated dog has the body covered with short curls, while the head, unlike the Irish spaniel's, is smooth. Black and liver are the usual colors for both varieties.

The terrier cross is either with the beagle or the pointer, which produces smart, quick-working dogs of medium size, but which are seldom seen. Their chief advantage lies in the fact that they are better suited than the larger strains for carrying in a wheeled conveyance. Until the advent of big preserves and the closer following of English methods in shooting, none of these dogs is likely to become popular in this country, yet the retriever, on his merits, is an excellent animal, kind, affectionate, faithful, intelligent, and an admirable companion for children.

NOMAD.

We would remind our Kennel friends that the last day for entering exhibits for the first annual dog show of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association, is the 8th of November, with Marcel A. Viti, the secretary of the show, 320 Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia. The show is to be held November 22-25, in the Horticultural Hall.

FOOTBALL.

THE football season of 1899 is on the threshold, and the lovers of the "pig-skin battles" are awaiting impatiently the first of the big games between the leading elevens. Already the long weeks of training are well under way, and the scores of candidates for positions on the leading teams are being "tried out" by experienced coaches. "Straight football" will be the general rule, since one after another of the coaches who have tried intricate trick plays has ultimately given them all up as a snare and a delusion, only to return to the good old tactics of pushing through the centre, massing on the tackles and running around the ends, with the occasional punt to keep the ball out of danger from goal and give the backs time to breathe.

While it is always hazardous to predict anything in football, the material in the big colleges from which the coaches are expected to turn out their 'varsity teams, must give some clew as to the probable strength of the "big four." Such statistics are frequently very deceptive, however, as even the younger followers of football will remember, for Yale turned out a championship team only two years ago from absolutely green material, that won over Princeton's championship veterans.

From abstract statistics Princeton begins the season under the most favorable circumstances of all of the four leaders. Only two or three of her valuable men of last season are missing, and there were such strong substitutes for these positions, too, that nearly the whole championship team of 1898 seems to be back in the field again, intact. But this is the time of danger for the "Tigers." If they again permit themselves to be lulled into a feeling of security through over-confidence, another Waterloo like that at New Haven, two autumns ago, will almost inevitably result. Old football players may know more football than younger men, but they frequently lack the ambition to prepare themselves properly for the big games, and it must not be forgotten that the oldest veteran needs as much hard physical training for a hard match as does the youngest "sub." A word to the wise *should be* sufficient, and it is to be hoped that Princeton's football advisers will not fall into the same trap that caught them in 1897.

At Harvard the new athletic life and the success it has brought with it, have developed a wonderful amount of enthusiasm, and no matter how many of the winners of last season's champion team are unavailable this fall, the Crimson is sure to turn out a strong team. The old lethargy, born of so many disheartening defeats has disappeared, and the coaches and candidates are working ambitiously, with the hope of victory in their hearts that should spur them on to success. Captain Dibblee was in himself a large part of the life and snap of his team last season. He is expected back at Cambridge this fall for a post-graduate course, and he will be with the team again, as coach if not as half-back.

Yale has perhaps the least encouraging outlook of all, since she has lost so many of her experienced players by graduation; but at New Haven they have had more success with "green

material," fresh from the preparatory school elevens, than with veterans. Yale's football reputation has long attracted to its team the very best of the freshman material, and one can frequently see better football played by the "scrubs" at New Haven than by the 'varsity eleven at some of the other universities. Her football squad always numbers many valuable substitutes, though her team may have fewer stars. Other elevens have been fatally weakened by the loss of a single man during the middle of an important struggle, but that is seldom so with Yale, for she always has many competent substitutes ready to take the place of the crippled player. While many of the 'varsity team of 1898 graduated from New Haven last spring, her substitutes of last year are by no means untried men, and though probably new to fame will soon fill up the gaps.

The University of Pennsylvania enjoys the benefit of more post-graduate and professional schools to draw upon for material than any of the other big colleges, and her team never lacks for good material in football. Despite the aversion of both Yale and Princeton to meeting the "Quakers" on the gridiron, the Philadelphia students have steadily kept up their absorbing interest in football, and each season "Old Penn" turns out a 'varsity team that is never beaten until the last minute of playing time is over. The "Quakers" always use the most approved of modern methods of attack and defence. To Coach Woodruff is undoubtedly due several of the most useful of recent football formations, and his rivals at the other universities watch with great anxiety for any innovations in this line that he may spring on them each fall. This year's team at Philadelphia is yet an unknown quantity, and it will be fully another month, after some of the early games have been played, before any estimate can be made of its strength.

Cornell, West Point, Brown, and the Carlisle Indians, are all hard at work preparing their men for the struggles of the season; and Columbia, once the proud possessor of a football team among the strongest in the country, will re-enter the arena once more this year with bright prospects. While few rational critics expect the Columbia eleven to reach higher than the lowest of the second-grade elevens this season, the blue-and-white candidates are working under one of the most competent coaches that ever wore a Yale uniform, and he will surely turn out as good an eleven as the material of the college and its green condition will permit. Given a reasonable amount of success this season, in order to stir up enough enthusiasm for coming classes, Columbia, within a few years, should once more take place among the leaders of the second grade, if not among the teams of the crack quartet.

J. PARMLY PARET.

In the article on Football by Mr. Walter Camp in this issue, pages 69-75, four illustrations are given of the last year's teams of Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. It was our intention to add the University of Pennsylvania's, but some irregularity in the mail prevented us. It will be published in the November issue with Mr. Camp's forecast of the coming season.

GOLF.



THE constellation that fills the golfing sky of September is the Open championship where, singular amongst the sports of America, professionals and amateurs meet in friendly contest, without incurring the penalties of the laws in that case made and provided in other sports.

Last year there were forty-nine entrants, when Fred Herd, a professional, won, over the Myopia links. This year the entries number seventy-eight, of whom sixty-four are professionals and fourteen amateurs, amongst whom are Herbert M. Harriman, who has followed the time-honored precedent of the title-holder amateur champion, by competing with the cream of the professors and teachers of the game. With him are James A. Stillman, of the Meadowbrook; T. Poultney Jenkins, of Baltimore; Ormsby McCannon, of the Chevy Chase Club; of Washington; W. L. Thompson, of Newport; Charles S. Cox, of Fairfield; Quincy A. Shaw, who beat the champion at the recent Newport tournament, and the indefatigable and best of score-players, Walter J. Travis. Findlay Douglas' regrettable accident alone prevents his entering—a loss to the golfing public.

Unfortunately, we go to press before the actual play at Baltimore on the 14th and 15th, but it is interesting to secure for future reference the full list of entries and their clubs, or when unattached, their residing places.

A. E. Rolls, Philadelphia.
 Willie Collins, Elizabeth, N. J.
 Daniel Leitch, Springfield Country Club.
 William Thompson, Huntington Valley Country Club.
 James Foulis, Chicago Golf Club.
 David Foulis, Chicago Golf Club.
 R. Steedman Patrick, Century Club, Westchester.
 A. W. Smith, Toronto, Can.
 G. E. Braid, Kansas City Country Club.
 James Campbell, Dayton Golf Club.
 Oscar Bunn, Ampersand Golf Club, New York.
 Walter J. Travis, Oakland Golf Club.
 Joseph Lloyd, Manchester, Mass.
 John Harland, Vesper Country Club.
 Donald J. Ross, Oakley Country Club.
 Alexander Campbell, Country Club.
 Lawrence Auchterlonie, Glen View Golf and Polo Club.
 W. V. Hoare, Cleveland Golf Club.
 Joseph Mitchell, Cleveland Golf Club.
 W. F. Davis, Newport Golf Club.
 Donald Ball, Washington Golf Club.
 David Ogilvie, Baltimore Country Club.
 William Braid, Baltimore Country Club.
 Peter Walker, Onwentsia Club.
 William Marshall, Onwentsia Club.
 Henry Turpie, Edgewater Golf Club.
 W. H. Way, Detroit, Mich.
 George Low, Dyker Meadow Golf Club.
 H. H. Cumming, Swannanoa Country Club.
 J. J. McClosky, Swannanoa County Club.
 David Hunter, Baltusrol Golf Club.
 William Norton, Seabright Golf Club.
 Horace T. Rawlins, Jefferson, N. H.
 Harry Rawlins, Manchester, Vt.
 Robert Thompson, Merion Cricket Club.
 William Kirk, Knollwood Golf Club.
 Bernard Nicholls, Philadelphia Country Club.
 John Reid, Country Club of Atlantic City.
 Robert Braid, Fairmount Golf Club.

William Campbell, Boston, Mass.
 John Duncan, Stockbridge Golf Club.
 George W. Cunningham, Brookfield, Mass.
 Walter E. Stoddart, Nassau Country Club.
 John M. Shippen, Jr., Aronimink Golf Club.
 C. S. Shippen, Aronimink Golf Club.
 Aleck Patrick, Century Country Club.
 Jack Park, Essex County Country Club.
 Harry Gullane, St. David's Golf Club.
 R. B. Wilson, Deal Beach Golf Club.
 William A. Donovan, Mianetuck Golf Club.
 Alfred Ricketts, Rochester Country Club.
 Charles S. Cox, Fairfield County Golf Club.
 John Harrison, Dayton Golf Club.
 Ernest Way, Edgeworth Golf Club.
 C. P. Lineaweaver, Philadelphia Cricket Club.
 F. Reilly, Glenville, Ohio.
 J. A. Stillman, Meadowbrook Club.
 Herbert Harriman, Meadowbrook Club.
 Wm. Tucker, Chevy Chase Club.
 Frederick Herd, Washington Park Club.
 Alexander Smith, Washington Park Club.
 John D. Tucker, Jefferson County Golf Club.
 Ormsby McCannon, Chevy Chase Club.
 William Dunn, New York.
 H. R. Sweney, Albany.
 McDonald Shroder, Swannanoa Country Club.
 James Norton, Hollywood Golf Club.
 F. W. Menzies, Seabright Golf Club.
 W. M. McCawley, Merion Cricket Club.
 John Forman, Ardsley Club.
 T. Courtney Jenkins, Baltimore Country Club.
 Wm. Smith, Midlothian Golf Club.
 Gilbert Nichols, Philadelphia.
 E. Fitzjohn, Otsego Golf Club.
 Val. Fitzjohn, Otsego Golf Club.
 Fred. Fitzjohn, Otsego Golf Club.
 O. A. Shaw, Myopia Hunt Club.
 W. L. Thompson, Huntington Valley Country Club.

The competition is at seventy-two holes, medal play. An amateur can win only the first prize, and must take it in plate and not money. The seven other prizes are reserved for professionals only.

Tuxedo heads the list of autumn tournaments, and the new links will be used. On these the greens, following the natural development of the game, are large and fine. The dates and places of the more prominent events are:

September 28th, 29th, 30th—Tuxedo Golf Club; invitation tournament.
 October 5th, 6th, 7th—Nassau Country Club; open tournament.
 October 12th, 13th, 14th—Ardsley Casino Club; invitation men's foursome tournament.
 October 7th—International match between the United States and Canada, at the Morris Country Club, Convent, N. J.
 October 7th—Oakland Golf Club (Cal.). Open handicap.
 October 10th to 14th—Women's Championship, at Philadelphia Country Club.
 October 19th, 20th, 21st—Wee Burn Golf Club; invitation tournament.

ALBION.

GOLF IN CALIFORNIA.

In the carnival of amateur sports that took place at the Hotel Del Monte from August 18th to 26th, inclusive, golf received the largest share of attention. The tournament was the most important that has ever taken place in California. The events were a ladies' eighteen-hole handicap for the George Crocker Cup, a men's eighteen-hole match-play competition for the Del Monte Cup, and a match between teams representing Northern and Southern California.

Twenty-three ladies entered the eighteen-hole, medal play, qualifying round for the Crocker Cup. Eleven of these were from San Francisco, four from Burlingame, two from Los Angeles, two from New York, one from

Bakersfield and three from San Rafael. The round was played August 21st, when sixteen ladies who made scores under 150 became entitled to enter the cup competition. One of these dropped out, leaving fifteen contestants, each of whom received a silent handicap, based on her previous day's play, Miss Rowe, whose score was 114, and Miss Jarecki, with a score of 118, being at scratch. The following were the results:

Ladies' Handicap, eighteen holes, medal play, for the Crocker Cup.

Competitor.	Where From.	First Round.	Second Round.	Gross.	Handicap.	Net.
Miss M. Scott, Burlingame.....		57	54	111	3	108
Miss Carolan, San Francisco.....		56	60	125	10	115
Mrs. H. T. Scott, Burlingame.....		63	59	122	6	116
Miss E. McBean, San Francisco.....		62	58	120	3	117
Miss Taylor, San Francisco.....		63	66	129	10	119
Mrs. Winslow, San Francisco.....		64	63	127	6	121
Mrs. Connelly, Los Angeles.....		61	68	129	8	121
Miss C. Crockett, Burlingame.....		61	64	125	3	122
Mrs. E. D. Silent, Los Angeles.....		65	63	128	6	122
Miss Rowe, Burlingame.....		58	66	124	0	124
Miss Jarecki, New York.....		63	62	125	0	125
Mrs. W. P. Fuller, San Francisco.....		60	64	133	8	125
Mrs. Mann, New York.....		73	63	136	7	129
Miss Patton, San Francisco.....		80	74	154	17	137
Miss M. Mullins, San Francisco.....		68	75	143	3	140

Miss Mary Scott, of the Burlingame Country Club, won the cup with a gross score of 111 and a net score of 108.

On Wednesday, August 23d, thirty-one competitors entered the qualifying round of eighteen holes, medal play, for the Del Monte Cup for men. Of these ten were from Los Angeles, four from Oakland, four from San Francisco, three from Riverside, two each from Santa Monica, Cleveland, O., New York and Burlingame, and one each from Mare Island and Menlo Park. The entries included R. H. Crowell, of Cleveland, O., who won the silver medal for second-best score a few years ago, in the open amateur championship of the United States; C. E. Maud, champion of Southern California, and E. Conde Jones, champion of the Los Angeles Country Club. The players making the sixteen lowest scores, and eligible to compete for the cup, were E. Conde Jones, of Los Angeles, 85; C. E. Maud, of Riverside, 86; W. H. Young, of Santa Monica, 87; B. Crowell, of Cleveland, O., 89; R. H. Crowell, of Cleveland, O., 91; C. P. Hubbard, of Oakland, 93; J. F. Sartori, of Los Angeles, 93; J. E. Cook, of Los Angeles, 93; W. Cosby, of Los Angeles, 94; R. M. Fitzgerald, of Oakland, 94; S. L. Abbot, Jr., of San Francisco, 95; W. W. Lovett, of Los Angeles, 95; E. B. Tufts, of Los Angeles, 95; J. A. Folger, of Oakland, 95; Hugh May, of Los Angeles, 96; Lieut. T. G. Roberts, of Mare Island, 96.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

CYCLING.

I. C. A. ANNUAL MEETING—THE L. A. W. SUS-TAINED.

THE International Cyclists' Association, which is, in brief, a confederation of the governing bodies of cycling throughout the world, holds a special executive session in conjunction with the international tournament at which the world's annual championships are run. It is at such sessions, always attended by delegates representing many countries, that matters of first importance to the international sport are considered, and questions affecting mutual interests decided. For the first time since the World's Fair year, both the I. C. A. annual meeting and the world's championships were held this summer in North America—in August, 1893, at Chicago, U. S. A.; in August, 1899, at Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Of the general officers of the international body, President Herr E. Stahl, of Copenhagen, Denmark, was absent, and Henry Sturmey, of Coventry, England, Honorary Secretary, was present. The executive committee comprised the following named delegates: E. W. J. Britton, National Cyclists' Union (England), Chairman; Hal B. Donly and C. E. Mills, Canadian Wheelmen's Association; Signor Grant, Unión Ciclista Mexicana (Mexico); René Boudard, l'Union des Sociétés Françaises des Sports Athlétiques (France); Thomas J. Keenan, Jr., and Fred Gerlach, League of American Wheelmen; W. Inglis, Scottish Cyclists' Union; A. B. Goodson, New South Wales Cycling Union (Australia).

The most important single matter presented to the 1899 session of this committee had to do with the rivalry between the L. A. W. and the N. C. A. for control of racing in the United

States, reference to which has from time to time been made in OUTING. The question of recognition or disownment of the N. C. A. by the I. C. A. meant not only a definition of the standing and rights of the former organization with respect to all others in the international agreement, but involved also the admittance or disbarment of all N. C. A. racing men at the championship meetings at that moment taking form. The L. A. W. had in no way or manner imperiled its international standing, and the sole object of the N. C. A. delegates seems to have been to secure international equality with the L. A. W., against the strenuous and well-sustained protests of the representatives of the latter. The result was at no time in serious doubt, however, inasmuch as the delegation of duality in governing authority would have been a perplexing departure from all precedent and principle. Despite clever argument on the part of the N. C. A. officials, supported in a measure by the representatives from Holland and Mexico, the sentiment of the committee was given expression in the following resolution:

The I. C. A. confirms its recognition of the L. A. W. as the only body controlling cycle racing in the United States, riders from that country registered with the L. A. W. alone being permitted to compete in cycle races held in any of the countries affiliated with this association.

This resolution, which was ordered immediately spread on the minutes and records of the I. C. A., at once barred all N. C. A. riders from participation in the 1899 world's championships, and reduced the representation from the United States in these events perhaps one-half what it might have been had the delegation from this country been a united one. The prospective result can be nothing else than the

gradual decay and ultimate annihilation of the N. C. A., or, as an alternative, the elevation of this newer organization to unquestioned supremacy in racing control. The contest bids fair to be carried into 1900.

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIPS SUMMARIZED.

The blue ribbons of amateur cycle racing, the one-mile and the 100-kilometer championships of the world, were run at Montreal during the week of the International Cyclists' Association tournament, together with a number of other amateur events, the entire programme being one of the best ever scheduled in this or any other country, and by far the best of the year. The summaries show a majority of winnings to the credit of the United States and Canadian riders, although the most coveted of all the championships, the one-mile, goes to England as a memento of the visit to this country of one of the most sportsmanlike of her cycle-racing men, Mr. Thomas Summersgill, of Leeds, whose name has previously figured on the lists of British and Continental championships, already given in OUTING. The 100-kilometer championship was won by John A. Nelson, of Chicago, U. S. A., Ben Goodson, of Sydney, Australia, finishing second, and George W. Riddle, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, third.

One serious accident marred the amateur programme, and removed from the one-mile championship Mr. A. J. Cherry, of Catford, England, who has done much excellent work on British paths this season, and journeyed across the ocean especially to compete in the event, during the semi-final of which he was carried down by the fall of another. After nine preliminary heats and two semi-finals, the contest (with Cherry out) narrowed down to Summersgill (England), Peabody (U. S. A.), and Caldwell (Scotland), winners of both preliminaries and semi-finals in which they were entered. As in the majority of important championships, the time was ridiculously slow, the race being all in the last lap. In the final spurt, Summersgill beat Peabody by a streak of daylight only, and Caldwell was a good third. The 100-kilometer championship was not only a fine exhibition of track speed, but served also to break the one hour, two hours and 100-kilometer amateur records, all by the winner of the race, John A. Nelson (U. S. A.). Nelson's competitors were four: Goodson (Australia), Riddle (Canada), Wilson and Ourish (U. S. A.). The winner led at every mile of the sixty-two except in the second, when Goodson was ahead for a short time. The first five miles were covered by Nelson in 9:31, who was at the end of the first hour almost a mile ahead of the amateur record, having covered 31 miles, 460 yards. In two hours he had covered 61 miles, 460 yards, finishing the 100 kilometers in 2:04:13 1-5, beating Goodson by four miles and Riddle by seven miles. The two other competitors dropped out early in the contest.

PRINCIPAL SUMMARIES.

Half mile, final—Wilson, Pittsburg, Pa., 1; Drury, Montreal, Que., 2; Goodson, Australia, 3. Time, 1m. 8s.

Two miles, open—James Moran, Chelsea, Mass., 1; John Caldwell, Glasgow, Scotland, 2; W. A. LaDue, New York, 3. Time, 4m. 22 2-5s.

Five miles, handicap—Ben Goodson, Sydney, Australia, scratch, 1; John Caldwell, Glasgow, Scotland, scratch, 2; A. Sherritt, Brantford, Ont., 75 yards, 3. Time, 13m. 33 1-5s.

Third mile, open—John Caldwell, Glasgow, Scotland, 1; C. P. Boisvert, Montreal, 2; Ben Goodson, Australia, 3. Time, 42 3-5s.

Five-kilometer team race for the Cyclist Challenge Shield—United States, 14 points; Canada, 12 points. Time, 10m. 49 2-5s.

Five miles, tandem pursuit race—Frederick Hoopes, Des Moines, Ia., and John A. Nelson, Chicago, 1; John F. Ingraham, Lynnfield, Mass., and James Moran, Chelsea, Mass., 2. Time, 10m. 14 1-5s.

Columbus trophy race, one mile, open to winners of first and second places in previous amateur events—Earl Peabody, Chicago, 1; J. Drury, Montreal, 2; Lester Wilson, Pittsburg, Pa., 3. Time, 2m. 28 3-5s.

Fifteen miles, team race—Royal Canadian Bicycle Club, Toronto, 1; Queen City Bicycle Club, Toronto, Ont., 2; Montmagnard Cycle Club, Montreal, 3. Time, 31m. 12 1-5s.

One-hundred-kilometer amateur championship of the world—John A. Nelson, Chicago, 1; Ben Goodson, Sydney, Australia, 2; George W. Riddle, Winnipeg, Man., Canada, 3. Time, 2h. 4m. 1 1-5s.

One mile amateur championship of the world—Thomas Summersgill, Leeds, England, 1; Earl Peabody, Chicago, 2; John Caldwell, Scotland, 3. Time, 5m. 43 2-5s.

L. A. W. NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The twentieth annual tournament of the League of American Wheelmen was held at Boston, Mass., the week following the International Cyclists' Association meeting at Montreal, and in a large measure the same riders competed at both. For the first time in their history, the championships of the United States were thrown open to foreign competitors; and two of them, the third and half-mile, were won by Goodson, of Australia, while Taillandier, of France, ran second in the quarter and half-mile, and was placed in several other than championship events. James Moran, of Chelsea, Mass., won three national championships, the one mile, two miles, and five miles, while the quarter-mile went to Peabody, of Chicago.

The one-mile national amateur championship, the winner of which takes the title of Amateur Champion of the United States, is reserved under L. A. W. rules for winners and second-place men in the other five championship contests. In this event six men were entitled to start—James Moran, Ben Goodson, Earl Peabody, W. A. La Due, A. Taillandier and Oscar Webber. Single pacing only was allowed. Peabody led into the straight and strove to secure his advantage, when he was challenged by Moran. From there to the tape these two men fought it out, Moran on the inside. The latter managed to draw away a few inches at the finish and was given a very close decision.

The national meet being, of course, under the auspices of the L. A. W., all N. C. A. riders were barred from participation, as at Montreal the week before, thereby again dividing the racing men of the United States. The absence of Ryan, of Waltham, Mass., whose phenomenal record work has been the surprise of the year, Kramer, of Newark, N. J., Wahrenberger and Nye, of Greater New York, and others, was severely felt, and the tournament was not what it would have been had these men been allowed to compete. The only activity worth the naming among the N. C. A. men was shown by Ryan. On Tuesday, while the meet was in progress in Boston, he again attacked the ten-mile amateur paced competition record

in a match with Farnham, at Waltham, in the course of which he bettered his own thrice-lowered figures from one to ten miles. Ryan won in 18m. 39 3-5s., cutting seconds off the former record. His intermediate times were: seven miles, 12m. 59 4-5s.; eight miles, 14m. 52s.; nine miles, 16m. 47 1-5s.

SUMMARIES OF IMPORTANT EVENTS.

Two-miles tandem, handicap—W. H. Stevenson and F. A. Josephs (35 yards), 1; George L. Leander and Earl Peabody (25 yards), 2; C. D. Brown and C. F. Queen (45 yards), 3. Time, 4m. 14 4-5s.

Five-miles team pursuit—First heat won by Chelsea, Mass., Cycle Club, represented by James Moran, J. F. Ingraham and C. H. Drury. Time, 11m. 10s. Last heat won by Denver Wheel Club, represented by W. J. Gregory, Frank Starbird and E. W. Page. Time, 11m. 06 1-5s.

Quarter-mile national championship, final—Earl Peabody, 1; A. Taillandier, 2. Time, 33s.

One-mile handicap—James Moran (scratch), 1; L. Wilson (30 yards), 2; Oscar Webber (30 yards), 3. Time, 2m. 10 2-5s.

Two-miles national championship—James Moran, 1; W. A. La Due, 2; J. F. Ingraham, 3. Time, 4m. 32s.

Match race, half-mile unpaced—J. T. Ingraham vs. A. E. George. Won by Ingraham. Time, 1m. 31s.

Third-mile national championship—Ben Goodson, 1; Earl Peabody, 2; L. Wilson, 3. Time, 43 2-5s.

Two-miles handicap—W. A. La Due (60 yards), 1; L. Wilson (scratch), 2; F. S. Josephs (60 yards), 3. Time, 4m. 45 4-5s.

Interdivisional three-mile competition—Massachusetts, 17 points; Pennsylvania, 15 points; Colorado, 13 points.

Half-mile national championship—Ben Goodson, 1; A. Taillandier, 2; L. Wilson, 3. Time, 1m. 05s.

Five-miles national amateur championship—James Moran, 1; Oscar Webber, 2; Ben Goodson, 3. Time, 11m. 26 2-5s.

One-mile national championship—James Moran, 1; Earl Peabody, 2; Ben Goodson, 3. Time, 2m. 37 4-5s.

N. C. A. MEETINGS.

Amateur race meetings, under the auspices of the National Cycling Association, were held at Manhattan Beach on August 19th, and at

Berkeley Oval on the 21st and 25th. Kramer was the star of the first-named. He started from scratch in the mile handicap with Wahrenberger and Nye, finishing half a length ahead of Wahrenberger, third place being won by Ross, winner of the 1899 Irvington-Milburn road race. Wahrenberger failed at the head of the homestretch in the final of the third-mile metropolitan amateur championship, the finishers being Kramer, Crooks and Hunter, in the order named. The meeting at Berkeley Oval on August 21st was in the evening, all events being run by electric light. The principal feature was a fifty-miles amateur race, with thirty-one starters. They got away at 8:30, but Torrence at once fell and was lost. G. W. Crook made a spurt on the last quarter of the ten miles, and finished first at that distance, when the event was stopped by a storm. Time for the ten miles, 22:07 2-5. John Schuessler, the "bicycle policeman," rode a paced mile in 1:50, breaking the so-called police record for the distance. George C. Schrieber and Frank L. Kramer rode a quarter-mile tandem in 23 2-5s.

At Berkeley Oval, on August 25th, Everett B. Ryan suffered his first important defeat, in the course of a fifteen-miles match race with H. Y. Dedell, the New York crack amateur middle distance rider. Ryan led to the thirteenth mile, when his opponent went to the front and was never headed. New world's amateur records were made from the fourth to tenth mile by Ryan, however, the new figures being 18:08 for the latter distance. It is probable that the records gained lost the race. J. P. Jacobson defeated a large field in a fifty-miles race, covering the distance in 2h. 5m. 4-5s. Kramer won the third-mile championship of the N. C. A. in the record time of 39 4-5s., beating Collett and Hausman. THE PROWLER.

CRICKET.

AFTER all, the season of '99 is not to be robbed of its annual grand finals in the shape of international matches. As we go to press, news reaches us from England that the great Ranjitsinhji, probably the greatest batsman of today, is to visit America with a team. This is indeed good news, for not only are the international matches a fitting finish to a season's play, but in the Prince from the Orient, those who have not already had the pleasure will be able to see the greatest cricketer India has produced, and a batsman second to none.

Well do I remember Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji (for this is his full title) as a freshman, and with what interest his fellow players watched him and his progress in the game. He had learned cricket before he came to England, but not the cricket which eventually gained him his "blue." His was not play of the mushroom growth, but that steady step-by-step progress which eventually wins at last. First he was seen as an ordinary player, then as a representative of the Trinity (his college) eleven, next as a member of the Cambridge University eleven, and, finally, at the top, as a player chosen on the All-England eleven. His ranking among cricketers since he achieved these honors is fairly well known to most who follow the game. The fact that he has scored

over 2,700 runs in 48 innings in one season stamps him the great batsman that he is, but batting is not his only strong point; the fate of a man who places a ball within his reach, and his reach is long, is practically a foregone conclusion. He was in his college days a wonderful fielder, as I among many others can testify; his arm seemed to go out in telescopic style, just when you thought you had placed a ball beyond his reach, and the long, wiry fingers would close on it quickly enough to send you back to the pavilion. The Prince is a man who must not be judged from his physique, and the uninitiated bowler who takes him for a one and two-run hitter will find his average sadly lowered. He is one of those who prove that skill, not muscle, produces boundary hits. Ranjitsinhji is a pupil of the well-known Tom Hayward, of Surrey fame. "Young Tom," as he is familiarly known, is of the celebrated Hayward stock, a nephew of the late all-England Tom, and a son of Dan. The Prince values the many points which he gained from this young man in the early days of this university cricket.

Ranjitsinhji is to be accompanied by a strong team, but at the time of writing the list of names is not complete.

Matches are arranged for September 22, 23 and 25, vs. Philadelphia Colts; September

29, 30 and October 2, vs. Gentlemen of Philadelphia. In addition to these, the association will in all probability arrange games at New York, Baltimore and Toronto, from whence applications have been received.

If the Prince becomes as popular in this country as he is in the old, there will be many anxiously waiting for a renewed acquaintance, and the return visit of this world-famed cricketer.

T. C. TURNER.

CRICKET IN CALIFORNIA.

On August 6th the Alameda and Pacific elevens met at the Webster street ground, Alameda, for the eleventh pennant match of the season. The Pacifics went to the bat first, and, after running up 142 for three wickets, declared the innings closed. To this total C. Simmonds (not out) contributed 59, C. P. Coles (not out) 35, J. Myers 21, and H. C. Cassidy 14. Saunders bowled 1 wicket for 27, and F. Croll took one for 17 runs. For Alameda, J. J. R. Peel scored 34, G. J. Baugh 24, G. Hellmann 17, J. H. Saunders (not out) 14, and V. Seebeck (not out) 140. At call of time the Alameda team had scored 109 for 5 wickets, the match ending in a draw. J. H. Harbour bowled two wickets for 18, C. Simmonds two for 20, and H. Cassidy one for 25.

On August 13th, on the Webster street ground, at Alameda, the California Club played against the Alameda eleven for the fourth time this season. The California captain won the toss, and took the field. A. Dickinson and E. G. Sloman, for California, bowled throughout the innings with only one short change, Dickinson taking 6 wickets for 45, and Sloman 4 for 65 runs. The Alameda captain, J. J. Moriarty, scored 48, F. Croll contributed 24, W. G. Fortmann 15, and J. J. R. Peel 12. The Alameda innings closed for 124 runs. The California eleven has a considerable tail, and, when 5 wickets were down for 78, their chance of a victory looked slim. But Gunn and Schroeder raised the total to 107, and when the eighth wicket fell for 125, the match was won. The team being one man short, the fall of the ninth wicket for 134 closed the innings. The highest scorers for the winners were: A. B. Lubbock 34, L. Schroeder 33, and E. G. Sloman 18. For Alameda F. Croll took 3 wickets for 32, J. H. Saunders 3 for 33, and J. J. R. Peel 2 for 32.

On Saturday, August 12th, an eleven of the Pacific Club visited Santa Cruz, a Californian

seaside resort, at the invitation of the Santa Cruz Country Club. On Sunday a cricket match was played, Santa Cruz going to the bat first. A. Jenkins 28, and J. H. Coope 17, were the only batsmen who made any stand against Sewell and Simmonds, the former of whom took 3 wickets for 18, and the latter 5 for 17 runs. The innings closed for 67 runs. When the Pacific team went to the bat, J. Myers was bowled by Jenkins for 0, but J. H. Harbour scored 68, C. Simmonds 61, F. Sewell 32, and A. G. Sheath (not out) 22. When 4 wickets were down for 194 runs, the innings was declared closed, and Santa Cruz sent in for a second turn. At the call of time Santa Cruz had scored 13 for 2 wickets. The match thus ended in an easy victory for the visitors. A return match will be played in September at San Francisco.

On August 21st the Pacific team met the Alameda eleven for the fifth time this season at Alameda, California. Pacifics went to the bat first, but J. Myers was bowled for 12, and C. Simmonds for 13. The only batsman who made a good stand was J. J. Theobald, who ran up 37. The innings closed for 103 runs. Peel took 3 wickets for 20, Croll 3 for 22, and Driffeld 2 for 26. For Alameda, J. J. Moriarty scored 41 (not out), J. J. R. Peel 31 (not out), J. H. Saunders 14, F. Croll 11, and G. Hellmann, 4. When 3 wickets were down the score had reached 108, and the match was won by Alameda, with 7 wickets to spare. Cassidy took 1 wicket for 7, Harbour 1 for 30, and Simmonds 1 for 30. The Californians now are first in the struggle for the pennant, the Alamedas are second, and the Pacifics last.

At Alameda on August 27th the California eleven were beaten by the Alameda team. The latter went to the bat first, and, aided by scores of 48 from G. J. Baugh (not out), 18 from P. E. McLean, 15 from V. Seebeck, 13 from J. J. Moriarty, and 10 from J. J. R. Peel, ran up 130 for 8 wickets. Dickinson took 2 wickets for 84 runs, and Howard 4 for 66. The innings was called when 8 wickets were down. The Californians broke down at the bat, only one man, J. Brown, 11, obtaining double figures. The innings closed for 29 runs. Alameda, accordingly, won by 101 runs, with 2 wickets to spare. Harold Ward and J. J. R. Peel bowled throughout the innings without change, the former capturing 6 wickets for 15 runs, and the latter 2 for 14 runs. ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. B.—The new constitution of the Century Road Club of America has been issued. Copies are now ready for distribution. State Centurions of the various States have full supplies, and requisition can be made upon them or direct to the Secretary of the national organization, Mr. C. M. Fairchild, 531 Garfield avenue, Chicago.

H. A. M., Mason City.—We know of nothing published which will give the rules governing the racing of small sailboats, measurements, handicaps, etc. The conditions are capable of so wide a range of diversity, and the factors entering into handicapping are so various, that it would be next to impossible to formulate any general rule applicable to them.

"COLORADO."—Send your name and address to Allen S. Williams, Room D, 8th floor, 220 Broadway, N. Y. A society for herpetological study is in contemplation, and you will obtain all the necessary information from him. The second show is announced.

H. W. P., Gratton.—We do not know where a slate bowling alley can be purchased. The publication of this reply may bring the requisite information, in which case we will forward it to you.

W. C. T.—We cannot undertake to supply you with information merely to enable you to be correct in the details of your proposed novel. You can consult back papers.



Painted for OUTING by C. Rungius.

"Smoking Out a Grizzly." (pp. 115-116.)

"OLD EPHRAIM" (THE GRIZZLY).

OUTING.

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THE BUCK OF CORDWOOD HILL.

BY FRANK H. RISTEEN.



ONE of the redeeming features of existence in a small Canadian town is that at all seasons of the year some form of woodland sport lies within an hour's walk, or drive, or paddle of your door. For the monarch moose and the shy, capricious caribou, one must go far afoot. All other kinds of game that offer meet reward for the hunter's toil may easily be found and brought to bag within the compass of the short autumn day.

I remember well a certain November morning when the small hard flakes were sifting down quite rapidly, insomuch that as I looked out upon the fields and hills, the world and its iniquities seemed clothed in an immaculate mantle.

Just then the muffled impact of a moccasined foot was heard upon the veranda, and my hunting chum, Harry, appeared with rifle in hand and said:

"Hurry up, old man. There's no time to waste. Dominique Goodine is just in from the Hanwell, and he says he saw 'Wandering Willie,' the big white buck of Cordwood Hill, on the second knoll beyond the Four-Mile Stump. He was heading for the Gornish, and if this wind holds out we ought to get a crack at him anyhow."

"How long is it since Dominique says that he saw him?"

"Well, it can't be much over half an hour."

"It will take an hour and a half for us to walk the distance in this snow."

"Yes, but Dominique said he would drive us right out."

As I donned the habiliments of venery the faithful Dominique and his ancient steed swept around the corner on a "slue." Hitching a toboggan to one of the stakes, we were soon at the foot of the Hanwell hill. The Four-Mile Stump was reached in record time. On top of the next ridge the Frenchman hauled up his shaggy horse and pointed excitedly to the tracks of a deer.

"Now, boys," said Dominique, impressively, "I'm hole man me, an' I never seen no hox more beeg as dat white deer. By jarge, he's have some horns jus' lak one hole pine-root you seen 'fore now."

A moment's scrutiny convinced us that Dominique still retained his rare gift of romance. The trail was not leading toward the Gornish stream as he had declared, but in the opposite direction toward Spring Hill. If Dominique had seen the white deer he surely should have known which way the animal was heading. However, the tracks were clearly those of a goodly buck and not much over an hour old, so we started in pursuit.

The ground over which we traveled was rough but fairly open. In many places the big forest fires that followed the Saxby gale had devoured the surface soil, exposing large areas of loose



Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

"AS WHITE AS THE SNOW IT SPURNED BENEATH ITS FEET" (p. 114.)

shingle rocks, among which the second-growth birches, maples, beeches and poplars maintained a dubious existence. In the brook bottoms a few forlorn bunches of spruce and pine had escaped the fire and the axe. The rest was all a shaggy waste of small, leafless trees, through whose limbs the north wind played as on a harp its soothing monotone. Desolation everywhere, but the red deer, keen of ear and clean of limb, were there, and that made it beautiful.

As we plodded slowly through the bushy hollows and over the intervening ridges, the snow ceased falling and the trail grew more distinct. The buck had paused occasionally to feed upon the buds of the young growth. His general course, though winding in detail, led toward a jagged, rocky bluff, to reach which he was obliged to cross a swamp intersected by a brook and then pick his way, daintily among the fallen boulders which time and the elements had shoved from the face of the hill. It was mid-day now, and Harry prophesied that the deer would be found lying down on the summit of the bluff. We wormed a path through the treacherous boulders and reached the top, but saw no sign of the deer.

Presently there came a rustle, a thud, and a miracle of awakening life where only a snowy shroud had been, a fleeting form that waved a reminiscent flag, a random rifle-shot that ripped the bark from a white birch tree—and behold, our buck was swallowed up of silence and vacuity! It was straightway as though he had never been. We had made a mess of it, that was all. Destiny had dealt us a "pat" hand, and we had dropped the cards. Even in that solemn thought there lurked a secret joy. We had proved that Wandering Willie was not a myth. We had beheld the big white buck of Cordwood Hill that for the past five years had led a bullet-proof existence in the Hanwell region; seen by Dominique, seen by country preachers and school-ma'ams, seen on moonlight nights by bibulous bushmen homeward bound.

Then we settled down to business. We said we would follow that buck, if need be, until a certain populous locality froze over and thawed out again.

There was still sufficient wind fretting the restless, frozen branches to give promise of a successful stalk, though

the snow was softening a little and "packed" beneath our feet. It looked at first as if the buck had left the earth. His desperate swing as he roused from his bed was fully twenty feet in length, and he landed where the ground was almost bare beneath a hermit pine. He soon came down to his regular, working clip, and then our end of the fun commenced.

The cunning old rascal never ran more than a quarter of a mile without doubling on his tracks and jumping out sideways. He tried all the tricks he knew. He followed the slot of another deer, stepping daintily in the self-same tracks. He made us drag the toboggan through all the thickets he could find. When he reached the west branch of Garden's Creek he waded the running water for a long distance, and then sprang over a fallen tree.

After that he led us into a perfect maze of deer-tracks on a windy hillside, from which his own could be picked out only by the utmost care. It seemed as if about a hundred intoxicated deer had been dancing a set of quadrilles over five or six acres of ground. He must have routed this bunch of deer in his flight, for we soon saw plenty of jumping tracks. We found ourselves at last following the wrong trail, and had to make a long detour down-wind to find the right one.

Once he stopped in his swift and silent flight, and punched the snow full of holes, where he nervously rested and listened for us beneath a giant pine across the Spring Hill brook. He waved his cotton tail at us defiantly on the farther side of an alder swale after we had followed him about four hours. Perhaps he thought the race was over when we stopped at the brook for lunch. He must have gone up the leeward side of this swale for some distance, then crossed it and loped down the other side; for, as we topped the bank of the swale, we saw him coasting along the opposite ridge in company with another deer that he had doubtless concluded to employ as a decoy. We fired, of course, but the bullets merely plowed the snow behind him.

The firing must have confused a second deer, which paused and looked in our direction, the wily patriarch having vanished in the meantime. Of course, the latter was simply throwing

us this deer for bait. When I fired again—this time at the rear guard—the scrub deer ran about twenty rods spraying the blood from his nostrils over the snow—a sure sign that he was shot through the lungs. He proved to be a fair-sized buck in excellent condition. Instead of being thankful we anathematized the patriarch.

We blazed with our knives a few of the trees leading from the carcass back to the brook, in case the snow should disappear before we could return to him, and then resumed the chase of Wandering Willie, who must have gained a couple of miles on us.

He had one piece of hard luck, though, that put the laugh on him. In taking one of his reckless leaps he lit fair upon a snow-hidden sheet of ice in a small hollow, lost his feet, slid the whole length of the pond, and collided forcibly with a tamarack stump. This took the conceit out of him, I think, and he played us no more tricks for a time. A bunch of pure white hair clinging to a knot in the stump we removed as a souvenir. The course of the buck now turned due west. We had hunted deer in this section long enough to know what this meant. He was heading for the Dismal Swamp—an almost impenetrable jungle of dead cedars that lay at the back of the Spring Hill farms. He would enter this swamp and hide, as he had doubtless often done before; and we would be unable to get near him except by a noisy, toilsome passage through a labyrinth of treacherous, swampy turf, shell ice and crackling cedar brush. We would rout him out, of course, but that meant hard work and the loss of valuable time to no purpose, as he would steal out the other side of the swamp, unseen and unheard, whenever he chose, fresh and ready for another five-mile run. It was now late in the afternoon, and our chance of getting a shot seemed very dubious unless we could hit upon some plan to circumvent the old buck in the swamp. Only one scheme remained that offered any hope of success. I said to Harry:

"Do you remember the black stump where the big deer we chased last fall—old Slobber-heels—went out of the swamp?"

Harry said he knew just where it was.

"Well," I said, "I guess the jig is up, but we ought to give him one more try.

I will give you just twenty minutes by the watch to work around the swamp and post yourself at the stump. Then I will go into the swamp on this side and rout up the buck. He is sure to jump the swamp on your side, and you can give it to him as he comes up the hill."

Harry assented to this proposal, dug the damp snow from his moccasin tops and started. The wind had dropped to an almost dead calm, and the sun was sinking in a purple sea over the Kings-clear hills. It was growing colder as the night drew nigh. As I sat there in silence a rabbit startled me by emerging from his hypnotic trance under a snow-laden bush and chasing himself needlessly up the hill. When the watch showed that time was up I climbed the ridge, and, so slippery was the ground, almost slid bodily into the swamp. I had just entered the jungle of cedars, seeking a doubtful foothold on the projecting roots, when I heard the crack of Harry's rifle and a whoop from the opposite ridge. Tearing through a snarl of almost impassable branches, losing cap and lunch bag in the scrimmage, and plunging up to my knees in the bog, I reached firm ground on the other side. Harry was standing near the stump gazing at the carcass of a big buck deer with a look of blank amazement.

I rushed joyously up the bank. Great Scott (or words to that effect), it wasn't the white buck after all!

Moved by an indefinable impulse we lifted our eyes from the dead deer and looked across the swamp. On the brink of the farther slope we caught the derisive flicker of a phantom flag, and a nebulous form, as white as the snow it spurned beneath its feet, melting like smoke into the twilight of the brush. The white buck had fooled us again. He had doubled on us in the swamp and played us for farmers with another scrub decoy!

Yet is there for every woe of the lover of woodland sports an inner antidote. In after days it was comforting to know that, though Wandering Willie was lost to us, we had brought a brooding fear to his stout heart. For since that sunset hour when he vanished from the swamp, neither Dominique, nor the local preacher, nor the school-ma'am at Gallop's, nor even the bibulous bushman wending home by the light of the moon, has ever beheld the buck of Cordwood Hill.

SMOKING OUT A GRIZZLY.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.



MANY blood-curdling tales have been told of the sanguinary ferocity of "Old Ephraim," and the large majority of the reading public have come to regard any chance meeting between his grizzled majesty and a human being as the signal for a duel to the death, provided said biped had no other means of locomotion than those afforded by nature. No doubt this is the rule during certain seasons of the year, as in the fall, when amorous Eph is on the rampage, or later in the season, when a sudden storm has snowed up his usual supply of food. Then, like a hungry man, Ephraim is an ugly customer to cross.

On the other hand, when a plentiful crop of berries is ripe, the grizzly luxuriates and becomes almost docile with surfeit and fatness. Twice on such occasions I have, while on foot, come fairly face to face with a bear. On the first occasion, I don't know which one of us was the more frightened, but I *do* know that we both ran—in exactly opposite directions. On the second, while I hurriedly took to the nearest tree, Ephraim made no offer to follow, but squatted upon his haunches, actually laughing—at any rate, he grinned and showed his berry-stained tongue—at my needless alarm. It is only fair to state that on both occasions I was armed with a shot-gun, loaded for birds.

Even during the season which is generally considered the most "unhealthy"

time to hunt bears, there are instances known when the "king of American beasts" has shown the white feather most decidedly. One of these forms the materials of this paper. If not so breathlessly thrilling as some, it will serve as a contrast and foil to the class of bear-yarns that so often find their way into print.

I was once one of a party of six spending several months in hunting big game in Montana, our principal range being in and around the Crazy Mountains.

We were all what might be called experienced hunters, well armed and equipped, having along a packer who also officiated as cook. We each had shot-gun and rifle, revolver, knife and hatchet. Lark Taylor had his three hounds along, Pawnee, Mingo and Black-foot.

It was drawing near to the date originally set for our return to the haunts of civilization, in order to avoid being snowed up in the mountains, and yet we had none of us seen, much less shot at, a grizzly bear. But then, one day, just as five of us were sitting down to dinner, Tom Deakin came running in, panting and almost breathless. He could scarcely tell his story, which was, briefly, as follows:

He had been hunting and was on his way back to camp, when he suddenly came face to face with a grizzly bear, "big as the side of a barn!" Though his double-barrel was loaded only with coarse shot, Tom gave Old Ephraim the contents, then "lit out" for camp. He swore that the bear pursued him—was still in chase—and that naught had saved him but the rapid manner in which his feet had passed and repassed one another.

Of course, there was a hasty jumping for rifles on our part, and looking about for convenient trees to climb in case of emergency. We all gradually cooled down as half an hour crept by without the expected visitor putting in an appearance, and began a search.

We finally struck the bear's trail, but not a little to Tom's confusion, as it was the very spot where he had met the animal. The ground here was soft

enough to read the sign clearly. We found the wads from Deakin's gun, and saw where he had started on his headlong, breakneck race for camp. But, alas! for the close chase, we likewise saw where Ephraim had turned tail and made a rapid retreat in the opposite direction.

Despite this display of cowardice, there could be no doubt as to the beast's being a grizzly, and a huge one at that. The enormous footprints, with claw-marks fully five inches in front of the sole on each fore-paw, plainly proved this.

For two miles and over, the trail led through the wild, rocky region, then entered a deep, narrow gorge, which had at some distant day been the bed of a raging torrent. Half a mile farther we came to the end. Here was a perpendicular rock, some twenty yards high, over which the waters must have plunged. At the base of this rock was a huge mass of tangled logs, limbs and stones, covered over and interlaced with vines both living and dead.

As there was no practicable outlet save by the way we entered, we knew that Ephraim must be concealed somewhere in that pile of drift.

The game was holed, but how could we get at it? That was the all-important question just now. There was one plan, suggested by the mass of sun-dried timber, but who was to "bell the cat"? Just then, I believe each one of us thought of those huge claw-marks. I know I did, and did not feel urgently called upon to volunteer.

The afternoon was wearing away, and fearful lest nightfall should come and rob us of our coveted prize—for, eager as we were to bag a grizzly, no man in his sober senses would remain in that narrow gulch on a moonless night with such an ugly neighbor—it was decided that the log pile should be set afire, in order to awake or roast Ephraim out of his den.

That all might have an equal chance to win the coveted (?) post of honor, lots were prepared, but before they could be drawn, Tom Deakin, who had been chafing over his recent scare, volunteered. We made some slight remonstrance, but did not weep when Tom doggedly persisted in his determination.

Collecting a few scattered fagots of dry wood a fire was kindled; and when

the sticks were fairly ablaze, Tom grasped a handful, and slipping along the base of the side wall, while we stood with cocked and leveled rifles to salute Ephraim in case he should make a rush, he set the dry mass afire in three separate places, and beat a hasty retreat.

During all this, though growling freely, the grizzly did not show so much as the tip of his nose. In fine, he acted so much like a cowardly brute instead of the ferocious, bloodthirsty creature we had been led to expect, that we began to fear we must have made some mistake in following the trail, and holed some other animal instead.

However, the question would be soon settled now. The flames were spreading rapidly, and unless it chose to be roasted in its den, the occupant of that drift must make its appearance before long.

Expecting this at any moment now, we spread out, forming a line across the narrow gulch, rifles in readiness for the fray. But minute after minute passed, and still Ephraim did not emerge. He growled angrily enough, but, though the smoke must have been terrible and the heat extreme, he still held out—or *in*.

At length the entire mass was ablaze, and we were beginning to utter strong exclamations of disgust, when Bruin made his appearance so suddenly that we were taken quite by surprise.

It was even larger than we expected, and had its courage been in proportion to its size, some of our number would almost assuredly have had cause to rue that "smoking-out."

We opened fire, too hurriedly for certain aim, and though struck by nearly every bullet, the bear was not seriously hurt. It squalled loudly, and turned back, almost rushing into the blazing mass in its blind terror. Recoiling, it strove to scale the nearly perpendicular wall. It never once made an offer to assail us, and while striving to drag itself up the rock, fell stone-dead at our second volley, not having shown as much courage as an old ram would have shown under similar circumstances.

We unanimously voted the hunt a failure. True, we had killed a huge grizzly bear, but there had been no fight, its hide was ruined—the whole affair a consummate fraud and imposition.

The Golfers' Open Championship 1899



Photos by T. C. Turner.

BY CHARLES TURNER.

TO the follower of golf, and to the lover of the game for its own sake, there is no gathering of the year that equals in interest that of the open tournament, when Greek meets Greek indeed, and the tug of war exhibits to the golfing disciple all that the best of the best can show.

It is a singular meeting, in the eyes of the followers of other forms of sport, forasmuch as, at it, amateur and professional are pitted against each other, without let or hindrance from the framers of cobweb laws, whose ingenuity and good but often mistaken intentions in other sports are defeated by equally clever framers of processes of evasion. In golf there has happily not arisen any occasion for a penal division of the two classes of players, and long may these conditions continue.

Of course, it follows from the very nature of things that, notwithstanding the permissibility of the amateur-professional contest, the entries of amateurs should be in the minority; for skillful though thousands of them are, they are aware that there is often more to be learned by an onlooker than by the contestant, and that it is the more profitable, as well as more pleasurable, occupation

to follow from point to point and cross the field of operations of the two score professionals, whose very presence is a guarantee that they are the depositories of knowledge and exponents of practice which it is worth the while of the amateur to watch.

I was very much impressed with this at the first golf exhibition (it could scarcely be called a tournament), when in the fall of 1894 Willie Dunn and a corporal's guard, comprising nearly all the teachers then in the States, gathered at Grey Oaks by Yonkers, and gave as keen and as green "a gallery" as ever followed from tee to tee, the first public example of the prowess that comes from right principles rightly applied.

Since that really recent, but, in the history of American golf, almost forgotten date, the instructors of the game have risen from a corporal's guard to an army. Scotland and England have been ransacked for their best, and these have come. Annually the open championship has thereby become more useful as an itinerant exhibition of the possibilities of the game.

Newport saw the games of 'ninety-five, Shinnecock Hills those of 'ninety-six, Chicago welcomed the professional

exponents of 'ninety-seven, and Myopia, Mass., was the chosen battle-ground of 'ninety-eight. It was fitting, therefore, that the South should share in the advantage of so useful an exhibit, and no more difficult, and therefore, desirable links could have been selected than the Country Club's, of Baltimore, Md. I say this advisedly, because in my opinion it is one of the most essential tests of skill in the players that the course over which they are called on to contest should be as different from their ordinary courses as possible, and as difficult to negotiate as can fairly be. Certainly the Baltimore course, to players mainly raised on the billiard-table, perfect courses of old Scotia, can claim to meet both the antecedent requirements. *Imprimis*, it has no sand. *Item*, it has every conceivable form that the scientifically perfect, orthodox course would not have. It has more humping hills than a herd of gigantic dromedaries; it has more varieties of hazards than were ever written down in the *index expurgatorius* of the veritable Colonel Bogey. It has hills of every variety of angle, from ninety in the shade upward and downward; ditches and car-tracks, fences and streams; woods of every conformation and in the most tantalizing and unexpected places; with avenues cut through, necessitating an accuracy that is fatal whenever the eye is out, or the wind is in.

For all which let me give much thanks, for three reasons: first, that it added many hundreds of difficult problems to be solved by the players for my edification, and that of hundreds more "chiels among them taking notes"; and, secondly, that it renders quite unnecessary any comparison between the individual scores made at the championship this year and all those which have gone before; and for a third and last reason, because it carried close home a lesson that instructors are prone to forget, namely, that the ability to execute strokes must be supplemented by the hardest kind of physical condition of wind and limb, and that to shine in an American open championship, even a professional must keep more out of the workshop than some have recently been inclined to do. Good clubs are good things, no doubt, and profitable too, to the maker, but the ability to wield them is the professional's *raison d'être*, and to

maintain that is his first duty. More than one contestant to my knowledge had a punishment on his first day up and down the hills of the Baltimore course that he will not soon forget.

It was a great gathering in all respects. Great in numbers, for forty couples, bar one, started, one might almost say with the sun, for it was not much after seven, on the morning of Thursday, the 14th September, in as nearly ideal weather as can be imagined, on their first tour of the eighteen holes, which it was their task to complete twice before sunset, and yet again twice on the morrow. As the crow flies, this meant playing over five and a half miles each day; and, as the Bogey of the course was 156, putting the whole force of body and mind into certainly that number of strokes on each round, a formidable expenditure of muscle, nerve and brain power.

There were old friends and new faces gathered in from more States than formed the original Union, for there were representatives of fourteen States: Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, New Jersey, Ohio, Missouri, Maryland, Michigan, North Carolina, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Hampshire; all had one or more representatives.

It was a notable gathering, too, and it speaks well for the healthy interest in the game, for its own sake, that every champion who has ever won the honor, was ready again to enter the lists, more, of course, for the mere pleasure of the game than for the possibility of new laurels. Willie Dunn, who won the premier honors in 1894, the patriarch of the champions in fact, played through the game, and put up a good game, too. His successor, who carried off the honors of 1895, at Newport, Horace J. Rawlins, placed to his credit 341; James Foules, the victor of Shinnecock Hills, in 1896, came within seven strokes of this; Joseph Lloyd, the victor at Chicago in 1897, was among the starters, and, of course, the Myopia champion of 1898, Fred Herd. But times and conditions were against him this year. Indeed, no man has won the title twice, nor is likely to, at least for some years. The importation of dark horses from beyond the seas, lusty and skillful, places that period, fortunately, a long way off.

And here let me say, lest I forget, in relation to that double trip round 36

holes, that I entirely disagree with the present system, which makes the whole 72 holes medal-play holes. I am of opinion that it would be for the interest of the sport if the first day's play were at medal play, and the second day's play (restricted to those who had reached a definite place in that portion of the contest) should be match play.

But conditions being as they are, we must take them as the basis of observation for this turn and purpose, and admit that they enabled the most perfect golf to be played. From start to finish the plane of play was higher than it has ever been, notwithstanding some apparent paradoxes.

ing of thirteen strokes. The controversial reply to this would be the exulting statement, perfectly true, too, "But last year's course of 36 holes was 11,940 yards long, whereas this year's was 9,756 yards only." And so on and so on, *ad nauseam*, as has literally been the case ever since the contest ended. The best test is that of ocular demonstration, and those who were there can testify to the truth of the quality of the play, and they only.

If it were desirable, as a parting shot at the scribes who write puzzles and juggle figures, I would say, show me any course presenting the infinite variety of conditions at Baltimore, where as



WATCHING THE RETURNS BEING POSTED.

For instance, the superficial observer may say "That cannot be ; for last year the champion covered the course in Bogey figures, whereas this year as the result of the four rounds the champion needed three more strokes than Bogey, for Bogey was 312, whilst the champion needed 315 strokes to carry him home." I might reply True ; but last year's Bogey for each round was 82, whereas this year's Bogey for eighteen holes was 78. Or one might still further confuse a superficial observer by a still more deadly blow, and say, Look you ! last year the best score was 328, whereas this year the best score was 315, a sav-

many men have gathered for the first time, where Bogey has been placed as low, and where six times in one day Bogey has been gone one better, once equaled, and twice been approached within one shot ! That is what happened at Baltimore, of which here is proof. Bogey was 78 ; Jack Park, of the Essex County Country Club, reduced it to 75 ; Willie Smith, the champion, lowered it twice out of four rounds to 77, as also did Ernest Way, of the Edgeworth Golf Club ; Peter Walker, of Onwentsia, and Willie Anderson, of Baltusrol ; whilst Lawrence Auchterlonie, of Glen View, was within one stroke of it, and



THE 9TH GREEN.

H. M. Harriman, the amateur champion, and Alexander Campbell came within two strokes of the elusive colonel.

A better and more palpable test perhaps will be to compare the scores of the first few men of last year and of this. Last year the first five men were more divided than this year. This year, after the winner, came a bunch over which, as a huntsman would say of his pack of hounds "running so close you could cover them with a table-cloth"—in other words the second, third and fourth men were equal at 326; the fifth, 327; the sixth, 328; the seventh, 330, and the eighth, 331. Such a uniformity

of result over so sporty a course as Baltimore, speaks volumes for the general high character of the performances.

Where the conditions of the course and weather are the same for every contestant, it is unessential to particularize. Yet a word may be added on one point which may throw light on a subject that lies immediately before all those in authority in matters golfing, and that is the condition of the greens. It is easy enough to lay out a course almost anywhere and at any period of the year. Time does not enter as a constituent element. The same hills and the same valleys will be there year in and year



WATCHING THE PLAYERS COME IN AT THE 18TH GREEN.

out, and no labor or thought can remove them. Nor do they form any obstacle to good play. It is comparatively easy to drive, especially to a professional, and to approach, too; but when the green is reached there is, at present, the pitfall of all good players, especially those who have learned on the older and more perfect greens of the older countries. It is against the greens of

Baltimore, and against them only, that a discordant note could be heard the whole contest through, and although by comparison with other American links they were not bad, still as compared with the conditions to which most of the players had been accustomed, they were. Nobody but those who have played through the strain of such a conflict can appreciate the extent to which every irregularity and imperfection on the green is exaggerated. The mind involuntarily reverts to ideal conditions—the “what ought to be”—and all the ills of the game, and even the faults of the players in driving and approaching, are laid to the green.

Of course the judgment, as at Baltimore, may be biased to some extent; yet that more attention will have to be paid to the green is a self-evident problem, and the clubs that first appreciate

this will produce the best results. Every player who leaves the ranks of the “sloggers” becomes a candidate for large, even, well-sodded, well-tended, well-drained greens; and he must have them, or his golfing life is made a torment to him. He is in the ranks of those humorously consigned to the punishment of the billiard player condemned to play

‘With a twisted cue,
And a green untrue,
And elliptical billiard balls.’



Photo by T. C. Turner.

WILLIE SMITH, MIDLOTHIAN CLUB, CHICAGO, OPEN CHAMPION.

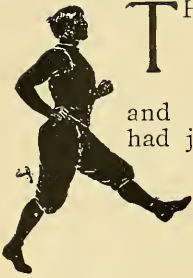
Of golf it may be said, as of cricket, a game is never lost till it is won, and the open championship of 1899 is a case in point. On the first day the general voice and expectation were for Willie Anderson, yet the second day placed Willie Smith, of the Midlothian Club, Chicago, in the unprecedented position of eleven strokes below his nearest competitor, and crowned him victor

with a record that will be long before it is beaten. The Baltimore course, with the greens set back, as they were in many instances especially for this contest, will be many a day before its eighteen holes will be covered in 77—77—79 and 82 in continuous play by the same player in two days.*

* Fuller details of the play will be found in our Review, at the end of the magazine.

HELD FOR DOWNS.

BY WARD CRUIKSHANK.



THE girl in the seat next to mine split her glove. A tousled-haired gentleman, in extremely dirty and much bepadded clothes, had just wriggled, twisted and dodged his way over seventy yards of frostbitten turf, and lay somewhere under twenty-one other equally tousled-haired, bepadded and soiled gentlemen. Twenty thousand people were in imminent danger of splitting their larynxes, and the girl in the seat next to mine split her glove.

The mass of padded bodies untangled itself. The gentleman first mentioned lay quite still on the ground with a leather-covered oval tucked tightly under one arm; up at the score-board appeared the legend "Man hurt," and several doctors and half a dozen gentlemen with blankets and buckets came rushing into the arena. They proceeded to swab and maul the inanimate gentleman into life. In a few moments he got slowly on his feet, apparently half-dazed and in great agony. The next moment he pranced away from his caretakers. A gentleman who seemed to take great interest in the performance, but carefully abstained from getting too intimate with it, blew a whistle, the twenty thousand people, who had in the meantime settled into a listless silence, assumed an attitude of intense expectancy, and the girl in the seat next to mine gave a rueful look at her glove, smiled brilliantly, and said:

"It doesn't matter in the least. Wasn't it a perfectly lovely run? We will score now, won't we? I do think Jack is the sweetest boy! They were a new pair, too. I do hope he isn't much hurt."

By "Jack" she meant the demoralized-looking human being who had made the run, and I suppose the new pair had reference to her gloves. I felt decidedly acrimonious.

The girl in the seat next to mine turned partly round and looked at me inquiringly. This, by the way, was in perfectly good form. You see, I had brought her to the game. She has rather large gray eyes, and you know

when she looks at you—at least I do—even if you don't happen to be looking at her. I was scowling straight ahead at the players, but was very much aware of those ocular interrogation points.

"You didn't cheer once," said the girl in the seat next to mine, slowly and with great conviction. "I don't believe you want our boys to win."

She uttered this last sentence in a tone of as much sorrowful surprise as if I hadn't told her forty times in as many minutes that I sincerely hoped "our boys would lose."

"O-o-o-oh!" she continued, with the relevance that frequently marks her conversation, "wasn't that splendid? Didn't Jack just smash those horrid fellows?"

The papers next day announced, at one point in the story of the game, that "Jack" was "jammed through the center for a gain of ten yards." This may throw some light on the last recorded remark of the girl in the seat next to mine. And now she became entirely absorbed in the play. It was tolerably absorbing, but I didn't feel a whit less acrimonious. The great crowd seemed hardly to breathe. "Our boys," it is hardly necessary to state, "had the ball." The whistle sounded, and its shrillness was intensified by the hush. "27-15-9-34!" the quarter-back's voice rang till it almost echoed. There was a rush, a strain and the sound as though of grinding bone and muscle. Again the whistle shrieked, and the score-board showed "Second down—five yards to gain."

A mammoth sigh stirred the multitude, and every head bent forward to the uttermost, every eye strained to catch the slightest movement of those nineteenth century gladiators. The whistle whirled; sharp and clear came the signal: "27-3-10!" For a perceptible moment it seemed as though the "irresistible force" had met the "immovable body;" then the lines swayed and mixed, there was a rush to the right, a jam, and out to the left darted our friend "Jack," the ball hugged tightly to his side. An instant of time, and again he was under that crushing human pile, but this time on the farther side of the goal line. Up on their feet



Painted for OUTING by Alex. J. Rummler.

"THE MASS OF PADDED BODIES UNTANGLED ITSELF." (p. 122.)

came the crowd, and howl after howl tore the crisp autumn air. In the noise somebody kicked a goal. The teams lined up in mid-field. But there was a practical end to the game. A minute or two more of play; all was over and "our boys" had won, 6 to 0.

The girl in the seat next to mine was quite hoarse as she jauntily waved a small flag in my face and said: "You owe me five pounds of candy, sir. Wasn't Jack lovely?"

"Suppose I have the candy addressed to Jack," said I, in a tone that was meant to be sarcastic, but only succeeded in being rude.

"I believe," said she, with much dignity, "that I won the candy." Then, in impulsive indignation: "What *is* the matter with you, anyway?"

Now that was simply maddening. Here had I, during two thirty-five-minute halves, sat listening to the girl, whom I certainly did not look upon as a sister, go into ecstasies over eleven tousle-topped idiots in general, and one tousle-topped idiot in particular, and now she asked what was the matter with me.

"Well," inquires a paretic friend, "why didn't you tell her?" Touch-downs and goals from the field! Tell her! Tell her! Why didn't I tell her! Why, because—because—good gracious! If you don't know why I didn't tell her there is small use in trying to impart the information. But this is "off-side play" and I will be penalized if I don't get back.

You can't—or I can't—propose to a girl who has just won five pounds of candy, and is wildly jubilant over a great football victory in which one of her admirers has figured as a star. And if I couldn't propose to her, I couldn't tell her that I was madly in love with her and insanely jealous of everybody and everything that took her attention from my own precious self. There *are* times when girls accept the sons of Adam who use brushes and combs, but it isn't during or immediately after a football match.

"I suppose," she proceeded hastily, as though not caring particularly to have her question answered, "that you are mad because J—our boys beat those horrid fellows. I'm sure I don't see why you wanted them to win. Why did you?"

There was another of those infernal questions. I couldn't tell her that my championing of the "horrid fellows"—who, by the way, compared very favorably with "our boys"—was due to the fact that I wanted Jack's side licked. Of course I couldn't, and yet I had an almost overwhelming desire to do it. The brain-tearing struggle I was engaged in kept me silent.

We were working our way across the field with the crowd. I have a kindly feeling for that crowd. But for its pushing and jostling the small hand on my arm would probably have been withdrawn. Miss Gray Eyes was becoming decidedly indignant. She burst out:

"You are the most disa—" The exclamation was chopped off right there, and I heard her say in angelic tones: "Why, Jack! Oh, it was lovely. You—you all did splendidly! Are you hurt? I'm so awfully glad we won."

Turning my head, I saw a begrimed and magnificently stalwart fellow, somewhat battered and exceedingly triumphant—the "Jack" of seventy-yard-run and only-touchdown fame.

"Hullo, Stanford!" he said, releasing the hand that had been doing its wee utmost to convey its owner's congratulations.

"Hullo, Jack!" I was surprised at the heartiness in my own voice, as I gripped his hand. "Your work was magnificent, old man. The whole team played the game of their lives. It was a victory on its merits; never a fluke nor a flaw."

The crowd surged. Jack was swallowed up in a mass of admiring "rooters," and we moved toward the gates. The clasp on my arm was a trifle tighter, and, as I fended off the buffetings of the stream of humanity, I felt those gray eyes fastened on me again, and knew, without looking, that there was a puzzled expression in them.

"I am glad you said that."

We had passed out of the grounds and walked nearly a square in silence, when the girl who had been in the seat next to mine vouchsafed that remark. I had been industriously figuring to determine whether the ordinary mortal who enters in a race with the wearer of a football halo could be classed as anything better than a hundred-to-one shot, and hadn't gotten the answer, so I asked, rather stupidly, I suppose:

"Glad I said what?"

"What you did to Jack."

"I didn't do anything to Jack."

"I mean what you said to him, Silly."

"Oh, yes; and you are glad?"

"Yes; it was very nice."

"I don't like to make 'nice' remarks."

"You don't very often make them."

It was true, too."

"Another rare virtue where I am concerned, I suppose?"

"You are trying to be hateful again. I don't care. It was very nice in you to say it when you didn't want him to win and——"

"He had won."

"Well, then, when you were sorry he *had* won, and I'm glad you said it."

"Why?"

"Did you notice what a horrid hat Ella Davidson had on? She sat in the second row below us."

Now, will some kind and obliging person please tell me what Miss Davidson's hat had to do with the conversation just detailed, or how asking me if I thought it was ugly answered my question?

"I am afraid your afternoon hasn't been very pleasant," she said a moment later as we stood at her door and I had declined to go in. "You have given me a great deal of pleasure, but I don't know what—— We are going to have several people here to-night, and mamma told me to tell you she would be glad to have you come. I hardly think—— Thank you ever so much for this afternoon. Good-by."

She passed in the house, and I mooned off home, inwardly cursing myself for an idiot and a brute, and various other things which, I don't mind saying, I'm not. My afternoon *was* an unpleasant remembrance. And the aggravating thing about it was that I couldn't find anybody to blame for it but myself. I had been posing before my own mind as a martyr, and my mind resolutely declined to be taken in by the pose.

"Oh, Hades!" I exclaimed to myself at last. "I'll be hanged if I go around there to-night." Having thus vigorously declared my intentions and eaten my supper, I proceeded to do as I said I wouldn't. It is just possible that there are crazier things than a man in love.

* * * * *

It was nearly ten o'clock when I finally

rang the bell at Mrs. McCormick's. This was because I was so exceedingly anxious to get there early. In fact, having resolved not to go, I realized that life wouldn't be worth living if I didn't, but that realization produced an argumentative and undecided state of mind, during which the time slipped rapidly away. It went so fast that for a while I was unconscious of its flight. Then indecision gave way to a feverish and determined haste. I begrudged the time it took to put on my hat; I nearly tore the lining from the sleeves of my overcoat, and the way I rushed over the distance between the two houses would, if there had been anyone but policemen to see me, have destroyed any stray remnants that may have been left of my reputation for dignity. From a spendthrift of hours I became a miser of seconds, and found myself in Mrs. McCormick's parlors.

"We had given you up, Fred," said that lady when we had gone through the "how-d'-y'-do" palaver that society considers necessary under the circumstances. "Anna said she thought it unlikely that you would be able to get here. You know everybody, so I won't trouble myself about you." And the good lady returned to the conversation that my entrance had interrupted.

Yes; I knew everybody, but everybody seemed to be getting on famously without my assistance. Over in the dim corner of the bay window I could hear Jack's deep voice, and beyond him, further in the recess, there was the sheen of a white dress and the glint of yellow-brown hair—the same sort of hair that crowned the owner of the gray eyes—Anna McCormick—the girl who had occupied the seat next to mine, and split her glove when Jack made that run. There were other couples about the big rooms, but the two in the bay window settled me. I had murderous thoughts of a funeral in which Jack figured as the corpse, and no mother of a broken-nosed son ever anathematized football as I did at that moment. Sulkily I thought of the "Den" and remembered that I wanted to smoke—wanted to as much, at least, as I wanted to do anything except kill Jack. I wandered back to the little room that had been Colonel McCormick's headquarters in the latter part of his life—a cozy place, where masculine visitors were now allowed to smoke and otherwise make themselves at home.

The gas was burning low—so low that the flickering light of the grate cast dancing shadows all about. I savagely bit the end off a cigar and sank disconsolately back into a big Morris chair.

"So you came, did you?"

Another question! I dropped the match I had just lighted and sprang to my feet, peering eagerly into the corner whence the voice came. As my eyes grew accustomed to the light, or the lack of it, I made out the same signs of hair and dress I had just left in the other room with Jack, and I began to think about delirium tremens and nervous prostration.

"What's the matter, stupid? You act as if you saw a ghost."

"Why, hang it all!" I blurted out, "I thought you were in the other room with Jack. I saw you there."

"I'll tell Jen I have a 'swap' for her." The idea seemed to excite extraordinary mirth in the girl who had occupied the seat next to mine. Suddenly she grew very serious—almost wrathful. "Why *should* I be with Jack, I'd like to know?"

A question again; but, then, I was rapidly losing my fear of questions.

"I don't know that I said you *should* be with him."

"You know what I mean, sir. Why are you eternally bringing Jack up and coupling his name with mine?"

"I didn't know that I was always doing either of those things."

"Oh, you 'don't know'; you 'didn't know'! Oh, no; your supply of knowledge is very convenient; you keep it under beautiful control." All this with fine sarcasm. "Why don't you answer me?"

"Well, I—that is, Jack——"

"Oh, Jack, Jack, Jack! There you go with Jack again."

"Humph!" I was getting unreasonably huffy myself. "I wasn't aware that you had an absolute monopoly of Jack."

"That is just what you have been insinuating ever since some time this afternoon, even if you are not aware of it. What right have you even to think of such a thing?"

"Why, really, I——"

"Oh, 'really, I!' 'Really, I!' Really, you are most tiresome. What do you mean? Can't you say anything without stopping to think about it and calculate each word?"

"Well, Jack seemed to be a very interesting person to you this afternoon. I thought, maybe, you'd want to discuss his triumph with him, and I didn't think about its being your sister out there in the bay window. I supposed you——"

"Oh, you supposed? Why, you knew Jack was engaged to Jen."

In this the girl who had occupied the seat next to mine erred. I really had, in the four or five months immediately preceding, forgotten the existence of Miss Janey McCormick. She was, I now recalled, an extraordinarily nice girl, but for some reason or other, latterly I hadn't seen much of her. The discovery that she was Jack's fiancée worked a sudden revolution in my feelings toward Jack. I realized that the girl who had occupied the seat next to mine could only regard him with sisterly-in-law affection—unless—unless——

"I never heard that engagements were unbreakable," said I, sweetly.

Her eyes flashed angrily.

"And you took for granted that I was the heir to my sister's cast-offs."

She rose disdainfully and started toward the door. Luckily I got there first, and barred her progress.

"Let me pass, sir; I wish to see mamma." Her head was thrown haughtily back, and the gray eyes regarded me insolently.

"Anna," said I, steadily, though my heart thumped as though it would make itself heard in the next room. "You can't go out of that door till you have heard an apology at least."

"I don't want an apology. Will you let me go by?"

"You must let me say that I didn't mean——"

"What you didn't mean is really not important. Will you let me pass out?"

"Second down—no gain!" said I, in what must have been an excessively exasperating manner.

"You're a brute!" The vindictiveness of this flattering assertion was somewhat marred by an almost imperceptible quiver of her under lip. She turned back to the rocker she had just left.

"Lost the ball on a fumble." I fear this was not delivered in the calm and judicial tone befitting such an utterance. I felt decidedly nervous and very desperate as I went over and stood by her chair.

"I was going to beg your pardon, Anna," I said, talking very fast, while a miserable choking sensation clogged my throat, "but that won't do now. I am going to ask you one question, and that will settle the matter."

She looked up at me rebelliously, and put her hands over her ears.

"Anna?"

No answer, but the angry flush on her cheeks gave place to an all-suffusing blush. I took a small wrist in either hand. She writhed them in my grasp, but I held as tightly as I dared for fear of hurting her, which proved to be tight enough to answer my purpose.

"Anna, are you—do you—Anna, look at me."

The fortunes of the universe seemed to depend on that question, and yet I stumbled over the asking of it.

"Anna, you know that it has been all my miserable jealousy that has made me act the way I have to-day. I have been jealous—insanely jealous—of everybody and everything that has taken your attention from me for an instant, and there has been so much to-day to take it away for millions of instants. Anna, darling, tell me you love me."

I had drawn her hands over until they rested on my shoulders, and a blushing, downcast face was brought very close to mine. She raised her eyes reluctantly. The fire had died out, and in its stead was a tender twinkle.

"You are holding in the line, sir; let me go. Oh, Fred! You bad, bad——" but the rest of it was smothered somewhere in my coat.



MOOSE IN THE MAINE WOODS.

BY C. BAILEY.

A HUNT in the Maine woods; limit of time, two weeks; sole object, a moose.

By the end of October the leaves have fallen, the undergrowth has become comparatively clear, and the moose have left the lakes and streams and sought shelter in the more thickly wooded hills and ranges. The rutting season is over, and all fight has left the bull, who busies himself in selecting a "yard," some well-protected hillside, where the tender tops of the moose-wood and maple will furnish him food during the heavy snows.

The sportsman in quest of moose in Maine arrives at the little station nearest the hunting region, puts up at the country hotel, listens to stories of the many heads carried out of the woods, is

assured by his guide of the plentifulness of game, and *if* a snow will only fall, and *if* luck is only with him, and *if* other things combine, everything will turn out satisfactorily.

Thus, regaled with yarns, he imagines in the warmth of the hotel smoking-room that killing a moose is such an easy matter that it is a wonder more sportsmen do not try it. In fact, he is most anxious to get started lest some man may have gone in the woods ahead of him and, perhaps, gotten the very moose that would have fallen to his own rifle.

So, by the rising of the morrow's sun, the Nimrod finds himself rigged in soft knee-breeches, sweater, numerous heavy woolen socks, and oil-tanned moccasins, and seated in a heavily-laden buckboard pulled by four scrawny horses over a rough, muddy road, such as only Maine horses can stand. Ten, fifteen or twenty miles through a dense forest of spruce, pine and hemlock brings him to a little cluster of log cabins. He is at his camp, situated usually in a hollow

near some swift-running brook, and entirely shut in by the tall trees and thick undergrowth in the neighborhood.

Thus passes the first day.

The second day gives the guide an opportunity to test the endurance of the sportsman, who is taken over hills and through swamps with only the possibility of happening suddenly on the object of his hunt. His chances are poor, for the dry leaves crack under his feet, and the breaking of every twig sends a noise through the silent woods as of the tramping of an ox.

The third and fourth days are perhaps as fruitless. Not a sign of moose. The snort of a deer or two as they bound through the young hemlock, or perhaps the glimpse of a white flag, may give the hunter a momentary thrill of excitement; but, if he must have a moose it behoves him not to shoot at other game. For, once started, the moose will leave that particular locality and not stop short of many miles running. So back to camp as darkness comes on, tired and weary, perhaps discouraged, certainly hungry.

The next morning—what joy! The ground is covered with snow, soft and velvety, four or five inches. Just the right depth, not too much for fast traveling, yet just enough to cushion the leaves and deaden one's footfalls.

The hunter, with whatever rifle he fancies, and the guide with his pack make an early start. Three or four miles over one range, with here and there a view of a distant lake, or a glimpse of a long stretch of crimson and blue hills, down into a swamp, across treacherous brooks, when lo! a moose-track. Immediately the hunter's spirits mount high, his strength is doubled, and every sense is on the alert.

The guide examines the track critically and fears that it is of a cow. However, it might be a young bull. At any rate, it will probably lead to a yard or to other moose, so for the next three or four hours the trail is followed through bogs, over fallen tree-tops, and under overhanging boughs, which the guide scrutinizes closely. No bark is knocked off. There is very little hope of its being a bull. The "going" grows tiresome, and when the tracks lead from the top of some high hill to the foot and it is then found that the quarry has turned and gone up again, perhaps not

a hundred yards from the old trail, the time is observed and lunch decided upon.

Being refreshed, they resume the trail, and after crossing more hills and working their way through more swamps, find the distance between the tracks to grow shorter and here and there a freshly nipped twig. The moose has slowed down and is beginning to feed. Another quarter of a mile of slow and careful trailing; then, on reaching the edge of a more open growth, it is seen, quietly browsing amongst the saplings some two hundred yards away. The rifle is cocked, and both hunter and guide crane their necks to try to discover whether it is a cow or a bull. In vain they look for horns; peer as they will the horns are not there. There is nothing to be done. The law forbids the killing of cow moose, so they can only withdraw and try not to disturb her.

It is getting late, and six or seven miles separate the wearied trampers from their camp. By carefully selecting a route over certain well-known hills, and by constant reference to the compass, the welcome lights of the huts appear just as darkness has settled down.

The fifth day has gone, and with it what encouragement the beginning of it brought forth. By the time all hands are in their bunks the unwelcome patter of drops of rain is heard on the roof, and soon there is a steady downpour.

Sapristi! What miserable luck! Tomorrow the snow will freeze, and with a thin crust it is absolutely useless to try to hunt anything. And so it is. A few hours tramping is enough to convince even a tyro that stalking is out of the question. So the day is spent in the vicinity of the camp after partridges. A bag of half a dozen is not an unusual one. The absence of their heads is pointed to with pride as a proof of good marksmanship.

Thus the sixth day and also the seventh and eighth pass. Six days more—only five hunting days, for one day must be spent getting out of the woods. Impatience seizes upon the sportsman as he counts the days and figures on his probabilities. In his dreams he kills the biggest moose ever carried out of the woods, spread of horns six feet, twenty points on one horn and nineteen on the other. Then again, the questions his friends will ask: "What!

killed nothing?" "Two weeks in the woods?" serve to make the day long and his waking hours restless and uncomfortable.

So, with a rabbit foot in his vest pocket, or carrying some other article that his superstition tells him will prove efficacious, he again sets forth, more determined than ever, and quite prepared to stand whatever exertion he may be called upon to undergo. There is still a crust on the snow, but the "going" is not quite so noisy. Hour after hour is spent in trudging through the snow, the thermometer down to ten below zero, moccasins leaky, and feet tired and sore. A lunch of sandwiches and coffee, and on again, stepping to one side to examine a bear-track, or again to look at an unusually big deer-track, until at last the guide's quick eye discovers moose-sign.

A peeled sapling, broken twigs, and finally the tracks of two moose, one large and one small track, evidently a bull and a cow. Again we are on the alert, and the trail is taken up with the eagerness of a hound in full cry. A mile of fast, quick work, when, on stopping a second to listen, there is heard, growing fainter each instant, the heavy, crashing sound made by the monarch of the forest as he bounds down the valley. Too late. He is off. We were too anxious. And then the blanked crust. There is no use following immediately, and, as it is nearly sunset, it is decided to camp on his trail. So some forked sticks are set up, poles laid on them, these covered with long strips of birch-bark, boughs cut and laid for a bed, a blanket spread, and everything made as comfortable as possible for the night.

Daylight breaks on the morning of the tenth day and ends a restless night spent in rolling over and turning about in the endeavor to keep warm. As the sun sheds its first glow over the hill-tops the pursuers are off. Mile after mile is covered with no indication of a slackening of speed on the part of the moose. Noon, one, two, and three o'clock pass, and not a turn in the trail. The moose are leaving the country and must be given up.

Disheartened and wearied, hunter and guide set a course for camp and wend their way through tangled undergrowth, over slippery logs, across brooks and

streams into which they not infrequently slip, until they are at last before a cheery fire in camp, recounting the trials of the preceding days.

The next day dawns bright and clear, with a soft melting of snow. A few miles from camp, when again moose-sign is discovered. Bark freshly peeled from young trees, bushes bent over, and fresh tracks which the guide decides were made during the early morning. There are three in the herd, big tracks, and from the bark scraped off the trees, there is evidently a bull amongst them. The trails cross and wander about aimlessly. The beasts are possibly in the near neighborhood. Now great caution must be observed. A finger is wetted and held up to find the exact direction of the wind. Taking note of the general appearance of the surrounding hills and valleys, the guide leads the sportsman circuitously to leeward of a certain narrow little valley, where they again discover the trail, which, fortunately, leads up the valley and against the wind.

Creeping, half crawling, they cautiously select a place for each step. The signs grow fresher every minute, and the hunters grow more alert and careful. Just as they reach the top of a little rise, a black object is seen to move amongst the growth some hundred yards distant. Crouch low and be ready! A moment later the object turns, and presents a broadside showing a fine pair of horns. Now quick, but take a careful aim. Bang! once, twice. Shoot again as he runs—three, four—yea, more times if necessary. The old bull stops and weakens, then, staggering, falls heavily to the ground, dead.

A moment to realize that he has actually killed his moose, and then the triumphant hunter produces a flask that he and his guide may drink to their success, and to each other's health—and to everybody else's good health. They then fill their pipes and sit down to enjoy a little of that calm contentment that follows the complete and successful accomplishment of one's most cherished desires.

The next day is spent in "blazing" and "swamping out" a way by which the moose may be hauled out. And on the thirteenth, after much labor and difficult driving, he is hauled into camp on a sled.

THREE DAYS' DUCKING ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

BY ELLIOT C. BROWN.



THE woods were turning red and yellow, the nights getting cold, and the whole world seemed to be greeting a splendid autumn. All the fellows were preparing for their fall shooting, but, on account of some business, I was unable to join them. As one after another passed by my office window, bearing a gun or some other implement of the craft, I felt something drawing me to Sandbar Bridge—my favorite grounds—and a longing to get away for two or three days grew and grew, until, at last, upon an invitation from my friend Douglas to keep him company on the *Francis* for a short trip, I promised to go with him.

I knew he did not expect to do any shooting, for he was one of those strange mortals that said he "didn't see the fun in it, any way," but upon being asked if he had ever tried it, had to acknowledge that he hadn't. I determined to give him a try, and then let him decide; and Mansfield, my brother, made a plan by which we might lure him into shooting with us, for my brother was also going. Accordingly, I sent my little twenty-five-foot launch on up the lake, with orders to wait until I was heard from.

The next morning, everything being ready, we started up the lake in the *Francis*, as fine a little boat as I ever saw. She was thirty-six feet long, with a cabin capable of holding eight persons in a pinch, so with only three on board it was quite roomy. A strong southeast wind was blowing, and we made splendid time for about an hour, when Douglas proposed crossing the lake. We both protested, saying that the northern part was much better, so he again headed north. Mansfield and I winked knowingly to one another, for the first part of the plot had been successful.

About noon we passed Rock Point, and behind us was seen a launch rapidly overhauling us, for the wind had fallen.

She passed about a mile to starboard, and Douglas remarked that she looked very much like mine. I replied that it was indeed strange, and proposed that we should spend that night in Mallett Bay. All giving their assent, again there were winks and self-satisfied expressions!

That afternoon we ran past Mallett Head and into the Bay. I had taken particular pains to be at the wheel at this time, and so, upon sighting a launch lying at the entrance to a creek, I headed directly for her. She was the same one we had passed earlier in the day; and, upon a nearer approach, Douglas recognized her as the *Eilen*, and looked from one to the other of us, demanding an explanation in his very amazed look alone. We refused to gratify his curiosity until he was seated with us at supper that night on the *Eilen*, and then made a full confession of our plan. After some hesitation he promised to accompany us on our shoot the next morning and see whether he liked it or not.

The sun set in a bank of gold behind the Adirondacks, and the curtains were let down to keep out the cold night wind. We all lay in our blankets on the *Eilen*, pipes going full blast. All were just getting warm and comfortable, when a change in the wind forced us to go up the creek for about three hundred yards, leaving the *Francis* behind, for she was well off-shore and there was no danger of her anchor dragging.

There was no wind on the creek, so the curtains were again raised, and we lay in the light of a quarter moon. Everything was absolutely quiet, except for the song of some campers farther up the creek. After a while, upon looking over the side, I was just in time to see a muskrat go under with a "chung." Those little fellows would come paddling up, and then lie there, motionless, blinking at the boat, but upon the least sound would go under with a splash. Whenever I woke up during the night, I could hear these rats about the boat.

That unrelenting demon, the alarm-clock, woke us at three o'clock the next

morning. While still half asleep, we started the engine and moved slowly down the creek. Having lit the lanterns, we took a look at the *Francis*, which swung about her anchor, the very picture of beauty in the half light, and started for Sandbar Bridge.

Day was just breaking when, the launch having been hidden, we were installed in the blind with guns out and shells placed on the little wooden shelf. With the sun's first rays the air was cleared from all mist. The decoys were bobbing merrily up and down, twenty-five yards in front of the blind. Pipes had been laid aside, and we were patiently waiting when there came a whirr-r over our heads and a small flock of blacks went past. Mansfield and I got in a shot apiece, but poor Douglas was taken so much by surprise that one of the ducks lay in the water before he realized what had happened. Then, bursting out into a hearty laugh, he exclaimed:

"Well, boys, I've seen some quick shooting myself with a rifle, but this shot-gun business beats me!"

"Wait a moment, Douglas, and you will have a chance to see them before they're on top of you, next time. It was mere luck we got that one, anyway. By George! here come some now."

Even as said. A long line of whistlers were coming from the north, heading down the lake. They headed straight for us. "Hold slightly ahead of them, and fire just as they begin to back water," was my whispered advice to the novice.

Nearer and nearer they came. Twice they swung away, and twice came on again. We could now hear their wings whistling, and soon they circled, coming directly for the decoys. "Now," whispered Mansfield, and we answered with a vim. Four reports rang out almost simultaneously, followed by a roar like an explosion. We were enveloped in smoke, and were at a loss to know what had happened. The smoke cleared, and there on the ground sat Douglas with the gun beside him. The sight was so ludicrous that we all commenced laughing, until Douglas, who had by this time risen, called our attention to the decoys.

We were brought back to the stern realization of facts in a most forcible manner. The heads of four decoys,

together with five ducks that had dropped, were floating away. One of the latter was making desperate efforts to rise, so Douglas was told to see if he could hit it, and he surpassed our wildest expectations by killing it instantly. He explained how the giant report, smoke, and disastrous effects had been caused, saying:

"Somebody left two shells in the *Francis*, and I brought them along. This morning I thought it just as well to slip them in first. They must have been loaded with black powder—even I can tell that; and they must have shot out the wrong end, judging from the way my shoulder feels and the way they sat me down! Boys, do you know, I think I pulled both triggers together, for both shells are empty."

The ducks recovered and the mutilated decoys brought in, we were again ready.

"Lucky they weren't live ones," mused I, as I looked down on my carefully made decoys.

"Lucky it wasn't your head," replied Douglas.

"Look out now; here comes something."

"Butterballs."

"Let Douglas have them all to himself," pleaded brother Mansfield.

"No, don't kill any; we can't use them."

"Do you think I would shoot and *kill* a harmless little bird?" asked Douglas absent-mindedly, putting an empty shell in one barrel.

"I think you can shoot at them all right, but as to the last part, well, I have my doubts. Go ahead and shoot at them, though, for I want one to stuff."

They had by this time swung up to the decoys, and Douglas fired, somewhere near them. One fell, a clean kill. Mansfield and I supported each other until we could fully comprehend the state of affairs, while Douglas calmly put the muzzle of his gun to his mouth in order to blow the smoke out. Upon examination the bird was found to have been hit by just one pellet, in the eye.

"You said you wanted him to keep," said the hero of the shot, "so I just laid one pellet in his eye, where it won't disfigure him, you know; they will put a glass one in any way."

Line after line of south-flying ducks went down the lake, but did not seem

disposed to come in any more. Nevertheless the sport was good up to twelve o'clock, when we moved down to Keeler's Bay, where we found the same trouble—none would come into the decoys or by calling, so we went back to Mallett Bay.

It was now nearing sundown, and Douglas wanted to go out for an hour or so to get some bass. We said that we would also go along, and found that the *Francis* was as well stocked with lines and rods as the *Eilen* with guns. We were soon seated in the tender off a point near the river, and the fun began. In three-quarters of an hour we had caught eight, Douglas getting the best, a small-mouth weighing three and three-quarter pounds. We returned to the boat well tired out, but, to our amazement, our companion wanted to go up the river to try for a heron he had seen there the previous day. We let him go, giving him a rifle and shot-gun, and accompanying him up the creek as far as our camping place. Here we left him, and went off to get some wood. Soon a nice fire was crackling on the beach, and all we waited for were Douglas and the boat, which contained the food. Soon we heard the crack of a rifle, and then two quick reports.

"I wonder if he's living," mused Mansfield.

"No, but his bird is; look there."

A big blue heron was flying over the meadow on the opposite side of the river. Even while we looked, without any forewarning, he tumbled over and over to the ground; but in a moment was off again. About one hundred yards farther on he took another fall, but got up and went off again. Douglas came in sight, pulling as though his life depended on it.

"Have you fellows seen a monstrous bird go past?" asked he.

"Yes, and he's on his way over the lake now, but you had better hurry up if you want to get him. Hey! come back here and give us the provisions." No use; he was off again and quickly lost to sight. Twenty-four hours before, he had said "There isn't any fun in it any way;" and here he was now, crazy with excitement.

"I guess he is a sure convert," laughed Mansfield.

Of course, supper had to wait until the food and Douglas arrived, tired but victorious. He had finally shot the heron

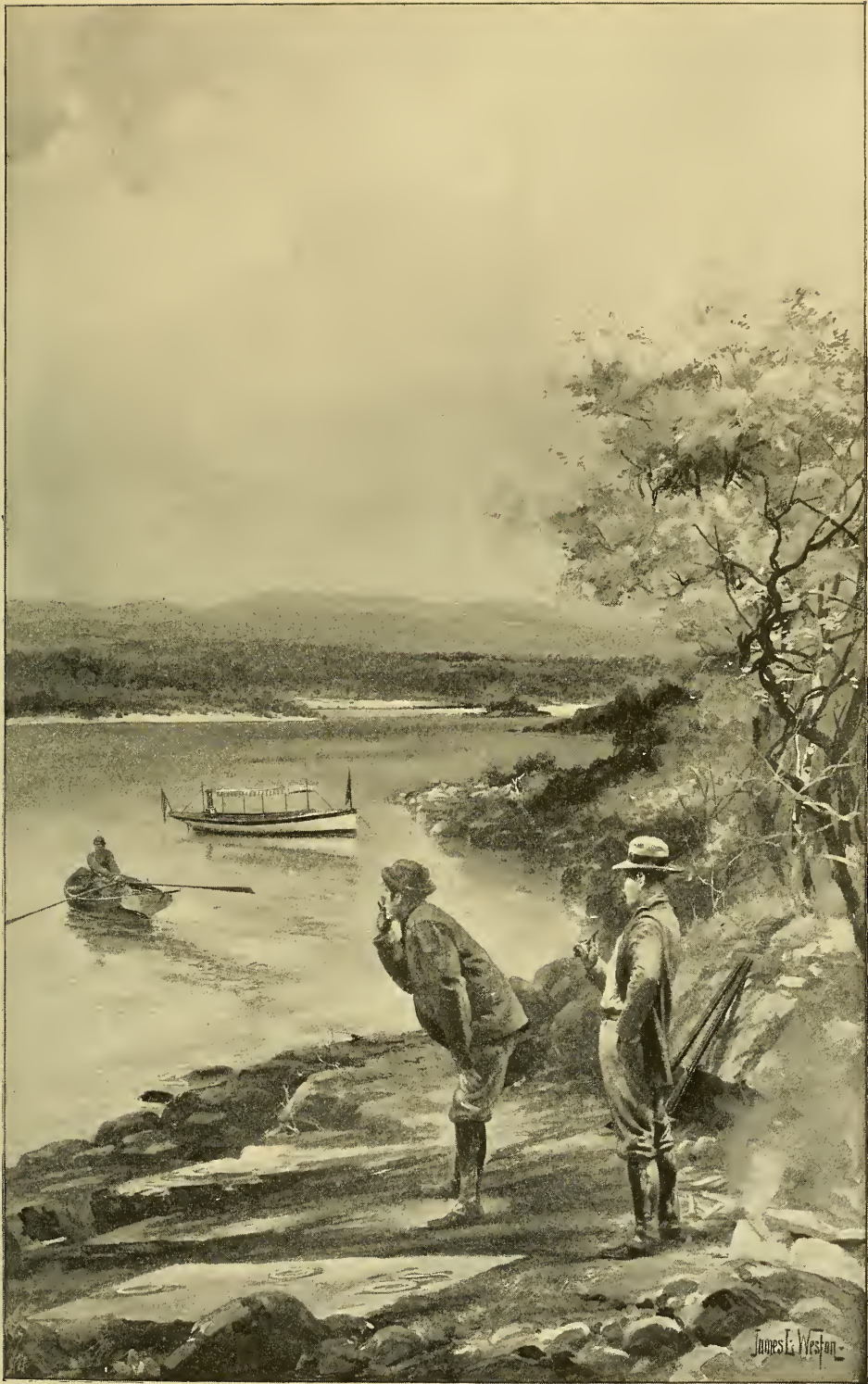
a quarter of a mile from shore, after it had fallen in the water and was unable to rise. It was one of the finest specimens I had ever seen. Douglas wanted to have the bird mounted, so we carefully placed it in the tender.

The sight that met my eyes the next morning upon issuing from the *Francis* cabin was long to be remembered: fog, fog, fog everywhere; and the thickest, heaviest, wettest one I ever saw! A consultation was held, and we decided to go to a blind about two miles off, near the entrance of the bay, and take the chances of a wind rising and blowing off the fog. Soon the launch was ready, and we moved slowly down the bay. Arrived at the island, we anchored the launch well inshore on the landward side, and then rowed around to the opposite shore. By this time we were drenched to the skin.

The decoys could hardly be seen, water and fog blending twenty yards distant. If fifty ducks had passed at thirty yards not one would have been seen. Soon it was evident the birds were flying, for the swift swish-swish of wings could be heard over the water. Not a breath of wind was stirring, so the conditions were about as unfavorable as they could well be. How we prayed for a wind that would scatter the fog and bring in the ducks!

Nearly two hours had passed, when I saw something moving about among the decoys. The bird was so indistinct, it was like shooting at a shadow. Twice I found myself holding for a decoy, and it was fully ten minutes before I could get in a shot without endangering the heads of two or three more decoys. The bird lay flapping in the water, so I silenced it with my second barrel. As luck turned, it proved to be a butterball, but we kept it to put beside its fellow, which Douglas had shot the day before.

After another long wait some birds appeared beyond the decoys. I instantly knew them to be pied-billed grebes. These birds are as quick as loons in diving, and we found it was a more difficult task to get one than we at first supposed. They kept coming nearer and nearer, and soon two were picking at the decoys. They came on, and when just inside the decoys Douglas and Mansfield both shot. As I watched the proceeding it seemed to me that the grebes disappeared as soon as, even sooner than,



Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

"HEY! COME BACK AND GIVE US THE PROVISIONS." (p. 132.)

the reports of the two guns; but they were too quick for the boys and got away without the loss of a feather.

A flock of whistlers passed over our heads, mere flitting, shadowy forms in the fog, so it was impossible to get any. Can anyone imagine a more tantalizing condition of affairs than this? Whole flocks of ducks flying past, and yet not be able to get one! It was simply exasperating, and we were just going to leave when several grebes swam into view. The curiosity of these birds is great, and these came on to inspect the decoys.

All of us were determined to get one at least, so we waited until they were in very close range before firing. This time success favored us, for two beautiful birds floated on the water. We all wanted something to mount after we returned home, and so, since Douglas and I each had something, the grebes were given to Mansfield.

The *Eilen* was soon under way, and we were slowly feeling our way up the bay when four specks disentangled themselves from the fog, and there, scarcely

three boat's-lengths away, lay four ducks. Fortunately the engine had been stopped, and we were now "coasting." I got out on the bow, but on account of a swell found great difficulty in maintaining my balance. As we passed I got one. The rest rose and flew straight away, except one, which wheeled and flew directly over the boat. Mansfield snatched up his gun, and got him with one of the most difficult, yet one of the prettiest, shots I ever saw. Leaning out over the side, in order to get from beneath the canopy, he held onto the boat with one hand, making a one-handed shot with the other. The bird collapsed in mid-air, a clean, straight kill. The ducks—two blacks—were recovered, and we went on toward the *Francis*.

That afternoon, a good wind having risen and broken the fog, sail was raised on the *Francis*, and we turned her bow homeward. Upon reckoning being taken, we found that the sum total of our two days' fun amounted to eight blacks, seven whistlers, two butterballs, two grebes, one blue heron, and, let me not forget, several bass

A GLIMPSE AT CHINESE CITIES.

SHANGHAI.

BY E. M. ALLAIRE.



WITH the present rapid and comfortable means of travel, one's geographical knowledge embraces very little that has not already been visited, and China, once so far away, seems now almost at the doors of those for whom a change of scene and the study of the life of distant races can never

lose its powerful attraction.

The first place in which the tourist generally sets foot upon the soil of the

"Celestial Empire" is Shanghai, after a most beautiful sail through the "Inland Sea" of Japan and the Straits of Shimonoseki. Chinese junks, with sails mostly of a dirty red color, begin to appear on the morning of the fourth day out, and finally the steamer enters the broad mouth of the "Yang-tsi-Kiang" River, and the barren-looking shores of China spread out, flat and unattractive, on either side.

It is some forty miles up the river that hills first begin to appear. The steamer goes only to Woo-Sung, the ocean port of Shanghai, and the trip up the river to the city itself is made in a tender that comes down to meet the boats of all the important lines. The river is literally filled with vessels and craft of every sort, shape, size and description. English men-of-war and mail-boats, French steamships, and vessels of the German, Dutch and Japa-



THE INTERIOR OF THE JOSS HOUSE, LUNG WHA.

neselines, together with the native junks and hundreds of sampans looking like huge floating fish, give one plenty to watch until the wharf is reached, when a general scramble ensues among the 'riksha men, so different from the submissive and respectful coolies of Japan, as to who shall carry off the passengers.

When shouts of "Hi! you b'long me!" fail to attract attention, they do not hesitate to clutch at one in passing, and would almost force you into their respective conveyances were they not restrained.

There is very little trouble with the customs in China, and after seeing the



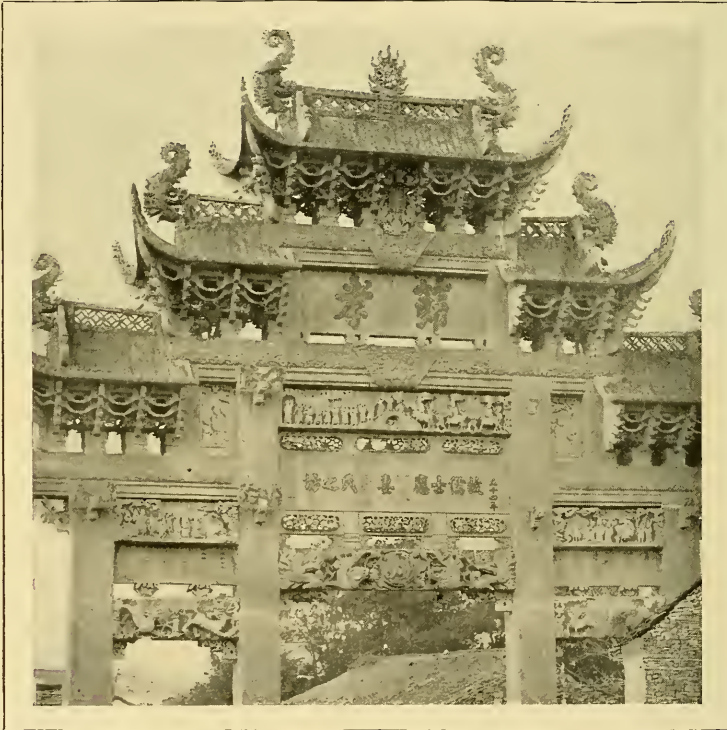
A CHINESE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

officers in charge one feels that this is a considerable item. Comfortable quarters are to be had at reasonable rates, both in the English and French districts of the town, with an abundant table, for John Chinaman's love of good eating seems to have had its influence even upon the table d'hôte of the "foreign devils" in his country. Plenty of magnificent pheasants are brought in by the coolies with other game from the north in great quantities, while some of the curries and the pastry will tempt anybody's appetite.

whenever a "foreign devil" appears.

Shanghai has been called the "Paris of the Orient," and a walk down the "Bund," the magnificent, well-paved avenue along the river, with its public gardens and fountains on the one side and the imposing buildings of the great banking corporations and of the wealthy Sassoon Company, so famous throughout the East, on the other, will show the reason of the name.

Probably no street in any other city of the world can present the varied features of the Bund at Shanghai. Its



THE GATE OF THE JOSS HOUSE, LUNG WHA.

The tourist will do well to engage, as soon as possible, the best recommended courier he can find among the sober-looking, blue-robed individuals of that class. He wears the inevitable little black cap, and is sure to be called "Ah Shing," and while this one man may cheat you unmercifully himself, he will never allow *anyone else* to do so, and he will be found indispensable, both in taking one directly to all points of interest and as a protection against the howling mob of coolies and low-class natives, who begin an uproarious clamor

types of people of all nationalities tell of the city's immense foreign colony, while there is just enough of the native element intermixed to make one realize that it is actually China. French and English ladies drive up and down with their sturdy cobs and high dog-carts, the fierce-looking bulldogs being held in by Chinese grooms; English, French and German policemen, besides Indian and native officers, with their white, basin-like red-tasseled hats, stand at the corners and gaze after the English bankers as they trot by on their beautiful

white Arab horses, also attended by the Chinese groom, considered quite the proper luxury in the far East. French priests, in their black robes and flat beaver hats, and European missionaries, who, with Chinese costume, shaven head and black cap are scarcely to be distinguished from the natives themselves, force their way through the crowd, while Indian and Malay servants, following the carriage of some wealthy and gouty Englishman with his white helmet and green-lined umbrella, Parsee merchants from Bombay, and Coreans, with their queer-shaped hats and long sticks, fairly bewilder one in his efforts

The "Bubbling Well Road," the fashionable residence quarter, is a succession of fine, substantial English manor-houses, with parks and stables attached, or handsome villas belonging to the French residents, the French quarter of Shanghai being a large and important district. The remains of the great city wall around Shanghai will probably be visited as the first illustration of the walled cities of China, about which interest is always centred, and it will serve to prepare one for what is to be seen further along in the journey.

On the way, one may meet with some specimens of the *original wheelbarrow*,



WOMEN IN THE PILLORY, SHANGHAI.

to settle their several nationalities. But while all this is extremely interesting, it is not a far-Eastern Paris, but China and the Chinese, that the traveler has made the long journey to see; and as Shanghai, while its native quarter has some extremely interesting features, is still, for the most part, an English city among Chinese surroundings, the general tourist will find here his excuse for perhaps too limited a stay.

The social life among the foreign residents of Shanghai is very delightful, as is apt to be the case when separated from home ties. Each individual forms an important member of the colony.

a Chinese invention, which the wealthy Chinaman does not even now disdain as a mode of conveyance. He is pushed along by the coolie, and when his "fare" has reached his destination, the coolie removes the large wheel, and, hanging both it and the barrow upon the frame which he carries across his shoulders, takes his way back to his usual stand.

The native cart, with its matting-screen supported on bamboos over the back of the downcast little pony, and the straw rain-coats of the coolies, together with their poor shedlike little shanties, also thatched with straw, will furnish some bits of interest as to the

life in the outskirts of the city. The native quarter of Shanghai is only to be visited in sedan chairs or on foot, the former method being much preferable, and a good guide an indispensable feature. A fight will generally take place on starting, as to which of the chair-coolies are to carry the lightest of the party, and the guide will not scruple to use his stick to settle the question. A hooting and jeering mob of dirty children, beggars and idle coolies, may be expected to follow the chairs from time to time, but as one is in Shanghai, and not in Canton, the guide may assert his authority in the interest of the "foreign devils," as he would not dare to do in the latter city, and will disperse them when they collect in such numbers as to become annoying. On approaching the native quarter, the streets grow narrower and more crooked and dirty, until, after crossing one of the bridges over a large canal, crowded with sampans, one is actually in a Chinese town at last.

Some of the market streets first traversed are rather open and cleanly by comparison, but they soon change to mere alleys reached by little bridges over small canals in which black mud and refuse takes the place of water. A crowd of the most insolent and scowling faces at once attracts one's attention, the owners jostling the chairs, and frowning and hissing as they pass. John Chinaman evidently regards all visits to his country as an intrusion, and his attitude toward strangers is certainly no friendly one. Even the small children seem thoroughly imbued with the hostile spirit. The streets are paved with cobble-stones over which the coolies stumble, and slippery with soft black mud; they are so narrow that no conveyance could possibly go through, and the houses, built high and huddled closely together, make it very dingy even on a bright afternoon. The shops are narrow and dark, extending back to a sort of courtyard in which are gathered together scores of villainous-looking men of the lowest caste and hundreds of dirty children. Everything smells of grease, of the Chinese incense with the flavor of which everyone is familiar, and of "soy," a peculiar sauce used as an appetizer both in China and Japan, and every phase and condition of Chinese life lies open before one, from the wealthy dealer in silks and brocades,

who may be seen leisurely seated in his great, dark shop, plunging his chopsticks alternately into the smoking bowls of his plentiful breakfast, down to the wretched coolie who rouses himself from his bed of mud in the street, and wanders on to the nearest "chow-shop," where, for a small coin, the fraction of a cent, he is served with a little rice in the palm of his hand and a small dried fish to eat with it.

Of the shops in this "Chinatown" one can never tire, and he can choose between the vast array of articles displayed to catch the eye of the "foreign devils" and those meant to attract the attention of the native Celestial. Delicate ivory carvings, elaborate embroideries on silk and satin, silver filigree-work and beautifully carved sandalwood boxes and fans, together with the richly colored rice-paper paintings, for which the Chinese are famous, make these shops a bewildering museum from which it is hard to turn away. The "chow-shops," or open-air eating stalls, are not, perhaps, altogether appetizing, but if one can stand the odor of grease, and can visit one of the large shops about mid-day, all the various stages and details of preparing the Chinese coolie's dinner are to be witnessed, as well as an interesting study in physiognomy afforded by the faces of the crowd of hungry customers. Besides the great boilers of rice, always kept filled with this important staple, the cook shop is provided with two or three large metal kettles, in which boiling hot lard or fat is kept constantly simmering. Into these are thrown promiscuously, chickens, geese and ducks, sometimes whole, sometimes with only the feathers removed, unscaled fish, bits of meat of the most questionable freshness, and whole little pigs, a delicacy which seems to greatly tickle John Chinaman's palate. The little animals, for which we are accustomed to set traps baited with cheese, soon cease to be a novelty; they are fried in the boiling lard, and afterward hung up to dry from the smoky ceiling, together with long strings of little fish, quarters of pork and long ropes of suspicious-looking sausages. Bats of all sizes are exposed for sale, after their simmering in the hot lard, filed away like letters on a long iron skiver. Rabbits, and a little animal looking very much like poor pussy, all skinned but

the paws, are hung up in a corner ready to be simmered at the customer's order. Bowl after bowl of rice, accompanied by lumps of fat pork, little sausages, fish and cabbage of the most villainous description, rapidly disappears down the hungry throats, the whole washed down with copious draughts of tea or of "sam-shu," if the diner can afford it.

The fact of one's being actually in China is by this time pretty well established, and the "slums" at home seem cleanliness in comparison with these narrow alleys reeking with filth, "soy" and opium. When one is told that all this is "*nothing compared to Canton*," he is very likely to make up his mind that Canton is to be visited, if he dies in the attempt. The preparation of some of the ordinary grades of tea and its boxing for the foreign market, as seen in Shanghai, is not at all calculated to make one order a cup of the beverage with one's dinner that night. A couple of schools may also be visited in the native quarter, each containing a large number of pupils receiving an education in which the English influence mingles with the native element, with results the outcome of which is yet to be tested. Many of the smaller pupils are accompanied by their mothers, and both are interesting to watch, apart from the curious Anglo-native manner of imparting instruction.

There is a fine Joss-house in the native quarter of Shanghai, a visit to which will never be forgotten, especially when, as is likely to be the case, it is one's first experience in the worship of Joss. The entrance gateway is an exquisitely elaborate piece of carving, and one has scarcely finished admiring it when an enormous grotesque figure, also carved in wood, and representing one of the Nio kings guarding the entrance to the temple, looms up in the front of the courtyard. However, if one refuses to be intimidated by this grim custodian and passes on, the temple buildings on each side will attract attention by their graceful peaked roofs and beautifully carved columns, while a fine bronze lion and an immense incense burner, also in bronze, and stuck full of Joss sticks, will merit close inspection and offer excuse for one's delay in entering the temple itself. A rabble of children and coolies will probably by this time be in readiness to escort one

through the wide open door into the presence of a large, fat-faced, smiling Joss, who sits beaming down upon four or five men gathered together at his feet, pounding away on drums, tom-toms and cymbals, till it seems as if they would fairly deafen Joss himself. Crowding past the throng of people leaning on the railing surrounding these musicians, with the guide's assistance, one stands in front of the huge image and receives a most unceremonious salutation from an old priest, who carries on his arm several long strings of balls made of gilt and silver paper. These he thrusts into one's face, crying, "Hi! now buy-ee, buy-ee good luck; me bur-nee chop—chop!" The price of one of these strings, which the guide is usually very anxious to purchase, is about ten cents, but, instead of surrendering it to the buyer, the priest opens a sort of trap-door in front of the image and throws the balls into it. When at the bottom they are lighted and blaze up, with a tremendous smoke, at the same time exploding like a small pack of fire-crackers. Every Chinaman in the temple, and every small urchin within earshot, then proceeds to yell at the very top of his voice, while the drums and cymbals crash and clang away above it all, until the half-deafened visitor, motioning to the guide, rushes out, feeling that he fully appreciates the significance of the word "*pandemonium*."

A most interesting excursion to be made from Shanghai is that to the celebrated pagoda of Lung Wha, several miles up the Yang-tsi-Kiang River, where, if one is so fortunate as to arrive either on the first or the fifteenth of the month, there is also an opportunity of witnessing the service held on those days in the Buddhist temple adjoining the pagoda. The trip is made in a sampan, going with the flood tide and returning with the ebb, the waters of the river being affected by the tides for a considerable distance above Lung Wha. The harbor always presents a lively and constantly varied picture, filled with its steamers, junks and sampans without number, and the shouting and screaming, whistling and exploding of fire-crackers when some native mandarin of importance is arriving or leaving, furnishes plenty of noise as an accompaniment.

In some of the sampans wedged into the mud of the shores, the wretched in-

mates may be seen in all stages of filth, misery and starvation, a good meal being to most of them something almost unknown. Beggars, cripples, and weak and diseased children are thrust aside and trampled upon, as they lie in these boats or in the mud alongside, by hundreds of others but little better off, who are pulling in a few fish or gathering a handful of edible sea-weeds. The banks of the river are flat and uninteresting, and it is the boats and their occupants that give life to the scene. As you pass by the crowded junks with their dirty sails, you will notice that each one of them has a *pair of eyes*, painted on its dingy sides. "Suppose he no can see, no can *sabee* where go," John Chinaman sagely remarks, and accordingly even some of the little sampans, with their sharp prows and white canvas hoods, have their two huge eyes, usually on either side of the bow-post. The flat country along the river bank offers little of interest throughout the trip, except the crude apparatus employed by the natives in irrigating the paddy-fields by means of a clumsy mill turned by bullocks, the water being thus pumped into little canals radiating in all directions.

By the time Lung Wha is reached the traveler is quite ready for a change. The pagoda is a remarkably graceful structure, seven stories high, with the characteristic upturned roof-corners of China, quite distinct from those of Japan. The large temple to which it belongs stands close by, and after risking life and limb in climbing the steep stairs of the pagoda for the sake of the extended view, one can visit the temple as well, if it happens to be one of the days on which service is held. Long before

reaching the portico the sing-song chanting of the priests is to be heard, and upon entering, some thirty of them may be seen with shaven heads and in ceremonial robes following the chief-priest in solemn procession through the carved pillars before the image of Buddha. They all hold beads in their hands or else are beating drums, and as they gradually increase their pace until it becomes almost a trot in the winding procession, the cry also grows louder and louder, though all one is able to distinguish is, "*Na-a-mida-Buts*," which the guide will interpret into "*Namu-Amida Butsü*," signifying something like "Praise to Amida, greatest Buddha." The procession finally stops, and all prostrate themselves before the image, whilst the gongs

clang away with a deafening uproar. The niches on the sides of the temple are filled with curious figures, typical of the ancestor-worship among its votaries, and one fierce-looking image has shaggy eyebrows made of natural



ONE OF THE ISLANDS IN THE YANG-TSI-KIANG, NEAR SHANGHAI.

hair which reach down to its knees. After seeing some of the curious little dwarf trees growing in the temple courtyard, said to be very old, there is nothing further to interest one at Lung Wha except the crowd of half-naked children who follow the boat out into the water to dive for coins.

Throughout China one will occasionally notice a large, square, four-storied structure, usually built of granite and lined with brick, looking like some old Border keep in the days of chivalry. These are what are known as "Pawnshops," but in reality they are a sort of storage warehouse in which families of the wealthier classes deposit their valuables for safe keeping, paying a fee

ranging all the way from *twenty* to *thirty-six* per cent. on the value of their goods. On the flat roofs of these buildings are kept a number of stone jars filled with vitriol and a score of huge syringes, through which the deadly fluid can be used as a means of defense in case of attempted robbery.

Of course, the "opium-joint" will arouse the visitor's curiosity, to see how that great evil, in which the Chinaman out-distances all competitors, is carried on in what may be called its native land. In Canton, where the pernicious effects of the drug may perhaps best be seen, the dens frequented by the most abject class of human beings are so utterly wretched, filthy and unsafe, that it is wise to limit one's interest in that direction to the dens of Shanghai or Hong Kong, where the unfortunateslaves to the habit among the better classes go to abandon themselves to the benumbing influence.

The guide will usually select one of the largest joints for the visit, and it is safe to rely upon his selection and avoid the risk of choosing for one's self. A flight of wooden stairs in a warm, dimly-lighted hall, leads to a door, on the opening of which a whiff of air rushes out, almost overpowering one with its smoke and heat. The joints are kept at a suffocating temperature, both to aid the effects of the opium and to counteract the chilliness which the smoker feels while under the influence. Five or six large rooms open one from another,

each room being divided into long rows of small compartments furnished with a wide couch intended for two persons, in the middle of which is a tray holding the fire-box, the pipes, and all the necessary paraphernalia. The favorite water-pipe also stands on a shelf close at hand, and is filled with a mixture in which, while tobacco predominates, other ingredients may be strongly suspected from

the odor of the smoke. Passing through these long rows of compartments, it is the exception to find a single one vacant, and as many as three hundred persons are frequently to be seen at a time in the larger joints in all stages of stupefaction. Some will languidly raise their heads and make a feeble effort to notice the passer-by, but for the most part they lie quiet, with flushed cheeks and glassy eyes, utterly disregarding everything around them. Some of the old habitués are said to rarely leave this poison-soaked atmosphere for any length of time, and to subsist almost entirely on opium and tea. The heat and the stifling odor make one very glad of a breath of fresh air,

and a severe headache is not infrequently the result of the visit.

A funeral procession is often to be met with in the streets, and is always watched with great reverence by the crowd of spectators. The mourners and all the participants are dressed in white, and while these latter are not apt to look as solemn as the occasion warrants, every ceremonial is carried out to the



THE PAGODA AT LUNG WHA.

letter. After the musicians, the lantern-bearers and the tables laden with roasted pigs, ducks and chickens, given by friends as an offering, comes the sedan-chair of the deceased, in which are carried all the important records and documents of his family history. Then follow trays of fruits and sweets, preserved oranges and the famous ginger of China, and at last the corpse, borne by white-robed pall-bearers, generally in a tightly-closed swinging coffin, but sometimes exposed to view in a sort of litter. The little papers which we see thrown about in the celebration of a Chinese funeral here in America are prayers and inscriptions, scattered to attract the curiosity of the Evil One and delay him in reading them, while the ducks and chickens are provided to tempt his appetite and allow the soul of the departed to reach Paradise whilst he is feasting. Fireworks and an uproarious gong-beating are also supposed to be efficacious in frightening away the spirits which interfere with the progress of the soul along its hurried journey.

The barber becomes quite an important member of the community in a land where shaving is not confined to the face alone, but takes in the whole cranium, with the exception of the small round space occupied by the queue or pigtail; and the Chinese barber is often sufficiently learned to extend his practice to the treatment of eye diseases and prescribe for ailments of the scalp and ears. A square box or cabinet which he carries with him contains his outfit, as well as furnishing a seat for the customer or patient during operations. His implements consist of a handful of razors, a few coarse cloths, and some combs which may be safely suspected of having passed through several hundred miles of Chinese pigtails. After combing and re-braiding the queue of a customer, the barber next proceeds to shave the stubble on the rest of the head, first upward, then downward. The eyebrows are then trimmed and the scanty mustache, should there be one. A dingy-looking towel is wrung out in hot water, and after a good rubbing and wiping of the face with this, the customer is dismissed ready for the most ceremonious occasion.

It is very amusing to watch the number of preparations an itinerant street-barber will go through, while making

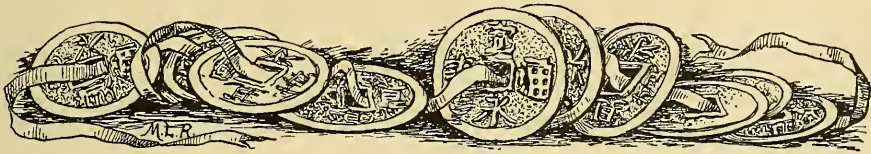
ready for the little group awaiting his attentions. Like his fellow-tradesman in our own country, the Chinese barber is inquisitive. In spite of his grave and sober countenance, he will seek information, and his straightforward attempts to obtain it find their echo in the multiplicity of questions put by the great viceroy, Li Hung Chang, during his visit to America, when the brusque and impertinent manner with which his questions were asked excited so much comment. Curiosity is undoubtedly highly developed with the Chinaman, but the idea seems to be that it is rather a compliment to the foreigner to ask him all sorts of what we would consider most impudent questions about himself. "How old are you?" "How many children have you?" and "What is your annual income?" are not looked upon as transgressing in the slightest degree upon the borders of polite inquiry, and lead the way to how one's linen is made so white, where one's clothes were made and whether or not one's venerable parents are living. An insatiable desire to find out even the smallest detail prevails everywhere in China, and, like the Japanese, they do not hesitate to express with laughter and what might easily be interpreted into insult and ridicule their great amusement at whatever in the stranger fails to meet their own more simple ideas.

Among the better class of "cook-shops" in Shanghai are to be found a number of white, semi-transparent objects about the size of an egg, very brittle, looking like spun glass, and easily soluble in water. These are the world-famous *edible birds' nests*, from which is made a creamy gelatinous soup, extremely palatable when prepared by a native cook, and said to be quickly digested and very nutritious. This soup, however, is a luxury only to be indulged in by the wealthy Chinaman, as the nests are very expensive. They cost anywhere from twenty to forty dollars a pound, but as they are light in weight it takes a great many of them to tip the balance, and each nest represents a small pot of the highly-prized soup. The details of the manufacture of these nests, however, is better left uninvestigated until after dining, unless one can boast of a "story-proof" appetite, for it seems that the little sea-swallow responsible for the building of this great

delicacy takes a run on the beach before he commences operations, and gorges his small crop with every obtainable bit of a particular kind of sea-weed. When he has reached such a state of repletion as to be scarcely able to carry his tremendous dinner, he flies back to the spot he has chosen for his nest, and after a severe attack of dyspepsia he succeeds in disgorging his hearty meal. Out of the gelatinous mass thus obtained, he shapes his tiny nest; then flies away to rejoin his mate, who is engaged in the same process, to indulge in another meal whilst the results of the first one are drying. The nests are found on the steep sides of overhanging cliffs, and are gathered by coolies, who, with their baskets strapped upon their backs, are let down by ropes thrown over the jutting edges of the rock, and break off the nests from their snug little crevices.

The *peanut* is quite a Chinese food

staple, and it is interesting to watch the crowd of men and boys who collect around an itinerant vender whenever the cry "Hahm—chui—fa—sang" is heard. It is eaten raw, boiled, or roasted, and a train of coolies and beggars too poor to indulge at their own expense are often to be seen collected around the seller of the much-coveted dainty in the hope of arousing the charity of the stranger. But time is always an object with the traveler in the East, for the seasons will not wait for one's curiosity to be fully satisfied; and the day comes far too soon when Shanghai, with one's first impressions of China, must be left behind, and, embarking on the luxurious steamer which is to land him in Hong Kong, the tourist can settle down for three entire days in which to recall all that he has seen and to prepare himself for a fresh series of still more interesting pictures on his arrival in port.



NOVEMBER.

THE meadow-cricket's notes are hushed to-day,

And in the lone rests of its jerky song,
Low, plaintive echoes linger that belong
To things that fade, and wither, and decay.
The very air breathes out in Zephyrus' way,
A tender gloom; and the great forest throng
Leaf-armed in spring, the dryad's warriors strong,
Unhelmeted now stand in sober gray.

In tawny field the thistle waits forlorn

In ragged gown; and jostled by the wind,
The golden rod lays down its gold,
a-gloom.

The ironweed's purple torch lights in the morn
No more; and even the bravest frost-flowers
shrined

In country lane, are now but ghosts of bloom.

JENNY TERRILL RUPRECHT.



THANKSGIVING IN THE "POPPLES."

BY J. R. BENTON.



THANKSGIVING Day invariably suggests visions of plump turkey and all his toothsome band of animal and vegetable satellites, but for this particular Thanksgiving we had planned to leave all the

cheerful luxuries behind us in Detroit, and, properly armed and equipped, set out for Bad Axe, the dismal county seat of Huron County, Michigan, on sport intent.

Fires have swept the country, and from the ashes of the forests have sprung a vast army of poplars, or, as they are locally termed, "popples."

We spent our first afternoon prospecting in the vicinity of the small town, with poor results, for we had seen foot-prints of but one grouse in a drift of snow.

After supper, however, we met with a physician, and as a result of his aid and advice we started next morning before daylight with a team and, still more important, an introductory letter to the reputed best shot and hunter in the county.

What a day that first day was! Clear, keen November weather, a light breeze from distant Lake Huron faintly tinged with the fragrance of the "popple" thickets, a suggestion of that "birchy" flavor that makes the poplar buds so favorite a food with the grouse. This taste of theirs, by the way, oft proves a fatal one, for on moonlight nights "budding" is their favorite pastime.

It was yet early when we entered the cover. Frank, the crack shot, took me in one direction, while his chum led F——s in another. We were to meet at an appointed spot for lunch.

A stranger must have a care in these poplar thickets or he will be easily lost, there is such an unvarying sameness in the appearance of everything, just the sky and the small greenish-gray trees.

You might leave a clearing, walk ten miles to another, and not be able to swear you had changed your position. Only your legs—aware of the countless fallen trees they had lifted you over—would insist that you had been traveling. Our guides, knowing, so to speak, every individual "popple," relieved us of any anxiety on the score of being lost, so we eagerly pushed ahead, ears alert for the well-known "burst" and eyes aching for a glimpse of the swift, brown form.

A streak of white—"bang!" First blood for the day! I had bowled that great Northern hare over as neatly as though I had not been out of practice for two years. A fine, heavy fellow he was, too. "How's that, Frank?" I appealed, as I held "Bunny" up by the hind legs. "He's a good one," was the reply, "but I never shoot them before two o'clock. Why not? Put him in your game pocket, and see if you can tell me why not, before noon."

I bagged him and ere long I put in another to keep him company. The walking was rough, stepping over great logs and brush heaps most of the time. How heavy my shells were! The weight on my shoulders fairly made the cords of my neck ache. Suddenly an idea seized me. "So that is the reason he doesn't shoot them before 2 p. m. Good! Say, Frank," I called, "do we come back this way?" "Well, we can; why? Oh, yes, you've found out the answer, have you? Well, just hang that twelve pounds of rabbit up in a forked popple and you'll travel easier."

I obeyed most cheerfully, and like the little boy the nursery rhyme tells of, who had "such a pain in his face," I "laughed and the pain felt much better."

"Steady! Careful there, Duke!" The old blue setter was sneaking toward a brush fence. "Steady! Whoa!" He had stopped short. The bird was well hidden and in no hurry to start. Frank, walking slowly, had almost reached the fence. "Whir-r-r."

It is a pleasure to watch a "crack" shot. Cool as an Indian stoic he stood until the bird was twenty paces away. Quickly, evenly, the gun flashed up—a stream of feathers. "Fetch, Duke!"

A perfect picture of the storied deliberate promptitude.

Hardly was his victim bagged before I chanced to spy one running. His toes had scarce cleared the ground before the charge of number six caught him. "Pretty quick, my boy," was the admonishment of the expert. "He was flying, but you could hardly say more. Take your time and let 'em get their distance. The shot 'll catch 'em if you hold straight."

In this part of the woods several acres had, by some chance, escaped the destroying flames, and the aged forest giants towered about us. I was a trifle astonished when Frank—unlettered fellow, as I supposed him—turned to me with the words, "This is the forest primeval—the unswerving pines and the hemlocks." I suppose that I must have looked my wonder, for he went on: "That's a fine poem by a good man. I'll never forget the first time I read it. I was hunting with a party on the very coast where the little tragedy the poem describes occurred. A fellow in the crowd had the book and one afternoon I read some of it, lying under a pine tree within sound of the breakers; and the smell of the woods and the whisper of the trees and the voice of the sea seemed to burn it into my memory."

Just here a loud "hallo" told us that our friends were approaching, and we easily dropped from poetry to sandwiches.

After lunch and a long rest and exchange of hunting yarns we again began our labor of stepping over logs. This was the only difficulty we experienced. Otherwise the shooting was easy. The poplars, averaging fifteen to twenty feet in height, grow well apart, and are sparsely limbed rather than bushy. The birds we flushed would generally take a sharp angle to the tree-tops and then sail off on a level. The time to take them (if you can) is just as they turn for level flight. That, I say, is the time, but you are so apt to overshoot and take a "popple" top instead. "Bide your time, and hold well under," is the rule nine times out of ten if you would kill "popple" fed grouse.

We flushed now and then a bird during the afternoon, but not until just before sundown did we have a chance to realize what a great grouse country we were in.

We were pushing through a thicket that sloped toward a clearing. Through the clearing ran a sluggish stream, and beyond the stream was a grove of evergreens. Suddenly the younger dog began to act strangely nervous, as though he felt that he ought to point in several directions at once, but really couldn't choose any particular one.

The old setter, however, knowing his business, made a general and steady point, which seemed to indicate all the cover ahead of him. "Whir! Bang! Whir! Whir!" What a racket! A general salute of eight barrels greeted the first rank, followed by scattering shots as the birds continued to get up singly, in pairs, trios, every way and any way.

We city chaps, trained in the woods of Central New York, where ten flushes in a day is a thing to be remembered, could hardly believe our eyes. I am free to confess it: we went wild. I shot at one bird I know could not have been five feet away. Hit him? Well, next thing to it. I defy anyone to chop down a three-inch "popple" any neater than I did. It wasn't more than two feet from the bird's left wing. It might have been a wider miss. Indeed, I might have shot in the opposite direction. This feat sobered me a trifle, and I brought one or two birds down in fair style. F—s' aim was no better. He didn't cut down any whole trees, but he amputated several limbs, and finally showed, with great triumph, one bird and two tail-feathers.

Our guides had their little laugh, but said such things would happen. A few of the grouse had turned back, but the majority of the pack sailed over the stream and settled in the hemlock grove beyond. Thither we followed them. But November darkness comes early, and the evergreens get it first. The birds whirled away, but it was haphazard in the dusk, and we soon gave up and sought a distant farmhouse, where we were to pass the night.

After supper we sat around a mammoth stove in the back room, rested, cleaned guns, and with the aid of memory killed over again every variety of game.

Thanksgiving morning dawned on a changed world—a world whitened by six inches of snow. The storm was over, but the day was threatening and

cold, and the rising sun looked through dark bars of cloud as though he put his hand before his face to shut from his sight the cheerless wintry landscape.

We set out, five of us, just after day-break, to seek the remnants of the pack we left the night before. We soon started a few scattering birds and made several additions to our bags. Something, however, was the matter with Frank.

Four easy shots he missed in succession, and what made it worse, his friend, the rifleman, seemed to think each miss a cause for a perfect jubilee. After the fourth miss, Frank grew desperate and vouchsafed not a word in reply to the jeers of the spectators. Suddenly two birds got up in front of him and skimmed away in opposite directions through the thicket just above the ground, a most difficult chance. Frank's deliberateness was all gone. Quick as a flash his shots rang out right and left, and the two birds whirled over into the snow.

As he reloaded his gun, Frank turned calmly to the rifleman and asked, "How's that, you artilleryman?"

"Pretty good for a 'scatter-gun' man," was the reply. "It was about time, though, Frank. Those birds were sailing off with your reputation on their tail-feathers, and ten feet more would have ruined you."

For a time luck seemed with us, and each one took his fair share from the shots that offered.

At lunch time we brushed the snow from a log and, sitting in a row, we ate our Thanksgiving dinner with heartiness and dispatch.

Now seven is a large party either for safety or success, but our bags were pretty heavy, and we thought, as it was Thanksgiving Day, that the poor birds should also have some rest to be thankful for, so we strolled along, gunlocks at "safe," laughing, joking and watching the dogs. To be sure, such methods were thoroughly unbusinesslike and unscientific, but we were out for sport, not slaughter, and forty birds were bag enough for any two days' hunt.

Suddenly the dogs came to a point. It was a fine picture, the pointer, a magnificent fellow, ahead, every muscle rigid, his white tail straight as an icicle, the blue setter backing to the left, the lemon and white with front paws on a log, motionless as a statue.

One bird flushed, but not a gun cracked. The setters started, then stopped, for the old pointer never moved a muscle.

"Game there yet, boys," said Frank. "There he is; I see him!" Sure enough, between the forked roots of a birch stood the grouse, motionless as the dogs, every feather compressed, head erect, the piercing little eye alive to every motion of the enemy. For a moment we all stopped and watched the picture.

Then Frank took a step nearer. How that little statue did change to a brown streak. In an instant he was among the tree-tops and away for dear life. Nobody could resist the temptation. Such a volley! All guns opened in one glorious burst of sound. As Frank put it, "a grand right and left." Twigs rattled down, limbs cracked and tumbled, and the bird—"Oh, where was he?" Far away, sailing over his native "popples" without loss of a feather. 'Twas a well-deserved escape, and every man was glad of it, but the dogs were disgusted.

They were soon again disgusted, and this time so were the hunters. From a point not far distant came the whistle of a quail. This was a hint soon taken and we forthwith sought the whistler. The place whence Mr. Robert White issued his challenge we found to be a so-called "slashing," covering several acres.

This means a perfect wilderness of windfalls and brush heaps, trunks overlying each other in every direction, limbs and branches laced together, and a tangled mass of stalwart blackberry stalks between. From the open ground outside the thicket the tracks of a large flock of quail led into its tangles. The dogs pointed, crawled and pointed, pushed through the briars and pointed again. At the risk of our necks we clambered over stumps and trunks; and though we could see on the snow, several feet beneath, footprints running in every direction, hearing now and then a whistle from some distant part of the cover, still not one quail could we flush.

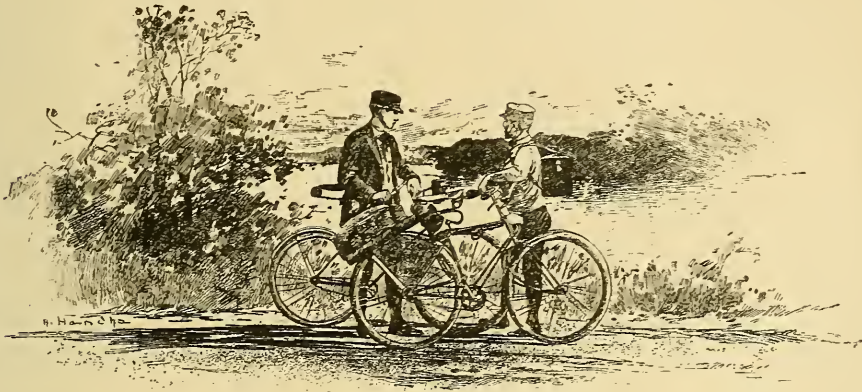
After a time we gave up in despair, and left their stronghold to themselves. As we walked away we were bidden farewell by numerous whistlings.

Well, Thanksgiving dinners come to an end, and so do Thanksgiving hunts. As the afternoon drew to a close the clouds,

which had been threatening all day, began to send down those small, powdery flakes, sure tokens of a lasting storm. With many promises to return again we bid our friends good-by, and headed our team for Bad Axe.

Not long after daybreak the train was rattling us toward the City of the Straits. We were returning refreshed and regenerated mentally, physically and spiritually. Our game bags were satisfactorily and honorably filled, and

we had stored our memories with a supply of good things that we could draw on for long years to come—memories of the keen, clear air of November tinged with the subtle balsam odors of the "popple" thickets, the crack of gun, the "scurry" of rabbits, the whistling of quail, and, better than all, the hum and whir of the old brown grouse—bravest old bird that any mountain knows or any valley shelters in its bosom.



CYCLING OVER AN OLD VIRGINIA PIKE.

BY GEORGE H. STREAKER.

FROM the old pontoon bridge that spans the Potomac at Williamsport begins the Virginia National Pike, which, running through the great valley of the Shenandoah, has played so important a part both in peace and war. Over this historic artery I now proposed to continue the journey I had, as told in *OUTING* for December last, commenced on the banks of the Schuylkill.

With muscles hardened by daily usage, I started from Williamsport with expectation high and mind elate, and pedaled the twenty-one miles to Martinsburg, and after a short rest tackled the second twenty-one, which brought me to Winchester.

I arrived at Winchester late, but a good meal was found for me at a one-time imposing Virginia hostelry, its great, overhanging roof supported by large columns rising from a porch, which from the second floor overlooked the narrow street, while two high flights of

steps made the way up to the grand entrance. To speak of its central courtyard conveys a good impression, of which the surrounding shabby appearances do not admit. The rooms had for their outlets the porches, which surrounded this open central space. Old age was evident from the steps at the entrance to the shedding in the rear. The tassel, cord, and jingle-bell annunciators were relics of the past. The same might be said of the wash-room, with its row of tin basins. And yet, withal, there was a charm in its faded glories which a modern inn does not possess. The old hotel could not tell its many interesting stories of commerce and war, but the genial Virginian clerk, who had taken an active part in the "late indifference," kept me busy with relics and stories from a Southern point of view until four o'clock arrived, when, through the quaint old streets, I wheeled on to the scenes of "Sheridan's Ride." "From Winchester down to save the

day." "Twenty miles away." Over the same old limestone pike, up hill and down dale, to the battle grounds at Cedar Creek.

The valley now became narrower, a new range of mountains looming up ahead in the middle distance, as though barring the way.

This central range is called the Massanutten Mountains, and, running down through the heart of the great valley, divides it into two smaller ones, each drained by a branch of the Shenandoah River, which unite here. Then the river flows up north until it meets the Potomac at Harper's Ferry.

Passing by the battlefield at Cedar Creek, crossing the bridge a short distance, I wheeled into the peaceful little town of Strasburg, nestled among hilly but productive farms at the base of the Massanutten Mountains.

I received not the welcome of a soldiers' greeting, as did Sheridan, when he with his galloping charger arrived in these regions. My sixty-mile run from Hagerstown here was but the easy, pleasant day's ride of the average wheelman.

Intending, if I could, to get conveyance to go up in the mountains and spend Sunday at Capon Springs, a short ride from here, I took supper at what a native, in error, told me was "the best house in town." A very small square old brick house, no porch, and with but one rude wooden front step from the doorway to the sidewalk. With my wheel inside, I sat on this step alongside of an old Confederate soldier who had lost one leg in the battle which here added to the fame of Sheridan. My clothes were still covered with the dust from my long day's ride. While trying to get information of the road to Capon, we were joined by a man in the silly stage of intoxication, who occupied the only remaining portion of the step, and the fun began. Some of the town folk gathered around the drunken man, but left when the old soldier began his stories of the war, his views of it, and the loss of his leg.

Supposing that no one knew me, I was enjoying my novel position, forgetful of Capon, when, looking up, I met the curious gaze of a well-dressed gentleman who was passing. He was an old friend, and as a business man on the road, he considered Strasburg a most delightful resting place.

Sunday proved my friend's good opinion of the place, and there were no regrets at staying in Strasburg and missing Capon Springs. In the morning we climbed to the hilltop and sat on the remains of the old fortifications, which overlook the gardens, homes and shaded streets of the little town below. Just beyond, to the eastward, rise, in all their silent grandeur, the forest-clothed rocky heights of the mountains, which throw their shadows on the little village while the morning sunlight plays over the fresh, green pastures of the valley; then, westward, it brilliantly illuminates the summits of the Shenandoah range of the Alleghanies.

On these grass-grown earthworks, where men had fought in death-dealing struggles, we, in the enjoyment of peace, listened to the sweet Sabbath chiming of the church bells, which the fragrant summer breeze brought up from the spires of the village. From here we could look down and see happy people wending their way along the roads and streets in answer to those ringing summonses; while from the open windows, in that old whitewashed church on the stone lot, half way up the hill, came the shouting voice of the negro preacher and the swelling hymn of his colored congregation. A broken bell tone from our rear proved but a cow bell, yet it added to the delights of the scene as we watched the herd of cattle browsing over these old battlements, where now grow the daisies and the clover. Who could refuse the call to worship which everywhere was ringing? We could not, and retraced our steps to the village.

On Monday morning I left Strasburg and its charms. I clung still to the same south road, which here runs along near the westerly branch of the Shenandoah River, through the valley formed to the west of the Central or Massanutten Mountains. The roadway of limestone continues in winding and more hilly curves along the base of the Massanutten, crossing and re-crossing the Shenandoah and its tributary rushing, turbulent streams.

The invigoration of this ever-changing out-of-door existence so fills you with confidence, so revitalizes your nerve power, that the uncertainty in crossing streams adds but a zest and healthful excitement to the journey.

Thirteen miles and Woodstock was left behind. A gypsy band passing out from here were a too ill-favored lot to expect any companionship. They evidently were accomplishing the wish of the doomed Azucena, "Back to our mountains, our steps retracing," as her song goes. I hurried by them on through Edinburg and Mount Jackson.

Thirty-two miles from Strasburg, and New Market, which formerly was very prosperous as a horse market, made for me an interesting dining-place. Its quaint old wooden inn served a good meal, and the adjoining stock farm of an English gentleman, with his imported stallions and running and driving horses, offered an agreeable place of entertainment for one who, though a disciple of the horseless wheel, has still a fondness for the horse.

To the eastward from here, over the Massanutten Mountains, in the valley beyond, lie the Caverns of Luray. Determining to visit them, I took not the advice of the hotel-keeper, which was, "Try not the mountain pass on a bicycle, but hire my team."

This required keeping him and his team out overnight, and from his description of the length of time it would take, I concluded, if necessary, the entire seventeen miles could be walked in that time and wheeled in less.

It was five miles to the top of the mountain. The three miles over the foothills were soon wheeled away, but the remaining two were a steep climb which required walking. The mountain road was good, but lonely. No sounds but the rustling leaves and branches of the swaying tree-tops. No houses. No life, except when half-way up, and turning a curve in the road, before me stood motionless, not a bear, but a bare-footed "mountain maid." Where she came from in this wild wood, I know not. Was she pretty? I could not tell. Her sun-bonnet hid a face which avoided my gaze. Her feet certainly were not Trilby's. But the cherries, in the tin pail on the ground beside her, were tempting. Offering to buy some, I got no reply. Helping myself and putting money in their place, I received no rebuff. I passed on, thinking she was bashful, and not wishing to annoy this statuesque wood nymph. I had gone but a short distance when my Galatea came to life, and quite a

musical voice came after me, saying, "If yer see the stage driver comin', tell 'im to hurry up; these hyar er his'n."

But I hope she did not wait long, as I never met him. On the very tip of the mountain I met a sight which, while not statuesque, was certainly more picturesque. Here, alone, on the very summit, was a pretty, vine-clad cabin home, and around it a well-kept, thriving garden patch, in which the aged proprietor and his wife were working, he taking the part of a horse and wearily tugging at the traces of a small plough, while she drove him and guided at the handles. "Whoa, dad; 'ere's company." If this is not what she said to him, at any rate they stopped, and, inviting me in, treated me like "company."

Refreshed by their kind and simple treatment, I took their directions, and climbed to a rock back of the house, where I saw the most entrancing views of this division of the Shenandoah into the two great valleys. My elevated position on the high peak of this central range of mountains allowed me, not only to view my course from Strasburg down, but also to get a glimpse eastward in Page County, over the easterly branch of the Shenandoah River, to my destination, Luray, twelve miles away. As from a balloon, the view extends over the thrilling valley scenes, hemmed in by the distant mountain walls of the Blue Ridge, high in the far east, and the Alleghanies, higher still in the far west, while north and south run the jagged summits of these Massanutten.

Mounting my wheel, another delightfully uncertain mountain coast was mine. Watching well the curves and rocks of the roadway, my wheel coursed swiftly downward for six miles, over mountain brooks, through rocky glens, through the woodland, around curves where the trees stood aside to allow a view of deep, shaggy ravines, then out over a wild but level country to the river.

Here, alas! the bridge. If there had ever been any, there were no signs of it left. The river too was wide and deep; I could find no ford. There was a rope ferry, but the boat was on the other side, and no amount of yelling brought it over, although I could see men on the opposite shore. Night coming on I must do something, and, hunting along in the bushes, I discovered a rude

flat-bottom boat, in which I soon poled out into the deep waters. The pole was soon beyond its depth. Fortunately, I found a rough paddle in the bottom of the boat, and, Indian fashion, the opposite bank was reached, to the astonishment of the natives.

"Evidently beenthar befoh, stranger!" came a voice from the bluff.

Pulling the boat high upon the beach, and expressing my apology for the liberty I had taken, I wheeled and walked over a very rough, stony road, reaching Luray Inn as the sun went down over the old man and his wife on the mountain summit.

Luray Inn, since destroyed by fire, was a large modern summer hotel, unexcelled in location and appointments. It was luxuriously furnished, from the delicate china service of the dining-room to the richly decorated parlors and highly polished hardwood office, hallways and quaint fireplaces.

A touring bicyclist never expects, and rarely gets, much attention at fashionable inns, outside of the colored boy in the basement, who looks after his wheel. He cannot, as Tom Sawyer says, "show off" like the approaching horseman or the driver of a tally-ho. His desire, therefore, is to get in unnoticed until, at least, his shoes are blackened and the dirt of a day's riding is removed.

Supposing the guests, none of whom I saw, were at supper, I was soon busy brushing my limited supply of clothing to make as respectable an appearance as possible in the grand dining-room, from which now came the strains of the orchestra. Delighted and surprised that the clerk had given me one of the finest and best located rooms on the first floor, I gazed out of my window into the beautiful night, and as I washed in happy contentment I whistled the song from "Tannhäuser," "Oh, Star of Eve." To my greater surprise, as I entered the dining-room the excellent orchestra in the most complimentary style played the same beautiful song of Wagner which I had just been whistling, while the head-waiter's gracious smile and politeness were only excelled by the attentions from the negro who seated me, the negro who fanned and kept the flies away, the negro who took my order, and the negro who removed the soiled dishes. Five waiters. Dumfounded with these kindly attentions, I was about

inquiring at the office for the rates, when I looked around among this great force of colored attendants, and, seeing no other guests, I understood it all—the first guest of the season had arrived.

Tuesday other guests arrived and I was dethroned, but the attractions of Luray Caverns occupied the whole morning, which is not enough time when one goes sightseeing in these wild, weird caves.

The weather, which had not for a moment marred my progress thus far, now showed its pent-up feelings in a heavy rain-storm. Four o'clock arrived, time for my afternoon spin, but Luray Inn was too comfortable to leave and wander over those distant mountains through mud and rain.

Instead, I look over the story of Virginia. It is so interesting, from early colonial times to the later old plantation home scenes; through the strife of civil war, when this valley and the town of Luray were filled again and again with the successful and the retreating forces of Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson and Sheridan, while the banks of the distant-flowing Shenandoah River were alive with the guerrilla work of Mosby and others.

The storm was a severe one, but, like everything else in this world, it came to an end, and four o'clock Wednesday afternoon found me wheeling through mud, retracing my way back to the pike at New Market. The pass over the distant mountains was visible only at times through the breaking clouds, as I neared again the banks of the Shenandoah. This time the ferryman had his boat on my side of the river. It required a little effort to find him, but I was soon on my way over. "Yer see," said the president, manager, board of directors, and pilot of this ferry, "dar's not much trabble neow. Teams takes de fo(r)d down yonder. Jes' yo' come 'long in de spring, when de ribber's high; den I stays right hyar, 'n ketches de beans." To explain this, it may be necessary to say the "beans," or money, offered by the occasional foot traveler of summer time, offers little inducement for the ferryman to remain always near his ferry.

From the ferry it is a long mountain climb, but climbing is a pleasant change from pedaling, when one is in love with nature's charms, particularly in the cool

shade of the woodland heights, disturbed only by the merry skipping squirrel and the clear notes of the singing birds of the forest. At a cluster of old sheds and cabins, half-way up the mountain, the kind-hearted mountaineers proved the good influence of these everlasting hills by their frank, cordial treatment of a stranger.

After a short rest, I climbed to my old acquaintances on the summit, and here had another view, from their eagle's eyrie, of my already traveled pathway in the northward and my future course down this great valley southward to the Natural Bridge.

The possible monotony of level roads on long rides is not found in the delight of riding over rolling, hilly country; and those whose strength will permit find even more enjoyment in mountain climbing and coasting, particularly the coasting, when one has as good a road as runs down from the top of this Massanutten Mountain, five miles to the pike at New Market. Here I found good accommodations for the night, the evening's entertainment being horse stories in the old bar-room. But of all the tales told, those which utterly defied competition were the zig-zag, firing, flashing, rolling, reverberating, rumbling stories of the lightning-rod man (likewise stopping here for the night). He had more thrilling experiences in "handlin', and breakin', and swappin' hosses," more hairbreadth escapes in "swimmin' hosses" over rivers, in "fo'din'" swollen mountain streams with the long ladder and rod wagon "floatin' like a boat," and the "hosses like dolphins swimmin' 'n pullin' it over," than fall to the lot of any man, except this king lightning-rod man of the Virginia mountains.

Thursday morning—the bad weather, which is over, leaves no muddy effects on this hard stone pike, on which I continue after my detour to Luray, thus far my tenth day on the road.

It is nineteen miles' run to Harrisonburg, a busy county-seat, with its old court house and active market square. Within easy riding distance from here many mineral springs and several caverns, comparing well with Luray, offer temptations to again leave the direct south course.

Riding on into the open country I was attracted to a tree, in the high branches of which I was soon seated,

enjoying the last of the fast disappearing cherry crop. Hearing a noise at my bicycle over near the fence, I saw a tall, long-whiskered, dignified Virginian looking from the wheel to me up the tree. Supposing that I was getting into trouble as a trespasser, I came down to face the consequences, which were, after a little preliminary chat, "Come over to my house and take dinner." After another talk in expressing my appreciation and declining the kind invitation, my new friend said: "Can you spare several days on your return trip? I promise you excellent gunning and fishing. My home is open to receive you." I mention this invitation of a gentleman whom I had never before met, to show the spirit of Virginians in welcoming travelers.

Farther on, hunger came on so strong that I regretted having declined the dinner. A negro directed me to a house where travelers could get a meal, and I fell in with one of "Mosby's Guerrillas," who, after dinner, supplied entertainment by relating his thrilling experiences with those daring Southern riders and raiders. Alas! His daring and vigor were now all gone, but the manly spirit which showed itself in his well-told stories still gleamed from those glassy eyes and through the hectic flush of cheeks now wasted with disease.

His faithful, strong wife and pretty, happy children kept up the sunshine of their home, providing a good meal to chance wayfarers like myself, and thereby adding a little to their not over-burdening wealth. His bony fingers played tenderly through the golden curls of his chubby, pretty, rosy-cheeked little daughter, who leaned shyly and lovingly against his long, thin legs, while he stood as best his fast-waning strength would support him against the open doorway, and gazed longingly out on the old road, where formerly he had ridden fiery horses with all the ease of a bold, strong nature. As I departed, a smile wreathed his face, and his weak voice called after me, "Farewell; come again." Every sympathetic chord of my being thrilled by the picture of the wan, sad face of the father and sweet expression of the child, I wheeled rapidly on toward Staunton, or, as the people here call it, "Stanton," forty-four miles from New Market.

I wheeled on until the resplendent

rays of the setting sun illumined with golden mantle the western mountains. From a hill-top I now looked down on the active spreading town of Staunton, and soon within its narrow streets rode up to the old Virginia Hotel, to find it crowded with guests. A question now arose as to whether this old relic of Virginia's former hotel glory could give me a room. At last I secured one in the top of a wooden wing of the house, where, to avoid the risk of fire, I went to bed late and got up early. Inquiring the cause of the crowd, the clerk thought I was joking, but replied, "Sam Jones is in town." His astonishment was greater when I pleaded my ignorance in knowledge of Mr. Jones. I learned that a great factory, just built, was being dedicated with revival meetings, held daily under its immense roof, and that "Sam Jones," the Southern revivalist, was the leader.

People of all colors and classes came to town in great crowds, by foot, train and wagons—the largest meeting having a congregation of 10,000 people, which was by far a greater number than the entire population of Staunton.

That Mr. Jones was a power, and a power for good, was everywhere apparent in this thoroughly awakened community, from the shabbiest of the negroes to its very best citizens.

I made the 52 miles' run over red clay and macadam roads, via Greenville and Lexington, on Friday, and the objective point of my tour was at hand—the Natural Bridge of Virginia.

Approaching by wheel or by stage travelers are delighted with the wooded wildness of the country, combined with considerable fertility, as over the hill-tops you go, shadowed by the high, distant mountains. If Forest Inn, and its adjoining hotels, did not make you aware that at last you had arrived, you might continue on the road, 100 feet wide, directly over this wonderful specimen of nature's architecture, and pass its rocky parapets, fringed with trees and bushes, totally unconscious of the great chasm yawning 215 feet beneath you, and the natural rocky archway which bridges it.

The climax of my tour was at hand. My bicycle had safely bridged for me the intervening sights, studies and enjoyments, from the buttress of the old Liberty Bell in the north, over fertile plains, rocky mountain heights, rippling

streams and mighty rivers, through woodlands, fields and dells, bright with the fragrance and flowering fruitfulness of early summer—not forgetting, above all, the delightful entertainment offered by a peaceful, happy people—to the world-famed buttress in the south, where the inspiring name of Washington fills us all with the determination,

To live, do, die and be
A man through all eternity.

There is no better tonic for the tired brain and fagged body than a wheeling tour, and no better route is offered than the one described. Go slowly and avoid the nervous, rapid, American peculiarity, to see how quickly you can get there. Avoiding this, you will have stored up at the finish such an abundant supply of vitality, in physical strength and mental vigor, that, returning to your work a new man, you can the higher carve your name on the heights of your ambition.

This southern part of Virginia has many other charms to tempt one to remain longer. The streams of the surrounding hills and mountains offer excellent fishing, while the broader waters of the James River are nearby. The man of business finds interest at Clifton Forge and other new mining and manufacturing towns, particularly the city of Roanoke, brimful of the new industries and enterprises of the State. The invalids and tourists find health, recreation and pleasure in the mountains and at the spring resorts, the Alum, Sulphur and Hot Springs. Just across the State line, in West Virginia, is the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs, with accommodations for 1400, the Saratoga of the South, where went the belles and beaux of the long ago, as does the fashion of the present. Here it was my pleasure to visit and see its capacious dining hall, brilliantly illuminated, open to summer guests, where the fascinating Southern belles closed the evening's dancing with the Virginia reel, to the tune of "Away Down South in Dixie's Land."

Originally intending to return to Philadelphia by railroad, the delights and benefits of wheeling were such that, resisting the attractions of surrounding places, my third week was spent awheel, renewing the sights and acquaintances by returning, as I went, back over the old battle-grounds, on my bicycle.

A RACE 'ROUND THE HORN.

BY T. JENKINS HAINS,

Author of "The Windjammers."



SUPERSTITION'S sway is on the deep waters. A sailor, exposed for years on the ocean, with a blue void over head and another beneath, feels the extreme littleness of man and is

sooner to realize the Power that governs the universe. Even the boldest and most desperate bullies of the Cape Horn fleet are as susceptible to this realization as the most pious skipper afloat. A sailor who is absolutely fearless will always hesitate before stating anything definite in regard to the length of, or what may happen on, a long cruise. To do either one or the other is considered to invite the worst kind of luck.

Therefore, a skipper who has a record for quick runs is looked upon as a favored man and inspires much envy. It is as if the powers favor him, and, even though a notorious bully, he stands a better chance of getting a ship than a careful and industrious skipper who is often overdue. Sometimes this superiority is made too apparent by the lucky skipper and results in a quarrel or a race between him and a less lucky fellow.

This was the case with Brown and Cutwater. It began by Captain Brown coming into Mr. Ropesend's office one day while Captain Cutwater was there. Captain Cutwater was skipper of the big five-t'gallant-yard ship *Moose*. He was never tired of bragging about how he could make her run. He had a record of one hundred and fifteen days from Liverpool to San Francisco, loaded deep with soft coal; he took care that none of the firm of Ropesend, Snatchblock & Co. should forget it. A skipper who could save the owners a month's running expenses was not to be turned down.

Captain Brown, on the other hand, was always late. Something always happened to prolong his runs to five months and over. Sometimes it would be a hurricane in the Gulf that would blow away all of his best canvas or spring

a topmast. At other times it would be getting jammed off Cape St. Roque, or lying becalmed for weeks on the equator. But as he always managed to turn the corner without accident, Mr. Ropesend had a high opinion of him as a sailor. On his last voyage home he had been nearly two hundred days out and some of his men had scurvy.

Cutwater had made his run to Havre, discharged and returned to New York, running light, before Brown had even entered the Channel. So when the old ship *Enoch Arden*—she was named that because she always turned up when she wasn't wanted and was always out when she was—towed up to her berth in the East River, Cutwater and his mates began to make remarks about Brown and his crew.

When the good-natured skipper landed Cutwater pretended that he hardly knew him, and stopped a moment to scratch his head and think where he had last seen him. All this the captain of the *Arden* took good naturedly, but when Captain Cutwater casually remarked before Mr. Ropesend that Captain Brown had grown gray, it was more than even a gentle deep-water skipper could stand.

"That's all right," he said, his face flushing through its tan. "I'll give you a run some day and see how you look when you come in."

But Cutwater laughed at him, and even Mr. Ropesend smiled at the old skipper's sally.

As the *Moose* was nearly loaded, and would be ready to sail within a week, there was no prospect of a race, so her skipper and mates continued to make their unpleasant remarks.

One day, however, a tug with a tow of barges passed the berth where the big five-t'gallant-yard ship was lying. The tide was running strong ebb, and the ship's stern extended well out past the end of the dock. The last barge in the tow, taking a sheer, struck a boom-fender lying across the head of the ship, and drove it against the ship's rudder with such force that it tore it clear off.

This necessitated docking the ship before going to sea, and, in order to do

this, she was forced to discharge more than half her cargo.

In the meanwhile Captain Brown was piling railroad iron into his vessel's hold at a rate that bid fair to sink her to her load line within a very few days. By the time the *Moose* had a new rudder rigged and was brought to her dock, the two vessels were about equally deep.

"Look here, Cutwater," said Brown, "you've been talking kind o' big about that craft o' yours; suppose you just pipe down a little or show what yer made of. Talk's cheap, but it don't buy land. Put up or shut up."

"Yer don't mean ter say that ye air talking erbout racing that raft o' yourn ter Frisco ag'in me, do you?" said Captain Cutwater.

"Them's about my articles," answered Brown, "an' I'll put up a three-cipher we'll give them news of you when we strike in between the Heads of Frisco Bay."

"Now, I don't want to rob yer, but by the prophet, Captain Brown, I'll take yer all standing. You jest make a show of your plunder to Mr. Snatchblock up at the office an' I'll pass ter windward of it as sure as my name's Cutwater. We'll make the run inside three months."

"It's a go," said Captain Brown, and the next day he put up security to the amount of one thousand dollars, and Captain Cutwater passed to windward of it, or, in other words, he covered that amount.

With matters thus satisfactorily arranged, the two skippers now strove to get their ships ready to sail on the same day. Of course, no delay in the loading of either would be countenanced by the company, but the captains had privately agreed to meet outside. This they would do by steering a certain course, and the one that got out first would drift along under shortened canvas until the other one came up, the idea of racing by taking the vessel's time not being a good one, as one of them might strike a fair wind and the other a West India hurricane.

As it was, the *Arden* cleared and towed down the bay some twenty-five to thirty hours ahead of the *Moose*, and then headed away on an east by south course under easy canvas.

That evening the skipper and the two passengers sat aft and smoked their

cigars, searching the western horizon steadily for signs of those five t'gallant yards. It grew dark, however, without satisfying their curiosity, and the skipper called Gantline aft to give some directions for sailing during the first watch.

"How does she head?" asked the skipper of the man at the wheel.

"East by south," responded the sailor.

"How does she head?" asked the skipper in a loud tone, indicating rising temper.

"East by south, sir"

"Then why didn't you say so," roared the old man. "Have you forgotten my name?" With that he calmly reseated himself and gave Gantline the directions needed.

The next morning at sunrise a white speck showed on the western horizon, and after breakfast the five t'gallant yards showed plainly against the background of snowy canvas. We wore ship and stood toward her for a short time, when her hull rose quickly above the water and in a few more minutes was in plain view. There she was, sure enough, the *Moose*, with her maintop-sail and t'gallant sails drawing to the northerly breeze, and she was a beauty.

As we gazed she hoisted her colors and number, and then we did the same. Soon she drew abreast, and the skipper gave the order to put the wheel hard up again. As we paid off and came up on the other tack, some of the starboard watch were racing over the futtock shrouds for our t'gallant and royal yards.

"Hoist away!" came the order from the poop, and soon we were hauling our sheets and tacks, while the men at the braces kept the yards just touching until they were up.

"Fore and main skysails!" came the skipper's order. "Mizzen, too!" he added, as he scanned the bellying canvas. "Main t'gallant staysail and jib-topsail!" came the order again, and as the skysail yards reached the trucks the ship looked like a man in evening dress when he places a black silk plug hat on top of all.

As the ship felt the pressure, she heeled over farther to the breeze, and took her place about a quarter of a mile to windward and abreast of the *Moose*.

The men had all heard of the wager, and all was excitement forward. Even the black cook so far forgot himself as

to peep out of the galley door and strain his eyes to see if we drew ahead, and the big tomcat, taking advantage of the opportunity, managed to steal a good meal from the last piece of fresh beef. The watches stood in groups or hung over the lee rail, watching every movement of the skipper and mates, ready to obey the first order to take in canvas.

The ship, heeling over, tore her way through the sparkling ocean at the rate of twelve knots an hour. We could see the men on the *Moose* standing by to take in sail as the breeze freshened, while Captain Cutwater stood on the break of the poop and watched every foot of his straining fabric.

The vessels, with the wind ahead, rose and fell on the swell with long, lurching plunges, sending the foam roaring off from the bows in a seething smother. The wind increased rapidly, and the sun shone dimly through the haze which now loomed ominously in the northeast, sending long streaks of light that radiated from the common center like a fan.

Sometimes the *Moose* seemed to gain a little, but as the morning wore on we still held her dead under our lee.

"The glass is dropping fast," said the mate, as he turned out at eight bells and gazed to leeward. "I wonder how long the old man will keep this up. We've got more'n twice as much canvas as we need this kind o' weather."

But the skipper walked fore and aft on the poop in high feather. Although he looked anxiously to windward at every turn, he had not given an order to take in anything, and it was certain that Captain Cutwater would not be the first to shorten sail as long as we held him on our lee beam. Everything was creaking and straining, and the t'gallant masts were bending like whips under the pressure, while the deepening hum of the wind in the rigging betold the rising gale. But we still held on.

The *Moose* was tearing through it like a wild thing, throwing the spray over her cat-heads in a heavy shower at every plunge, while all forward was a wilderness of white foam. All of a sudden her jib-topsail burst, and was thrashing itself to ribbons to leeward. Captain Cutwater was gesticulating wildly, and men were soon swarming forward on the fo'castle head and up the weather ratlines. In a minute down came his royals, fore and aft, and his

main-t'gallant and staysail also followed. Slowly, but surely, we forged ahead to the eastward, and it seemed as if Captain Brown would jump overboard in his frenzy of excitement. He rushed to the quarter rail as the *Moose* luffed sharply and bellowed at Cutwater.

"Keep off! Don't you luff into me! Get me my rifle, Gantline! Get my rifle; I'll shoot him if he fouls us! Get my rifle, I'll kill him!"

But Cutwater luffed for the good of his owner and the peace of his soul, and the *Moose's* long jibboom end came closer and closer under our lee quarter.

Cutwater howled and bellowed and shook his clenched fist at the skipper, but Brown still held on.

The two vessels were so near together it seemed as if the deck of one were under the leaning tops of the other. The heavy roar of the comber under the *Moose's* forefoot reëchoed between the bellying canvas.

Gantline, carried away with excitement, dived below, as if for the skipper's rifle, but Brown seized a belaying-pin from the taff-rail and hurled it at the man on the *Moose's* forecandle in his impotent fury.

"Keep off!" he bawled. "Keep off, or I'll sink you!" And he cursed until he choked. The jibboom end rose and fell within two fathoms of our spanker lift. Then a heavier squall, bearing down from the eastward, hove the *Arden* over until her deck was a full foot below the foam. She seemed to shake herself like a live thing as she responded slowly to the pressure. Then she raised her forefoot to a long sea and plunged along a good knot faster, while the *Moose* luffed in our wake.

"Keep her full!" roared the skipper, and away we went with our lee deck awash and all forward in a perfect storm of flying spray.

In half an hour the *Moose* was a good mile to leeward.

But the skipper was overdoing it, and it looked doubtful if we could get in our skysails at all. He finally gave the order, and in a minute everybody was alive forward. The skysails came in beautifully and were followed by the light fore-and-aft canvas, then the royals, and the ship began to be easier.

By night the ship was down to her topsails and still tearing along wildly on her course. I had turned in and

slept soundly for an hour or two, when I was aroused by the deep booming roar overhead and the cries of the men running about the deck. My door was burst open and a man's voice hoarsely cried, "All hands, sir!" In a moment I was on deck, and above the roar I heard the skipper calling for all hands to take in the mainsail.

How it blew! There was nothing visible in the darkness around us, and the sails on the mainmast loomed dimly through the gloom. The mate had gotten the weather clew of the mainsail hauled up, but the sheet was drawing hard, and every moment it looked as if it must go.

However, when all hands tailed onto the buntlines, we finally got the sail on the yard. The maintopsail and foretopsail followed, as everything but the lower topsail had been taken in on the mizzen. Then, with nothing but the three lower topsails and a close-reefed foresail on the ship, we tore along through the darkness with the northeast gale abaft the beam. On we went, the roar of the gale increasing and the seas beginning to break heavily over the waist, but we dared not run off any to the westward, and thus keep the ship's head off before it, as we were not far enough off shore.

The flying drift filled one's eyes so that to look to windward was almost impossible, while to leeward all was hid in the deep gloom lit up here and there by the phosphorescent fire from combing seas.

I went forward on the fo'castle and warned the man on watch to keep a sharp lookout for any lights, knowing that the *Moose* would probably head the same course we were heading in order to keep to sea.

There was nothing to do now but drive the ship off shore as far as she would go, or else heave her to. The latter I knew the old man would never consent to do as long as there was no immediate danger of going to the bottom, for he was going to beat the *Moose* or "bust something."

While I stood there straining my eyes into the inky blackness ahead for any signs of a vessel's light, the mate came up and joined me.

Beyond the ghastly glare of the sea under our jibboom end all was impenetrable gloom, lit up by fitful flashes

of lightning. Several times it seemed as if a heaving sea ahead of us took the shape of a vessel only to melt again into blackness.

All of a sudden the mate seized my arm with an iron grasp. "Look!" he roared into my ear. "What's that?" He pointed dead ahead. At the same instant the man on the lookout uttered a cry, and, running up, bawled out, "Vessel dead ahead, sir!"

I strained my eyes into the gloom, and suddenly a great object loomed out blacker than the surrounding darkness. The mate was plunging aft at full speed, and above the roar I heard his voice strained to its utmost. "Hard up the wheel! For God's sake, hard up!" At that moment the great object seemed to bear right down upon us, and I seized the forestay and held my breath. Then a blinding flash of lightning lit the darkness—and the shadow was gone.

We tore along all night and the next day, and then the wind hauled fair. When we struck into the northeast trades everybody was in good spirits on board except the mate, who was so nervous at night that he would walk to and fro during the whole of his watches, and nothing could convince him that he had not seen the *Moose* during that storm. "It's all well enough to explain that sort o' thing," said he, "but I know that there ship too well not to know her at a cable's length, even if it was as thick as burgoo. No, sir; we seen something that night I don't want ter see again in a hurry. You may laugh, but you'll wait until we get inter the Heads of Frisco before I'll show my gridders."

We met the usual number of vessels on the line, and were in company with several off the Horn, where we lost three weeks in a hurricane, but nothing showed above the horizon's brim that had five t'gallant yards. After rounding the Cape, all interest in the race died out except with the skipper, who was as anxious as ever.

Old Captain Brown was just a little more crusty on that voyage than usual, but of course he had larger interests at stake than anyone else, so it would not be fair to blame him too much.

"It is very much the same aboard a well-regulated ship as it is in a house on shore," he would say to the passen-

gers. "It's no use to blackguard everyone because people fight when they are thrown together for a long time under trying conditions. It's no use to call them all mean-tempered cusses because they quarrel. Take a lot o' wimmen on the beach, for instance, an' the closer they are related, an' the more they like each other, the worse they'll fight. It's human natur', and it is in our narves." When we reached the California coast everybody was willing to agree with the skipper that it was his "narves."

Not a sign of the *Moose*, and we had been one hundred and thirty days out. One day it thickened up and we hove the ship to in as frightful a southeaster as had visited that latitude for years. When it slacked we were within a day's run of the Heads, and by dint of good luck we sighted a pilot just outside the Farallone Islands. The fog that hangs so thick on the coast had blown away, and, although the sea was very heavy, we hove the ship to and set the ensign. In a little while the pilot boat was plunging her nose into the sea on our lee quarter and her crew struggling to get a boat overboard. Soon it was on its way, and a few minutes afterward a grizzled old man in oilskins clambered over our lee rail and dropped onto the deck

"Where's the *Moose*?" asked the skipper, the first thing.

The man looked at him queerly for a moment, and then answered: "I don't know."

"Hurrah!" fairly yelled the old man, slapping the pilot on the back. "Then she ain't in yet, is she?"

"Well, you see it was like this. The *Moose* was off the bar here two weeks ago, just before that southeaster came along. It was looking pretty bad and the tugboat *Raven* come out from behind the islands before it closed in thick. He hailed the skipper of the ship and Captain Cutwater asked him what he'd tow him in fer. You see it was coming on bad like and that fellow Crocker on the *Raven* knew he had things all his way, so he said 'Fifteen hundred.'

"Well, old man Cutwater just jumped on the poop rail and cussed that devil for everything he could think of.

"'Twelve hundred,' said Crocker, after a little while.

"'You murdering scoundrel,' yelled Cutwater. 'Five hundred's all I'll pay you.'

"'Twelve hundred or you ken put ter sea,' bawled Crocker.

"'I'll go, you ——' an' that's all he could hear. An' he's out yet."

He never came back.

AUTUMN SPORT IN TENNESSEE.

BY D. C. FITCH.



IT was a cold, gray November day, and chilly blasts with sharp flurries of snow came down from the north. This was the change that a club of campers-out had been waiting and wishing for.

Novices might start at any time, but these were veterans, and knew that for good shooting they must wait for the great migratory flight. The smaller ducks, teal, etc., had mostly passed down, and a few straggling mallards followed, but the bulk of these larger ducks and nearly

all the geese remain north until a freeze sets in, and then come sweeping down in flocks to their southern feeding grounds.

While the flight lasts, generally but a few days, the fowl, following the course of the Mississippi River, pass St. Louis in great numbers. All day long they may be seen high in air, the bunchy, quick-winged ducks lowest; above them geese in triangular array, and higher still cranes sailing in circles and slowly drifting on their course.

The first flock of geese set us astir, and our party of five proceeded to make ready for a start. Now, this getting ready is no ordinary matter. It takes experience and forethought to properly equip a camping party for a month or two. It was not new business to us, however. We had a list that time had

made perfect for our wants, and when our Commodore had overhauled and checked each item on it we were ready to go, and not until then.

We reached Belmont the morning after leaving the boat. Here we were detained two days waiting for a steamer. The time was not altogether lost, however, for we shot some ducks in a slash near the river (the Western name for narrow stretches of water), and our Irish friend had a big "possum" hunt one night in company with our two colored servants. They came in toward morning nearly frozen with two "possums" and a muskrat.

We landed at Tiptonville early in the morning, and, as soon as we could, arranged for teams to haul us out to the lake, five miles away. We were anxious to reach Horse Island and get our tents pitched by dark, but those we depended on to move us were not as ardent as ourselves.

It was noon before we reached the lake, and then it took so long to procure skiffs to take us to the island that it was four o'clock before we were loaded and fairly under way. As we pulled from the shore we soon discovered the beauties of the lake. It is a sheet of water varying in width from a half to six or eight miles, and nearly fifty long. The surface it occupied was formerly a part of the rich bottom-land thickly covered with forest trees. During the earthquake of 1811 the ground sank unevenly; and now the trees, most of them standing, are in some places entirely submerged; in others their tops just reach the surface, while in the shallower portions of the lake they rise high above the water, their dead branches slowly crumbling away. Snags are thick, and an inexperienced pilot is sure to find them. Our luggage had been loaded into two skiffs manned by fishermen who thoroughly knew the lake. These went ahead, we following in our ducking boats. As I pulled along, keeping a sharp lookout for a shot, I swerved from the course and suddenly felt myself brought to a halt. I put down an oar, but touched nothing in any direction. I was puzzled a little to know just what held me. The boat would spin and tip round from side to side, but I could not get away. One of the skiffs was not far off, and came to my rescue. The fisherman pushed his broad oar under my boat, and raising it

slightly launched me clear. Telling me to look out for "knees" (they call these up-turned cypress roots knees), he pulled away and I followed.

As the sun went down, the wind rose and came in cold gusts from the north. The leading skiff put out a lantern to guide us, and we pulled along in its wake. The Commodore had taken our guest in his boat, and as darkness came on they dropped astern. I held back so as not to part company. Soon a call for assistance came to me through the gloom, and turning I found them fast on a "knee." I tried to get the boat clear, but could not, and the situation was unpleasant. Neither of them could swim, and a very slight thing would overturn their boat, caught as it was near the center and balancing as if on a pivot. I shouted for aid, but our companions had passed on and the light was now far ahead. Luckily they missed us, and turning back soon came within hail, and hastening to our assistance set the frail boat afloat.

We now consulted what to do. The wind had freshened and the waves tossed our slight boats about considerably. Their bottoms were thin cedar easily stove, and the result of dropping suddenly on one of those sharp "knees" was not pleasant to contemplate. Deciding to go ashore and make a hurried camp for the night, our pilots landed us at an old cabin long deserted and affording such shelter as might be found in a tumble-down corn-crib. Waiting only to get our robes and blankets we lay down supperless. The fire built on the floor was attended by one of our sable servants. He fed it with wood in the center to keep it up, and plied it with water around the edges to keep it from spreading. We were tired and all slept well.

At the first light of morning we were astir, and with our coffee, bacon and hard bread managed to get up a good breakfast. The sun coming out bright our spirits rose, and the petty trials that had so far beset us were lost sight of in the promise of abundant sport. Everywhere as far as we could see, the lake was alive with ducks.

Without further trouble we reached Horse Island early in the forenoon. Selecting our camping ground in a grove of large cypress-trees, we unloaded, and dismissed the fishermen. It took all day to pitch our tents and get things to

rights. When we were through, there was a place for everything and everything in place.

Before the first indications of coming dawn had penetrated our tents the calls of passing ducks commenced. This increased until it was fairly light, by which time there was one continuous din of the noisy fowl. Above the clatter of ducks the honk of geese is constantly rising. Occasionally you hear a sound much like the high notes of a tenor horn, and casting your eyes up you will see a line of the trumpeter swans sweeping apparently heavily along. But watch them closely and you find that their great size deceives you. Their flight is very rapid, and he that aims directly at a passing one may, if his gun scatters widely, see a tail-feather fall to enforce upon him the oft-repeated injunction, "Hold well ahead." A peculiar call catches your ear. It suggests a complaining wagon-wheel, and above all the rest you will discover a great flock of cranes slowly circling but constantly passing on their course. I have seen flocks hang for an hour above some corn-field, keeping up a great clatter, evidently a divided body as to whether they should alight or not. The nays always carried the day, for I never knew them to come down nor have I ever seen them divide as geese sometimes do.

We did not linger over breakfast, but pocketing a sandwich lunch took to our boats and scattered out for the day. Knowing we had weeks before us I did not hurry. As my friends pulled away I lay on my oars to survey the surroundings. The sight was one not to be forgotten. It was no new thing for me to see ducks in great numbers, but here they were in myriads surpassing all my former experience. From the island to the rolling eastern shore was fully three miles, and the intervening space, look where you would, was filled with fowl. Great flocks of teal went by like the wind. The little spoonbill that I had never seen before in numbers was constantly passing in twos and threes. Black duck in half-dozen plumps whistled along, pintail with their vibratory flight were scattered here and there, and the beautiful dusky duck, high in air, was evidently leaving for more southern feeding grounds. I have mentioned but the stragglers of the great body of ducks on the wing. Everywhere and in

numbers beyond calculation the mallards were moving. Flock after flock came near me, but always managed to pass safely out of range. The loon, lank and solitary, went silently by; geese were winging their way inland for distant corn and wheat fields. Far away I saw a large flock coming that I thought were swan, but as they came nearer their bunched necks and great bills showed them to be pelicans bound for the gulf marshes. The position of the great fowl when on the wing is very singular. They do not stretch their necks forward as most of the water-fowl do, but draw them back so that their heavy bills are partially supported on the projecting curve, giving them much the attitude of the domestic fowl while at rest. They are not hurried in their movements, and were it not for the intermittent flap-flap of their wings would present a perfect picture of lazy repose as they move heavily along.

As I floated I saw a flock of geese approaching dangerously near the Commodore. He was alert and raised his gun. A puff of smoke, and back dropped one. The report had hardly reached my ear when the fall of another stricken goose showed that both barrels had done their work. A noticeable thing about geese is that when hit they do not, like ducks, pitch ahead, but invariably drop back.

I had noticed far up the island numbers of ducks flying close into the shores, skirting the timber. Thinking it might be a good place for shots, I pulled away in this direction. Out in the open water great flocks of ducks were resting, while the air was filled with those on the wing. A novice might look in this direction, but an hour's experience would teach him the first lesson of a duck shooter: Don't chase your game. Pull ever so quietly, it will make no difference. The fowl will always rise out of range. Sometimes, before the wind, by sitting perfectly motionless, he may drift close enough to a clump of brown ducks to get a long shot as they rise. None of the feathered species are more wary than fowl. You may lie out in open water all day where you have seen thousands pass every hour, and you will hardly get a single shot within range. Perhaps a flock of bluewings may tempt you, but the chances are that you

will not reach them. This matter of range is one for the beginner to study, too. Until he learns it well, no matter how good a field shot he is, he will never be a successful duck shooter.

As I neared the place aimed for, I found a slash extended along the edge of the timber, bordered thickly on the lake side with willows. Over these the ducks were constantly passing. I pulled in toward the point. As I came near, the ducks rose. There was a cloud of them, the larger portion coming directly toward me. I took up my gun, but not one came within a hundred yards. Resuming the oars, I pulled in to the point, and, pushing the boat into a cluster of weeds, where it was perfectly hidden, I took my stand in the willows on the point.

The cover was good, and I had not long to wait. The disturbed ducks, one at a time, commenced to return. As far as my eyesight reached, I could distinguish ducks aiming for the slash. They would rise into the air, and then come in a direct line and with great velocity. As they came close they slackened their speed, the first-comers passing over the slash, high in air. After flying around in circles several times, cautiously scanning the surface, they quietly dropped down. For a minute they remained perfectly still; then, after a few quick, suspicious movements back and forth, went to feeding. One coming over in range, I shot him. At the report the ducks in the slash rose, but, as I kept close, few of them left, and the balance settled back into the water.

Here for two hours I had as good shooting as I could wish. By that time the disturbed fowl had become thoroughly alarmed and left. After waiting for a while I saw a mallard flying high in the direction of the slash. He was evidently a scout on a reconnoitering trip. As he came over I could see his head turn from right to left as he scanned the slash below. Making several turns he gradually descended. Coming near the surface he appeared about to alight. Then, as if alarmed, he quickly rose again and made the whole circuit of the slash, and again dropped down, repeating the same movement as before. Finally, apparently satisfied, the wary fellow dropped into the water. Here he rested for a short time without a movement except

quick turns of the head, then rising, passed back into the lake.

This is a movement that all experienced duck-hunters understand, and is peculiar to mallards. When first frightened from their feeding grounds they soon commence to return singly and in pairs, affording good sport to the concealed hunter. But after a time they get suspicious and send out their scout. I am satisfied none but experienced old drakes ever undertake this duty. I have shot several of these wary fellows, and invariably found them tough old greenheads, good for little except to make one in the count.

For an hour longer I had some shooting; then having fairly exhausted the stand and the middle of the day approaching, the larger ducks did not move much. I now determined to change location, gathering up the dead—they counted thirty-two, all mallards.

Satisfied with the result of the morning's shooting, I pulled away for the rising ground on the Tennessee shore. As I passed along, the disturbed ducks constantly rose before me, and flying a little distance would again settle down. About midway between the island and main shore quite a space is occupied by partially submerged trees. Here immense numbers of the loons had congregated. I never saw so many of them in one body before; they were literally in thousands.

On nearing the shore, I found it lined with flocks of teal, nearly all blue-wings. There was no cover, and as this duck is very shy I found I should not have much sport with them. Numbers were rising and flying in pairs close in shore, from flock to flock, but when I pulled in they warily gave me a wide berth. I pulled along the shore until I came to a point where it curved out into the lake for some distance, and then gradually receded again. A few stunted willows grew down to the water's edge, and although the cover was not promising it was the only place any was to be found, and I determined to try my chances. Drawing the boat ashore, I lopped with my hunting knife the straggling brush, so as to form a tolerable blind. At first the keen-eyed little fowl did not like the changed appearance of things, and swept around the point out of shot. But I kept perfectly quiet, and after a time they commenced to fly

within range, nearly always in pairs. Here I had several hours of this, to me, the finest of all duck shooting.

Few of the winged tribe move as rapidly as teal. They pass with such velocity that a poky shot has no earthly chance of bringing them down. Before his methodical squint, the bird flits like a phantom, and the shot harmlessly cross the track far behind. Those who have had experience can generally kill one of a pair of teal with tolerable certainty, but to do this they must be more than average shots.

With the sun some three hours high, I gathered up my blue-winged beauties and pulled back toward the weedy shore of the island to wait for summer ducks, that usually afford excellent evening shooting as they come pitching in from their feeding expeditions to the woods.

It was a bright calm afternoon, and the sun's rays came down so warm that few mallards were on the move, but the smooth surface of the lake was literally covered with them. Around me there was always a clear space, but beyond this, as far as the eye reached, it was ducks, ducks, ducks. One coming near, I fired at him. With the report the ducks for some distance round rose, and I speak within bounds when I say that the noise of their wings could be plainly heard on that still afternoon five miles away. I had it again impressed upon me how few the chances are of getting a shot at fowl unless well concealed. True, a straggler had come within range, but of the thousands that rose all round me at the report not one passed near enough to afford the least prospect of bringing him down.

Reaching the island, I secured a good position in the weeds on the margin of a stretch of open water and waited for that gay coxcomb, the beautiful summer drake, and his plain quaker mate. I had not long to wait. Soon they commenced to come from all directions, and, setting their wings, pitched into the open space all about me. It takes a lively shot to do anything with these ducks, as they plunge with a whirr from aloft. A fair shot will kill them easily enough in ordinary flight, but to take them as they pitch in the evening (and they are seldom in range until they do pitch) is uncertain business for the best shots. Long practice will bring tolera-

ble success, but even then the misses will outnumber the hits. Those who have never tried this kind of shooting, but have had quail in cover take to the trees, and then tried their hands at shooting them as they dropped down from overhead, will have a good idea what it is. At sunset they commenced to come in more rapidly, and by dark my gun was hot from active work. I had fair success, and added thirty-seven to the pile of ducks in the bow of my boat. Tired, hungry, and satisfied, I pulled for camp.

Thick darkness had settled down before I reached home. The cheerful light of our great log fire brightened up the gloom, and as I drew in toward the shore the full clear notes of our musical cook and his assistant came to me over the water.

Our second day's shooting was almost a repetition of the first, and so it was for a week. For some days I shot but little. Ducks were plentiful, but in camp life there is a great deal besides shooting to interest those who have a real love for it.

We varied our sport by occasionally going fishing. Our principal catch was crappies, and of a size far exceeding anything I had ever before seen. Many that we caught would weigh two pounds. We also took some fine black bass.

During our stay on the island we made some pleasant acquaintances among the gentlemen living about the lake. They would come and spend the day with us on the lake in their "dug-outs," little canoes, which it takes the skill and practice of a tight-rope performer to navigate safely. They turn over about as easily as the solid log would, yet those accustomed to them stand and shoot and load, maintaining all the time a perfect balance. To two of these gentlemen one of whom had a fine pack of hounds, we were indebted for a day in the woods and a successful deer-hunt.

On the morning appointed we started in our boats with the first streaks of dawn for the rendezvous, some ten miles away. We found our friends awaiting us. They had brought an old hunter with them to drive. We were soon off for the "stands." These were in open timber, along a slight ridge. Here the driver posted us, admonishing each not to waste ammunition on turkeys or other "varmint" that, started by the

hounds, frequently run past the stands. Waiting on deer-stands is to many dull sport. You have nothing to do but keep perfectly quiet. If a deer runs by in range you will probably get him, as the poorest shot would hardly miss with a shotgun.

Although not particularly fond of deer-hunting, I always liked this silent watch in the woods. At such times I keep a close lookout for the birds and animals that keep to the shelter of the forest and fly from the approach of man. Many times have I seen turkeys go by. A pair of ruffed grouse once hopped upon the log I was sitting on, and after stretching their necks and peering about for a while, hopped down and went their way. The only time I ever saw a beaver alive was while posted on the banks of a creek that empties into the Arkansas River. He came swimming lazily along and for some time played about in a pool almost under my feet. There was an eddy in the pool; on the surface of this he would lie, his outstretched paws and flat tail giving him the appearance of a flying squirrel in mid-air. Here he lay, circling about with the drift, motionless, except an occasional sculling movement of the tail to keep him out of the direct current until a stifled cough from me caught his ear, and he sank quietly, without leaving a ripple on the surface, and I saw him no more.

I had waited some two hours before the noise of the hounds reached my ears. While alert for the game, an object moving through the bushes some distance away caught my eye. I at first thought it a fox, but the stealthy movement showed it to be a lynx. I watched it closely as it gradually came nearer. Its movements were exactly those of the domestic cat; the same crouching, almost serpent-like advance as it passed suspiciously along, noiselessly leaping onto intervening logs, and after a few quick turns of the head as noiselessly leaping down again. A dwarf evergreen for awhile hid it from view. When it again came in sight it was much closer, but I could not make out what it was. Alarmed by the hounds, it would steal quickly along for a little distance, stop and listen, then move on, all the while approaching where I was sitting. It entered a growth of stunted canes, and I could barely catch glimpses of it.

It came directly toward me. I did not move a muscle until it was within twenty rods, and then I raised my gun. The first motion caught its eye, and it sprang for a large tree. Active as it was, the gun was quicker, and the shot caught it midway of the leap. It tumbled in a heap, and for a minute the leaves flew. After a little, it was quiet enough.

The report of a gun away on the outposts of the range, then others nearer, showed that deer were coming. In a short time I heard their regular leaps, and then they came into sight, a doe and a buck fawn. They came by within long range, but the shot would have been an uncertain one and I did not fire, hoping my friend, posted half a mile further along, would have a better chance. Scarcely a minute passed when the report of his gun rang out, one barrel quickly following the other, and then came a triumphant whoop ringing through the trees.

The run was now over and I sat down waiting for the party to come up. They soon came, bringing with them two deer.

Up to this time we had dry, sunny days with a bracing air, but a change was to come. With the setting of the sun, wintry clouds spread over the sky and a freezing wind came down from the north. The next day was cold, but calm and perfectly clear. I spent most of it in my boat, taking a shot now and then as chance offered. Pulling about those snag-encumbered waters had a great fascination for me. They were of crystal clearness, and I was constantly peering into their transparent depths. For a while they revealed nothing; then I would find myself drifting over the tops of sunken forest trees as firmly rooted as when their branches put forth leaves in spring or were swept by the blasts of winter. As I looked down and my eyes became accustomed to the shaded depths, I could trace every branch and follow the trunk until it was lost in the mud below. Among the black mossy limbs, with their slimy streamers, I could see the bass moving in shadowy schools back and forth, while close beside them the silvery-sided crappie, like a gleam of sunshine, darted quickly about. Perhaps a flicker of light would catch my eye; on looking closely I would see that it came from the quivering pectoral fin of a gar in

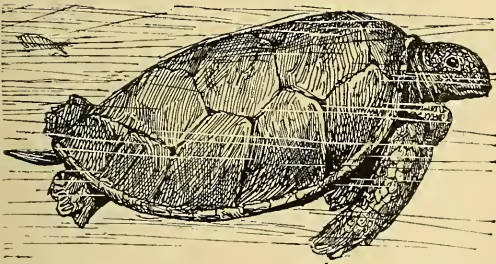
wait alongside one of the longer branches. In another place I would come to where the trees were shaken down as they sunk, and are one interlaced mass of branches, trunks and roots. Again you come to where the trunks lie along the surface, hundreds having drifted together, forming great rafts about which the angler is sure of good sport. Then you come to where the earth sank but a few feet below the water level. Here you will be among the standing trees, some of them nearly one hundred feet high. Sixty years of decay have stripped them of bark, shorn them of their smaller branches, and cased trunk and the remaining limbs with a thick layer of punk; yet they stand, dreary memorials of what the surrounding inhabitants call the "Great Shake."

The following day was cold, and the fowl were constantly in motion and showed signs of leaving. I could tell the flocks of geese that were off for the south from those that were making their usual trips to the wheat and corn-fields. The latter settled their course at once and quietly, while the former would rise high in the air with a great honking, and after flying irregularly about for a little while would fall into line and head away to the south. The snow was falling when we came in at night, and the next morning there was thin ice along the shore. We had poor shooting this day, the ducks flying high mostly in flocks, a great many leaving and few coming in. Our autumn sport in Tennessee was over in fact, but it lives in memory green.

TURTLE-CATCHING WITH A FLY-ROD.

A TRUE EXPERIENCE.

BY JOHN COVERDALE.



"IT'S no use, sir, the sun's too high. They've stopped risin' now until evenin'." It was my guide, Hiram Corliss, who spoke. Our canoe was lying by the edge of the inlet at Lake Mopang, and the brilliant sun was casting its burning rays far beneath the quiet surface of the pool, turning what were usually its black depths into a cauldron of golden-bronze water, through which we could see the lazy fish lying upon the bottom. Clearly it was useless to try longer with a fly, for the most foolish trout could not fail to recognize the artificiality of the most skilfully constructed "brown hackle" or "silver doctor." We had been there since three that morning, and, as we stood casting over the pool, had seen

the sun rise above the pines, changing the dusky purple of the mountains into first a shadowy brown and then to the dazzling emerald of June. Obviously it was too late to fish. Yet to go was to acknowledge defeat, for, for some unknown reason, the usually hungry trout had failed to rise that morning. Only once, and then in the gray blackness of the earliest twilight, had my "white miller" lured a flashing three-pounder from beneath the big rock. He had missed the fly and fallen with a tremendous splash in the middle of the pool, refusing to pay any further attention to the various attractions which I cast above his resting place.

As we were about to leave the pool Hiram said regretfully, "I hate to leave that old three-pounder in there; I bet that if you put a piece of bait on your hook and drop it in the middle he'll take it like a shot. Those old fellows like a worm when they won't touch anything else."

Although I prided myself on my strict adherence to the sportsman's code of conduct, a canon of which is that only the fly shall be used, my feelings gave way at the thought of returning to camp

without a fish, and I allowed Hiram carefully to adjust a worm over my fly. Then, with a gentle stroke of the paddle, we floated out into the middle of the pool, and I let my bait sink slowly to the bottom. I waited five and then ten minutes, but "never a fish would come down to dine." The sun beat unrelentingly upon us and made the heavy clothes, which had been so comfortable in the morning, now unbearable.

"Too hot!" said I, and started to reel in, but soon found that my line was caught in something. "Hang it all!" I exclaimed; "it must be caught in a log down there."

"Go easy, or you'll break your leader," advised Hiram. After careful straining on the line the log seemed to be moving, and, with my pole bent double, I gradually reeled in my line. There seemed to be a heavy water-logged tree trunk on the end of it, and I shouted to Hiram to seize hold and unhook me. Suddenly I noticed that he was gazing with rapt astonishment at the "log," now slowly approaching the surface.

"Hello!" he shouted. "You've got that old snapping turtle! You've hooked him solid! Let him down, let him down, or you'll break your pole!"

I gave vent to a shout of exultation, relaxed my grip on the reel, and Mr. Turtle clawed rapidly for the bottom.

Thinking that he had taken my bait and that I had him by the mouth, I kept the line taut, supposing that I could thus drown him, but he lay immovable upon the bottom, and twenty minutes passed without any change in the situation.

"We can't sit here all day," said I. "The turtle has the best end of the line. I had rather be down there in the water than up here in the sun. We've got to end this somehow, and I am going to 'play him.'" So "play him" I did. The water was so clear that at first we could see our menagerie standing on the bottom, but as I reeled in and put a harder strain on the rod, the old turtle raised a whirlpool of mud. He seemed to be trying to get through to China, for cloud after cloud of mud interspersed with bubbles came up to the surface, followed by an assortment of bark, bottom-grass and a dead trout.

"He's pretty near gone, if he let go that fish!" exclaimed Hiram. "Keep

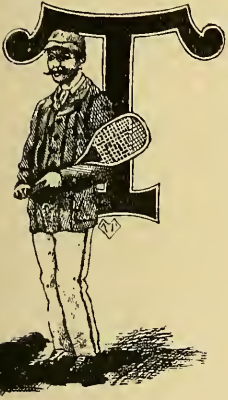
up, and if the old pole doesn't break, we'll have turtle soup for dinner!"

The mud continued to ascend, but slowly the old turtle was ascending, too. Now he would make a sudden effort to get away, and I would be obliged to let out the line as he struggled to reach the bottom. Then he would pause for a moment and I could feel that I was getting him nearer the canoe. At last he hove in sight head downward, clawing wildly to lay hold of something, and we saw that he was hooked by the hind foot. Though his head was pointed away from the boat, ever and anon he would turn it round and glare at us, biting savagely at the line. How to get him into the canoe was the question. Neither of us dared to touch him, and we had nothing but a small net which would not hold a turtle half his size, for we saw that we had hooked a giant. There he hung, while, with fast-ebbing strength, I clutched my six-ounce pole in both hands and kept the line taut.

I feared momentarily that the line or leader would break, but they were of the best quality and did not give. Hiram, in default of a better gaff, tied a small bait-hook to the butt of an extra pole, and after a few efforts succeeded in catching the turtle's other leg. We now felt that we had him fast, but were no nearer to getting him into the boat, for he bit fiercely at us whenever we attempted to noose him, and several times fastened his beak upon our improvised gaff. At last we ran a noose around his neck, pulled it tight, and thus dragged him in helpless. There he lay in hopeless anger upon his back, hissing his defiance at us and craning his neck around until he could fasten his jaws upon the ribs of the canoe. We returned in triumph to the camp, and found that our booty weighed forty pounds. His shell was as large as an ordinary wash-basin, while the head was something enormous, so out of proportion was it to the size of his body. Best of all, we learned that he had occupied the inlet, and especially the pool in which we caught him, for upward of six years, and had spoilt much of the fishing of the visiting sportsmen by having a little private "sport" on his own account in their favorite places, thus scaring most of the trout away. Needless to say, we had turtle soup around the campfire that night.

THE SEASON'S REVIEW IN LAWN TENNIS.

BY J. PARMLY PARET.



THE lovers of the sport of lawn tennis, at the end of another season, greet an entirely new situation: one that can be accounted for in several different ways. For the last four or five years the tournament experts have been taught by experience to look up to the veterans of the last decade as still invincible, and the continued success of Wrenn and Larned, who maintained their superiority over the next class of players, was just as marked at the close of the season of 1897 as it had been before. They were simply of another class, head and shoulders above the next group, and it was useless to attempt to compare them.

The absence of Wrenn and Larned at the war last season gave the younger element a chance to get away from the discouraging shadow of superior skill, and they improved rapidly. Just how much this improvement has progressed is a matter of opinion, for it is difficult to find a fixed standard from which to judge of it. Wrenn was too weak from his long siege of the fever to play again during the season just ended, but Larned did play, and it is on his form that all comparisons must be made. However, Larned did not show anything like his old form at some parts of the year, and I am inclined to believe that he did not once reach the mark he set for himself two seasons ago, and his play cannot therefore be justly used as a standard from which to judge the progress of the others.

Those who believe that Whitman is the greatest of American players, not even excepting any of the heroes of previous years, base this claim on his uniform success this season and the defeats of Larned by both Whitman and Davis. But it must be remembered that Larned was also beaten—in straight sets, too—by Pell, an inferior player, who has yet to earn his spurs in even mediocre company, so there can

be no question of his lack of form at one part of the season. However that may be, irrespective of the question of comparative skill between the Whitman standard of '99 and Wrenn-Larned standard of '97, the average skill of our tournament players has materially increased and the interest in the big championship meetings was proportionately larger because of the uncertainty of the outcome. Hence, we can truthfully report material progress.

The champion's unparalleled success and the unexpected outcome of the Newport championship meeting were the features of the season. Early in the spring, Whitman first demonstrated his willingness and his ability to win all of the challenge cups in sight, and he finished the season with a long list to his credit. He went through a big field for the Massachusetts State championship, and though in poor form, as it was then still early in the season, he won the title from Ware after a five-set match. Then came his defense of the Middle States championship against Larned, and his victory over the veteran at once boomed his stock wonderfully. The Canadian championship followed, which he took without the loss of a set, playing through the tournament and winning the cup from Ware again. Two weeks of comparative rest gave him ample time to recuperate, and he successfully defended the New York State championship and the Longwood challenge cups. Next he went to Southampton and played through the Long Island tournament, winning without the loss of a set; then came two more weeks of rest before his defense of the national championship which ended his season at Newport.

Throughout the history of American lawn tennis, no player, be he the champion or not the champion, has ever played through a season so successfully as that. Whitman's entering one tournament after another exhibited a courage and confidence that no previous champion has ever shown, not even excepting the famous R. D. Sears, of cherished memory. Sears played through several seasons unbeaten, but never such a season as that which Whitman has just finished.

However, the champion's programme did not include playing through any two weeks in succession, and with plenty of opportunity for rest, single matches in defense of challenge cups are not very severe.

Unquestionably, Whitman is the greatest match-winner we have ever had in America, not even excepting the redoubtable "Bob" Wrenn; but I should hesitate for some time before risking the assertion that he is the greatest player we have ever had. And this opens up a fine question. Is the greatest development of tennis skill shown in the game which wins oftenest? Brilliant play seems to me to be the highest development possible, but it is not the winning style. Too frequently it is carried so far as to be suicidal in tournament matches. Take Davis' style, for instance; he risks a killing stroke on almost every play he makes, and that is not the consistent winning game. Yet Davis at his best I consider the most brilliant player America has ever seen, not excepting Larned, though he does not always strike this streak, by any means.

Along entirely different lines tennis skill is also being steadily developed by the students of what we know as "safe" play; and this season has shown fully as much progress in this school as among the brilliant players, though there are still quite as few who have thoroughly mastered the safe style as the other. It is fully as intricate in its methods and even deeper. A combination of safe and brilliant play does not seem possible to those who study the widely different methods in use, but I am convinced that the ideal game of the future will be found in a compromise between the two schools, which grow gradually nearer together as they both improve. Primarily the difference between the highest skill in these two types of experts lies in the fact that the brilliant man aims to accomplish the desired result, to win each ace with one single clever stroke; while his safer rival calculates further ahead and plans to do the same thing with two or three or, perhaps, a dozen strokes. The skill of one lies in his last stroke of the play, while it is always the stroke before his last that reveals the greatest skill of the other. The one uses only a winning stroke, while the other prefers a forcing

stroke to give him an easy chance to win.

Safe players are almost invariably underestimated, and they seldom receive the credit that they deserve, chiefly because their skill does not all lie on the surface, as in the other case, and most observers are superficial. Even "Bob" Wrenn, the greatest of all this type, was never appreciated until he had reached the top of the ladder. We hear this style of game constantly spoken of as that "which contents itself with getting the ball over and relying upon the opponent's faults, or waiting patiently for an opening." In fact, I am quoting the exact words of an expert critic in his review of the championship this season. Here lies the superficiality of it all, and the consequent injustice of such an estimate. Nine out of every ten who see expert tennis never look deeper than the last stroke of each series for the cause of success; and, because the safe player never kills a difficult ball, and gets so many more easy chances than other men, it gives the impression so often received that his opponent was "badly out of form."

Here lies the hidden skill of the tournament winner: He never tries to kill a difficult ball and he never misses an easy kill. But he does *not* "wait patiently for an opening" to kill; he is working for that opening first, last and all the time. He earns the true position for the forcing stroke, and then he puts his opponent into such difficulties that it is only possible for him to make a weak return, which will afford an easy kill, or take very long chances of making an error if he tries to get out of his difficulties by a brilliant play. Nor is the customary summary of earned points, with its figures all out of proportion in favor of the brilliant player, a true test of tennis skill, for here is shown the folly of that same brilliant expert, rather than his opponent's lack of skill.

The lover of brilliant play refuses to make an easy return; he stands or falls by his own style, and tries to bring off a brilliant stroke from the almost impossible position he has been forced into, and the result is a heavy proportion of errors charged against him because he insists on trying these forlorn chances. The safe man, on the other hand, if badly forced himself, invariably falls back on the deep lob, which he

always has ready for his defense, and gets out of trouble again without error. Again the brilliant player fails in this case, for he tries to kill such a ball, and fails more often than succeeds, whereas his opponent uses another forcing play and avoids the chance of error.

This use of the forcing stroke is the latest and most useful development of modern play, and it grows each season in the amount it is understood and used. Of all the most promising of the young players who showed good form this season we find Beals C. Wright, the interscholastic champion, the most consistent winner of them all, and this because he understands safe play best and the use of the forcing stroke. Wright, I venture to predict, will be one of the best winners in the country before he leaves Harvard. He plays in exactly "Bob" Wrenn's style, only much better than Wrenn did before he entered college. Wright's chief failing now is his lack of speed, but this will come in due time. Yet Wright's play is far from the most skillful of the younger men; it is the match-winning style, *par excellence*, even above that of the champion, though other men whom he could undoubtedly beat have shown higher development in skill, in brilliance.

Holcombe Ward and John A. Allen, too, have carried safe play to a considerable degree of success, though neither is as sound in theory or practice as Wright. Allen volleys weakly and comes to the net too seldom, often trying to win with a fast ground stroke instead of working up to the proper position for a true forcing stroke, which will offer *the* sure chance to kill the ball. Ward, on the other hand, uses the net too much, often taking big risks to get there. His cut stroke lacks speed for sure passing at the net, though it is none the worse for the twist in forcing plays.

Two others among the younger players might be mentioned as examples of the brilliant, but unsafe, style which shows such high development in skillful strokes, but which will not produce a consistent winner. Raymond D. Little, the Princeton expert who won the international championship in Canada from Fischer and Bond late in the season, shows all the marks of the highest type of brilliant play, though his style is not an easy or a graceful one. He

takes too many risky chances, often trying to win from unsafe positions, rather than waiting for the true opening for the winning play. Young Edward P. Larned is a wonderfully accurate reproduction of his famous older brother in style and skill. A few years of experience promise to round him out into a second star of his brother's magnitude, but he shows no tendency toward steadiness, safe play having been already sacrificed for brilliance.

The first class for this season undoubtedly includes three players, and should probably include a fourth. The elder Larned certainly played enough in the season's biggest meetings to satisfy us that his form was still absolutely first-class, although he did not play at Newport. Unfortunately, Neel played in only one tournament, and Hobart played only abroad, or we should certainly have two more men to include in the first class. Paret is the new-comer in this select group, and although he won the All-Comers' at Newport, and it has generally been the custom to place the All-Comers' winner second in the lists, if he is beaten by the champion, I am inclined to give him fourth place this year, below Davis and Larned, because of his defeats earlier in the season.

Never in the history of American lawn tennis has physical condition played a more important part in the championship struggle than this season. Paret's success should serve as a moral to ambitious players, a moral that teaches the value of hard preliminary practice and careful preparation for the struggles of the championship week. It is doubtful if any other player in the country played in more than half as many tournaments as Paret did this season, and yet he did not show any signs of the dreaded staleness until the last day at Newport. If a player trains faithfully, a severe course of tournament play before the championship—provided, of course, his physique can stand so much work without going stale—is to my mind the best preparation possible, only I would advise a week's rest with merely light practice just before the Newport week.

In this connection, I want to call attention to the gross injustice that the present rules work against the challenger for the championship, and in favor of the holder. I do not want this

to be misunderstood ; it is not intended as an excuse for my defeat at Newport, nor as a plea for any change that can help me in the future, for my chance has come and gone, and any alteration now would be too late to benefit me at all. Yet I cannot impress too strongly upon the minds of those who control lawn-tennis legislation, the injustice of putting a tired challenger against a fresh holder in the final struggle for the championship. The strain of a whole week's matches, and particularly the strain of the final, if it be a hard one, is enough to rob the challenger of most of his chance to beat the champion.

That it does so, is easily shown by the records. In nineteen years of championship tennis in this country, only three times has the champion been beaten at Newport, all of the other holders of the title retiring unbeaten and their successors taking the title by default. Slocum, Wrenn and Hovey have been the only men to go down, and in each case the challenger outclassed the holder, or he could not have won. This season furnishes only one more repetition of the old experience, and the challenger was "dead" when he reached the challenge match. The five-set final the previous day had killed his chances just as Goodbody's similar experience had ruined his championship hopes in 1894, and Hobart's final in 1891 had given Campbell the championship for his third year.

The only possible reason for insisting on the present custom is that it might break the interest if a day were allowed to elapse, yet I am sure that nothing could hurt the attendance or interest in the annual challenge match, for that is always the chief attraction of the week at Newport. If the tournament were started on Monday, however, or in case the entries are as small in number as was the case this season; if the earlier matches were hurried a little, it might easily be arranged to play the finals on Saturday, and the challenge match on Monday, allowing the challenger the interval of Sunday to recuperate before his effort for the championship. The spirit of fair sport demands that each contestant should have an equal chance to win. The National Lawn Tennis Association would do well to consider this at its next meeting in February. A change of some kind should be made before next August.

Again this year, the long list of strong second-class players is difficult to straighten out in the order of their relative skill, because of their in-and-out form. Even the lowest of these two groups might win from the highest on the slightest off-day, and the conditions of a test match, whether on grass or earth courts, would reverse the ratings of several of the men. So long as the championship is played for on grass, however, and this is universally admitted to be the true home of the game, the greatest credit must be given to grass-court form. Newport form, too, must be preferred when other matches are conflicting in results.

Huntington showed the best form of all of the second-class players at Newport, else he would not have the top place, and Collins's play in the championship matches won him a high position among the leaders of this group. Wright's ranking may be open to some question because of his defeat at Newport by Bond, who did so poorly elsewhere throughout the season, but Wright's other play was all of such distinctly high class that he is given the preference here over some men who did better work at Newport. Wright's defeat of Paret in Canada, of Ware at Magnolia, and of Budlong and Fischer at Wentworth, proved him to be a player of sterling qualities.

The season of 1899 furnished perhaps the most useful data that have yet been collected in regard to the relative skill of the leaders in different sections of the country. The players of the Middle West have been known for the last five or six years, and their relative skill has been demonstrated often enough within the last few to permit several of the Chicago leaders each year to be ranked high up on the country's honor list. The extreme West has long had good players, however, and ever since the Eastern trip of C. P. Hubbard, who played in the East during the season of 1892, and was ranked tenth in the country at its end, we have known that there was considerable high-class skill in the far West. Then came the Neel brothers, who won the national championship in doubles, from California, although their highest skill was learned after they took up residence in the Middle West, and they added prestige to the Pacific Coast. Driscoll's matches in

the British methods of volleying that nine out of ten English and Irish experts are weaker in this stroke because they all volley underhand when the ball is dropping instead of horizontally or while the ball is still rising. They stand too far from the net to volley, and give the base-line men the better chance to use their methods of attack successfully.

Two of the most thorough tests of the opposing styles we have had in this country for some time, were offered in the Ward-Budlong and the Huntington-Stevens matches at Newport this season. Ward's persistent net play was invincible to Budlong, who was rated quite as high as Ward before that match. It was more of a test of methods than of individuals, and the net player was sure to win in the end. Ward's volleying attack was much stronger than Budlong's base-line defense, and there could only be one result. Huntington is a veteran who is clever both at the net and off the ground, and he tried both methods against Stevens, who is rated as the best ground-stroke player — barring Whitman — in the country. So long as



DAVIS AND WARD,
INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPION DOUBLES.

Huntington stuck to ground-strokes, he was beaten, and his opponent took the first two sets. Then Huntington played the net to the end of the match, and his style of play, rather than his greater skill at that style, won the next three sets easily.

There were hopes, which unfortunately did not materialize, that we should this year have the opportunity of comparing the British and American styles of play on our own courts, a consummation much to be desired.

LAWN-TENNIS RANKING FOR 1899.

FIRST CLASS.

1. M.D. Whitman, Owe 3-6
2. D. F. Davis, } Scratch
3. W.A. Larned, }
4. J. P. Paret, }

SECOND CLASS.

5. R. P. Huntington, }
6. Kriegh Collins, }
7. B. C. Wright, }
8. L. E. Ware, }
9. G. L. Wrenn, Jr., }
10. Holcombe Ward, }
11. Richard Stevens, }
12. E. P. Fischer, }
13. C. R. Budlong, }
14. W. S. Bond, }
15. J. A. Allen, }
16. J. C. Davidson, }
17. R. D. Little, }

THIRD CLASS.

18. Alfred Codman, }
19. Ralph McKittrick, }
20. E. P. Larned, }
21. J. R. Carpenter, }
22. W. J. Clothier, }
23. N. H. Mundy, }
24. Ken'eth Horton, }
25. H. E. Avery, }
26. W. C. Grant, }
27. S. P. Ware, }
28. A. C. McMaster, }

UNCLASSIFIED.

- Clarence Hobart,
Carr B. Neel,
Sumner Hardy,
A. E. Foote,
M. G. Chace,
H. H. Hackett,
S. C. Millett,
E. R. Marvin,
C. P. Dodge,
G. H. Miles.

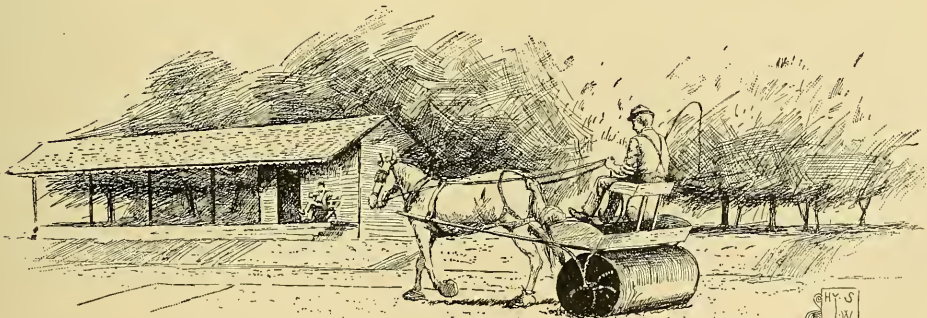




Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

1. P. D. Overfield.
2. T. Truxtun Hare.
3. S. Goodman, Jr.

4. John Hedges.
5. J. B. Carnett.
6. John H. Outland, Capt.
13. J. P. Gardiner.

7. N. T. Folwell.
8. J. M. Ruegenberg
9. P. J. McMahon.

10. W. J. Coombs.
11. J. C. McCracken.
12. C. C. Harrison, Jr.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA FOOTBALL TEAM, 1898.



Photo by Rentschler, Ann Arbor.

1. Potter.
2. Baker.
3. McLean.

4. Snow.
5. Avery.
6. Cunningham.

7. Ferbert.
8. Street
9. Barabee.

10. Caley.
11. Bennett, Capt.
12. Steckle.

13. Widman.
14. Talcott.
15. McDonald.

16. Weeks.
17. White.
18. France.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN FOOTBALL TEAM, 1898.

A FORECAST OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON.

BY WALTER CAMP.



THE football season of 1899 has opened with more enthusiasm than ever, and it looks as though that enthusiasm were to be devoted to real improvement of the game. The experience of last fall was such as to make this more than probable. Harvard's victories, brought about in a measure by their ability to perform the kicking game, have given a new impetus to that department of the sport, and it is certain that all teams of a high grade this year will improve in their kicking work.

Football has now reached a point in this country where there are certain classes, and those classes are becoming more and more well defined, and for a team to get from one class into another is almost like changing caste in India. For instance, it is probably not unfair to say that Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton and Yale form a class by themselves, as their records for a number of years would indicate. Just outside this class stand Cornell and West Point, continually knocking at the gate and ready to take advantage of any opening which may put them up into the position of leaders. Last season, and this year even more, there is an opportunity for Middle Western teams to compare themselves with Eastern teams, and this gives such organizations as Michigan, Chicago and Wisconsin an opportunity to compete for premier honors and thus advance themselves a class, if their football skill and strength warrants it.

After the first two classes named above, teams group themselves in more indiscriminate fashion, Brown, Carlisle, Wesleyan, Dartmouth, Cincinnati, Oberlin, etc.

The history of the sport in this respect has been of especial interest, and ought to be borne in mind in considering the prospects of teams for the coming season. The most marked instances of teams lifting themselves out of their class and going into a higher one are those of Pennsylvania and Cornell. A brief review of the history of these two will show how this was accomplished.

In 1876 Princeton met the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia and defeated them 6 goals to nothing. In 1878 Princeton again met Pennsylvania and defeated them 2 goals and 4 touchdowns to nothing.

In 1879 Pennsylvania and Yale met, and Yale defeated Pennsylvania by three goals and five touchdowns.

In 1880 they met again and Yale defeated Pennsylvania by eight goals and one touchdown to nothing.

In 1884 Pennsylvania began a series of matches with Wesleyan, the score of the first game being 14 points for Pennsylvania to 12 for Wesleyan. The next year Wesleyan defeated Pennsylvania, 25 points to 18. In 1886 it was once more reversed, Pennsylvania defeating Wesleyan, 14 to 0. In 1887 Wesleyan took her turn and defeated Pennsylvania, 10 to 4. In 1888 Pennsylvania won, 18 to 6, and in 1889 Wesleyan won, 10 to 2. In this same year, 1889, Princeton defeated the University of Pennsylvania, 72 to 4, although in the previous year Princeton had only been able to defeat Pennsylvania by 4 points to nothing. But Pennsylvania had turned the corner, as it were, and from this time her football improved steadily and constantly. Not without setbacks, of course, but it was manifest that her material was being brought into serviceable shape, and that sooner or later she must press forward away from her former class and insist upon recognition in the class above.

In 1892 the University of Pennsylvania defeated Princeton 6 points to 4,

and although in 1893 Princeton won, it was by a very narrow margin of 4 points, and in 1894 Pennsylvania again defeated them even more decisively, the score being 12 to 0. In 1892 Pennsylvania brought Yale's score, which, for the previous years, had been 48 and 60 respectively, down to 28, and in 1893 the score was 14 to 6 in favor of Yale. They have not since met. In 1894 the University of Pennsylvania defeated Harvard 18 to 4, and since that time up to last year has defeated Harvard every year. In 1892 the University of Pennsylvania defeated Wesleyan 34 to 0; then the games between the two were discontinued until last year, when Pennsylvania again defeated Wesleyan 17 to 0.

Thus it is that Pennsylvania has won her way, from a position of inferiority, into the class with the leaders.

The history of Cornell is not as remarkable, but is similar in its main points. Cornell was at one time the legitimate rival of Lehigh, and a match between the two was as engrossing as a Harvard-Yale match to-day, but Cornell determined to advance, and with her practice and qualifications in point of numbers, and by contest with the leaders, has come to a position where there is no question that she is, with West Point, at the top of the second class. And some of her contests recently with Pennsylvania and Princeton indicate that, at any time, she may make a step forward, may accomplish what Pennsylvania has achieved. Her most serious need at this period in her career is able coaching, for without that the final step is impossible.

This problem of classes promises to be an especially interesting one this fall. For instance, the two teams that are most desirous of an advance, and, at the same time, within whose range of possibilities such an advance may come, are West Point and Cornell. West Point must defeat some one of the big teams—Yale, Harvard, Princeton or Pennsylvania—to move up out of her class, and the matches of the military cadets against such as they meet of the larger teams will be of especial interest.

West Point has in one or two instances tied the larger teams, but has yet to go forward and defeat one. Such an event, while within the range of possibilities,

seems this season doubtful. But West Point will have her opportunity, in meeting Annapolis, of wiping out old scores in that direction, provided she can produce a team up to the standard of some of her elevens for the last few years.

West Point's first opportunity will come on the 14th of October against Harvard. Her next opportunity will be against Princeton on the 21st, and finally, on November 4th, against Yale. All these games are played on West Point's home grounds, which gives them something of an advantage in the avoidance of travel. West Point's coaching is the secret of her successes, Mr. Graves having built up the best principles there.

Cornell must defeat Princeton or Pennsylvania in order to take an upward step, and here again it seems improbable, although the games with both these teams last year were moderately close.

Cornell will have Princeton at Ithaca on October 28th, and the journey will be a hard one for Princeton, and Cornell should concentrate all her efforts to win a victory, as the prospects are that it will be easier to do this than to defeat Pennsylvania at Franklin Field in the game which will be played on Thanksgiving day.

Considering now Michigan, Chicago and Wisconsin. These three teams form a class by themselves, and they are going to have an opportunity of bettering that class in certain of their contests this year. Michigan, for instance, plays the University of Pennsylvania on Franklin Field on November 11th. The University of Chicago plays with the University of Pennsylvania in Chicago on the 28th of October, and here, owing to the rather trying trip which the Philadelphians have to make, and considering that their schedule is a hard one, Chicago should make a severe effort and endeavor to win a victory which would lift her out of her present class. It seems unlikely that Michigan should defeat Pennsylvania at Franklin Field, as the Western team will be handicapped as was Chicago last year, by the upsetting qualities of the trip. Wisconsin will make a trip East and will play Yale at the Yale Field on the 21st of October. It is safe to say that Yale is nervous over the event, remembering the marked kicking ability of O'Dea as displayed last November and which has proved so

effective in matches, and there is an opportunity for Wisconsin's great triumph.

Should any one of these three teams, Michigan, Chicago, or Wisconsin, win over Yale or Pennsylvania, it would be unquestionably one of the most distinct triumphs that we have witnessed since Pennsylvania moved up from her second rate position by defeating Harvard and Princeton.

There is another point to be taken into consideration in connection with this possibility of an advance, and that is the ever present chance of a retrograde movement in football at any university. In the case of West Point this might be brought about by a defeat by some one of the minor teams through lack of efficient coaching and keeping up of her principles.

In the case of Cornell, Oberlin came very near upsetting them last season, the score being 6 to 0. There is no other team outside of the big ones which held them closely, and it is improbable that Oberlin will be able to repeat this work this year, but a Middle West team may. The Indians scored 6 on Cornell, but Cornell made 23 against them, so that it is not likely that anyone save the leaders or a Western team is strong enough to break Cornell down.

In the case of the Western universities, Michigan, Chicago and Wisconsin, there are more chances for upsets, as the record of past years would indicate. Chicago, however, keeps up a more steady uniform game than almost any other Middle Western university. Michigan last year, in playing Northwestern on the 5th of November, was able to win, but only 6 to 5, and their game with the University of Illinois was a moderately close one of 12 to 5. This shows the possibilities of defeat at the hands of some lower class organizations to be possible at any time out there. Wisconsin is not likely to be dragged down unless their football deteriorates very markedly this season. Brown, Carlisle and Wesleyan should also furnish some very interesting contests, and are in positions to have an opportunity of advance, but the probabilities are against any material change in this class, unless it be in the case of Carlisle picking up a game from some one of the larger universities, and this looks so improbable as to be an unsafe prediction. Carlisle's opportunity really lay in her

match with Harvard last fall, when Harvard was putting up an unusually weak game, and had Carlisle not made blunders, there might have been a different story to tell. Carlisle plays Harvard this year on the 28th of October at Cambridge, and it is doubtful if the Indians will do as well as they did last year. Carlisle plays Pennsylvania on the 14th at Philadelphia, and here again it is unlikely that they will equal or better the score of last year, which was Carlisle 5, Pennsylvania 35.

Brown has had some close matches with Carlisle in the past, but has been able to defeat them. In other matches Brown has established her superiority to Dartmouth, by a score of 12 to 0 last year, and it is probable in this connection that if any mishap befalls Brown it is likely to come from some such match as that with Dartmouth. The loss of some good men on the Brown team may make Dartmouth's opportunity. Wesleyan could get their advance by defeating West Point, but the possibilities of going down are much more numerous, although it will take a good team to lower them.

Of the teams they met last year, the only one likely to do it would be Dartmouth, who, by the way, suffered a rather humiliating defeat last fall in the West, when the University of Cincinnati defeated them 17 to 12. Cincinnati also played a close game with Oberlin, Oberlin winning 5 to 0.

Williams gave Dartmouth some trouble a year ago, but did not succeed in defeating them, the score being 10 to 6. A defeat by either one of her league friends, Amherst or Williams, would pull Dartmouth down out of her present class at once.

Pennsylvania State College is making something of a trip this year, and has some opportunities to make a marked advance. Last year they played Princeton a close game, the latter winning by 5 to 0, and they were only defeated by Annapolis 16 to 11, so that there is a chance for them to make progress. While this is on the press they have already succeeded in doing this by lowering West Point's colors.

Outside of these prominent teams there is Columbia, an entirely new team, but one likely under Sanford to make a mark, and Annapolis, who has been more or less unknown in big

matches, and who will have an opportunity in the match with West Point to advance almost to the very top in one jump. If Annapolis can defeat West Point when they meet in Philadelphia, it would put the naval cadets at once into the class of high second-rate teams. The University of Virginia and North Carolina both have matches which will give them the privilege of a trial for higher honors and a higher place in the football world. The University of North Carolina will play Princeton on November 8th, and the University of Virginia will play Columbia on the 25th.

In the trans-Mississippi football, Nebraska, Kansas and Iowa have opportunities by marching into the territory of Michigan, Chicago and Wisconsin, but this has not before been done, and it does not look as though, if these Middle Western teams come East, there would be very much meeting between them and the trans-Mississippi section. The same is true as to a comparison between the trans-Mississippi section and the Coast. An attempt was made to bring a selected California team on to the East, but it failed. This team, with the selection of men, would have made a good showing, but they would have been defeated unquestionably. It is not likely that such a comparison will be offered, as the trip is too long and hard a one and too expensive. The only way, therefore, for the Pacific Coast teams to measure themselves and get a comparison would be to come through to the Middle West or the trans-Mississippi football section. The University of California, which has held an inferior position in football to Stanford ever since the introduction of the game, has, by the victory of last fall, turned the tables and is now at the head. It is not likely that they will give up this position without a serious fight, and Stanford will find it more difficult to begin anew to win than it was to keep it up when they had the prestige and the confidence.

Harvard and University of Pennsylvania meet at Franklin Field on November 4th. Yale meets Harvard at Cambridge November 18th, and Yale-Princeton at New Haven, November 25th. All three of these games will be of the most intense interest, the two latter probably showing the better development of the game, as November 4th is too early a date for the best work to be produced.

However, the interest centering about the Harvard-Pennsylvania match will be intense, and it is safe to say that the crowd will be a large one. Last year Harvard surpassed Pennsylvania in the kicking game to such an extent as to practically put Pennsylvania entirely on the defense, whereas in the running game the two teams were more equally matched. This year Pennsylvania promises to develop her kicking game, and is making every effort with that in view. But it takes time and material to do this. This kicking material was sadly wanting in Philadelphia last season, and it is a question whether it can be developed this year. In case it is not, and Pennsylvania is forced to play a running game to the exclusion of more or less punting, Harvard is pretty sure to repeat her victory of last season. On the other hand, if Pennsylvania can secure a good punter, either by moving Hare back of the line or in developing some new talent, the game will be a close one and fought out bitterly. Although the match is played on Pennsylvania's home grounds, the general feeling is that the chances are in Harvard's favor, and that if her team is in good condition she will once more defeat Pennsylvania.

Harvard opens the season with the best prospects that have ever surrounded her football work. In the first place, her material is almost unlimited. That is, there are more men for each position, and men of fair ability, than any other organization is blessed with. This is in part accounted for by the work, as mentioned in *OUTING* last month, of Mr. Forbes in spending two years in the development of a large body of material.

Harvard has lost her center, Jaffray, whose death last winter, although in no way connected with football, cast a gloom upon the football community. She has also lost her captain and half-back, Dibblee, although he is back at Cambridge, in the position of head coach. Donald and Houghton, the two tackles, are also missing, although it may be that Donald will decide to play after all. But the men who are on hand to make up the bulk of the team are veterans, and more than that, victorious veterans, while the candidates for these open positions are for the most part men who were only beaten out by the successful ones last year by a very

narrow margin. The fact that Daly is still with the team at quarter is the point that oppresses Harvard's opponents more than anything else, for the work of this little player last season, both in individual work and in handling his team, was little short of wonderful. The coaching of Harvard will probably be in the hands of Dibblee entirely. Waters, it is expected, will do as he did last season, help out in the coaching of the line men, and especially the tackles. The work that Harvard is doing in teaching Hallowell, the end, to punt, may mean that she will carry out

team to develop, as McBride and Brown are about the only men who played all through from the beginning last season and who are still left as candidates. It is probable, as last year, that no one man will direct the entire coaching, although Mr. Rodgers will be with the team more than any one else and will have general supervision. Rodgers was captain of the team which two years ago played a tie game with Harvard and defeated Princeton, and is a man who is looked upon as an especially able coach and one who will make the most out of men. W. T. Bull will



1. Ennis.	3. Kerr.	5. Bettison.	7. Burr.	9. Kromer.	11. Foy.
2. Baender.	4. Heidt.	6. Smith, W. D.	8. Waldron.	10. Romeyn.	12. Humphrey.

WEST POINT FOOTBALL TEAM, 1898.

the policy of last year, of at times taking a man back from the line to do the kicking, although Reid, the full-back, is an able kicker and probably quite a match for any man he would meet on the other teams.

At New Haven it seems to be the determination of the management to build up an almost entirely new team. The exigencies of the case demand this, but, aside from that, it is the belief of many that defeated veterans are of no very great service and green unbeaten men are better. Yale has practically a new

direct the kicking. Jim Robinson, the old Princeton and Harvard trainer, will be with the men and take care of their physical condition.

While by no means as well equipped for the kicking game as Harvard, it is probable that Yale will improve over her form of last year in that respect, and if she can succeed in getting two good ends will not be so manifestly inferior in this department as she was last season. What Yale particularly needs is line men, as there are promising candidates for positions behind the line in

such numbers that if they are not killed off, as they were last season by being forced to work behind a weak line, they will furnish sufficient material to go through the year.

The University of Pennsylvania has started in with a strong determination to develop kickers, but has not, at this writing, had very much luck, and there seems to be a tendency to go back to the old reliance upon quarter-back kicking to replace the work that the full-back should be able to do. This proved disastrous last year in the Harvard game, and although it opens tremendous possibilities, and, in the practice of Pennsylvania, has worked better than at the hands of any other team, it is noticeable that it is usually in the smaller matches where it is successful and not in the games upon which great issues depend. Why this is so is a puzzle, but history has shown that it is so, and Pennsylvania, like the gambler, is staking too much on a single throw when she relies upon this quarter-back kick to take the place of work that should be done along other lines. The worst of it is that it is not a thing that one can arbitrarily condemn, because it is possible at any time that it may come off to perfection, and result in a tremendous gain or even a touchdown; but it is always a gamble, and, like many trick plays, good only when supplemented by a foundation of general excellence, and used not as a reliance, but upon occasions. How far Pennsylvania will go in sticking to the guards' back play this season is a problem, but unless that brings about various outlets, such as were suggested by her play in one or two of the later games last season, it is safe to say that they will not make marked advance against Harvard. On the other hand, Harvard must bear in mind that a good deal of good luck was with them last year in this Pennsylvania game in two respects, and those were the early depression of Pennsylvania by the touchdown which Harvard secured at the very kick-off, and second, the demoralization of Pennsylvania's line through the weakness and inefficiency of the men behind them in handling punts.

Down in New Jersey there seems to be a wealth of material, not only in the substitutes of last season but in new men who have been secured. Prince-

ton's coaching this year is to be handled by such men as Lea, Balliet, Smith, and, it is said, Bannard, while the physical condition of the men will be looked after by trainer Christie. It is generally recognized on all sides that Princeton's team last year was not up to the standard, and that efforts must be made to improve the work. Captain Edwards realizes this, and is putting his men through the most severe drilling, although he is not giving his veterans much of the hard work, but has so arranged matters that the younger candidates shall bear the brunt of it, and the best men, like Palmer and Poe, shall be held out and put in later in the season.

Princeton has suffered but little loss through graduation of men, and is practically relying upon the same team as last year, with the exception of one or two men who are good candidates, and who may turn the tables on their most successful rivals this year. Princeton realizes the difficulty of winning a game from Yale two years in succession, and that, too, on Yale's home ground, so that the preparations for work at Princeton are more vigorous than they have been for many years. It will not be easy for a team with Princeton's very excellent schedule to get through a season without getting a good bit of experience, and it is safe to say that they will not make the mistake which they made two years ago of allowing the men to get into bad condition for their final contest.

The game between Yale and Harvard, at Cambridge, on the 18th, will probably attract the largest distinctively college audience of the season. This game always brings out such an audience and, furthermore, is almost invariably productive of the most interesting sport. In 1898 Harvard had things all her own way. But upon the occasion of the last game played at Cambridge (which was two years ago) the two teams struggled for the full time limit, neither side being able to score, although the ball progressed up and down the field at times with considerable rapidity. The result of the game on November 4th might have some effect upon the prospects for the 18th, as it is certain that Harvard's victory over Pennsylvania last season made her team confident and improved them very much. Should Harvard suffer a defeat at the hands of Pennsylvania, it would take away much

of the prestige which they gained by the victories of the former year, and would bring them into the Yale game on a fairer measure of equality with their New Haven opponents. But the game is to be played at Cambridge, and there is some advantage in home grounds. Furthermore, those who like the Harvard side of it are commenting upon the fact that Yale will have but two or three of her own players and must build up an entirely new team. Yale, while not as manifestly weak in the kicking game as Pennsylvania last season, was far behind her usual form, and is in the same position this year as the University of Pennsylvania, in that she is certain to suffer defeat at the hands of Harvard if that department of her play is not radically altered and improved. Yale's running game last fall was less fierce than usual, but it is traditional at New Haven to have, by the time the big games come on, an aggressive and ground-gaining offense. Whether Yale

can carry out her usual traditions in this respect without better material than in 1898, is a problem. One of the greatest difficulties then was that the line was not strong enough to hold up the backs, and consequently these men received such a grueling from the opponents as resulted in their practical extinction. Though Yale started in with a magnificent field of men, she brought up the season with hardly a good, sound man behind the line. This is being more carefully provided for this fall, and whether it is successful or not, it is improbable that so many good men will be laid up during the season.

To sum up, the year promises to be full of opportunity for ambitious teams to improve their ranks. But it also offers new fields for advance in the game itself, notably in the kicking line and in the better all-round development. The kick direct from the snap-backs' pass will be more generally used, and drop-kicks and kicks from placement further practiced than in the past.

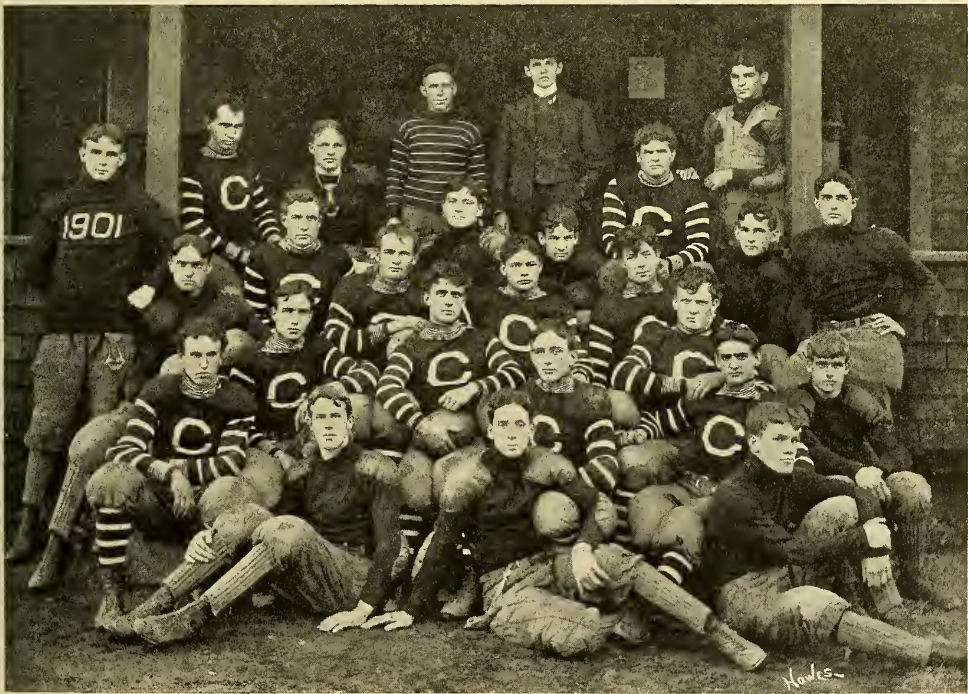


Photo by Howes, Ithaca.

CORNELL FOOTBALL TEAM, 1898.

Payne.	Fennell,	Short.	Connors,	Tuller,	Warner,	Taussig,	Porter.
	(Coach).		(Trainer).	(Manager).	(Coach).	(Coach).	G. Young, Jr.
Wilson.	Sweetland.	Lueder.	Caldwell.	Will.	Dorner.	Alexander.	
Davall.	G. H. Young.	Whiting.			Reed.		
Torney.					Cross.	Morrison.	
			Rosenberg.	Windsor.		Grimshaw	

THE "MEDASKA'S" LOST CUP.

A YARN OF WHITE BEAR LAKE.

BY RALPH SLYE.

WHEN the last of the series of the races for the club cup was due, it was still an open question whether or not Bedford Marvin and Mayme Lorimer were engaged; and if they weren't, whether they were going to be. Most of us thought that the two principally interested were all but as uncertain in the matter as other people; for, as Dickie said, Mayme was a sweet girl, but she didn't know just what she wanted. We were pretty well agreed, though, that Bedford's ideas on the subject were more definite; and we heartily wished him good luck. All this is by way of preface.

* * * * *

There was a clipping breeze from the south. We carried a full jib, and had a single reef in the mainsail, and another inch of canvas would have been too much. As it was, we skimmed over the water like a loon that is taking flight. With anyone else at the helm, we should have labored a little when the gusts caught us, but Bedford knew his craft, the *Medaska*.

"Think we've got the cup all right," called Charley, as we coursed along; "how is it, Bed?"

If the owner and captain of a boat is very sure of success, it is not etiquette for him to appear so. Bedford only nodded, without taking his eyes from the course before us.

"This race tells, doesn't it?" said Conaby, who is prone to forget the unforgettable.

"Uhm," grunted Dickie; and the rest of us were silent.

We sped on for a while with no interruption to the steady rush and gurgle of the water beneath the bow and the sound of the wind in the sails. It was good to be out there under the clean sky, and to see the flash of the sunlight on the waves, and feel the joy of swift motion.

"I'm not so sorry, after all, you made that foul last time," said I. "This is the kind of a day to be out."

"If you'd been along yourself, Al," growled Bedford over the tiller, "you'd have seen that that foul—but talk to Dickie about it."

"Dick can't hear up there in the bow," I said. "Do you suppose he'd have been still all this time, if he could? I don't want to talk about it, anyway." There was a silence.

"It was a shame, though," I presently admitted, "to lose the race, if Wilson really did it."

"I think we'll make up for it this time," quoth Charley, mildly, glancing back at the *Nomad*, several hundred yards behind us. "We must have nearly two minutes' lead already."

The course at White Bear Lake is a triangle with a buoy at the center, which is rounded each time before running out to the corners. We had made the start from the north-easterly or Dellwood buoy, where the club-house then was; and of course the finish was to be at the same place. Our boat was now standing out from the center toward the western corner, and the rest of the fleet were scattered at various points behind.

"It's all of two minutes," acquiesced Conaby.

"Shall we offer her a tow?" bawled Dickie from the bow. "I'll speak her as we pass on the way back."

"Take the time from this buoy, will you, Al?" said Bedford to me. "All ready, there," he called, as the buoy passed us; "round we go!"

The boat turned as though on a pivot. We dodged under the boom, and took our places on the starboard side; and our bow pointed back toward the center. I lay, watch in hand, counting the slow-moving seconds.

"Forty-five, so far," I called as the *Nomad* swept past us.

The boats drew rapidly apart; and the *Courser* neared the buoy we had just passed. I glanced up at the others. Dickie and Charley both knew their business, and Bedford was a captain to win. His eye took in, in one comprehensive glance, jib and mainsail, the shifting wind, the course we were to take, and the dark patches of water that marked the squalls; and the hand on the tiller moved to meet the varying pressure with the nice adjustment and the unconsciousness of an engine's gov-

ernor. "We ought to get that cup at any rate," I thought.

"I'll tell you when she's round," said Charley. "Now!"

"One, thirty-seven!" I called.

"That's bad," ejaculated Charley.

"She cut that buoy pretty close," said Conaby. "It looked like a foul."

"Spill 'er a little, Dickie," came the low, warning voice of Bedford. For answer the jib-sheet slipped out a few inches, and the gust passed without our knowing it.

"How much do we have to give her?" asked Conaby, after a pause.

"Minute and a half," said I.

"Thought it was one and a quarter."

"New rating," I answered; and we sped on in silence once more, as a crew should.

I lay watching the rival boat behind us. There was no doubt that she was a good craft and first-rate sailer. At that distance she was a pretty sight, with her white bellying jib and the spread of mainsail behind it. I could just see a streak of yellow slanting deck, with blue and white figures clinging in a bunch to the upper rail of it. As I looked I became convinced that she was dropping back a little.

"I think we're drawing away from them," I announced.

They all glanced back.

"Pretty hard to tell when they're directly astern," said Charley.

"The next buoy 'll show anyway," I answered.

Bedford, with his eye on things, allowed us to decide the question without his help.

As we drew near the center, it became apparent that we were, little by little, increasing our lead. It was not yet enough, however, to give us assurance. Each man of the crew, alert and keen to his task, knew with his whole heart that we needed all we could gain on the next leg; for in running before the wind, the *Nomad* was at least our equal. The three who had our fate in hand braced themselves to their work; and Conaby and I hung far out over the rail and watched the play of their arms, bared to the shoulder. The cross-waves darted in quick succession beneath our bows; and we threw out the bubbling wake behind us like an unreeled ribbon.

"If we can gain three minutes by the

time we reach the Wildwood buoy," said Charley, "we can hold our own on the run home."

The talk died, for there was no time for unnecessary words.

"What's that infernal scow out there trying to do?" Dickie presently called out in an impatient tone.

A cat had appeared from behind the island a few minutes before. It was standing directly across our course, and bade fair to reach the buoy just in time to be in our way.

"Must be an agent of the enemy's, trying to stop us," said Conaby.

"Ahoy there!" shouted Dickie, as we came nearer. "Get out of the road!"

The boat changed her course a point or two nearer us. When she had got directly ahead of us, she came up into the wind, and lay with a fluttering sail, evidently waiting for us. Some one stood up in the bow, and made a trumpet with his hands.

"Run up close to us!" he shouted. "Got a message for you."

In the strong wind and sea the cat was rapidly drifting out of our line; and it meant the loss of some seconds to do as he said.

"What the deuce can the thing want?" said Bedford with some impatience.

"Oh, pass it by!" roared Dickie, glancing hastily back at the *Nomad*.

"'Twouldn't bother us for nothing, though," said Charley.

It was too late to argue the matter. Bedford drew up the tiller and we swooped down on the little craft. As we grazed their bow, they threw a paper over to us. It fell into Dickie's hands. He glanced at it and tossed it back. "For the Admiral," he said.

"Read the thing, Al, will you?" said Bedford to me. I was sitting next to him.

I supposed it was a joke of some sort, so I opened the note and read:

"BEDFORD:

"Will you please come in as soon as you can. I am in trouble and don't know what to do, and there's no one here that I know very well. Oh, could you *possibly* come in now? I must see some one.

Hastily,

"MAYME LORIMER."

"Uhm, this is something confoundedly private, I imagine," said I, handing him the note.

Bedford read it, and his face went blank.

"What the deuce——?" he gasped.

"It may be a trick," I suggested.

Bedford looked at the paper, and shook his head. "It's *her* writing," he said. "Now isn't that just like a woman?"

"Like some women," I admitted.

"If she asked me to cut off a leg—or anything easy."

He read the note over again, and I suppose was struck by its urgent tone. "For Heaven's sake, old man, what am I to do? Give me some advice, can't you?" he whispered.

"Go on and win the cup, of course," I answered. "I can't suggest going in, you know; they'd throw me overboard."

He looked up at the slanting mast. "I wish a halyard 'ud break, or something."

"Dickie 'd insist on going aloft and holding the sail up himself, if it did," I said.

"If the rudder broke, they might make me use an oar," he reflected. "Besides——"

"Oh, nothing 'll break, Bed," said I, "so you might as well make up your mind to go on."

"That's the devil of it," he answered. "The old boat's built for good work. She'll do anything you want of her—except break down. That she won't do."

The sweep of the wind carried our words away from the others, I suppose. In the excitement of the race they paid little attention to the incident of the note; but they could not help noticing the preoccupation of the helmsman.

"What's the matter with you, Bed?" called Charley in some impatience. "We've been boxing all round the compass in the last two minutes."

Bedford pulled himself together, and turned his attention to the business of steering. We had passed the center-buoy, and were now standing on the starboard tack in the work of beating down to Wildwood. We sailed on in silence for a few minutes. Presently Dickie twisted his head around.

"What's the note about, Bedford?" he asked.

"Oh, it's a—*it's a big joke*," he answered, not very readily, but with some truth. "Wait till we get in. Here, take the helm a minute, Al, will you?" he continued. "I think there are some weeds caught on the bobstay."

Bed, I knew, could tell by a kind of special sense what his boat was thinking

about, as a jockey feels the sensations of the horse. So I took the helm, innocently enough, and he went forward and leaned over the bow.

He was so long in getting the thing fixed, that Dickie called out, "What's up?"

"Think the stay's weak; but I can't quite see," he shouted back.

He worked at it a little longer, and then came back and took the tiller again.

The wind had risen a little, and the gusts came thick and heavy. Now and again the *Medaska* would stand erect, and shake herself free from the squalls; then she would lean to once more, and skim on over the sunlit crests of the waves. It was a day for good seamanship. We pulled our caps down over our eyes, and worked her through the wind.

"There's a dirty black one ahead," called out Dickie presently. "Look out, Bed."

The dark spot of ruffled water drew rapidly nearer. As it struck us, we lay farther over, and Bedford pulled up the tiller to meet it. The rigging strained under the load, and, looking forward, I saw the end of the bowsprit spring up an inch or so, and the luff of the jib slacken.

"Jib-halyard's slipped," called Dickie, who saw the loosened canvas, but not the cause of it.

"Give it a pull, Conaby," came the sharp order of the captain.

Conaby hurried to do as he was told. The first strength of the gust had passed us, and in the momentary lull that followed we fell to a level keel. In the same instant, however, the body of the squall hit us, like a palpable thing, and we heeled over on our beam ends before it.

"It's not the halyard!" I cried. "It's the bow——"

There came a sudden cracking sound. I saw Conaby with the rope in his hand fall backward; at the same time the bowsprit tore up from the deck, and the jib came flapping back against the mast, carrying the wreck of the shattered spar with it.

We all sat in a dazed silence for a second or two, while Conaby picked himself up from beneath the lee seats. Dickie was the first to find words.

"Be-el-zebul!" he gasped.

"Well, better not let her swing round

before the wind that way," cried Charley, and, seizing an oar, he began to scull her nose about.

"It's no good," said Bedford, mournfully; "we might as well go in."

"Perhaps we could rig up an oar for the bowsprit," suggested Dickie. "I'll sit on there and hold it down."

The swish of the *Nomad's* bows, plowing through the water behind us, became audible; and we all glanced back. In a minute, she came abreast of us, running as close as she could without changing her course.

"Oh, thank you!" bawled her crew in unison, as they saw us lying with shaking sails and a broken bow.

"Why the devil don't you keep your boat in order, Bed?" said Dickie. "It's all your fault for not knowing the bobstay was weak, before we started."

Bedford winced; was it guilt? for he was the most careful captain on the lake.

"Well, we're down, and we might as well admit it," he said. "Let her go."

We swung round before the wind, and began to move once more.

"Set out the spinnaker," ordered Bedford laconically.

"You seem to be in some hurry, Bed," said Charley curiously. "I don't feel so anxious to get back, myself."

Bedford made no answer. He was sailing the *Medaska* for all there was in her, as if he were still on a race. Our whole course to the club-house was before the wind; and we were in as good condition for running in this way, as though no accident had happened.

"For sweet pity's sake," groaned Dickie, as the full significance of the calamity struck him, "put me ashore on the island. I lose a box of marshmal-

lows and a hat on this; and it's ten days to pay-day."

"Can't make the landing without a jib," said Bedford; and we scudded on.

We reached the club-house dock in a few minutes, filed out, and walked up to the porch under a volley of questions and exclamations.

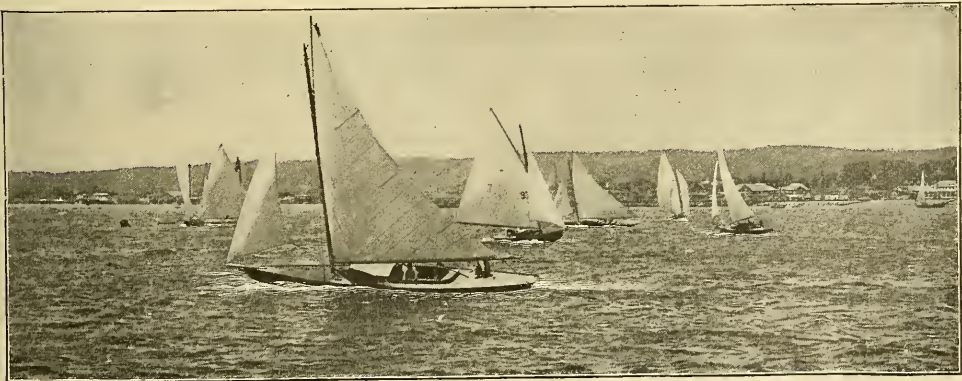
"How did it happen, Marvin?" "Race over, Beddie!" "Hard luck, old man!" "Oh, Mr. Marvin, I'm so sorry!"

Bedford paid no attention to these remarks, but strode about the club-house, evidently looking for something. I sat down with Dickie and Charley to be talked to; and when I next thought of Bedford he had disappeared altogether. I thought I knew what was the cause.

* * * * *

I learned afterward that Miss Lorimer had got a telegram, saying that her mother was very sick in a little town ten or fifteen miles from White Bear, where she had gone on a visit. Miss Lorimer, being all alone (her father had gone somewhere, too), immediately got scared, and, not knowing what to do, sent a note out to Bedford.

I believe they took a carriage, as soon as he got to shore from the race, and drove to the town where her mother was. What happened, or whether anything happened, during the ride and afterward, I don't know. It was a beautiful day for a drive, barring the wind, which, of course, was not so strong on land as it had been on the water. Mrs. Lorimer didn't die, for I saw her myself a day or so afterward; but two months later all doubts on the subject of whether Mayme and Bedford were ever going to be engaged were set at rest, and, as was fitting, I was best man.



THE WINTER CAMP.

THE walls of log are thick and stout ;
 The rugged hearth is wide and gray ;
 The roof will keep the thin winds out—
 The fire will chase the frosts away ;
 While we take comfort merrilee,
 And spin brave yarns above the tea.

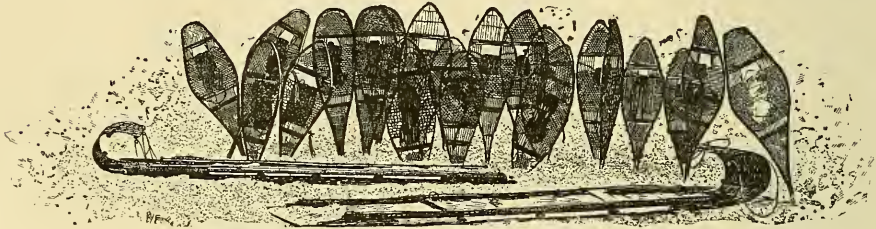
Lacobie tells of caribou
 And long, gray wolves, in Labrador ;
 And Stanley sings the red canoe ;
 And Dick expounds his Micmac lore ;
 While I talk glibly as I can,
 With one eye on the frying-pan.

We talk of deeds in field and wood,
 Of fir-clad hills and miles of spruce—
 The alder-swamp's gray solitude—
 The trampled shelter of the moose ;
 And when the bacon is fried brown
 We let the conversation down.

Our snowshoes stand against the wall—
 They need good rest, for they have gone
 Down forest trails, where shy beasts call—
 A giant journey since the dawn.
 I wonder if they ever tire
 And want to lounge about the fire ?

What matters it tho' winds blow chill
 And foot the drifts about our door,
 When we have fire-light, and good-will,
 And bear-skins strewn upon the floor,
And bacon, and a pot of tea
 To make the time go merrilee ?

THEODORE ROBERTS.



HUNTING WILD YAK

WITH THE SIFAN THIBETANS.

BY WILLIAM JAMESON REID,

Author of "Through Unexplored Asia," etc.

FOR months past we had been toiling up the menacing current of the Kinsha-Kiang tributary of the Yangtse Kiang into the vast unknown region of eastern Thibet. Although advance was well-nigh impossible, owing to the antipathy of the fierce native tribes and the rude impediments of Nature herself, yet by dint of plodding we had reached Dubana, where we had planned for a short halt, in order to recuperate before pushing into the still wilder regions to the north.

It was a surprise, and a welcome one withal, to discover that the head man of the district, far from viewing us with the jealous and barbarous antipathy we had met with farther back, was mightily tickled at the idea that two "white princes" had condescended to visit his wild country.

Among his own people he was a personage of no small consideration. At the small villages downstream we had been frequently enlightened as to the

dazzling effulgence of this celebrated luminary. His imaginary importance consisted in being the proud possessor of half a dozen guns of ancient construction and several uniforms of red cloth, and in having at a recent date visited chastisement on the head of a renowned brigand chief ruling over the plain to the southward, who had repeatedly made devastating incursions into his territory. He was a hearty, jovial soul, possessed of an inordinate fund of good humor, much given to the exaltation of his own prowess in war and in the hunting field.

On our arrival he was just on the point of setting forth on a yak-hunting expedition, and, seeing that under his protection we might be enabled to make researches in the surrounding country without restraint or menace, we gladly availed ourselves of his invitation that we should accompany him.

We were awakened two hours before daybreak by several greasy and vile-

smelling hands taking hold of our noses and arousing us to wakefulness by shutting off our breath.

On venturing outside our tents it was to find that it was not purely ideal weather for sport, for a raw, penetrating drizzle, combined with almost arctic coldness, made the thickest of clothing ineffective, while low-lying clouds and the wind whistling down from the stern mountains to the north presaged snow. But from the time that I had entered the land of the Thibetans, I had felt the keenest anxiety to participate in a yak-hunt, and as one of the native trackers had come in the night before with the information that there were several large herds in the valley, half a day's march to the south, the occasion was one not to be passed by.

Our party consisted of Kuel-Li and a number of the head men of the village, Burton and myself, and four of our Kiangsi crew, upon whom the spirit of the chase exerted no appreciable fascination, for during the preparation for the start they passed the time in unmistakable sighings and grumblings, until, disgusted beyond all measure of endurance, I quenched their lugubriousness by threatening half-rations for a week to come. Then they condescended to wax more amiable.

Amid the hullabaloo of the entire population of the village, who had gathered to wish us good luck, we mounted our restless little Sifan ponies, and after several hours' riding up a steep incline we passed over the first range of hills and descended into the elongated valley beyond, where the trackers had discovered the traces of several large herds the day before.

Unfortunately the weather, which had been threatening all morning, ceased menacing, and the gray clouds, hanging like a pall over the surrounding country, swept down with frightful fury, the snow descending in stinging, blinding sheets.

We were for turning back and waiting for a more auspicious day, but to our remonstrances Kuel-Li turned a deaf ear, with the solacing information that none of his own party would return to their village without some evidence of their prowess in the chase, for the hunt had already been blessed by the *Lamas* and the deities would be angry. "Besides," he added, "the fall of snow

will make the hunt all the more successful, as we will be sure to find large herds in the sheltered valleys and it will be an easy matter to track them."

This reasoning was more potent than the mere bandying of words, and slowly we groped our way onward over the uneven surface, our ponies scrambling and sliding down the steep inclines.

The sleet cut like a knife, requiring a stop every half-hour to take refuge in the lee of some sheltered spot, and a constant buffeting and rubbing to keep from freezing.

One of the native trackers, as soon as we had reached one of these halting places, climbed to the top of the nearest eminence, stretched himself flat on the ground, and then, by means of a long, hollowed stick of wood, serving as a sort of primitive spy-glass, scanned the country ahead.

We pitched camp, or rather a temporary shelter, shortly before noontime, when from the top of the neighboring hill came the voice of the *temlik* shouting, "*Ialao, tia, squaga lauisa*" (Yak, lots and lots of them), as he pointed, with the tube with which he had been surveying the long valley, to the west.

The announcement was sufficiently interesting to suspend the building of the snow-shelter; cold, fatigue, hunger and all were forgotten in the excitement of the moment as we rushed helter-skelter to the top of the eminence.

Peering through our long-range field-glasses we could see some black specks upon the side of a snow-clad mountain about three miles off. For the moment, however, even native curiosity was stifled before the wonders of our glasses. To them a whole nation of yaks was as nothing before this new and more marvelous wonder, which brought objects miles away almost beneath their very noses. There seemed no chance of the wearing down their inquisitive spirits concerning its magic powers until, as a measure of safety, we were compelled to sound the advance.

Leaving the ponies in charge of two of the *temliks*, and unleashing our large mastiffs, we began the stalk over the snow-covered slope ahead. The most profound silence was insisted upon by our chief hunters, and all conversation was conducted in whispers. At the end of two hours, after a long and weary scramble over the uneven surface, we

were able to get within a half a mile of the herd, which as yet had not scented our presence. All was excitement now. The Thibetans threw aside their heavy coats and we followed their example. The dogs, well knowing what was in the wind, grew very impatient, tugging so hard at their traces that it required the united strength of the two *temliks* to keep them in leash.

One of the dogs succeeded in slipping the trace from over his head, and with a wild barking rushed toward the grazing herd before we could prevent his escape. In a moment the yak went clambering down the mountain slope and up the farther end of the valley in furious career.

We were preparing to return to the shelter when Kuel-Li softened the keenness of our chagrin with the welcome information that they would not go far, owing to the storm, but would seek shelter in the valley on the other side of the slope to our left, and started off at a jog-trot which gave evidence that there was plenty of good, hard work before we should again have an opportunity for a shot.

Yak-hunting is a pursuit that calls for a vast amount of endurance on the part of the hunter. A good long-distance runner will be most successful in yak-hunting.

I learned this to my sorrow, for, viewing with disgust the easy pace at which Kuel-Li was traveling, I reproached him for his laziness and urged him on to a faster pace with all the keen ardor of the novice. That tartly administered advice almost ruined me. If I had known that the chase was to be three or four miles long over a rough country, I should certainly have been more circumspect, and have given the Thibetan credit for knowing how to conduct the hunt in the proper way.

Kuel-Li evidently was determined to teach me a lesson, for away he went with the speed of a race-horse, followed by the *temliks*, while Burton and I floundered and stumbled through the deep snow, bruising our ankles and "barking" our legs against the obscured boulders with a shocking disregard to our persons that would have done credit to the early Christian martyrs. Now before us rose another stubborn range, and, cursing Thibetan stupidity, and its immediate exponents in

particular, I was about ready to give in, when, looking ahead, we saw the Thibetans waiting for us to come up, with grim smiles of commiseration lighting up their usually impassive faces, thinking doubtless that they had given us a lesson which we should not soon forget.

We were very much fatigued from the exciting work of the last half-hour, and covered with perspiration, which froze on our outer garments as we halted for a few brief moments before negotiating the stiff climb ahead. To add to our misfortunes the snow was now nearly a foot deep on the ground, light and powdery, covering every obstruction, until one was roused to the knowledge that such obstructions really did exist by being thrown head first to the ground as he inadvertently tripped over some hidden boulder.

But in an instant every hardship was forgotten in the news that the *temlik* from the heights had located the herd in a sort of semi-circular valley, and that if we proceeded carefully along the lower slope of the range we could work in on them without their having a chance of escaping.

In a moment more we were on the trail again, and the pace being much slower we had no difficulty in keeping up with the Thibetans.

As we reached the slope of the crest we saw that the herd which we had been following previously had joined another fully twice as large, and were in the most advantageous position for a successful stalk. A careful survey with our field-glasses showed that if we proceeded forward in a body there might yet be chance for them to get away again, so we decided to divide the party. I fell in behind Kuel-Li, and, making a wide semi-circular detour, by four o'clock we had climbed over the summit of the sterile peak barring our advance, and were cautiously working down the other side, stopping now and then to use the field-glasses.

In another half hour we had reached the base of the slope, and from our position we could see that the remainder of the party had worked down on the other side and were ready for the assault. Suddenly Kuel-Li, who was leading, stepped back, his eyes shining, and beckoned to me. Approaching, and looking over his shoulder, I saw a troop of ten or twelve yak on a small plateau,

twenty feet below us and not eighty yards away in a straight line. The nearest to us were two sentinel guards, which were already sniffing the air and showing signs of uneasiness. An instant later the sharp crack of my rifle and the heavy roar of the cumbersome musket of Kuel-Li broke the silence, and peering through the smoke we could see that one of the beasts had fallen, while the others, dazed and bewildered, were rushing into the amphitheatric hollow, from which they could not escape.

Matters could not have fitted themselves better for our purpose. Burton's party doubtless were as busily engaged, for a moment after the report of my rifle rang out we could hear the wild barking of the dogs, the shouts of joy of the Thibetans and the rapid crackle of their muskets.

With a shout we closed in on the bellowing group of yaks who, finding that there was no method of escape behind, and worried by the dogs, had gathered in a close circle, tossing their horns. In the midst of it all I could not but admire the splendid courage of the Sifans, who, throwing aside their muskets and armed only with their small lances, rushed into the belligerent group.

Kuel-Li and I, meanwhile, turned our attention to a herd of half a dozen at the farther end of the circle, who were making frantic efforts to get away. Loading as we ran, we advanced to within a distance of fifty feet and fired. As we glanced through the smoke we could see that our shots had not been futile, for the largest of the herd, a fierce-looking bull, was hard hit.

As we advanced still nearer, he caught a glimpse of us, and then with head lowered, his wicked little eyes fiercely snapping, he charged toward the spot where we had taken shelter.

At this moment one of the *temliks* came up with two muskets, loaded with an extra heavy charge, which, rushing with the most amazing temerity to within a few feet of the great beast, he emptied into the lumbering mass of flesh. Although mortally wounded, the yak struggled on for fifty feet further, and then dropped.

We counted sixteen wounds in his body, and three in his head, one having fractured his skull, and three having penetrated through the lungs; yet he had managed to live for fully ten min-

utes when, by all logical events, he should have been dead. Knowing with what force a bullet is projected at almost point-blank range, I could not help being amazed at the supernatural strength displayed by the animal in resisting such tremendous wounds.

Leaving the body of the bull to be cut up by the *temliks*, we chased after the two others, whom we eventually came upon in a thick copse of *tamarisk*. They were far less suspicious and aggressive than the bull, for we were enabled to approach within thirty feet of them, and by a couple of well-directed shots secured them both.

The yells from Burton's party, and the almost incessant crackle of their guns gave notice that they were hotly engaged, and we rushed toward their position, to see a wildly confused mass of bellowing yaks and growling dogs, engaged in furious combat. As I pressed forward, I heard a roar and a crash in the bush beside me, and out rushed a bull, covered with foam and flecked with streaks of blood from several wounds. I had just time to throw myself flat on the ground to one side as he thundered past, and hastily scrambling to my feet, to take refuge behind a friendly boulder, when he had turned, and once more was rushing toward me. My hat had fallen to the ground as I fell, and to this the brute first turned his attention. Then he descried me behind the boulder.

My one chance of escape lay in dodging around the boulder until he should be tired out, as my gun had been lost in the fall. Again and again he charged, sometimes coming against the boulder with such force as to fall on his knees, and at other times rushing so rapidly around the obstruction that his horns almost touched me. Nothing but force of will kept me on my feet. Nature was well-nigh exhausted. The infuriated beast seemed to recognize this fact, for his charges grew faster, and I was almost ready to give up, when I heard the yell of one of the *temliks* close beside me. With his long spear he waited until the beast made its next charge, and then made a lunge at its huge body. It was a magnificent display of courage, and I almost forgot my exhaustion as I watched it. My rescuer shouted something, and with an open knife in his hand, strode forward. As the bull lowered his head to charge, the

man seemed to catch him by the horns. There was a cloud of snow, then the bull was on his back, his limbs quivering in death, while the *temlik* gave me a grunt that might have expressed surprise or a thousand other emotions, and rejoined the pursuing party.

It was the expressed intention of the Sifans to follow this herd to the death, and I knew that Burton would remain with them. Therefore, the best thing for me to do was to return to the "ignak," or shelter, while I still had some daylight to assist me. This was no easy task; but, groping my way painfully over the trail, now almost obscured by snow, by eight o'clock I crawled into the welcome shelter.

Two hours later the hunting party returned after an unsuccessful pursuit, for the rest of the herd, aided by the growing darkness, had been able to escape.

We had been able to secure three large bulls and half a dozen cows, which the *temliks* spent the night in cutting up and transferring to the sledges; and early on the following morning we retraced our way over the snow-covered moor toward Dubana.

As we drew near to the village late in the afternoon, we were greeted with a concourse of jubilant and wildly howling natives, who gathered about us with unconcealed glee, patting us on the backs and dancing round with every token of joy at the good cheer in prospect.

The wonders of our "magic glasses" were told from lip to lip, and the Sifans were so profuse in their congratulations and compliments that we suddenly found ourselves raised to the position of public benefactors.

We could not complain of their hospitality, for, with the air of well-bred connoisseurs and epicures to boot, fires were lighted, and a grand feast was soon in progress, while every few moments the flap of our tent would be raised and a greasy hand would be thrust into the opening, holding forth a huge morsel of half-baked flesh. Not to be deficient in courtesy, we gulped down several of these choice tidbits with Christian fortitude, but welcomed that moment when we could roll ourselves in our blankets and sleep the sleep of utter exhaustion, which only one who has endured the pleasures of a Thibetan yak-hunt can know.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE yachtsman sings of the bounding waves
And a life on the deep blue sea—

Of a bark that bows to the crested surge,

And the breath of the ocean free.

But give me a dog that is keen of scent,

And a gun that is tried and true,

An autumn day when the dawn wind stirs,

And the woods that are steeped in dew.

There is the sport that is best of all,

In the light of the forest gray;

For what can excel the keen delight

Of hunting at break of day.

Let others sing of the trout that leap

From the pools in the rippling brook,

And the thrill of joy as the click-reel hums

When the "good ones" rise to the hook.

But sing me the song of the sylvan glades,

And the echoing rifle call,

As it rings out clear on the frosty air,

From brush by the old stone wall.

Ah, that is the song that I love the best,

And a song that is sweet alway—

The song that breathes of the autumn woods—

Of hunting at break of day.

W. TYLER OLCOTT.



OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

ROWING.

INTER-UNIVERSITY ROWING IN 1899.



THE past rowing season was unusually replete with interest, not alone for the undergraduate with boating proclivities, but for the older man also, who is anxious to see his favorite sport assume the position it deserves. There was less diversity of "strokes" than heretofore, and one university found and tried a system of selection that must un-

questionably become the vogue at all our colleges. Harvard treated us to a remarkable series of victories, and the Wisconsin crew furnished the great surprise of the season.

In my judgment, however, the season's feature which will stand out most prominently when the history of intercollegiate rowing is written, is the sportsmanlike attitude toward each other of the Yale and Harvard oarsmen and coaches at New London and during training; the atmosphere of the quarters and launches was so different from what it used to be. Mutual suspicion, secrecy, "spotting," and all the nonsense that formerly prevented mutual respect and hearty good-fellowship, were conspicuously absent. The crews practiced in plain sight of each other and were not afraid to do so. The oarsmen bore themselves like *men* who were taking part in a noble sport. Their captains were of a high order of sportsmanship. Their coaches were gentlemen who knew what was due their position. At last it was realized that the crew best on the day of the race, not the one that succeeded best during training in deceiving its rival, was likeliest to win. To turn out such a crew, regardless of what the

other fellows were doing, was the supreme, absorbing object of the training period.

A contra incident of the training at Poughkeepsie will serve to point the moral we have tried to preach during the last eight years. A certain *freshmen* crew, in charge of a well-known coach, during practice there one evening, came up with a *university* crew as to whose capabilities little had been learned during its short sojourn on the course. The university crew, in obedience to the command of its coach, stopped rowing, presumably to let the freshmen crew go by. The freshmen crew, at the behest of its coach, also stopped, but from a different motive. The university crew, after waiting a moment, started up again; likewise the freshmen. The university stopped again; ditto the freshmen. The same thing happened several times, with variations such as that when the university turned, hoping to escape its tormentor and to be permitted to practice in peace, the freshmen crew also turned. Finally the university crew got under way and kept at it; whereupon the freshmen pursued and—oh! what joy!—"beat" the university some lengths in the two miles, about, of the supposed race. Then, *for the first time*, the rival coaches addressed each other, the university coach courteously congratulating the other upon his good freshmen crew. The latter was delighted, and that night there was much jubilation at the college quarters whose freshmen so "easily" defeated the dark horse of the regatta. If they could accomplish *that*, what would not their university crew, a much better one, do? Those visiting the quarters were regaled with the tale of how the freshmen worried the aforesaid university crew. What a clever thing it was to do! The wretched sportsmanship of all never occurred to either coach or oarsman, and the folly of it all was made apparent, and its fun turned to gall when, a few days later, the worried university crew left the university crew of the freshmen's university lengths and lengths to the rear in the

race and administered to it one of the severest and least expected defeats in the history of rowing.

Now let us look at another picture, a sample of the new order of things, which we have hoped for long and felt confident of witnessing some day. One evening, two days before the races at New London, in fact, the Yale launch, after having followed the Yale crews during their afternoon practice, steamed in close to the Harvard quarters, whence the 'varsity and freshmen were just about starting. The launch carried the Yale coaches and several Blue oarsmen. Captain Higginson, of Harvard, as soon as his crew came within hailing distance, called out to the Yale 'varsity coach, "Won't you come on our launch and follow us in our practice? Bring with you anyone you wish—all on board your launch, if you please." The invitation was graciously accepted by the coach and several others, including the Yale captain. Not only so, but the Yale launch followed the Harvard crews, merely keeping at a safe distance, so as not to interfere with the coaching or practice. The Harvard crews raced against each other for short pieces. There was absolutely no "rowing dark." The practice took place on the course itself, where all who chose to look could see plainly.

This was not an isolated event, for at other times during practice the Harvard coaches and others followed the Yale crews in the Yale launch. Did Harvard or Yale row one whit different in the races because of this friendly, sportsmanlike conduct? Did not the crews and coaches respect themselves and one another more because of it? Which kind of sportsmanship will you advocate in the future, the Poughkeepsie or the New London? Ask fair-minded Yale and Harvard oarsmen who have experienced both kinds, which they prefer. One is the kind you would naturally expect of men who depend less upon ability than upon tricks, in whose eyes winning is everything, be the means and the resultant effect upon character what they may. The other is the kind you would expect of gentlemen, amateurs in the proper sense of the word, participants in a noble sport for the love of it rather than of victory pure and simple—sportsmen capable of respecting an honorable opponent and of loving him for the race he can give them.

The new order of things is the one that must ultimately prevail. It is difficult to believe that a healthy-minded youth ever felt really proud of his achievements as a spy, or that the crew that "rowed dark" gloried for long in their hearts over the feat. Tricks such as these never won, or had the slightest effect upon, a race. The initiation of true sportsmanlike feeling during training, then, is, in our judgment, the chief feature of this year's rowing.

The manner of selecting crews followed at Harvard this year is the next most important feature to be commemorated. Briefly described, this is the system: In the autumn a few scratch crews are got together with the idea of bringing out latent rowing material. A race, or series of races, is rowed in November. In the winter candidates for the class crews are invited to present themselves at the Weldand Newell Boat

Clubs, without regard to the make-up of the university and freshmen crews. Crews outside of these clubs may also be organized. In 1899 upward of three hundred men came forward and received competent coaching. There were, we understand, in April, at least twenty eight-oared crews to be seen daily on the Charles. These crews represented the various classes and clubs. Series of races were arranged among them, whereby the number of men and crews was gradually diminished. By the final race of one series the freshmen crew was practically selected. By the final race of the other series the university crew was substantially selected, although not definitely made up until shortly before eight men and four substitutes were taken to New London. All who tried for the crews, therefore, had a chance to enjoy the thrill of, and to show what they could do in, actual racing, and did not have to put up with months of monotonous gymnasium or river work.

The eight men who represented Harvard at New London proved themselves, before leaving Cambridge, to be good oarsmen under racing conditions and gained invaluable racing experience. How many years is it since a Harvard crew successfully withstood the determined spurt of a strong Yale eight as did this year's crew?

It has been said in some newspapers that the Yale crew was not up to the average of recent years. This, in our judgment, is absolutely incorrect. Dr. Gallaudet and his associates proved themselves to be as good coaches as Yale ever had. They turned out a remarkably fine crew, one full of dash and of great power. That the men did not row as smoothly as the Harvard eight, was due to no lack of good coaching. It rowed infinitely better than the Yale crews of 1897 and 1898. Men will always be found to decry the ability of the coach who, in his first year, gets beaten. The change from a coach of long-established reputation to one who has his reputation still to make, always offers opportunity for the carping critic, the *laudator temporis acti*. Dr. Gallaudet can safely ignore such criticism, and the boating authorities at Yale should not disturb him. Had the process of selection at New Haven given the same amount of racing experience to the oarsmen as the Cambridge system, the result might have been different.

The racing experience gained during the spring by the Crimson eight is, in our judgment, the thing which made victory for Harvard reasonably certain, other conditions being what they were. Captain Higginson's men were an even lot, strong, not too heavy, and well trained physically. They were finished oarsmen and good watermen. They knew what they were about and were capable of being coached—of learning something from their coach, Mr. E. C. Storrow, who worked faithfully and most intelligently. He knew what he wanted to teach and how to teach it. His "stroke" was substantially that of Mr. Lehmann, with unimportant modifications. The boat was rigged in the old way—swivel oarlocks and seats in a straight line. Mr. Storrow succeeded in doing what no Harvard coach of the past ten years has succeeded in—he got his

men together. They rowed in perfect unison, with a snap and dash much more characteristic of Yale crews. They won, not because the other crew was poor, or poorly coached, but because they rowed the same stroke in just a shade more finished style, and had gained entire confidence in themselves.

The triple Harvard victory was deserved. The Yale freshmen were poor. The three bow oars were enough to spoil any crew. On the other hand, the Harvard freshmen were excellent, as smooth and finished as the university crew. The race between the four substitutes of Yale and Harvard proved an interesting innovation and a great success. Anything that will relieve training of its grind is to be encouraged, and the more boat-races there are at each regatta each year, the sooner will come into existence that American Henley which is bound to come some day.

Reverting to Poughkeepsie, Pennsylvania's victory and the magnificent race rowed by Wisconsin upset a good many predictions. Pennsylvania's "stroke" has been often described; it is more like a scoop than a long stroke in the water. There seem to be, first, no beginning; second, a hard dash in the middle, and third, a tug with the arms at the finish. How such a stroke wins four-mile races against even average crews, is a mystery. Ellis Ward's men were beautifully together; their time and watermanship excellent; their action smooth and finished, and they were a powerful lot; but their "stroke," or system, seemed radically wrong. They won; perhaps that is the most effective answer to all criticism. Nevertheless, it is not conclusive, and we shall not believe their stroke to be correct until it has demonstrated its superiority over such a crew as Wisconsin would have been with a week's further practice. The latter rowed in proper style, but seemed to be rough. Their roughness it was that misled the critics. It did not seem possible that such a ragged crew, as it was the Saturday before the race, could defeat a crew like Cornell's. But Mr. McConville's men probably rowed far better in the race than in practice, while on the Hudson. Their swing

was excellent, long and even. Their stroke in the water was very long. In fact, they rowed in almost the same style as the Yale, Harvard, and Cornell crews, greater emphasis being laid on the swing and length in the water.

Cornell's 'varsity was a disappointment. It was distinctly inferior to the recent crews that Courtney has turned out. The freshmen were only fair, although good enough to win. There was lacking the finish and unison that have been such conspicuous features of the last two years. Strength seemed to be present, but somehow the crew did not know how to apply it. No fault can be found with the "stroke"; it was absolutely correct in principle. The difficulty was solely with the execution; the men, especially three of them, being unable to do what they were told, or to hold their form.

Columbia was, in practice, the most deceptive looking of all the crews. They seemed to have power. They unquestionably had it. Their pace was not what it should have been, yet they looked fast and much better than they proved to be. Their great fault was rowing short. Smoothness of "run between strokes" was the thing aimed at above all else at the cost, it seemed to us, of speed and genuine hard work. The uneven swing, hurried in the first part, and slowed down toward the stretcher, must go. It is out of date. Wisconsin's race and speed, to say nothing of Pennsylvania's, demonstrated that.

On the whole, with the exception of Cornell's, the 'varsity crews of 1899 were up to the average, and Yale and Harvard above it. These two crews would, in our judgment, have easily defeated any that rowed at Poughkeepsie. The Harvard freshmen were the only freshmen crew above the average; the others were rather poor.

Never before has the prospect of rowing in our colleges and universities been so bright. It remains only for the development on right lines to extend, as it inevitably will, and rowing will come to its own as the foremost and the healthiest of our college pastimes.

CHASE MELLETT.



FOOTBALL.

THE football season is now fully under way, and the big battles of the Inter-collegiate series are close at hand. Early impressions are often very misleading, but there seems little in the first games of the fall to show that we must expect any material changes in the relative positions of the leading teams. The University of Pennsylvania, once, at least, the most formidable eleven of the East, appears to have slumped a little—or is Brown improving enough to join the leaders?—while Yale's football light, which flickered and spluttered fitfully last season, begins to burn brighter again. Cornell, West Point and the Indians have yet to be fully tested, while nothing sensational has, at this writing, been accomplished by any of the minor elevens.

The situation at Yale is probably the most interesting of all. Here is the home of the greatest football knowledge that our colleges can boast of, and the weak showing of her 1898 team was a great disappointment to the loyal alumni throughout the country. No matter how much Yale may suffer in other branches of sports, it is impossible to eclipse her star in football, so long as big, strong men who are capable of learning are among her students. It does not take even a very close student of collegiate football to appreciate the fact that Yale has turned out better teams from so-called "green" material than from the "stars" of former seasons. The lesson of 1897 is still strong in the minds of the Princeton and Harvard coaches, and the absence at Yale of brilliant players from last season will probably not again lead her opponents into the same state of overconfidence that proved so costly two years ago.

Already a swarm of young players, most of whom have been taught the rudiments of football on their preparatory school teams, have been drilled into excellent shape, and in one or two of the early October games they showed surprising form. In fact, the veterans of last season, most of them, anyway, might find it difficult this fall to get their old places back on the Yale team, for the Blue will be represented this season by a very much stronger eleven than last autumn's.

At Harvard, a determined effort is being made to keep the play up to the standard set last season, and the coaches are fighting hard to prevent the players from falling back into the old rut, inspired by overconfidence. The Cambridge eleven is particularly fortunate in again having most of its star players from last year's brilliant team, and also in the services of the greatest of all its old half-backs, Dibblee, who will have charge of the coaching this fall. The absence of Haughton, the great punter who contributed so much toward the success of the Crimson last season, has been partially made up by the discovery that Hallowell can kick, too; and it is probable that last year's end will be used considerably for this work.

Only two years ago Yale set the style of having a line-player do her punting, and Chamberlain was repeatedly called upon to drop back from his position at tackle because McBride was unable to punt profitably. Hare frequently dropped back from his place at guard to punt

for Pennsylvania last season, and now Harvard proposes to use an end for this purpose. It has long been part of the duties of the quarter-back, as well as the full-back, to kick; and half-backs are frequently used for this work, so the center is now alone exempt from punting. With the constant increase in kicking that modern play is developing, and the training of line-men to punt as well as the backs, the progress of the game is steadily toward real football, as played with the feet, in contradistinction to what some one has described as "rushball."

The Princeton management is particularly fortunate this season in keeping all but three of its last year's winning team, but the veterans are still a long cry from the form they showed against Yale last November. There is an unusual wealth of promising material in the incoming class at old Nassau, too, so that the Tigers are well supplied with strong substitutes, and have every encouragement to turn out a winning team again. As it is, their schedule does not promise any too much hard training, and the coaches will have to keep the older men close at their work if they do not want a repetition of the downfall of 1897, when so many of the men lacked the hardening that comes only from plenty of hard play.

At Philadelphia there is much woe because of Brown's tie game, and Coach Woodruff at once overhauled his material for a thorough shaking-up. However, those who saw the Providence players stop the guards-back formation, once so much dreaded, are satisfied that many of its terrors have disappeared, now that it is better known. When this clever trick of Woodruff's was new, it cut up the opponents' lines for many victories, but, now that its combinations are better known, it is no longer so profitable, and Pennsylvania may find straight football quite as useful against Harvard and Cornell. Even with such guards as Hare and McCracken to carry the ball, and a strong set of backs behind the line, the Quakers were not able to beat Brown, although it must be admitted that the opponent's single touchdown was the direct result of a bad fumble behind the Pennsylvania line.

Cornell is blessed with a goodly number of her experienced men of last season, and, although her earlier games were disappointing, the eleven showed excellent form against Williams; and with Haughton, of Harvard's champion eleven, to coach them, the Ithaca students are hoping for a team that will beat Pennsylvania this season. The Carlisle Indians are said to be in better condition than ever before, and with Hudson again behind their line, some of the crack elevens are wondering already how they are going to shut them out.

Hudson's phenomenal success last season at kicking goals from the field has borne some fruit in at least one direction already, although none of the big teams has yet attempted this much-neglected method of scoring, nor made any special efforts to produce drop-kicking backs among its players. Bucknell has produced a second Hudson in Mathewson, a full-back who kicked two goals from the field against Pennsylvania in their game against the Quakers. In these days of stubborn defence and

short gains it is difficult to understand why the coaches of the "big four" do not spend more time in developing goal-kickers who can be relied upon to score when a third down is reached and the ball is still fifteen or twenty yards away from the goal of a defensively strong antagonist.

However, the season is still young, and we may yet see many goals from the field, even in the big games. Let us hope so, for this kind of play shows the highest development of modern football.

IMPORTANT GAMES OF THE MONTH.

COLUMBIA, 30; WALTON, 6.

Columbia College, once the proud possessor of a high-class football team, made her re-entry into the football arena this season with a game against the Walton team, which they played September 23d, at Margaretville, N. Y. The candidates for positions on the Columbia eleven had been up in the Catskill Mountains for some preliminary practice, and the game served to give them a taste of the kind of work that would be needed. This ended the season of preliminary training, and the Columbia candidates returned to New York for their regular practice the following day.

CORNELL, 42; COLGATE, 0.

Colgate University sent her eleven to Ithaca, September 23d, to oppose the Cornell team in their first game of the season, and the visitors were easily beaten. Starbuck, the star full-back of the Cornell team, George Young, last season's crack quarter-back, and Walbridge, the clever half-back, who has come to Cornell this fall from Lafayette, did the best work for the home team, and quickly rolled up a big score. Colgate offered only a poor defence, but the work of the Cornell eleven, for so early in the season, was particularly satisfactory to her friends.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 48; FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL, 0.

A large crowd watched the first game of the season at Philadelphia, September 27th, when the University of Pennsylvania beat Franklin and Marshall in two halves of twenty minutes each. Coach Woodruff had already trained the new men in the formations for the guards-back plays, and this combination was used constantly against their light opponents, whose line fell to pieces under such an attack. With the two veteran guards, Hare and McCracken, to carry the ball, long gains followed each other in quick succession and the score piled up rapidly. Franklin and Marshall never once gained their five yards by running with the ball and only had possession of it when they got it from the Quakers' kicks. A new man, Woodley, was tried at quarter for the Pennsylvania, and made a very favorable impression. Although he is very light, he promises to develop enough strength to take Gardiner's place.

YALE, 23; AMHERST, 0.

The season opened at New Haven, September 30th, with Amherst for the first "trial horse." Yale presented a team composed almost entirely of new men, but their work was less ragged than might have been expected. Amherst did not develop even as much

strength as usual and never proved at all dangerous. Kiefer, an old Yale half, who was out of the play last fall, was the star of the game, making several long runs around the Amherst ends. McConnell, who was tried at center in place of Cutton, made rather a poor showing, and young Fincke, a brother of the former crack Yale quarter, who was being tried at that position, was unable to pass well from such an irregular delivery of the ball. He also at critical points fumbled badly. The time of play was thirty-five minutes.

HARVARD, 29; WILLIAMS, 0.

Harvard played her first game with Williams at Cambridge, September 30th. The visitors put up a weak game and their defence proved very easy to break through, although the crack Crimson eleven did not play remarkable football. Williams was so weak that almost an entire team of Harvard substitutes was put in for the second half, and they kept on scoring. The feature of the game was the clever running of Gierasch, a new man who was tried at left half-back in the second half of the game. He made several long dodging runs that much resembled the sensational play of last year's Crimson captain, Dibblee.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 20; LEHIGH, 0.

The University of Pennsylvania met Lehigh at Philadelphia, September 30th, and won in a rather disappointing game. The Quakers showed little snap, and Lehigh was not only able to advance the ball several times herself, but she twice held the home team for downs, and got the ball without the necessity of catching a punt. McCloskey was used at center, with Hare and McCracken on either side of him, but even this powerful center trio were unable to rip up the Lehigh line very badly. Wallace, a new tackle, who was being tried in Carnett's old position, made good gains while carrying the ball, but did not seem to understand so well defensive play. Lehigh's strength was unexpected, and her eleven showed up so well that the Pennsylvanians predicted more success for them this season than they had last year.

CORNELL, 12; HAMILTON, 0.

Cornell scored only 12 points against Hamilton at Ithaca, September 30th, and her adherents felt correspondingly disappointed. Coach Sweetland, one of Cornell's old star tackles, had been coaching Hamilton, and the team showed the result of his hard work. The home players had to work for both of their touchdowns, and soon found that hard line-bucking was their most profitable play. Hamilton stopped end runs so successfully that it was almost useless to attempt them. The Cornell players, for the most part, showed good individual work, but their team play was very ragged, and the interference given to the backs was woefully unprotective. The heavy Cornell center men found in front of them a fatal weakness in Hamilton's team.

COLUMBIA, 26; RUTGERS, 0.

Columbia played her first regular game with Rutgers, at New Brunswick, N. J., October 3d, and won. The New Yorkers showed excellent strength in running plays, and Coach Sanford had perfected their attack far beyond Rutgers' defence. The usual early-season fumbling and poor interference frequently prevented further

scoring, but on the whole the game was encouraging to the supporters of the Blue-and-white. Jones, a full-back with some experience in the West, put up a star game, and to his brilliant running was due much of the scoring. Near the end of the first half one of the Rutgers backs got through Columbia's line for a long run, and then, for the only time during the game, was the visitors' goal in danger. Columbia held well at the critical point, however, and finally got the ball and kicked it out of danger. The time of play was thirty-five minutes.

HARVARD, 13 ; BOWDOIN, 0.

Harvard's second game was almost as discouraging as her first, and the college football enthusiasts could see little trace of last year's championship form in the eleven that beat Bowdoin by 13 to 0 at Cambridge, October 4th. Reid, Warren, Hallowell, Boal, Swain and other veterans were all used, but they did not seem to play together, and their interference was hopelessly weak. A new set of backs was used in the second half, but only one change was made in the line. The result was no better, however, and the coaches were much disgusted at the lack of dash that Harvard showed.

YALE, 46 ; TRINITY, 0.

The fact that her team was made up almost entirely of new men apparently made little difference to Yale, for her green players rolled up a score of 46 points against Trinity at New Haven, October 4th. Fincke's play at quarter improved materially, with a good center in Cunha, the big Hawaiian, who seems the most likely man to fill Cutten's position this year. Sharpe put up a star game at half-back and not only made substantial gains almost every time he carried the ball, but also punted well. Kiefer, Dupee and Stillman, the veterans, each took a turn on the field. No less than twenty-three players were used during the course of the game. The time of play was thirty-five minutes.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 47 ; BUCKNELL, 10.

Bucknell sprang a surprise on the University of Pennsylvania in their game at Philadelphia, October 4th. The home team won by a score of 47 to 10, but these figures do not indicate how close the play was. In the first half the visitors scored two goals from the field, and when time was called the score stood at only 11 to 10, in favor of Pennsylvania. In the second half, however, Coach Woodruff changed his backs entirely, and Woodley, the young quarter who has been improving steadily, soon altered the character of the Quakers' running game. The honors of the day belonged to Mathewson, the full-back from Bucknell, who kicked two clever goals from the field, at respectively 27 and 37 yards from the goal-posts. Weymouth, Bucknell's right half, also distinguished himself by several very clever runs, and his tackling and interference for Mathewson were both very clever. The time of play was fifty minutes.

BROWN, 6 ; TUFTS, 0.

Brown beat Tufts at Providence, October 4th, in a poorly played game that was not so close, however, as the score would indicate. Brown had few of her old players in the line, Hapgood, last year's star tackle, doing the best

work for his team. Baylis was used at full-back in place of Bates, but his punting was poor, and he made several disastrous fumbles. The Brown defence was weak, and her interference not nearly strong enough to protect her runners properly. Tufts, on the other hand, put up a better game than was expected of her, and held the strong Providence team well.

PRINCETON, 28 ; MARYLAND A. C. O.

The Princeton Tigers began a short Southern trip October 6th, meeting the Maryland Athletic Club eleven at Baltimore, and won. Most of the veterans of last season's champion team were used in this Princeton's first game, and they had no difficulty at all in ripping up the Baltimore line for big gains. Some of the fumbling was costly, however, and in one case Maryland's left end picked up the ball and had a clear field for a touchdown, but he stumbled and fell. Wheeler played well at full-back, but it was so easy to carry the ball that he had little kicking to do, and practically no tackling at all. The Maryland men showed lack of physical training and practice in team work.

HARVARD, 20 ; WESLEYAN, 0.

Harvard beat Wesleyan at Cambridge, October 7th, in twenty-five minutes of playing time. At first it looked as if the game would be close, but the superior attack of the Crimson forwards soon forced Wesleyan back, and after the first stubborn defence had been broken down, the home team scored rapidly. In the short second half, however, helped with substitutes in the Harvard team, the Wesleyan goal-line was crossed only once. A new punter has been discovered in Hallowell, last year's star end, and his services were used in this game for kicking, although he kept his old position at end during other plays.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 6 ; BROWN, 6.

The first big surprise of the season came in the Pennsylvania-Brown game at Providence, October 7th. Two years ago the Quakers piled up 40 points against Brown, and last season they won by 18 to 0. With most of their best university men in the game, however, including McCloskey, Hare and McCracken, as the center trio, and Gardiner, Outland and Reugenberg back of the line, Pennsylvania was unable to overcome the Brunonians, although they had forty-five minutes of play in which to do it. Both goals were made in the first half of the game. Five minutes after play had started, there was a fumble back of the Quaker line, and Cuddy, a new freshman end on the Brown team, picked up the ball and scored from twenty-five yards out in the field. Near the end of the first half, Hare made a sensational run of thirty-five yards and scored for Pennsylvania. In the second half the home players held the mighty Pennsylvanians well, and the ball was kept in the center of the field for most of the time. Hare's wonderful punting was the feature of the day, and he easily outkicked Bates in almost every exchange of kicks.

PRINCETON, 5 ; U. S. NAVAL CADETS, 0.

The Princeton eleven did not show up as strong as was expected in the second game of their Southern trip, which was played at Annapolis, against the U. S. Naval Cadets, October 7th. With seven of last year's veterans on

the field, the Tigers were expected to rip up the Cadets' line and score rapidly, but the game in Baltimore the day before and the entertainment of the players by the Baltimore A. C. had not improved their condition, and they did not show the same snap at any time during the game at Annapolis. There was a good deal of fumbling on both sides, and it was after one of these errors by a Cadet back that Edwards secured the ball near his opponents' goal, and the Princeton backs soon rushed it over the line for the only touchdown of the game. Poe showed splendid form at his old position of end, while Wheeler's punting was unusually good.

YALE, 28 ; BATES, 0.

The unexpected strength of Bates created quite a surprise at New Haven, October 7th, where it had been supposed that Yale would have little more than a practice game. It was quite otherwise, despite the fact that 28 hard-earned points were piled up against the visitors in thirty-five minutes of play. The Yale men put up a splendid game in the first half, and showed more advanced team work than any of the other big elevens had then developed, though in the second half their ground-gaining ability fell off somewhat with seven substitutes on the field. Cunha, Stillman, Fincke and Adams held their positions throughout the game, and Cunha and Fincke especially distinguished themselves. Dibblee and Daly, from Harvard, came on to watch the game and went back to Cambridge with some valuable pointers for their men. It is a long time since a team composed almost entirely of men new to university football have shown such good form as was seen in this game, and the Yale coaches were very much pleased with their play.

CORNELL, 12 ; WILLIAMS, 0.

Cornell beat Williams at Ithaca, October 7th, in thirty-five minutes of actual play. The home team put all of its best men on the field, as it had been feared that the game would be a close one, and would tax Cornell to win. Williams was overmatched from the start, however, and seldom made gains into Cornell's territory, Draper's run of twenty-five yards just before the end of the first half being the longest. The center of her line and her backs were Cornell's strongest points, while the most vulnerable spots seemed to be at the tackles. Williams showed considerable strength in defensive play, and her line held the home players for short against most of the time, thus keeping the score down to small figures.

COLUMBIA, 21 ; UNION, 0.

Columbia met Union at Albany, October 7th. All of the best 'varsity men were put in the first half, and a score of 16 points was piled up before the substitutes were given a chance to show what material they were made of. Larendon played through the game at half-back for Columbia, and showed excellent form, while in the first half, Simmons, at full-back, punted well and gained considerable ground. Coach Sanford, who is responsible for Columbia's play, was rather disappointed at the fumbling and the looseness of the interference, but better team-work is expected from his men later in the season.

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE, 6 ; U. S. MILITARY CADETS, 0.

Pennsylvania State College played the U. S. Military Cadets at West Point, October 7th, and won in a game that was a big disappointment to the military men. It seemed impossible for the home players to stop the interference of the visitors; and when they got the ball themselves, the Cadets fumbled much too often for a winning team. For the most part of the time the ball was kept seesawing about the middle of the field, and the few times that the Cadets did get it within striking distance of the visitors' goal-line, they were too weak to carry it over.

HARVARD, 41 ; AMHERST, 0.

Harvard's first comparison with Yale was offered by the game against Amherst, at Cambridge, October 11th, which was won by the Crimson. Quarter-back Daly was in his old place, and instilled a wonderful amount of enthusiasm into the Crimson players. Throughout the game, they had the Amherst line utterly at their mercy, and repeatedly made long runs. In the second half, with a lead of 23 points, a full team of substitutes was put in, and even this patched-up team scored rapidly, adding 18 points more to the total. Ellis, a new man at half-back, showed surprising strength in the second half, and he is considered a promising candidate for a permanent position. The time of play was forty minutes.

PRINCETON, 12 ; LAFAYETTE, 0.

Princeton had feared a close game with Lafayette in their opening game at Princeton, October 11th, and were not in the best condition for it, but were surprised at the ease with which they won, the score of 12 to 0 poorly representing the relative skill shown by the two teams. Within two minutes the Tigers got the ball on a fumble and carried it inside of Lafayette's five-yard line, only to lose possession of it on a fumble. Princeton soon found her antagonists' ends an easy opening, and rushed the ball down the field quickly for the first touchdown. Toward the end of the first half, however, Lafayette gave the Tigers a bad scare, for she carried the ball more than half the length of the field, until within 15 yards of Princeton's goal, and then tried a place-kick for a goal from the field. The visitors might have scored on this play had not Booth blocked the kick. Reiter's clever running was the feature of the second half. The time of play was only 30 minutes.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 33 ; UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, 6.

The University of Pennsylvania eleven was scored against once more by the University of Virginia, at Philadelphia, October 11th, although the Quakers won the game with a comfortable margin. Just before the game ended, the visitors scored, on a clever run by Gerstle, the Virginia half-back, who slipped by Pennsylvania's left end, and ran more than half the length of the field for an unopposed touchdown. Pennsylvania used a team largely made up of substitutes, but their interference showed an improvement over the Brown game. Reugenberg and Coombs both played well behind

the line, while McCracken's work was especially good in the line. The time of play was 37 minutes.

J. PARMLY PARET.

CALENDAR OF IMPORTANT FOOTBALL GAMES IN THE EAST.

- Oct. 28—Harvard vs. Carlisle Indians, at Cambridge, Mass.
 Yale vs. Columbia, at New York.
 Princeton vs. Cornell, at Ithaca, N. Y.
 Dartmouth vs. U. S. Military Cadets, at West Point, N. Y.
 Bowdoin vs. Tufts, at New Brunswick, N. J.
 Swarthmore vs. Stevens Institute, at Swarthmore, Pa.
 U. of Pa. vs. U. of Chicago, at Chicago, Ill.
 Williams vs. Syracuse University, at Syracuse, N. Y.
 Lafayette vs. U. S. Naval Cadets, at Annapolis, Md.
 New York University vs. Lehigh, at South Bethlehem, Pa.
- Nov. 1—Columbia vs. Stevens Institute, at Hoboken, N. J.
 Bowdoin vs. Exeter, at Exeter, N. H.
 Williams vs. Yale, at New Haven, Conn.
 Pennsylvania State College vs. Amherst, at Amherst, Mass.
- Nov. 2—Harvard vs. U. of Pa., at Philadelphia, Pa.
 Yale vs. U. S. Military Cadets, at West Point, N. Y.
 Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, N. J.
 Dartmouth vs. Wesleyan, at Middletown, Conn.
 Holy Cross vs. Tufts, at Worcester, Mass.
 Bowdoin vs. Colby, at Portland, Me.
 Williams vs. Laureates, at Troy, N. Y.
 Massachusetts Institute of Technology vs. Amherst, at Amherst, Mass.
 U. of Carolina vs. U. S. Naval Cadets, at Annapolis, Md.
 Lehigh vs. Lafayette, at Easton, Pa.
- Nov. 7—Cornell vs. Columbia, at New York.
- Nov. 8—Princeton vs. U. of North Carolina, at Princeton, N. J.
- Nov. 11—Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, Mass.
 U. of Pa. vs. U. of Michigan, at Philadelphia, Pa.
 Yale vs. Pennsylvania State College, at New Haven, Conn.
 Princeton vs. Carlisle Indians, at New York.
 Cornell vs. Lafayette, at Ithaca, N. Y.
 Columbia vs. U. S. Military Cadets, at West Point, N. Y.
 Holy Cross vs. Wesleyan, at Middletown, Conn.
 Massachusetts Institute of Technology vs. Brown, at Providence, R. I.
 Amherst vs. Williams, at Williamston, Mass.
 Trinity vs. U. S. Naval Cadets, at Annapolis, Md.
- Nov. 14—Lehigh vs. Maryland A. C., at Baltimore, Md.
- Nov. 17—U. of P. vs. Pennsylvania State College, at Philadelphia, Pa.
- Nov. 18—Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge, Mass.
 Princeton vs. Washington and Jefferson, at Princeton, N. J.
 Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at New York.
 Cornell vs. Oberlin, at Ithaca, N. Y.
 Swarthmore vs. Haverford, at Haverford, Pa.
 Boston College vs. Brown, at Providence, R. I.
 Lehigh vs. U. S. Naval Cadets, at Annapolis, Md.
 Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Amherst, Mass.
- Nov. 25—Princeton vs. Yale, at New Haven, Conn.
 Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, R. I.
 Columbia vs. U. S. Naval Cadets, at Annapolis, Md.
 Yale Freshmen vs. Princeton Freshmen, at New Haven, Conn.
 Lafayette vs. Lehigh, at South Bethlehem, Pa.
 Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Middletown, Conn.
- Nov. 30—U. of Pa. vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, Pa.
 Columbia vs. Carlisle Indians, at New York.
- Dec. 2—U. S. Military Cadets vs. U. S. Naval Cadets, at Philadelphia, Pa.

MIDDLE WEST.

The opening of the football season in the Middle West has not been without surprises,

some of them almost of the sensational order. Some of the surprises come in the manner that some very prominent football players conclude to quit college, publicly announce the fact, make preparations to leave, but, after being "seen" by some person or persons, are "influenced" to remain and finish the season. The most prominent example that comes to attention this fall is the sudden manner in which Full-back Slaker, of Chicago, made all arrangements to leave school, but changed his mind and continues in college and plays good football with the university team. Now I do not for a moment mean for the inference to be drawn that the athletic authorities at Chicago University are not complying with the regulations that are supposed to be regulating the football doings of Middle West universities, but there is no denying that the athletic authorities of Chicago University surely have a very potent influence that they exert when the subject is especially valuable.

The schedules of the different universities do not indicate that the present season is going to be particularly interesting except to those who get delight from seeing the game and comparing scores between the leading teams. For those who wish to see contests between the elevens of the first class there is considerable disappointment because Chicago does not meet either Wisconsin or Michigan. I was going to include Illinois, but the Illinois athletes have not this season given any indication of being in the first class, and consequently the fact that they do not play Chicago matters little, judging from their work in their preliminary games. If there is a championship in the Middle West this season it must be awarded on the basis of comparison. Wisconsin and Michigan meet, and while Chicago has a big schedule, most of their games, except those with Eastern universities, are with minor teams, except, of course, the game on October 7th with the University of Iowa. This game was considerable of a surprise, and the fact that it resulted in a tie score of 5 to 5, instead of a victory for the Hawkeye boys, is more of a matter of good fortune for Chicago than superior playing. While Chicago was weakened by the absence of Captain Kennedy, it is not safe to say that the result would have been any different had he been playing. The defense of the Iowa team was a surprise to Chicago, and the long runs that Hamill usually makes were not in evidence; indeed, the tackling of the Iowa boys was the best that has been seen in the Middle West this season. With the exception of a game with Illinois at Rock Island, Illinois, the Iowa team will confine its games with the teams farther West, but the chances are that it will be heard from. The Iowa team is being coached by Knipe, of Pennsylvania.

The indications are that the Michigan team will rank close to the top of the list, if it does not occupy the initial position. Advices from Ann Arbor have it that Cunningham, the best center that Michigan ever had, will fill the hole that has been yawning in the line since the team was first lined up for practice this fall. Several other old men, such as France and Widman, who were not expected to return, have signified their intentions of being in the university, and that means, of course, that they will join the football squad. Bert Whit-

ney, captain of Amherst last year, is also at Michigan, and it is said will try for the team. The fact of the matter is that the football prospects at Michigan are very rosy, but for that matter it is seldom that the big university does not turn out a very good team when playing time comes.

Wisconsin's first real game for the season was with Beloit, October 7th, and Wisconsin had no great trouble in piling up a score of 36 points. While the work of Beloit was somewhat below the form usually shown by the minor Wisconsin institution, still the result shows plainly that Wisconsin will be very strong. O'Dea's kicking was much in evidence, as the three goals from the field will indicate. Wilmarth, who played quarter with Illinois last season, and was instructed by Fred Smith, of Princeton, is playing a beautiful game at quarter.

Illinois seems to be about as far out of it this year as last, and there seems to be a growing suspicion that something is wrong with the coaching. From year to year many explanations and reasons have been given for the unfavorable record of the Illinois team, and while the reasons may have been very good in their way, the record does not improve. Early this season the prospects as given out from Illinois, as for several years past, were favorable, but the first game against Wesleyan, scarcely a third-rate team, Illinois managed to win only in the last few minutes of the play. A week later Illinois met Knox, which Chicago defeated easily by a score of 40 to 0 two weeks previously, and one solitary touchdown was all that the State university team could record. The suspicion above referred to, that there is something wrong in the coaching department, seems to have some foundation, especially as the teams seem to retrograde year after year. I believe I am not far wrong when I say that since '95, when Hotchkiss was captain of the team, there has been no interference at Illinois. It is the opinion of many persons who have followed Illinois' play, that the team that Hotchkiss captained was better than any eleven that has represented Illinois since that time, taking general playing into consideration, and the success of the team was in a great measure due to Captain Hotchkiss' coaching as well as to the instruction of the regular coach. For some mysterious reason Hotchkiss, since he left college, has never been on Illinois' field to help coach. Illinois has games with both Wisconsin and Michigan, but unless there is almost a marvelous change in the play of Illinois the games will be distressing.

Northwestern seems to be in the list with Illinois this season, and unless a remarkable brace is taken the Evanston institution will not make interesting contests for any of the big teams. The athletic spirit at Northwestern has for several years been sadly in need of the elixir of life, and it was supposed that when Dr. Hollister was placed in charge of athletics there would be a revival, but the revival continues to tarry.

Purdue gives indications of having a strong team in the field, as many of the old men are back, and the new material is showing in fine form.

HARRY F. KENDALL.

IN THE SOUTH.

The team to represent the University of Virginia is to be the result of Hoxton's training. Hoxton was Virginia's famous quarter of '95-'96, and his peculiar qualities fit him for a successful coach. He will be assisted by Jones, '94; Massie, '93, and Cocke, '97. These names represent a team of good coaches, but their energies will be taxed to produce a team comparable with those of past years. Their task will be appreciated when it is mentioned that only two members of last year's team will be found in the line-up. Summersgill, end of last year, will captain the team, and play his old position. His running mate, Willis, will be found on the other end. These two men constitute the remnant of the '98 team and the nucleus around which Hoxton must build a team. Coleman, who played substitute full-back last year, is fast developing into the star of the team. His punting is of a low order, but his style of bucking the line for short gains will secure to him his position. Lloyd, the brilliant tackle, is in college, but so far has resisted the entreaties of the captain to return to the game. In the new material are many men who exhibit no small knowledge of the game, but most of the material is light; and a very substantial line is not apparent. Lankford, who captained Richmond College last year and played into a good reputation, is being tried at right half, but he is not playing in form acceptable to the coaches. Gerstle, who made a reputation at Bingham School, is trying for left half-back; an early injury has prevented a fair estimate of his ability, so that this position is still an unsolved problem. Coffee, a Mass. boy, is playing at quarter, and so far as handling the ball is concerned, shows up well, but his ability to manoeuvre the team on the field is not established. Moore and French are playing the guards though neither one is sufficiently aggressive, though they are both strong and fast, and lend hope of development. Farrar, who has played at Sewanee, is trying for center, and is a willing, hard worker. At present he is merely passing the ball. He has the necessary force, and the coaches hope that he can be taught how to apply it.

Virginia is unfortunate in having no practice games before meeting Pennsylvania, as the large score its opponents are likely to sum up so early in the season may prove discouraging to a team composed so entirely of raw recruits. It is the general opinion that the Old Dominion team will be light but fast, and slow in developing, so that no satisfactory results may be expected until late in the season.

In the schedule for this season is found an innovation in the arrangement of a championship with Lehigh, in Richmond, November 30th. This will add interest and afford an opportunity to compare teams of the same class in the North and South.

Vanderbilt suffers from loss of weight in the line; the losses of last year have not been repaired, and the difficulty of such repair affords the management much anxiety. Brown, who was elected captain, failed to return; but it is the general opinion that Simmons, who has succeeded him, will supply leadership of the best quality. He is a fast, almost furious, player, endowed with good judgment, and com-

bines a spirit of fairness, giving generous treatment to opponents. Davis will again be found behind the line, but he is properly fitted for the rush line and should be moved into tackle. Goodchaux and McLean are both of good timber, and when in possession of the ball show up well; but they fail to give each other assistance in interference. Simmons may be replaced at quarter. Though his passing is accurate, he is far too slow to initiate the team movements. Lovelace, a steady man, may be played at center, and the ends will probably be Simmons and Barbee. Pitcher or McDonald will play full.

All things considered, Vanderbilt should produce a better team than that of '98. Their schedule is full of interest, though Sewanee is omitted, owing to differences of last year being in an unsettled state. The coaching is in the hands of Crane, Princeton '98.

North Carolina is more fortunate than any other of the Southern teams. It has secured the return of most of the members of the champion team of last year. Cunningham, the center of last year, will snap the ball again this year. Bennett, the star of last year's team, is at tackle. He was on the All-Southern, and earned the position. Shull, the captain, plays a strong, steady game, and will support his side of the line. Gregory did not return, nor will little Rogers be found at quarter. In the latter the team suffers the most serious loss. Reynolds, of Princeton, will coach it again, and should turn out even a greater team than that of last year.

The annual game with Virginia is off, Georgia taking the Virginia end, and the game will be played at Atlanta, November 30th.

Sewanee and Vanderbilt have not adjusted their trouble, consequently their Thanksgiving game has been abandoned. Sewanee will play Auburn (Ala.) in Montgomery. Sewanee have been characterized by fast work with light material, and under the leadership of Seibels this year will be no exception; their knack of rounding out a championship team from seemingly indifferent material has won the admiration of their rivals. Last year they captured the Vanderbilt colors, and the chances are that Auburn has on a very heavy engagement for Thanksgiving.

Georgia will play their biggest game in Atlanta, November 30th, with North Carolina, and as they are developing more slowly than Carolina, they will probably culminate on that day, and, perhaps, catch Carolina on the decline.

The medical department of Tulane attracts men who have played at other Southern colleges, and, as the team is selected from all departments, material will be on hand for a representative team. Owens, of Georgetown '98, and Cranwill, of Sewanee, are both there, and being good men we may expect to see their names in the line-up. Collier, Virginia's fast tackle and captain of '98, has charge of the coaching department, and with the increased enthusiasm recently manifested there in football we may predict a favorable season.

On the whole the game in the South will show no great improvements in the character of play over that of '98. But in purity and sportsmanship decided advancement is evident. With perhaps a single exception every Southern team

is being built upon a more ethical basis, and the results will be correspondingly pleasing to the followers of the game.

W. A. LAMBETH.

FOOTBALL AT THE UNIVERSITIES OF CALIFORNIA AND STANFORD.

Burr Chamberlain, formerly captain of Yale University football team, will coach the Stanford University team for its match against the University of California on Thanksgiving day. William Murphy, a graduate of Yale, of the class of 1893, has also reached Stanford, and will take charge of the training of the men. Chamberlain thinks that the material at his disposal is good, but somewhat light in weight. Burnett, Covins, De Forest, Dole, Wrigley and Leavitt, however, will soon appear on the field, and will raise the average weight of the team. Another likely man is Christy, from Los Angeles, who has been for three years guard on the team of the University of Southern California. Burnett, Dole, Leavitt and Wrigley recently returned with the First California Regiment from Manila. There is plenty of promising material for the freshman team.

Garrett Cochran is coaching the University of California team. Probable members of the team are Cornish, Whipple, Albertson, Pringle, McNab, Womble, Smith and Hall. Kaarsburg and Ballantyne are candidates for full-back, and Greisberg may go to center. Barnes, Aplin, Duden and Athearn will try for places on the team.

Besides Garrett Cochran, Heffelfinger, who played guard on the Yale team in 1889-90-91, and Kelly, half-back for Princeton for three years, will assist in coaching the University of California eleven. Heffelfinger coached the University of California in 1893, and being on the Pacific Coast on business will do a few days' work with the team. Kelly played for three years on the Princeton team, and in 1896 and 1897 was awarded a place on the All-American eleven.

Both Stanford and the University of California elevens will play a series of games against the Olympic Club, of San Francisco, which has a strong and heavy team in training. The first match between the University of California and the Olympic Club took place September 30th, and resulted in a somewhat unexpected victory for the University of California. The line-up of the two teams was as follows:

<i>California.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Olympics.</i>
Womble.....	right—end—left.....	McLaine
Pringle.....	right—tackle—left.....	Erskine
Aplin.....	right—guard—left.....	Smith
Cornish.....	center.....	Hobbs
Greisberg.....	left—guard—right.....	Cadwallader
Whipple.....	left—tackle—right.....	Sheehy
Masters.....	left—end—right.....	Gaylord
Kerfoot-Hopper.....	quarter.....	Code
Smith.....	right—half-back—left.....	Carter-Clum
Hall.....	left—half-back—right.....	Wilson
Moore-Kaarsburg ..	full-back.....	Thierkauf

After playing a very even game for some time, Code, of the Olympics, gave a signal to Sheehy to buck the line. He did so, but dropped the ball, which Whipple, the University captain, carried over the line. Kaarsburg kicked a goal, so that the score stood 6 to 0 in favor of the University.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

GOLF.



GEORGE LOW, DYKER MEADOW, TIED FOR SECOND
IN OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP, 1899.

U. S. VS. CANADA.

THE meeting of the pick of the States against the pick of the Dominion, the most interesting match of the month from a purely amateur point of view, promised much, but promises were more than fulfilled, and a victory was scored for American golf that passed all expectations.

Last year's game at Toronto ended in a satisfactory victory for the visitors, who scored 27 to the Canadian 7. In this Waterloo the Americans swept the field with an aggregate score of 93 won holes, their opponents not scoring a single match. Even A. W. Smith, who in 1897 survived until the third round in the British tournament, went down before A. M. Harriman, this year's champion of the States, although, by way of further contrast, Harriman was the least victorious of all of his side.

The team of the United States was undoubtedly a remarkable one, comprising as it did, not only H. M. Harriman, the champion, but Findlay S. Douglas, the ex-champion, and such redoubtable players besides as C. B. Macdonald, W. J. Travis, R. A. Shaw, J. G. Thorp, F. W. Menges, H. P. Toler, G. E. Hubbard, and last, but not least, H. B. Hollins, Jr.

It was a thirty-six-hole competition, at match play, between ten men on each side. The weather on October 6th, the day of the match, was perfect, as were the links of the Morris County Club.

Following is the summary :

CANADA.				UNITED STATES.			
<i>1st. 2d.</i>				<i>1st. 2d.</i>			
<i>R. R. T^ll.</i>				<i>R. R. T^ll.</i>			
A. W. Smith.....	o	1	o	H. M. Harriman.	3	o	3
G. S. Lyon	o	o	o	F. S. Douglas.....	1	5	6
Vere Brown.....	o	o	o	C. B. Macdonald.	3	4	7

	<i>1st. 2d.</i>				<i>1st. 2d.</i>		
	<i>R. R. T. L.</i>				<i>R. R. T. L.</i>		
J. S. Gillespie.....	o	o	o	W. J. Travis.....	9	5	14
Percy Taylor.....	o	o	o	R. A. Shaw.....	4	3	7
G. T. Brown.....	o	o	o	J. G. Thorp.....	6	7	13
S. Gordon.....	o	o	o	F. W. Menges.....	3	1	4
R. K. Macpherson.....	o	o	o	H. F. Toler.....	5	5	10
W. Palmer.....	o	o	o	H. B. Hollins, Jr., 1	8	2	10
A. H. Campbell.....	o	o	o	G. E. Hubbard.....	2	6	8
Totals.....	—	—	—	Totals.....	47	47	94

THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIPS.

We have dealt with the broader aspects of this contest in the body of this magazine (pages 117-121), and append the details of the scores in full of the eight who divided the honors, and the scores in gross of the remaining players :

FIRST.

FIRST.										
Willie Smith, Midlothian Country Club, Chicago,										
Ill.—										
Out.....	3	5	4	4	2	5	4	7	4	—38
In.....	0	4	4	3	6	3	4	5	—39	—77
Out.....	5	5	4	5	3	5	3	4	—33	
In.....	5	5	4	3	7	5	3	4	—33	—82—159
Out.....	3	5	4	3	4	4	5	4	—36	
In.....	6	5	5	4	6	4	5	4	—43	—79
Out.....	4	5	3	4	4	5	4	6	3	—38
In.....	5	3	5	4	3	6	4	5	—39	—77—156
Total.....										315

TIED FOR SECOND.

[illegible]

George Low, Dyker Meadow Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.—								
Out.....	4	5	4	4	3	5	4	5—48
In.....	6	4	5	4	4	6	5	5—44-82
Out.....	5	5	4	3	4	4	3	6—336
In.....	6	3	5	5	5	6	5	4—43-79-161
Out.....	5	5	4	4	4	5	4	6—41
In.....	6	4	5	5	5	7	5	4—7-48-89
Out.....	4	4	3	4	3	4	3	5—6-35
In.....	5	3	5	4	4	6	3	5—41-76-165
Total.....								326

Golf C

Out.....	6	4	4	4	5	6	5-42
In.....	6	4	5	4	5	3	6-43-85
Out.....	6	4	5	4	5	3	6-43
In.....	6	4	4	3	5	6	5-42-30-165
Out.....	6	4	5	4	5	3	6-43
In.....	6	5	5	4	2	5	4-38
Out.....	6	3	5	4	3	6	3-6-41-79
In.....	6	4	4	4	3	4	4-38
Total.....	6	4	4	4	4	5	5-44-82-161
Total.....							326

FIFTH.

[illegible]

SIXTH

J. Park, Essex County Country Club, Orange, N. J.—							
Out.....	5	4	3	6	7	3	6—42
In.....	5	5	6	5	7	3	5—46-88
Out.....	4	4	3	5	4	3	5—37
In.....	6	4	5	4	5	5	5—43-80-168
Out.....	5	6	4	4	4	4	5—8-39
In.....	5	3	4	5	3	5	3—4-36-75
Out.....	4	6	4	4	3	4	5—4—39
In.....	7	3	5	5	5	7	4—5—46-85-160
Total.....							328

SEVENTH.

Harry Gullane, St. David's Golf Club, Philadelphia, Pa.—										
Out.....	4	4	5	4	3	5	6	6	42	
In.....	6	4	4	4	3	6	4	4	39-81	
Out.....	4	5	3	4	3	5	4	8	40	
In.....	6	2	6	5	5	5	5	7-46-86-167		
Out.....	6	5	3	4	3	5	4	6	40	
In.....	5	3	5	5	6	3	5	5-40-80		
Out.....	5	5	3	3	4	5	4	5	4-38	
In.....	6	3	5	5	4	6	5	6-46-84-164		
Total.....										331

TIED FOR EIGHTH.

Peter Walker, Onwentsia Club, Lake Forest, Ill.—										
Out.....	5	5	4	4	3	4	7	5	41	
In.....	7	4	5	4	4	6	3	6	43-84	
Out.....	5	4	4	3	5	5	6	5	42	
In.....	7	4	6	4	7	3	5	4-44-86-170		
Out.....	4	5	2	5	4	5	4	5	4-37	
In.....	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	5-40-77		
Out.....	6	5	3	4	4	4	5	5	4-40	
In.....	6	4	4	6	5	4	3	5	5-46-86-163	
Total.....										333

L. Auchterlonie, Glenview Golf and Polo Club, Evanston, Ill.—										
Out.....	4	5	4	4	4	6	4	5	4-40	
In.....	6	5	6	5	4	6	4	5	5-46-86	
Out.....	5	4	4	3	5	4	8	5	42	
In.....	7	4	5	5	4	7	4	5	4-45-87-173	
Out.....	4	6	1	5	4	4	5	4	4-40	
In.....	5	3	4	5	4	6	7	4	4-42-82	
Out.....	5	5	4	6	3	5	3	5	4-40	
In.....	5	3	4	5	4	6	3	4	4-38-78-160	
Total.....										333

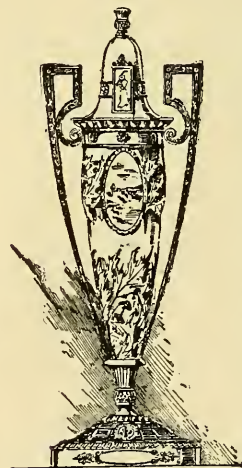
The remaining scores were :

Alec Campbell, Country Club of Brookline, Mass.....	83	80	79	94	336
Alex. Smith, Washington Park Club, Chicago.....	82	81	88	86	337
Alex. Findlay, Boston, Mass.....	88	90	79	81	338
Arthur Smith, Toronto Golf Club, Canada.....	83	89	82	85	339
Mr. H. M. Harriman, Meadowbrook Club, Hempstead, L. I.....	87	88	85	79	339
Alec Patrick, Century Club, Westchester, N. Y.....	82	83	84	90	339
A. Ricketts, Rochester Country Club, N. Y.....	87	85	88	80	341
Bernard Nicholls, Philadelphia Country Club, Bala, Pa.....	86	88	85	84	343
Henry Turpie, Edgewater Club, Chicago, Ill.....	91	88	83	83	345
David Foulis, Chicago Golf Club, Wheaton, Ill.....	83	86	91	85	345
James Foulis, Chicago Golf Club, Wheaton, Ill.....	94	84	88	80	346
Gilbert Nicholls, Boston, Mass.....	90	83	86	87	346
Dan Leitch, Springfield Country Club, Springfield, Mass.....	87	85	85	90	347
Ernest Way, Edgeworth Golf Club, Pittsburg, Pa.....	85	87	77	89	348
W. Thompson, Huntingdon Valley Cricket Club, Rydal, Pa.....	82	90	87	90	349
Horace Rawlins, Waumbek Golf Club, Jefferson, N. H.....	81	85	98	86	350
Fred Herd, Washington Park Club, Chicago, Ill.....	85	86	93	86	350
John Shippen, Aronimink Golf Club, Philadelphia, Pa.....	86	88	88	88	350
R. S. Patrick, New York.....	85	92	88	86	351
Willie Tucker, Chevy Chase Club, Md.....	89	91	87	84	351
Robert Braid, Fairmount Golf Club, Kansas City, Mo.....	85	90	86	90	351
W. A. Donovan, Mianatuck Golf Club, Newport, R. I.....	82	95	91	86	354
David Hunter, Baltusrol Golf Club, Short Hills, N. J.....	89	86	89	90	354
R. Thompson, Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa.....	90	95	85	85	355
Mr. F. W. Menzies, St. Andrews Golf Club, Chauncey, N. Y.....	86	90	95	85	356
Willie Dunn, New York.....	91	91	85	89	356
R. B. Wilson, Deal Beach Golf Club, Deal Beach, N. J.....	87	88	89	93	357
James Campbell, Dayton Golf Club, Dayton, Ohio.....	88	91	87	91	357
Harry Rawlins, Equinox Golf Club, Manchester, Vt.....	89	93	88	87	357
John Harrison, Dayton, Ohio.....	92	93	84	89	358

Donald Ball, Washington Golf Club, Washington, D. C.....	87	85	92	95	359
E. Fitzjohn, Otsego Golf Club, Cooperstown, N. Y.....	92	91	90	90	363
W. Marshall, Onwentsia Club, Lake Forest, Ill.....	87	101	89	87	364
W. Kirk, Knollwood Country Club, Elmsford, N. Y.....	93	92	88	91	364
W. V. Hoare, Dayton, Ohio.....	87	94	89	94	364
John Reid, Country Club of Atlantic City, N. J.....	90	93	95	87	365
Fred Fitzjohn, Otsego Golf Club, Cooperstown, N. Y.....	94	91	94	86	365
Mr. H. H. Cumming, Swananoa Country Club, Ashville, N. C....	91	92	91	93	367
John Forman, Ardsley Casino, N. Y.	98	91	89	90	368
Mr. T. C. Jenkins, Baltimore Country Club, Md.....	88	98	96	87	369
William Braid, Baltimore Country Club, Md.....	95	92	88	98	373
John D. Tucker, Syracuse Golf Club, N. Y.....	97	93	93	91	374
Mr. W. L. Thompson, Huntingdon Valley Country Club, Rydal, Pa.....	97	101	96	91	385
Mr. C. S. Cox, Fairfield County Golf Club, Greenwich, Conn.....	90	95	109	98	392
Mr. C. P. Lineaweaver, Philadelphia Cricket Club, Pa.....	94	102	103	97	396
Mr. W. M. McCawley, Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa....	100	102	87	98	397
W. E. Stoddard, Nassau Country Club, Glen Cove, L. I.....	101	106	96	95	398
Mr. O. McCammon, Chevy Chase Club, Md.....	94	102	110	106	412

Withdrew: Mr. W. J. Travis, Oakland Golf Club, Bayside, L. I.; Mr. Jas. A. Stillman, Newport Golf Club, Newport, R. I.; David Ogilvie, Baltimore Country Club, Baltimore, Md.; J. Mitchell, Cleveland Golf Club, Ohio; Oscar Bunn, Lake Placid Golf Club, N. Y.; F. Reilly, Glenville, Ohio; G. Cunningham, Stockbridge, Mass., and H. R. Sweeney, Albany, N. Y.

THE WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP.



THE WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.

It is our misfortune again this month that the most interesting event of the month is progressing whilst these pages are, by the necessities of our circulation, going through the press. Therefore we are enabled to carry our record down only to the very interesting list of entries. We shall deal at large with the subject in our next issue.

The list of entries follows:

Albany Country Club—Miss Grace Marvin, Miss Marion Oliver.
Alleghany Country Club—Mrs. O. D. Thompson.
Aronimink Club—Mrs. G. Francis Smith.
Ardsley Club—Miss May Barrow, Miss Eunice Terry.
Baltusrol G. C.—Mrs. W. Fellowes Morgan, Miss Leonie De Bary, Miss Marie L. Harrison.
Baltimore Country Club—Miss Fannie K. McLane, Mrs. J. E. Greiner.
Brookline Country Club—Miss Louise A. Wells, Mrs. G. H. Frances.
Brooklawn Country Club—Miss Georgiana M. Bishop, Miss Helen F. Bishop.
Concord G. C.—Miss Grace B. Keyes, Miss Gertrude H. Fiske.
Cincinnati G. C.—Miss Lucy Herron, Miss Clara Longworth, Mrs. R. I. Carter.
Cape May G. C.—Mrs. F. R. Shuttuck.
Elkridge Fox-hunting Club—Mrs. Miles White.
Fairfield Country G. C.—Mrs. Frank M. Freeman, Miss Janet S. Sheldon, Miss Katherine M. Rowland.

Huntingdon Valley Country Club—Mrs. Caleb F. Fox, Mrs. P. C. Madeira, Mrs. J. Curtis Paterson.
 Hillside Tennis and Golf Club—Mrs. N. Pendleton Rogers.
 Harbor Hill G. C.—Mrs. Josiah Newman.
 Lexington (Mass.) G. C.—Miss Emily N. Lockwood.
 Misquamicut G. C.—Miss Ethel Burnet.
 Merion Cricket Club—Mrs. Ronald H. Barlow, Miss Florence McNeely, Miss Elizabeth Steele, Miss Frances C. Griscom, Miss Maria S. Spence, Miss Annie P. R. Spence, Miss Katherine K. Cassatt, Miss Elsie Cassatt, Miss Ellen Darlington, Mrs. Charles S. Farnum, Mrs. Rodman E. Griscom.
 Morris County G. C.—Mrs. William Shippen. Miss Alice L. Day. Miss C. G. Willis, Miss Jane H. Swords, Miss Elsa Hurlbut.
 Nutley G. C.—Mrs. W. J. Berg.
 Nassau Country Club—Miss Ethel Pearsall, Miss Louise D. Maxwell, Miss Ruth Underhill.
 Newport G. C.—Miss Anna Sands, Miss Maude K. Wetmore.
 Onwentsia Club—Miss Kirk.
 Oakley Country Club—Miss Pauline Mackey.
 Pittsfield Country Club—Mrs. E. A. Manice.
 Point Judith Country Club—Miss Elizabeth Goffe.
 Philadelphia Cricket Club—Mrs. Walter M. Gorham, Mrs. A. H. Harris, Miss A. Irene Richardson, Miss Elsie M. Supplee, Miss Elizabeth Taylor.
 Philadelphia Country Club—Mrs. S. G. Price, Miss Julia A. Berwind, Miss Agnes W. Mason, Mrs. J. F. McFaddin, Miss Edith Burt, Miss N. M. Riley, Miss Florence Belle, Mrs. Alfred W. Hansell, Mrs. E. R. I. Fowle.
 Shinnecock Hills G. C.—Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Miss C. Helen Parrish.
 Tuxedo Club—Miss Sibyl Kane, Mrs. T. G. Condon.
 Wee Burn G. C.—Miss Genevieve Hecker.

THE ENGLISH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

It is not often in the wide records of golf, that a player attains the eminence of John Ball, Jr., who for the fifth time at Prestwick, Scotland, carried off the blue ribbon of the links. It is scarcely necessary to say that such unexampled skill is the result of a golfing education going back to childhood. He won the boy's medal at Holyoke in 1872 and 1875; was sixth in the open championship, 1879, and was the first amateur to win the trophy at Muirfield in 1890. He comes of generations of celebrated players.

GOLF IN CALIFORNIA.

The San Rafael Golf Club has been very active of late. On September 4th the first competitions were held for the Council's Cup and the Ladies' Cup, which are inscribed with the names of the winners, but remain the property of the club until won three times by the same player. Qualifying rounds were held during the two weeks preceding September 4th, at 18 holes, medal play, for the men, and 9 holes, medal play, for the ladies. The following are the results of the Council Cup competition, 18 holes, match play:

First round—R. Gilman Brown beat Clement Arnold, 3 up, 2 to play; Baron J. H. von Schroeder beat Dr. H. O. Howitt, 5 up, 4 to play; E. J. McCutchen beat S. H. Boardman, 4 up, 3 to play, and C. P. Eells beat C. P. Pomeroy, 3 up.

Semi-final round (played September 9th)—R. Gilman Brown beat Baron J. H. von Schroeder, 6 up, 5 to play, and E. J. McCutchen beat C. P. Eells, 5 up, 4 to play.

Final round—E. J. McCutchen defeated R. Gilman Brown, 3 up, 2 to play.

The following are the results of the Ladies' Cup competition, 9 holes, match play:

First round (played September 4th)—Mrs. F. H. Green beat Mrs. F. S. Johnson, 2 up; Miss Mary McCalla beat Mrs. W. L. Gerstle, 6 up; Mrs. R. Gilman Brown beat Miss Grace Hecht, 5 up, 4 to play, and Mrs. J. J. Crooks beat Mrs. Kautz, 1 up.

Semi-final round (played September 9th)—Miss Mary McCalla beat Mrs. F. H. Green, 5 up, 4 to play, and Mrs. R. Gilman Brown beat Mrs. J. J. Crooks, 4 up, 3 to play.

Final round—Mrs. R. G. Brown beat Miss Mary McCalla, 1 up.

The Men's Driving competition was won by

Baron J. H. von Schroeder, with a drive of 142 yards clear carry against the wind, L. A. Wright being second with a drive of 132 yards. The Men's Approaching competition was from a distance of 115 yards over a net distant 35 yards from the cup. Each competitor played five balls, the average of the best three over the net being taken. Baron Alexander von Schroeder won, being the only competitor who lofted three balls over the net. The average distance from the cup of the winner's three balls was 100 feet 6 2-3 inches.

The Ladies' Driving competition was won by Miss Goodwin, with a drive of 144 yards 2 feet with the roll, Mrs. R. Gilman Brown being second, with 139 yards. The Ladies' Approaching competition was from a distance of 75 yards over a net, each competitor having five shots, and the average of the best three over the net being taken. Mrs. F. H. Green won, her average distance being 67 feet 11 inches; Miss Goodwin was second, with an average distance of 68 feet 7 inches.

A Ladies' Handicap competition at nine holes, medal play, was won by Mrs. Denis Donohoe, Jr., with a net score of 71; and the Men's Handicap, eighteen holes, medal play, was won by S. H. Boardman, with a net score of 106.

On the links of the Oakland Golf Club, the tournament for the Macdonald Cup, eighteen holes, match play, with handicap, resulted in a victory for C. P. Hubbard, who defeated E. R. Folger in the final round.

The Men's Championship at Redondo Beach, Southern California, was won by R. D. Osborn, of Riverside, by default, from Ross Smith, of the Highland Park Golf Club, who was unable to stay to play in the final round.

At the tournament at Santa Monica, Southern California, the Men's Championship was won on September 24th by W. Cosby, after an exceedingly close and exciting contest with J. F. Sartori, the winner taking the last hole of the thirty-six, and winning 1 up. The Ladies' Championship, eighteen holes, match play, was won by Miss Bertha Crouch.

The Los Angeles Country Club opened its new links at Pico street and Western avenue, Los Angeles, on September 9th. The course covers more than eighty acres of rolling land, intersected by an arroyo, which furnishes several fine natural hazards. It is said to be the only full eighteen-hole course in California, and the best to the west of Chicago.

All the clubs round San Francisco are preparing their winter schedules, which will include big tournaments on Thanksgiving Day, Christmas Day and New Year's Day. The San Rafael Golf Club is holding a series of fortnightly competitions among its members, which are proving very successful. The instructor of the San Rafael Golf Club is T. W. Tetley, who has entire charge of the links, the club-house and restaurant. Arrangements are being made by Vice-Captain P. E. Bowles, of the Oakland Golf Club, and William Thomas, of the San Francisco Golf Club, for a series of inter-club matches during the fall and winter. The courses around San Francisco are very hard and dry, and nothing can be done towards their improvement till the first rains fall.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

LAWN TENNIS.



CLARENCE HOBART, one of the best of American lawn-tennis experts in former years, has just finished the most successful tour an American lawn-tennis player has ever made on foreign courts. When Hobart last played in America he was rated as a little behind Larned and Wrenn, although his last public match of record was to beat Wrenn three straight sets for the Middle States championship. Last year he made a short trip in England, playing in three or four of the big tournaments there with fair success. This season, however, he returned for a more prolonged stay, with very much better results.

Soon after the arrival abroad of the American expert, he met H. S. Mahony, the Irish crack, at Beckenham, and was only disposed of after a fierce five-set match (score: 6-4, 6-4, 5-7, 4-6, 6-4), which opened the eyes of the Britishers as to his skill. At Wimbledon, in the All-England championship matches, Hobart romped through his first antagonists without any difficulty, and then met an English expert of the first class, whose identity is still shrouded in the *nom de guerre* of "A Player." The American here met his Waterloo, losing finally after three of the closest kind of sets (score: 8-6, 7-5, 6-4). The English tennis reports praise Hobart's play at Wimbledon lavishly, and his defeat was shown afterward to have been no serious downfall, for "A Player" forced the famous S. H. Smith, who is at the top of the first class abroad, to play the full five sets in the next round, and all of them were close (score: 2-6, 11-9, 4-6, 8-6, 8-6).

In the championship doubles, Hobart again distinguished himself at Wimbledon. With H. A. Nisbet, with whom he won the tournament at Wimbledon last year also, the American went through a good field and took first honors in the "All-Comers" doubles, beating A. W. Gore and "A Player" in the finals (score: 6-4, 6-1, 8-6). In the championship round, however, Hobart and Nisbet were once more vanquished by the famous Doherty brothers (score: 7-5, 6-0, 6-2).

At the Scotch championship meeting, a few weeks later, Hobart reached the semi-final round, where he was beaten by E. D. Black, a new addition to the ranks of the first-class British experts, and Black followed this up by beating Dr. W. V. Eaves, just after Eaves had beaten Mahony, and then taking the Scotch championship through the default of H. L.

Doherty, the previous holder. In the doubles, Hobart played with Black, and they went through the field with the loss of only one set, taking the Scotch championship in doubles through the default of the Doherty brothers. This was the first important foreign title that any American has won abroad.

The international tournament at Homburg, in Germany, followed soon after, and Hobart played in most of the many events there. The Homburg courts are of hard sand, very much like those of the old New York Tennis Club, where Hobart always performed most brilliantly, and the American was quite in his element. For the European Championship, a new title just inaugurated, Hobart lost to Mahony again, though once more a battle royal was necessary to dispose of the visitor (score: 6-4, 12-10). Mahony afterward took this title without much difficulty, Hobart being his most dangerous opponent. In the championship of Germany, another open event for scratch singles, Hobart won from A. W. Gore (the winner of the All-Comers singles at Wimbledon in July) after a rather one-sided match (score: 7-5, 6-3, 6-0), the American's fast ground strokes being too much for the crack British base-line expert. This victory gave Hobart the championship of Germany, as the previous holder did not defend his title.

Still a third scratch event was on the programme, the trophy at stake being the Homburg Challenge Cup. In this Hobart again beat Gore (score: 6-4, 0-6, 6-4), and in the final came very close to beating the famous English champion, R. F. Doherty. The American won the first two sets, and looked a winner all over, but Doherty made one of his sensational uphill finishes, winning out the last three sets in succession, just as he had done from Gore in the challenge round at Wimbledon a month or so before. Hobart was finally beaten (score: 3-6, 4-6, 6-0, 6-3, 6-4), but all observers agreed after the match that on such fast courts Hobart was nearly, if not quite, equal at his best to any of the other crack players of the world.

In the doubles, Hobart and Black played together again, and reached the finals, only to be beaten by the invincible Doherty brothers (score: 6-4, 7-5, 7-5). His season abroad ended, however, with two national championship titles, the championship of Germany in singles and the championship of Scotland in doubles. He is expected back in America next season, and may play again over here.

THE INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Lawn-tennis history repeated itself once more in the intercollegiate championship meeting held at the New Haven Lawn Club, October 3d, 4th, and 5th. Harvard again made a clean sweep of all the honors in sight, and the only chance that slipped away from the strong crimson team was the second place in doubles, which was taken by the Yale pair. For so many years the Harvard players have carried off the lion's share of the honors, that the college feeling has largely disappeared, and the tournament this year developed more of the individual interest in the players themselves.

With Davis, Ward, Marvin and Thomas, the crimson was so well represented that there was small chance of defeat before the first matches were played. The only element of danger to them lay in Hackett, Allen and Little. All three of these men are rated far below Davis, and also below Ward, though much nearer his standard of skill. Allen fizzled completely, beating Marvin, of Harvard, only after a difficult struggle, and then going down hard to Davis with only one game in the match to his credit. Hackett, although rated at Yale as inferior to Allen, because the latter holds the college championship, made a much better showing, and forced Ward to a very close match before he would acknowledge defeat.



R. D. LITTLE,
PRINCETON.

Little, the Princeton champion, was rather an uncertain element when he went to New Haven, and many expected to see him surprise some of those rated better than he, for he had only a few weeks before won the International Championship in Canada from both Fischer and Bond. The Princetonian disposed of Plummer, the "third string" man for Yale, without much difficulty, and then made a clever bid for a place in the finals. Ward, however, was just a trifle too steady for him in the odd set, and finally won an exciting match by a close score. Little, however, ought to be dangerous next year, with Davis out.

As between Davis and Ward, the two Harvard men, in the finals, the result was less of a foregone conclusion than had been expected. Ward was not thought to have much of a chance against his formidable partner, but although he did not get a set, he forced Davis to two close deuce-and-vantage sets before he was beaten. Davis reached the final last season for the Intercollegiate Championship, after beating Champion Whitman, but succumbed to Ware in four sets after a rather one-sided struggle. This fall, however, Davis is in such rare form that there is small doubt he could beat any other player in the country. Fresh from his long campaign on the Pacific Coast, he was in perfect condition physically, as well as regards practice.

In the doubles, Davis and Ward, the national champions, had an easy victory, and would have defeated all of their opponents setless, but for a little carelessness in the third set of the final. This pair is unquestionably in a class by themselves this season. Hackett and Allen did not show as good form as earlier in the season, and managed to pull out their first match from the second Harvard pair only after losing the first set.

The Intercollegiate meeting was somewhat of a disappointment this fall because there were only nine entries in the singles and five teams in the doubles. Not a single entry was received from any of the dozen other colleges in the organization outside of Harvard, Yale and Princeton. Harvard's universal success has discouraged most of the other possible candidates for intercollegiate honors, but the date at which the tournament is held also has something to do with the poor entry. There is a movement on foot to shift the date from fall to spring, and this plan seems highly advisable since the crisp autumn weather is far from conducive to good tennis, and other sports are so much more seasonable in October that many of those who might play have given up practice by this time, the very fag-end of the season. It is to be hoped that the new board of officers will make some effort to revive the former glories of the intercollegiate meeting.

The full scores of the tournament follow:

Championship singles, Preliminary round—H. H. Hackett (Yale) beat Montgomery Ogden (Princeton), 8-6, 6-2.

First round—D. F. Davis (Harvard) beat F. B. Alexander (Princeton), 6-3, 6-0; J. A. Allen (Yale) beat E. R. Marvin (Harvard), 2-6, 6-4, 6-3; Holcombe Ward (Harvard) beat H. H. Hackett (Yale), 6-3, 5-7, 6-4; R. D. Little (Princeton) beat H. A. Plummer (Yale), 6-3, 6-1.

Semi-final round—D. F. Davis (Harvard) beat J. A. Allen (Yale), 6-0, 6-1; Holcombe Ward (Harvard) beat R. D. Little (Princeton), 6-4, 2-6, 6-1.

Final round—D. F. Davis (Harvard) beat Holcombe Ward (Harvard), 6-3, 7-5, 7-5.

Championship doubles, Preliminary round—Hackett and Allen (Yale) beat Marvin and Thomas (Harvard), 3-6, 6-4, 6-1.

Semi-final round—Hackett and Allen (Yale) beat Little and Alexander (Princeton), 7-5, 6-3; Davis and Ward (Harvard) beat Plummer and Childs (Yale), 6-1, 6-2.

Final round—Davis and Ward (Harvard) beat Hackett and Allen (Yale), 6-1, 6-3, 5-7, 6-4.

The annual meeting of the Intercollegiate Lawn Tennis Association was held at New Haven during the championship meeting, October 5th, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Raymond D. Little (Princeton), President; Beals C. Wright (Harvard), Vice-President; Howard A. Plummer (Yale), Secretary and Treasurer.

J. PARMLY PARET.

EQUESTRIANISM.

OUTDOOR HORSE SHOWS.

IF anything were needed to testify to the continued popularity of the horse as the medium for outdoor sport and recreation, surely the unprecedented success of the open-air horse shows held during the season just closing would be ample. Despite the intense interest in, and the growing demand for, mechanical contrivances, motor vehicles and the like, there has been no apparent dim-

inution in any branch of equestrianism, and the bridle-paths, the driveways, and show-rings have been, if anything, better patronized this season than during any previous year. To the superficial observer this statement may appear a little wide of the mark, but not so to those who, having traveled the circuit of summer resorts, are informed as to the actual state of affairs.

Since the Philadelphia and other outdoor events, touched upon in OUTING for July, suc-

cessful equine exhibitions have been held in Atlantic City, N. J.; Long Branch, N. J.; Newport, R. I.; Manassas, Va.; Providence, R. I.; Brockton, Mass.; Tuxedo, N. Y.; Kansas City, Mo.; Warrenton, Va.; Southampton, L. I.; Denver, Col.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Norwood Park, N. J.; Lenox, Mass.; Devon, Pa.; Bryn Mawr, Pa., and Bell Haven, Conn. Of these, the last five were purely amateur affairs, at which no admission fees were charged, and they proved delightful social functions, having more of the atmosphere of the garden party than the regulation horse show. As *OUTING* goes to press for this issue, the season winds up with the horse show at Morristown, N. J.; and by the time this report reaches my readers, preparations will be in progress for the great national event (the fifteenth of its kind), to be held in Madison Square Garden, New York, which will inaugurate the series of indoor shows of the winter season.

The Atlantic City show was a new-comer this season, and its pronounced success was a surprise to the horse world. The attendance was uniformly large and representative, and the interests of the amateur horse-owner were well provided for. Indeed, this latter feature was largely the *raison d'être* of the affair, the chief promoter of the show, Mr. G. Jason Waters, giving this department his special care. Of course it was hardly to be expected that the "City by the Sea" could boast of any large local entry, but the cottage colony and the few who use their own horses at this delightful resort, especially visitors from Philadelphia, responded freely to the call of the management and made a very respectable showing. New Yorkers also gave their approval, and consequently many of the metropolitan prize-winners of note were seen in the Atlantic City ring. Of the harness horses shown, Mr. Samuel S. Huhn's Lord Algy, Mr. A. J. Nutting's Oregon, Duke and Holly, Mr. Mitchell Harrison's Ambassador, Mr. Bates' Applause, Conqueror, Coxey, Brown Donna, Whirl of the Town, Sporting Life, High and Hi Tide, Mr. John L. Conway's bay mare U. G. I. were among the best, Applause winning the championship for large horses and Coxey that for horses not exceeding 15.1 hands. In the saddle classes, Mrs. Harri-man's gelding, The Rock, and Mr. J. Forbes' gelding Ruby won, while the champion hunter was Mr. Mitchell Harrison's Escape, the same owner's well-known Pennbrook taking first prize in the heavy-weight-carrying class, and General Healey's old favorite, Kensington, the middle-weight prize. Young Sidney Holloway, the hero of many jumping exhibitions, again distinguished himself by putting Tornado and Ben Bolt at all the heights up to 6 feet 6 inches, Tornado clearing this altitude at the second attempt.

The Long Branch show this season took place rather earlier than formerly, and was a great success from every point of view, the closing session occurring on a Saturday evening when the grounds were illuminated by electric light. Mr. H. C. Hoskier's chestnut gelding Lord Brilliant won the single championship, this great cob with his mate, Lieutenant Wilkes, also taking championship honors in the class for pairs. A gray gelding called Attraction, shown by Hexter & Strauss, took a reserve

ribbon and attracted a deal of attention. Mr. R. F. Carman's David Harum, his ponies Jack and Jill, and his carriage horses Walsingham and Western Star, Mr. Nutting's Duke and Holly, Mr. Watson's King, Mr. Hoskier's Lieutenant Wright, Mr. A. M. Hunter's Arden, Mr. John Arthur's Sir Walter and Sir John A. were also noticeable among the successful candidates. Mr. Stanton Elliott's saddle gelding Flashlight won the championship, and that well-known horseman, Dick Donnelly, took the blue ribbon over the sticks with Mr. Blum's mare Ruby. Of trotting-bred horses shown Mr. E. T. Stotesbury's Clemmie Dell and Arline Chimes, Mr. W. M. V. Hoffman's May K. and Helen K., and Mr. T. E. Gordon's Dr. Frank were the ribbon winners.

The Norwood Golf Club lawn was the scene of a delightful equine function during one Saturday afternoon in August; and the prizes, which were exclusively of plate, were won by Miss Norman Munroe's Coquette (best pony in harness); same exhibitor's Lancaster (shown to station cart); Walter Watson's Trilby and Glory, Roulette and Faro (pairs and four-in-hand); Charles Simmons' Dunellen (roadster); Thomas Egbert's Lady George and Billy R. (pairs of roadsters), E. A. Wilkinson's Brownie (hunter).

The show at Newport this season eclipsed in brilliancy anything of the kind before attempted at this stronghold of fashion; and the exhibit of carriage horses in actual use by exhibitors for road driving, and not merely prepared for show, was extraordinary. An interesting event was that which brought into the arena several of the cleverest feminine whips among the social set. Of these Miss Mills drove her chestnut mare Nita into first place; Miss Lawton, of Boston, drove the prize winner, Glorious Kid, into second position; and Mrs. John Jacob Astor's sister, Miss Susan Willing, drove Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney's Elegance into third place. Miss Angelica Gerry, Miss Anna Sands, Mrs. Perry Tiffany and Mrs. William E. Carter were also among the exhibitors. Mr. Thomas W. Lawson won the novice class for horses over 14.1 with Glorious Gladys; the best combination saddle and harness horse was Mrs. J. De Forest Danielson's roan gelding Warwick; Mr. Richard McCreery won the jaunting-car competition with his brown gelding Mike and neat turnout; the Aquidneck Stakes for horses 15.2 and under was won by Thomas Lawson's Glorious Arthur. Miss Gladys Lawson's Gorgeous won in the hunter class; Charles F. Bates' Whirl of the Town was deemed the best ladies' horse shown to phaeton, and the same exhibitor's four-in-hand took the blue ribbon. For best-appointed park teams, Mr. Robert L. Gerry's quartet took the prize, Mr. Oliver Belmont, Harry Payne Whitney and Thomas W. Lawson also competing. In a nice class of ladies' pairs, Strauss & Hexter's Attractive and Attraction ranked first, Miss Beatrice Mills' Nita and Venita second, and Charles Bates' Whirl of the Town and Sporting Life third. One of the most popular victories was that of Mr. O. H. P. Belmont's tandem, Rockingham and Uncle Sam.

The management of the Newport show is deserving of much credit in that it took the initiative in defining clearly the term amateur

as applied to exhibitors at horse shows. The definition, as set forth in the conditions of the entry, was: "An amateur is one who has never dealt in horses, either by public or private treaty; ridden or driven for hire, or depended upon such connection, either wholly or in part, as means of livelihood, or conducted the breeding of horses as a business." As a result, residents of the locality were encouraged to exhibit, and the event was the greatest success.

The show which took place at Southampton, L. I., August 24th and 26th, catered to society folks resident in that section, and comprised not only a parade of fine horses, but also some very amusing gymkahn games. The prizes were mostly silver cups, and the participants were invariably amateurs. The pony race, three furlongs, was won by Mr. Stephen Peabody's Cyclone; the saddling race by Mr. Havens Peabody, Jr., on his gelding Napoleon; juvenile race for boys under sixteen, mounted on ponies, Stephen Peabody, Jr., on Badger; thread-and-needle race, by Raymond Herbert on a pony called Smith; galloway race, C. Albert Stevens on Mrs. J. L. Kernochan's Good Luck; polo pony race, C. Albert Stevens on Sweetheart; egg and spoon race, ladies to ride, Miss Barney on a dun pony; watermelon race, Havens Peabody on Napoleon.

The exhibit of horses in the show classes was very large and the quality good. In the class for horses and run-about wagons there were twenty-seven entries, and Mrs. W. C. Gulliver's Bob White won. In a good class of ten ponies under saddle, Mr. C. Albert Stevens won with his noted mare Sweetheart. There were seventeen horses shown suitable for ladies' traps, and the first prize went to Miss Daisy Hollin's Flash. Of fourteen ponies shown in harness, Miss Sophie Townsend's Wild Rose was deemed the best, and of nine saddle horses shown, Mr. L. E. La Rocque's chestnut mare ranked first.

Of twenty-seven horses suitable for gigs, Dr. T. G. Thomas' Oswald was first; and of eight pairs of horses over 15.2, Mr. George R. Schieffelin's Vanity and Price were chosen as blue-ribbon winners. There were twenty ladies' saddle horses shown, and the best of these was Miss W. L. Gulliver's Pumps. The class exclusively reserved for ladies of the vicinity to drive pairs brought out ten exhibits, Miss Gulliver again winning with Pumps and its mate Khartoum. Mr. Newton's Foxy Quiller was the best of five middle-weight saddle hacks, and of the six heavy-weight carriers shown, Mr. J. L. Breese had the winner in Suananoa. Mr. Adrian Iselin's Sunbeam was awarded first as best harness pony in a class of seven, and Miss Gulliver's team of bays driven four-in-hand by Mr. T. Wyman Porter took first.

Bryn Mawr, one of Philadelphia's most charming environs, held its Fifth Annual Horse Show on September 22d and 23d, and the affair proved a grand social success; and was the more enjoyable in that only silver cups and silk ribbons were awarded as prizes and, the exhibits being paraded on the hotel lawn, there was, of course, no admission fee charged. There were in all forty-five classes on the programme, the entries in which came mostly from the residents of the vicinity, and so included many of the best horses of the country-side.

In the department for ponies, Mr. F. J. Kimball's bay mare Naomi was deemed the best shown in single harness; Miss Marion and Master A. A. Hirst won with their pair, Belle Meade and John; the Woodfield Farm took first prize with their pony Sweetheart, ridden by a child; Mr. John Valentine had the best pony under saddle, the mare Maud. In a class of heavy-weight-carrying saddle hacks, 15.1 and under, first prize went to Mrs. E. B. Cassatt's Mineret, and of saddle horses up to same weight, but over 15.1 hands, Mr. Levering's Dandelion ranked highest. Other saddle classes were won by Miss Dohan's Surprise and Mr. Edgar Powell's Hannabelle. Of hunters, said to have been ridden to hounds by a lady, first prize went to Mr. George H. Earle's Blue Ridge, and of light-weight saddle hacks, Mr. John F. Hunecker's Playmate was considered best. Of all the saddle horses shown, Mr. Robert K. McNeely's brown mare was deemed the best and given the championship. The champion single harness horse was Mr. Samuel S. Huhn's bay gelding, Lord Overbrook, and the same exhibitor had the champion pair in Lord Overbrook and Lord Algy. A most picturesque and interesting exhibit was that comprising teams of three hunters from the near-by hunt clubs, the members up being in full hunting regalia. First prize went to the Radnor team, the Rose Tree taking second and the Chester Valley third. A class for hunting tandems, the lead horses to be ridden over the regular jumps, proved attractive; and first prize went to Mr. John R. Valentine's Primrose and Valiant, C. Randolph Snowden's Prima Donna and Richmond taking second ribbon. Of the high-steppers shown before appropriate vehicles, Mr. John L. Conaway's bay mare U. G. I. was the most sensational and rightly took first prize. The same exhibitor also won first prize with his pair, U. G. I. and mate, The Flame, when they were shown by a lady, and the same horses again took first prize when they appeared tandem and driven by their owner. C. Randolph Snowden showed the best polo pony up to carrying 165 pounds, and Robert Downing's polo pony Budd was deemed the best up to carrying 200 pounds.

The one-day show at Goshen, which has come to be known as Tuxedo's great occasion, took place this year Saturday, October 7th.

The Tuxedo trophy for the best four-in-hand team was won by Mr. George E. Dodge, with Prince, Doctor, Duke and General. The Doane Cup for the most stylish pony turnout was won by Miss Carol Harriman's Mayflower and Gay-boy. The Rensselaer Weston Cup for best trotter, with record of 2:30 or better, was won by H. B. Bain's Addie Lee, and the trophy presented by Secretary of the Navy Benjamin F. Tracy for best gelding was won by the Walnut Grove Farms Johseo. The Marshland Stud took first prize with their stallion Kiosk, and Mr. Pierre Lorillard, Jr., showed the best pair of horses or mares in Alcutt and Minstrel. Mrs. E. H. Harriman's black gelding, The Rook, was deemed the champion saddle horse; and the silver cup offered by Mr. C. H. C. Beakes for the best roadster driven by a lady, brought out fifteen competitors, the best of which was Dr. J. B. Hulett's Rowdy, driven by Mrs. B. B. Williams. A. H. GODFREY.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE SECCO FILM.

PHOTOGRAPHIC interest is at present centering on the new substitute for glass, celluloid, and indeed all other hitherto employed supports for the sensitive emulsion. "Secco film" is said to be perfectly transparent, may be thin enough for rollable, or thick enough for cut films of any size; does not curl in the developer, or contain anything that can injure the most delicately sensitive salt; and it can be put on the market at less cost than ordinary glass plates. That there is truth in these claims is evident from the fact that the film has been demonstrated all over England and Scotland, with the result that a syndicate has been formed and money found to pay to the inventor, a German, the large sum of \$22,000 for the patent rights, in only Great Britain and her colonies.

It has not, at the time of writing, as yet reached this country, but it is bound to come; and our plate-makers should see that it comes only under their control. There should be some way of working it as an honest trust in which the interest of the consumer shall be considered, as well as that of the producer.

From private information from friends who have seen the demonstrations, and put the film to the test of much practical work, I believe that secco film will, when it comes, prove to be the "long-looked-for," and will carry all before it.

ADUROL

is another new developer recently added to the ever-increasing list. Some time ago the two makers of those developers discovered that the combination of chlorine or bromine with hydroquinone gave to that once favorite developer many good qualities that it did not first possess; and as the discovery was simultaneous, they agreed to patent and work the discovery together. The sample that I have recently been using came from Mr. Gennert, and bears the hyphenated names of "Haufl-Schering;" and while I am not prepared to say that it is in every respect better than my favorite ortol, it comes as near to that as anything that I have tried, and possesses some real advantages over it. Its great solubility will be a recommendation to those who employ ten per cent. solutions, the only really rational and scientific way of working, while its freedom from any tendency to fog makes it an ideal developer for all kinds of paper. The formula sent out by the makers will be found suitable by those who go fast, but I very much prefer the following, which, by the employers of ten per cent. solutions, can easily be varied to suit varying circumstances:

Adurol	3	grains
Sodium sulphite.....	12	grains
Sodium carbonate.....	10	grains
Potassium bromide.....	1½	grains
Water	1	ounce

HEAVY-WEIGHT VELOX.

The Nepera Chemical Company have added one more to the many obligations under which they have laid photographers, by the introduc-

tion of their new heavy-weight velox, which those who during their holidays have got negatives really worth the very highest class of printing, should not fail to try. It has the advantage of being printable by artificial light during the winter evenings; and printed under a mat or mask, is ready for the portfolio without mounting. The surface is an ideal one for most subjects, and a portfolio of prints from good negatives on such paper will indeed be a thing of beauty, and a joy for a lifetime at least.

For natty neatness, too, nothing can beat the new velox post-cards, nor is anything likely, at so small a cost, to give so much pleasure to absent friends. Printed under tiny, suitable masks, or little prints neatly vignettied, they put to shame the coarse, vulgar "chromos" that have recently come in such quantities from the Continent of Europe. I speak from experience, when I say that friends are enthusiastic over them. They should play an important part in the coming season as Christmas cards.

A NEW LIGHT.

Mr. Birt Acres, one of the earliest of our cinematograph inventors, promises to shortly put on the market a new light, or rather a new way of using an old one. It is said that by its aid we shall be able to photograph a group at night in, at most, five seconds, and with a multiplication of lamps in much less time. In the lantern it will brilliantly illuminate a disk of thirty or even more feet, and that without smoke or fumes, and so little heat that slides of celluloid may be employed with safety. Indeed, a slide remaining in the carrier for half an hour was found to be little more than warm.

For studio work at night, and the photographing of interiors, the new light will probably supersede all other methods of illumination.

AGFA.

This is a new intensifier introduced by the Actien-Gesellschaft, a one solution, that is always ready for use, and will keep indefinitely. It comes in a concentrated form, one part to nine parts of water, and may be employed for either general or local intensification. An experienced photographer will rarely need to have recourse to the former, but there are few negatives that may not be vastly improved by the judicious application of the latter. In conjunction with the ammonium persulphate reducer noticed some time ago, a few drops of each in a saucer, and a couple of camel-hair brushes, or tufts of cotton, any one of average ability, provided he knows just what he wants, will have little difficulty in getting it. Lights may be intensified or reduced, shadows darkened or lightened, and, indeed, very much may by this means be done to give to negatives that have it not, that most valuable and rarest of all qualities, true values. One great advantage of agfa is that its action is gradual, or accumulative, and so can be watched and stopped just when the desired result is reached.

DR. JOHN NICOL.

ROD AND GUN.

CARE OF FISHING TACKLE IN WINTER.

THE Rod—A well-made split bamboo or wood rod should last for years if proper care is taken of it. Each joint, after a day's fishing, should be wiped dry very carefully and bent into shape, if it has a set, before putting away, and a drop or two of sperm oil should be rubbed over the rod before going out again with it. When laying a rod aside for the season, it should be carefully examined and all damages repaired; the ferrules and bands should be thoroughly cleaned and new plugs fitted to the joints. Take the rod apart, wipe the joints dry and lay them away in their case in an apartment where the temperature will be dry and uniform, not over 50 degrees. If a case is used, do not tie the strings or bands too tightly; this would be likely to bend the tip and second joints. Under no circumstances let the rod stand near the chimney or furnace flue, and the other extreme of cold in a garret or outbuilding should be avoided. Changes of temperature destroy the pliancy and stiffness of a rod. To insure the continued equal distribution of strength the rod should be laid flat on the floor or a shelf, instead of being stood on end in a corner, and under no condition should it be left jointed and hung on pegs.

The Reel—Should be taken apart, thoroughly cleaned, and then oiled slightly. Put the parts together and place the reel in a dry drawer or closet of moderate temperature.

Lines—All lines should be reeled off and stretched from end to end on a sunny morning and left in the air for a few hours. They should then be overrun lightly with a bit of woolen cloth or chamois to remove any taint of mildew or other matter, and then be wound upon the reel, but not too tightly. If frayed portions are discovered, the line should be condemned and the good parts kept for miscellaneous uses, which will be found frequent enough.

Leaders—Will keep for years if laid away in a dark place, where it is not too warm or too damp, but they should be tested before using, and stand a strain of four pounds for bass or trout and at least seven pounds for salmon.

Flies—The best thing to keep flies in is a pasteboard box, tightly and closely wrapped in a newspaper. They will then need no moth preventive. There is a moth-proof tin box sold by tackle dealers which answers a good purpose. An old angler recommends a flat cardboard or other box, with a thin layer of wool or wadding, upon which the flies are placed, covering them with a piece of cardboard which, by means of corks at the corners of the box, is prevented from pressing on them. This cardboard box is then placed in a tin box.

Fly Books—Should be perfectly dry and wrapped tightly in a newspaper. If placed in a cardboard box, which is also wrapped in a newspaper, they will be doubly protected.

Hooks—Do not stick their points in cork and stow them away, for if the atmosphere is slightly damp, or the cork not absolutely dry, rust will occur. The best plan is to wrap the hooks in oiled paper (kerosene is good) before putting them away for the winter.

Bait boxes and creels should be thoroughly

cleansed with warm soda water, and when dried it is well to sprinkle them with a little carbolic acid, or a wash of carbolic acid soap can be used.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME LAWS.

The game and fish laws of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania having, by reason of many changes over many years, created in the minds of the people great confusion as to the proper season and method of taking fish and game, the Legislature has wisely provided for a codification and explanatory table, which has just been issued. It is a model of perspicacity, and from its summary alone the most superficial cannot fail to obtain the most exact information. There are many excellent points in the laws worthy of imitation, not the least of which is the authority given to any person to take and destroy nets, traps, and snares, whenever found set, and the making the possession of unlawful implements *prima facie* evidence of intent to use.

The limitation of the number of certain birds which may be lawfully killed (to wit, fifteen quail, ten woodcock and ten ruffed grouse in one day, and two deer in one season) is of vital importance to the continuation of sport.

We commend the publication to the attention of sportsmen throughout the States, and especially to the knights of the rod and gun in the Keystone State. We shall be happy to supply copies, or our friends can apply direct to Lewis E. Butler, Deputy Secretary of the Commonwealth.

EXPORT OF DEER FROM CANADA.

Last session an act was passed by the Canadian Government, mainly at the instance of the Canadian railway companies and the game wardens, empowering the Government, by an order-in-council, to permit the exportation of deer from Canada. This authority has been acted upon, and the following regulation promulgated by the Minister of Customs:

"Deer when shot for sport, under provincial or territorial authority in Canada, by any person not domiciled in Canada, may be exported under the following conditions and limitations:

"The deer may be exported only at the customs ports of Halifax, N. S.; Yarmouth, N. S.; Macadam Junction, N. B.; Quebec, Que.; Montreal, Que.; Ottawa, Ont.; Kingston, Ont.; Niagara Falls, Ont.; Port Erie, Ont.; Windsor, Ont.; Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.; Port Arthur, Ont., and such other ports as shall from time to time by the Minister of Customs be designated for the export of deer.

"The exportation of deer in the carcass or parts thereof (except as to cured deer heads and hides of deer) shall be permitted only during or within fifteen days after the 'open season' allowed for shooting deer under the laws of the province or territory where the deer to be exported has been shot.

"No person shall in one year export more than the whole or parts of two deer, nor shall exportation of such deer be made by the same person on more than two occasions during one calendar year.

"Deer in the carcass or any part thereof which has been killed in contravention of any provincial or territorial law shall not be exported, nor shall any deer in the carcass or parts thereof be exported without the permit of the collector of customs accompanying the shipment.

"A person not domiciled in Canada, who has shot deer for sport and not for gain or hire, under provincial or territorial authority, may make an expert entry in duplicate of deer in the carcass or parts thereof so shot by him and allowed to be exported—upon subscribing and attesting before a collector of customs a declaration.

"The exporter shall produce his license or permit for shooting deer under provincial or territorial authority to the collector of customs before the exportation of the deer, and the collector shall indorse thereon a description of the quantity and parts entered for exportation.

"The collector of customs at any customs port of entry designated for the export of deer, upon receiving the said export entries duly completed, may thereupon, under the seal of the custom house, issue his permit for the exportation of the deer, if satisfied as to the identity of the sportsman and that the exportation is not prohibited."

The new laws will be appreciated by American sportsmen.

GAME LAWS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

Recently enacted game laws of Newfoundland may be of interest to my readers, espe-

cially the provisions for protecting moose and elk and insuring their future increase. In brief, they say: No moose or elk shall be killed in the colony before January, 1906. Penalty not to exceed \$200, or imprisonment for any period not exceeding three months.

The close seasons for caribou are from the first of February to July 15th, or from October 1st to October 20th, and, of course, a visiting sportsman will require a license, which, under certain conditions, entitles him to kill a limited number of caribou and to export same. Application for detailed information should be made to the Department of Marine and Fisheries, St. John's, Newfoundland.

ED. W. SANDYS.

ATHLETICS.

CANADIAN A. A. U.

THE sixteenth annual championship tournament of the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union was held on the Rosedale grounds, Toronto, September 16th.

So far as the Canadian athletes were concerned, the meeting was not a very brilliant success, for all the championships came to this side of the border, and all to the representatives of one club, the New York Athletic Club. Its remarkable performers swept the deck of every first, and in many cases both second and even third places as well; A. C. Kraenzlein took three firsts, N. W. Long, two, and John Flanagan, two. Three new Canadian records were made. In the broad jump Kraenzlein raised the standard, in the high jump Baxter made a new record, and in the 16-lb. hammer Flanagan established new figures. The hundred yards proved a fine race, Kraenzlein winning from Stephen (of Halifax) almost on the tape. Stephen is a very promising young sprinter.

George Orton, who has been such a successful mile runner, was left in third place by his clubmates, Bray and Alex. Grant. T. A. Orton (a younger brother of George) did well in the quarter, when it is considered that he has not trained this season.

A summary follows:

100-yard run—Won by A. C. Kraenzlein, N. Y. A. C.; F. L. Stephen, Wanderers' A. C., Halifax, 2; Albert Newman, Niagara Falls A. C., 3. Time, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ s.

220-yard run—Won by M. W. Long, N. Y. A. C.; F. L. Stephen, Wanderers' A. C., Halifax, 2; H. E. Manvel, N. Y. A. C., 3. Time, 22 1-5s.

440-yard run—Won by M. W. Long, N. Y. A. C.; R. Mackie, Y. M. C. A., Toronto, 2; T. A. Orton, Athenæum A. C., Toronto, 3. Time, 52s.

Half-mile run—Won by H. E. Manvel, N. Y. A. C.; John Bray, N. Y. A. C., 2; W. Foster, The Grange, Ont., 3. Time, 2m. 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

One-mile run—Won by John Bray, N. Y. A. C.; Alex. Grant, N. Y. A. C., 2; George W. Orton, N. Y. A. C., 3. Time, 4m. 27 4-5s.

Putting 16-lb. shot—Won by Richard Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., 44ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; Harry Gill, Coldwater, Ont., 40ft. 8in., 2; T. O'Rourke, Niagara Falls, 38ft. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 3.

Throwing the 16-lb. hammer—Won by John Flanagan, N. Y. A. C., 154ft. 5in.; T. O'Rourke, Niagara Falls, 130ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 2; W. D. Herman, N. Y. A. C., 125ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 3.

Throwing 56-lb. weight—Won by John Flanagan, N. Y. A. C., 32ft. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; T. O'Rourke, Niagara Falls, 31ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 2; R. Sheldon, N. Y. A. C., 30ft. 2in., 3.

120-yard hurdle race—Won by A. C. Kraenzlein, N. Y. A. C.; I. K. Baxter, N. Y. A. C., 2; E. Harding, Toronto Lacrosse Club, 3. Time, 16 4-5s.

Pole vault—Won by I. K. Baxter, N. Y. A. C., 10ft.

8in.; W. R. Knox, Orillia, 10ft., 2; A. L. Gray, Coldwater, Ont., 9ft. 11in., 3.

Running broad jump—Won by A. C. Kraenzlein, N. Y. A. C., 23ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; D. Robinson, Toronto Police A. C., 20ft. 3in., 2; E. Harding, Toronto Lacrosse Club, 18ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 3.

Running high jump—Won by I. K. Baxter, N. Y. A. C., 6ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; A. C. Kraenzlein, N. Y. A. C., 5ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 2; H. Gill, Coldwater, Ont., 5ft. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 3.

NEW YORK A. C.

The sixty-third track and field games of the New York Athletic Club were held on the club grounds at Travers Island, September 23d.

In many of the events the handicap men came out on top, but Kraenzlein, Long and Flanagan managed to forge their way to the first position in their special events. George W. Orton easily placed another two-mile championship steeplechase to his credit—for several years he has found no formidable rival in this event; and R. C. Ewry again won the A. A. U. standing broad jump championship.

The event of the day was the finishing touch of the season's hammer-throwing, in which the world's champion, John Flanagan, once more excelled his own wonderful performances and gave us yet another new mark. On his second throw at this meeting he beat his own record by 2ft. 6in., when the hammer dropped at 166ft. 9in. This did not satisfy him, and on his third attempt the hammer fell at 167ft. 8in., which is 3ft. 5in. beyond his own previous record, and a distance which will, in all probability, stand as "high-water" mark for some time to come, unless Flanagan can continue in his present progressive form. During the present year he has added over nine feet to the distance of his throws.

A summary follows:

TRACK AND FIELD EVENTS.

120-yard handicap—Won by M. W. Long, New York A. C., 2yds.; A. W. Burlingame, Knickerbocker A. C., 5yds, 2; A. F. Duffy, East Boston A. C., scratch, 3. Time, 12s.

120-yard hurdle race, on grass, handicap—Final heat won by A. C. Kraenzlein, New York A. C., scratch; S. K. Thomas, New York A. C., 8yds., 2; W. J. Feldkamp, Pastime A. C., 8ft., 3. Time, 15 3-5s.

Putting 16-pound shot—Won by Richard Sheldon, New York A. C., scratch, with 44ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; John Flanagan, New York A. C., 3 ft. 6in., 2, with an actual put of 40ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; R. J. Sheridan, Pastime A. C., 6ft., 3, with 36ft. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

880-yard run, handicap—Won by G. C. Wood, New York A. C., 25yds.; George P. Arnold, New West Side A. C., 32yds., 2; John F. Cregan, Princeton and N. Y. A. C., scratch, 3. Time, 1m. 57 2-5s.

One-mile run, handicap—Won by D. J. Donovan, Xavier A. A., 75yds.; T. J. Quinlan, Scranton, Pa., 35yds., 2; Alex. Grant, New York A. C., scratch, 3. Time, 4m. 24 2-55.

Standing broad jump—A. A. U. championship—Won by R. C. Ewry, New York A. C., with toft. 10 7-8in.; W. J. Feldkamp, Pastime A. C., 2, with toft. 2in.; I. K. Baxter, N. Y. A. C., 3, with toft. 1 1/2in.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—Won by John Flanagan, New York A. C. scratch with 167ft. 8in.; J. C. Coffey, Knickerbocker A. C., 12ft., 2, with an actual throw of 134ft. 10 1/2in.; R. J. Sheridan, Pastime A. C., 25ft., 3, with 105 ft. 2 1/2in.

300-yard run, handicap—Won by M. W. Long, New York A. C. scratch; Jerome Buck, New York City, 10yds., 2; George T. Hofmann, Knickerbocker A. C., 17yds., 3. Time, 31 2-55.

Running high jump, handicap—Won by D. J. O'Sullivan, Xavier A. A., 4in., with an actual jump of 5ft. 10in.; S. K. Thomas, New York A. C., 7in., 2, with 5ft. 6in.; W. L. Drummond, Pastime A. C., 4 1/2in., 3, with 5ft. 8in.

Running broad jump, handicap—Won by H. P. McDonald, Knickerbocker A. C., 15in., with an actual jump of 21ft. 10 1/2in.; A. C. Kraenzlein, New York A. C., scratch, 2, with 23ft. 1 1/2in.; W. J. Feldkamp, Pastime A. C., 15in., 3, with 21ft. 1in.

Two-mile steeplechase—A. A. U. Championship—Won by George W. Orton, New York A. C.; T. G. McGirr, N. Y. A. C., 2; John Bray, N. Y. A. C., 3. Time, 11m. 44 3-58.

A. A. U. SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

In addition to the track and field events which occupied the afternoon, the morning was devoted to the swimming championships of the Amateur Athletic Union. The events took place over a course of 110 yards between Travers Island and Glen Island, off the N. Y. C.'s boat-house float. The 100 yards, 220 yards and 440 yards were all won by E. C. Schaeffer, of the University of Pennsylvania and the N. Y. A. C. He swam in beautiful form, and he won the two-twenty and quarter with ease. F. A. Wenck, of N. Y. A. C., took up the club's defence in the half and mile, which he won in fine style.

The summary follows:

100 yards, final heat—Won by E. C. Schaeffer, New York A. C.; W. C. Miller, Knickerbocker A. C., 2; L. Johnson, Knickerbocker A. C., 3. Time, 1m. 8 3-55.

220 yards—Won by E. C. Schaeffer, N. Y. A. C.; H. Witherspoon, Jr., K. A. C., 2; L. Johnson, K. A. C., 3. Time, 2m. 53 3-55.

440 yards—Won by E. C. Schaeffer, N. Y. A. C.; L. De B. Handley, K. A. C., 2; J. W. Spencer, Columbia University, 3. Time, 6m. 48 3-55.

880 yards—Won by F. A. Wenck, N. Y. A. C.; Harry Kollock, National Skating Association, 2. Time, 15m. 35.

One mile—Won by F. A. Wenck, N. Y. A. C.; Walter M. Jarman, National Skating Association, 2; W. D. Hennen, N. Y. A. C., 3. Time, 30m. 33 4-55.

ATLANTIC DIVISION CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The championship games of the Atlantic Division of the Amateur Athletic Union were held at Baltimore, Md., September 30th.

The representatives of Washington, Philadelphia and Baltimore clubs turned out in good numbers, but the home athletes carried off the lion's share of firsts. The performances were not by any means brilliant, either with regard to time or distances, and were all far behind the Atlantic Division records, but the cold weather and a stiff breeze were somewhat against the athletes doing their best work.

The summaries follow:

100-yard dash—A. R. Speare, Washington Y. M. C. A., won; W. C. Blome, Maryland A. C., 2. Time, 13 1-55.

220-yard hurdles—W. D. Randall, Jr., Druid Outing Club, won; F. M. Widner, Druid Outing Club, 2. Time, 29 4-55.

880-yard run—J. W. Beatty, Washington Y. M. C. A., won; W. G. Stuart, Y. M. C. A., 2. Time, 2m. 15 1-55.

440-yard run—J. W. Beatty, Washington Y. M. C. A., won; J. M. Morgan, Washington Y. M. C. A., 2. Time, 57 3-55.

220-yard dash—A. R. Speare, Washington Y. M. C. A., won; William C. Blome, Maryland A. C., 2. Time, 24 1-55.

One-mile run—E. R. Kelly, Park A. C., Philadelphia, won; W. G. Stuart, Washington Y. M. C. A., 2. Time, 5m. 12 4-55.

120-yard hurdle—Howard Baetjer, B. A. C., won; John Bouise, St. Leo's, 2; William H. Linney, St. Leo's, 3. Time, 19 4-55.

One-mile relay race—Maryland Athletic Club Team (T. J. Requardt, Harry Hamill, William C. Blome and C. R. Gantz) won; Washington Y. M. C. A., 2. Time, 3m. 45 1-55. Won on foul.

Running broad jump—Harry Kleinfelter, M. A. C., won, 21ft. 3in.; G. B. Scholl, M. A. C., 2, 21ft. 1/2in.

Running high jump—D. R. Tate, Maryland A. C., won, 5ft. 9 1/2in.; Royce Hough, Washington Y. M. C. A., 2, 5ft. 8 1/2in.

Putting 16 pound shot—Shirley Carter, Baltimore A. A., won, 36ft. 7in.; Royce Hough, Washington Y. M. C. A., 2, 33ft. 7in.

Throwing 16-pound hammer—Shirley Carter, B. A. C., won, 89ft. 2in.; T. K. Barrett, St. Leo's, 2, 88ft. 11in.

Throwing discus—T. J. Hintonach, St. Leo's, won, 93ft.; P. E. Murphy, M. A. C., 2, 91ft. 1in.

Pole vault—P. E. Murphy, M. A. C., won, 9ft. 7in.; A. J. McElhone, Woodside A. C., 2, 9ft. 7in.

One-mile bicycle—W. H. Green, Druid Athletic Club, won; T. H. Bennett, B. A. C., 2. Time, 2m. 52 2-55.

VIGILANT.

CYCLING.

FOR the first time, amateur records of importance are reported from the Pacific Northwest. C. C. Holzel, of Spokane, Wash., claims to have covered a quarter mile, paced, in 20 1-55., one-third mile in 29 2-55., one-half mile in 45 4-55., and one mile in 1m. 35 1-55. Public and private advices stoutly maintain these times as correct, although they have not yet been accepted by the Racing Board.

At Brockton, Mass., in September, John R. DuBois rode a five-mile unpaced pursuit race in the world's record time of 12m. 12s. A week later, however, J. F. Ingraham beat DuBois at the same place and in same form of race, his time being six seconds better, or 12m. 6s.

On September 25th Charles Mock rode from Manhattan to Albany, N. Y., in 11h. 49m., bettering previous time by several hours. On the 8th of October he lowered the record between Philadelphia and New York by 48 minutes, making the run in 5h. 38m. 30s.

All Rhode Island State records, from one to fifteen miles inclusive, were recently broken by W. A. Rutz in a motor-paced race for the latter distance against Edward Scholze, of Pawtucket, R. I. The time for the fifteen miles was 27m. 22 3-55.

FIRST SIDEPATH CONVENTION.

The first convention of sidepath-builders ever held in this or any other country convened at Rochester, N. Y., on Thursday and Friday, September 28th and 29th, about 150 delegates being present, most of them from various points in New York State, but many from otherwheres. The objects of the meeting were twofold, *i. e.*, to plan to secure uniform and effective sidepath legislation throughout the country at large, and to devise means for furthering the movement in all practicable ways.

THE PROWLER.

YACHTING.

THE INTERNATIONAL RACES.

THERE never was a more sportsmanlike challenger for the Cup than Sir Thomas Lipton. He fairly bubbles over with good nature. When he said he really hoped that the better boat would win one couldn't help believing him. He presented a marked contrast to the last challenger for the Cup, and proved quite as chivalrous and generous a foe as the late Lieutenant William Henn, of the smart "tin-frigate" *Galatea*.

Sir Thomas arrived on the *Campania* on September 1st. His companions were Will Fife, Jr., designer of the *Shamrock*, Thos. W. Ratsey, the sailmaker, who was here before with *Thistle*, *Valkyrie II*, and *Valkyrie III*. The trials of *Shamrock* began immediately afterward under the direction of Mr. Fife. She made her anchorage in the Horseshoe, which was the headquarters also of the *Erin*, the steamers *Plymouth* and *Nonowantuck*, the tugs *James A. Lawrence* and *Adelaide*, two steam launches and a barge for *Shamrock's* extra spars—all being chartered by Sir Thomas for use during the races.

The trial spins of *Shamrock* aroused much interest. On one occasion she logged over thirteen knots an hour while reaching. On another occasion she carried away her metal gaff. Her performance seemed to have much impressed yachtsmen, for when she came to be dry-docked not a few experts declared that Sir Thomas had a capital chance to "lift the cup."

To give an idea of the thoroughness of the challenger's equipment I may mention that she is provided with six suits of sails, two complete sets of metal racing spars, one spare set of wooden racing spars, duplicate standing and running rigging, nothing being omitted to take the part of any gear that might carry away. *Shamrock* had a wooden gaff and topmast made at the Erie Basin in case of disaster. These were the only spars made for the challenger in this country.

One of the most striking features of *Shamrock* is her superb suit of sails. Her capital showing was due in a great measure to the quality of her canvas. It is always more pleasant to praise than to condemn, but the universal verdict of all yachtsmen with whom I conversed during the races was that *Columbia* was severely handicapped by her ill-fitting sails. The hull of *Columbia* is superior to that of *Shamrock*, but the sails of the Yankee yacht are far inferior to those made by Lapthorne and Ratsey. The foregoing is the consensus of opinions of some of the ablest amateur and professional yachtsmen in the world. As a matter of fact, we have good sailmakers in New York, and also in Boston and Chicago, and when such a trophy as the *America's* Cup is at stake the best in the world should have been secured.

Shamrock was towed from the Horseshoe to Erie Basin on September 26th. The following day she was dry-docked. A curious crowd was on hand to view the alleged marvels and mysteries of her underbody, which had been concealed from the vulgar gaze by canvas petticoats on the occasion of her launch. It turned

out, however, that there is nothing extraordinary or wonderful in the hull above or below the water-line. Cameras were absolutely forbidden.

Shamrock is not so pleasing to the eye as the *Columbia*, but she impresses one with a sense of her power and ability. She has more beam, more sheer, and greater freeboard than her rival. She has much shorter overhangs than the Bristol yacht, and probably a few inches more draught. Her fin is probably six feet longer than *Columbia's*, and she may have ten tons more displacement and a heavier lead keel. The Fife boat looks as if she were designed to sail as upright as possible, while the Herreshoff craft was planned to heel easily and thus take advantage of added length.

Lord Charles Beresford very aptly described the two boats as "greyhound" and "bulldog," the *Shamrock* being the bulldog.

It is generally credited that the following dimensions of *Shamrock*, as given in the *London Times*, are pretty nearly accurate: Length, 127 ft. 9 in.; beam, 24 ft. 6½ in.; length on load water-line, 89 ft. 2 in.; length of forward overhang, 17 ft. 2 in.; length of overhang aft, 21 ft. 5 in.; draught, 20 ft. 3 in.; area midship section, 130 ft.; coefficient midship section, 0.278; area of lateral plane, 970 ft.; coefficient displacement, 0.134; area of load water-plane, 1,493 ft.; wetted surface, 2,916 ft.; tons per inch immersion, 3.54; displacement, 160 tons.

Columbia was taken into Dry dock No. 3, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, on Thursday, September 28th, having been towed thither from New Rochelle. This was the first opportunity given to yachtsmen to see the underbody of the Cup defender, for she was launched in the dark and made much of a mystery by her builders. The docking was witnessed by Mr. Iselin and his zealous aides, Messrs. Woodbury Kane and Herbert C. Leeds. As the water was pumped out, a diver went down to see that the yacht's keel rested on the blocks. When the vessel's hull was exposed, nobody could help admiring its perfect symmetry and fairness. *Defender* is a beautifully modeled craft, but *Columbia* excels her, even as *Defender* excelled *Valkyrie III*.

My old friend, A. Cary Smith, the marine painter and naval architect, who has designed some of the fastest and ablest yachts afloat, was very much in evidence, and his views were eagerly sought for by the experts present. He said she is a well-molded boat and expressed great admiration for her. I am only a sailor and make no pretension to a knowledge of naval architecture. Permit me, therefore, to make a few quotations from Mr. Cary Smith, who is a practical shipwright, a yacht designer and, moreover, a man who can paint a yacht and also salt water. Few men can do one of these three things. Mr. Smith can do them all.

He described the stern as an easy curve at the head, running into a long, straight line, gradually turning into the lower part, where it takes a short curve and meets the keel at an angle of about forty degrees. The keel at the forward end turns in a very short curve, and is notably full and lean at the after end. The bottom of the keel is nearly straight.

The overhang from the sternpost struck him

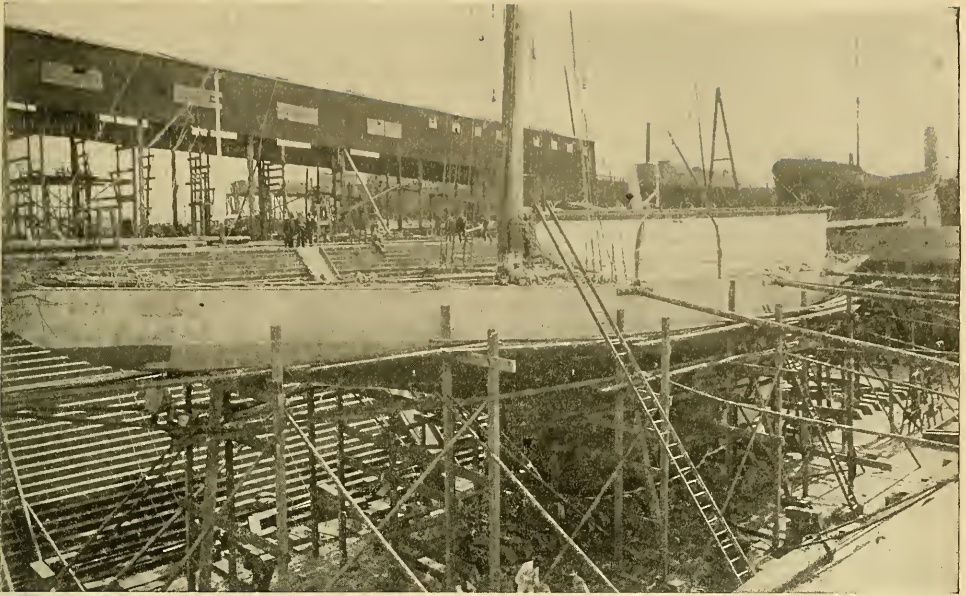


Photo by T. C. Turner.

UNDER-BODY OF THE "SHAMROCK," IN THE ERIE DRY DOCK,
BOW VIEW.

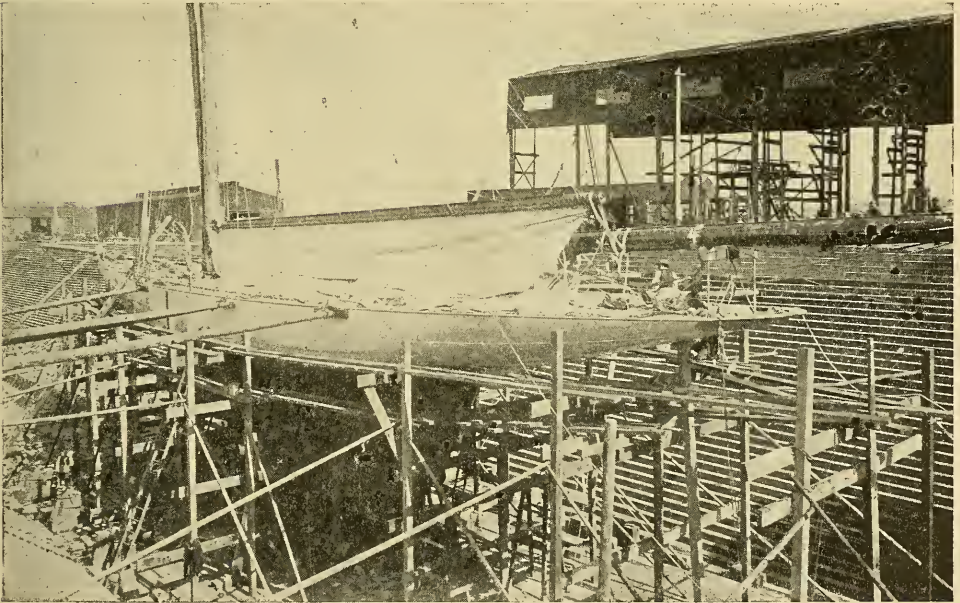


Photo by T. C. Turner.

UNDER-BODY OF THE "SHAMROCK," IN THE ERIE DRY DOCK,
STERN VIEW.

as being very long, the contour being straight to the water-line and then curving down near the sternpost, which being so far below the water-line is the cause of this sharp curve. The rake of the sternpost he said was greater than *Shamrock's*, which gives her a much shorter keel and apparently much less wetted surface.

Viewed from the extreme end of the dock, the midship section is seen to be widest at the deck. It gradually turns just below the water-line into a slack bilge, and then, with much more dead-rise than the *Shamrock*, curves gently toward the center line. From this curve it goes down nearly straight to just above the lead, where it fills out to about three feet at the widest part.

The body above the water aft and about the sternpost impressed him as flaring; and the full water-line at the stern with the round deck-line above, combined with the shallow bilge, gives a marvelously long and fair section-line.

The curve of the stem near the head gives a slight flare to the bow, and, while the top is very sharp, the full water-line will pick her up in a sea wonderfully.

The fullness at the lower end of the midship section is carried well forward and aft, causing the hollow line of the overhang just above the sternpost. This would not look quite fair to a tyro, but the long, fair section-line is the main thing, and such apparent lapses are not to be taken into consideration. From a point one-third of the distance above the water-line forward, a diagonal could be drawn that would just touch the bilge all the way to the corner of the stern.

This peculiar form of section makes her heel easily in a light wind, making her sails draw, and when well careened gives her great power and enables her to maintain her speed even when nearly down to the mast.

In order to show that no precautions were neglected, it may be said that a new steel lowermast was ready for stepping on *Columbia* if necessary.

Captains Hogarth and Wringe visited *Columbia* while in dry dock, as did also Captain Ben Parker, skipper of the German Emperor's *Meteor*. They declined to give for publication their opinions of the defending yacht. It is said that Parker came over to assist in the sailing of *Shamrock*, Lord Lonsdale having prevailed upon the Kaiser to give him the requisite permission. Parker hails from Itchen Ferry. He is one of the ablest of British sailing masters. He came here incognito as Captain Jones.

The cleaning to which the yachts were subjected in dry dock was very thorough. The topsides of the challenger were polished by emery wheels, run by flexible shafting and dynamos, while the underbody was burnished by hand, the crew using steel wool and polishing composition. The lead keel of *Shamrock* was coppered at the same time. Her topsides were given a couple of coats of pea-green paint, which Irishmen objected to as not being the orthodox hue.

All the cleaning and polishing of the *Columbia* was done by hand, and well done, too. Her topsides were painted white.

With regard to the rig of the *Shamrock* it looks a little coarser and clumsier than that of the *Columbia*, but that may be owing to the telescoping topmast of the Bristol craft, which gives her a peculiarly light and graceful appearance afloat. The bowsprit of Oregon pine is secured in a short tube at the stem-head and another perhaps 12 feet inboard. It has the usual wire bobstay and martingale. The mast is of nickel steel flush-plated. Just below the place where the jaws of the gaff come when the sail is hoisted, two spreaders are fitted to brace a masthead shroud on either side. The blocks are light, but there is no marked innovation in either the standing or the running rigging. The mast is about three feet further aft than that of *Columbia*. *Shamrock* steers with a tiller about 15 feet long. Her topmast is of wood; her lowermast, boom, and gaff are of metal.

The *Columbia* looks very light afloat. Her bowsprit is of Oregon pine, quite short. Her mast is of steel, and the Oregon pine topmast houses inside of it. The boom and gaff are of steel. The standing rigging looks of the spider's-web type, but it is supposed to be strong enough to resist the savagest squall.

Those experts who compared the two yachts before their first race concluded that *Columbia*, with her short base-line and smaller headsails, ought to show to best advantage to windward, while the larger fore-triangle of *Shamrock* would probably cause her to sail faster on a reach. When both craft met for the first time *Columbia* had carried away her steel mast, *Shamrock's* steel gaff had collapsed, while each had lost a bobstay. *Columbia* steers with a wheel fitted to a new patent contrivance of Herreshoff design.

Mr. Cary Smith, after examining *Shamrock* very carefully, said: "Take her altogether, she is the most dangerous challenger that ever came across the Atlantic. No doubt she will give a good account of herself in a strong breeze, in a reach and to windward. Before the wind she may not show up so well. But all this is speculation. The speed of a boat is not only in the form, but in the rig and set of the sails, combined with the skill and nerve of the man who holds the tiller. The object of her designer is to carry the largest rig on the smallest and lightest hull possible. The boat is beautifully fair, and is plated with rare judgment. To get such light work fair requires the greatest skill and care. The freeboard is plated with two strakes of aluminum. Below this is bronze."

Both yachts were measured by Mr. John Hyslop, the official measurer of the New York Yacht Club, on October 2d, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Mr. Fife proved that he had got the better of Mr. Herreshoff so far as time allowance is concerned. When the official tape had been applied to the vessels it was found that *Columbia*, on a thirty-mile course, had to allow *Shamrock* 6.3 seconds. In this connection it may be noted that in 1895 *Valkyrie III*, allowed *Defender* 29.10 seconds, but in 1893 *Vigilant* allowed *Valkyrie II*. 1m. 48s.

I am indebted to Mr. Hyslop, for the following dimensions:

	<i>Columbia</i> , Feet.	<i>Shamrock</i> , Feet.
Length on load water-line.....	89.66	87.69
Length from after end of boom to forward point of measurement.....	181.62	189.13
Length from forward side of mast to forward point of measurement.....	73.35	79.46
Extreme length of spinnaker boom.....	73.35	79.46
Length of gaff.....	64.95	67.64
Length of topmast.....	64.50	58.06
Length, less one-fifth, as per for- mula.....	51.60	46.45
Height from upper side of boom to topsail halliard block.....	134.75	128.28
Sail area (square feet).....	13.135	13.490
Square root of sail area.....	114.61	116.15
Racing length.....	102.135	101.92

If the reader takes the trouble to compare the sail areas of the two racers he will by a little process of subtraction discover that the Fife craft carries 364 feet of canvas more than the Herreshoff boat. It should be chronicled here that the load water-line length of *Columbia* when Mr. Hyslop first tackled her with the steel tape was 87.66. This necessitated the taking aboard of twenty pigs of lead weighing 85 pounds each, which were waiting on board the *Columbia's* tender precisely for such an emergency. This added weight brought her down to her calculated water-line length. She was stripped for the fight, every superfluous article aboard of her being placed ashore, and the crew of 49 all close-cropped and clean-shaven. Thus she appeared in racing trim with every sail and spar aboard that she would use in her contest with *Shamrock*. It was found that the spinnaker boom was too long, and two inches was sawn off at each end of the spar. Mr. Hyslop painted a mark at the water-line forward and aft, and with this his duties ended. Among those who were interested spectators I noticed Lord Charles Beresford, Sir Thomas Lipton, Rear-Admiral Philip, U. S. N., and Chevalier de Martino, the marine painter. Lord Charles Beresford frankly admitted that the *Columbia* was by all odds the prettier boat, but he said he thought *Shamrock* had more power and would win. Nat Herreshoff watched the measuring of *Columbia* for Mr. Iselin, while Mr. Jesse Connell represented the owner of the *Shamrock*. To the regret of everybody, Mr. Fife, the designer of the *Shamrock*, was unable to be present because of a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which confined him to his room at his hotel in New York. *Columbia* and *Shamrock* met for the first time at this dock, and both crews gave each other a rousing cheer, Sir Thomas Lipton leading his crew with almost boyish enthusiasm.

After *Columbia* had been hauled out of the graving dock at the Navy Yard, *Shamrock* was hauled in to be measured. Nat Herreshoff and Mr. H. F. Lippitt represented the New York Yacht Club. It was noticed that the masthead of *Shamrock* had been fitted with additional struts, to strengthen it. When Mr. Hyslop measured her spinnaker boom it was found to be, like *Columbia's*, too long, and six inches were sawn off the spar. This, of course, couldn't make the slightest difference in the set or sit of the sail, but it shows the exactitude and minuteness of the measurements.

After the process of measurement was concluded, both yachts were towed to their moorings within the Horseshoe, where they were made ready for the first race, on October 3d.

It was arranged that Mr. Hugh C. Kelly, the honorary Secretary of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, should represent his organization on the *Columbia*; and that Mr. Henry F. Lippitt, owner of the schooner *Quissetta*, should look after the interests of the New York Yacht Club on the *Shamrock*. Mr. Kelly came to this country in the steam yacht *Niagara*, owned by his friend, Mr. Howard Gould.

Before the first race *Columbia* was a strong favorite in the betting. After the three "flukes" the stock of *Shamrock* soared upward.

For the first time in the history of international yachting, the United States Government took an active part in the contest. I refer to the excellent policing of the course by the fleet of revenue cutters and torpedo boats under the command of Captain Robley D. Evans—"Fighting Bob." Owing to the splendid work of the vessels, the yachts had a fair field. Not once did they suffer from the wash of the excursion boats, nor was there the slightest interference with their wind. Captain Evans carried out his orders to the strict letter. He complained of several vessels that infringed on the rules that he made, but these craft were not allowed to get close enough to do the slightest mischief. The benefit of a clear course is due, in a great measure, to the efforts of Commodore Kane, who used all his influence in Washington and succeeded in accomplishing his purpose. The rules which he drew up were promptly endorsed by the Treasury Department. As they form an important part of the history of the Cup contest, I give them in full.

Rule No. 1.—Observe carefully the movements of the patrol vessels and carry out promptly and cheerfully the instructions received from them.

Rule No. 2.—A clear space of half a mile about the starting line will be maintained until the race has been started. The vessels of the revenue cutter service will be formed in column extending from the vicinity of the starting line to the left in a direction four points from the wind. The torpedo boat flotilla will form a similar line four points to the right of the direction of the wind. The two lines of patrol vessels will thus form a right angle. All vessels except the judges' boats must be kept outside of the patrol lines. The space inclosed in the right angle thus formed will be reserved for the competing yachts.

Rule No. 3.—If, after crossing the line, the competing yachts stand on the port tack, the torpedo boats will form column and stand on a course parallel with them. All vessels outside of the torpedo boats will take the same course. The revenue cutters will form line and head the same course as the competing yachts. All passenger vessels outside of this line will head in the same direction, and be careful to keep astern of the line of patrol vessels. When the yachts tack, all patrol vessels will at once change course and steer the course taken by them. Passenger vessels will do the same.

Rule No. 4.—When the competing yachts turn the stakeboat for the run in, all patrol vessels will head for the vicinity of the finishing point. The revenue cutters, in column, inverted order, will head for a point half a mile to the right of the starting boat. The torpedo boats, in similar formation, will head for a point half a mile to the left of the starting boat. Thus a clear space one mile wide will be maintained astern of and to the windward of the competing yachts.

Rule No. 5.—All passenger vessels will be careful not to cross astern of the competing yachts on the run in, but will remain on the outside of the line of patrol vessels and avoid crowding about the finish line.

Rule No. 6.—If the race be to leeward and return, the patrol vessels will form two parallel lines, one mile apart, torpedo boats to the right and revenue cutters to the left, and in this formation head the course, followed by the competing yachts. Passenger vessels must keep outside of these lines and observe Rule No. 5. Until reaching the turn buoy, rule No. 4 will apply. When the yachts turn the mark and start on the beat back, rule No. 3 will be observed.

Rule No. 7.—Should the wind shift during any of the races, patrol vessels will immediately indicate the lines to be formed, as in the rules above laid down, and passenger vessels must keep outside of these lines with as little delay as may be consistent with safety.

Rule No. 8.—When the competing yachts reach a point on the first leg of the course, to be determined by the officer in charge of the patrol fleet, the guard flags will be lowered to half mast and the steam whistles blown on all patrol boats. When this signal is made all vessels carrying passengers will run at full speed for a position to leeward of the last leg of the course, and as near the second stakeboat as may be without approaching it nearer than half a mile. The patrol boats will in this case establish a single line, revenue cutters in the lead, to leeward of the line on which the competing yachts will run in; and all passenger vessels must find themselves to leeward of this patrol line before the yachts turn the second stakeboat. On the run in, all vessels must be careful not to cross the sailing line of the competing yachts, either ahead or astern of them, but keep to leeward of the patrol line until the race is finished.

Rule No. 9.—A blank cartridge fired from any one of the patrol boats will indicate that some vessel is persistently violating some rule. Prompt attention to this warning signal will obviate the necessity of sending the offender back to New York in charge of an officer and the revocation of the license of the master.

All masters and owners of water craft of all descriptions are hereby warned that any violation of these rules will be under penalties for violation of the navigation laws of the United States—fine and forfeiture of license.

Following are the sailing rules which govern the races. They were drawn up by the Regatta Committee, and approved of thoroughly by both sides:

Start will be made from Sandy Hook Lightship at as near eleven A M as will be practicable, the preparatory signal being given fifteen minutes in advance; but always with the understanding that should the direction of the wind prevent laying the course from the lightship the starting line will be shifted to the nearest available point and that in this case the preparatory signal will be given about half an hour before the time set for starting from the lightship.

Courses.—No. 1, letter C, from the starting line to and around a mark, fifteen miles to windward or leeward, and return, leaving the mark on the starboard hand.

No. 2, letter D, from the starting line ten miles to and around a mark, ten miles to and around a second mark, and ten miles to the finish line, leaving the marks on the outside of the triangle, to port or starboard, according as the vessels are sent around.

Starting and finish lines will be between a point on the committee boat, indicated by a white flag, and the mainmast of the lightship, or other stakeboat if the start is shifted from the lightship. These lines will be at right angles with the outward and home courses respectively.

Compass courses (magnetic) will be set before the preparatory signal is given. The signals for course No. 2 must be read beginning forward.

Marks will be white floats, carrying a red ball, with horizontal white stripe. The position of each mark will be indicated by a two-masted tug lying about one hundred yards beyond. The tugs will carry a red ball at each masthead, and will swing a red ball from the triatic stay. Should a mark be wrecked its place will be taken by its marking tug, which will display a red flag, with diagonal white stripe, in addition to the other indications; and in turning the tug, the directions for the mark will govern.

STARTING SIGNALS.

Preparatory.—A gun will be fired, the blue peter set and a red ball hoisted.

Start.—Fifteen minutes later a gun will be fired and the ball will drop.

Handicap Time.—Two minutes later a gun will be fired and the blue peter hauled down.

Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given. At the finish a short blast will be given as each vessel crosses the line.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

C—Assent. D—Negative. P—Preparatory. *Recall. Display of private signal.

G—Do you assent to postponing race until later in the day?

H—Do you assent to calling race off for the day?

J—Race postponed for the day. K—Race postponed until later in the day.

N—Race postponed on account of fog. R—Race is off.

S—The start will be shifted from the lightship.

T—Accident. Should either vessel meet with serious accident prior to the preparatory signal she will display letter T, and shall have sufficient time to repair before being required to start; or should such accident occur during a race she shall have time to repair before the next race is started.

Preliminary.—Should the start be materially postponed—fifteen minutes or over—a preliminary signal will be made by the discharge of a gun and the display of the yacht ensign fifteen minutes prior to the preparatory signal.

Night.—After dark the marking tugs, and at the finish line the committee boat (and the stakeboat if the start has been shifted from the lightship), will show four red lights horizontally; the guide vessel will show four white lights in a similar manner, and the marks will hang two white lights vertically.

Fog.—At three-minute intervals the marking tugs will give five short whistle blasts, with two-second intervals between the second and third and the fourth and fifth; and if the start has been shifted from the lightship at the finish line the committee boat will strike five strokes upon the bell.

Sir Thomas Lipton and C. Oliver Iselin met at the New York Yacht Club before the date of the first race, and signed this agreement: "Inasmuch as we are of the opinion that the *America's* Cup races are no less a test of the strength of construction of the competing vessels than of their sailing qualities, and it is deemed advisable to avoid the embarrassment in which a vessel finds herself when called upon to decide whether to withdraw from a race upon the occurrence of an accident disabling her competitor, it is agreed that in the races between the *Shamrock* and *Columbia*, each yacht shall stand by the consequences of any accident happening to her, and that the uninjured vessel shall sail out the race."

Thus equipped for racing, with every arrangement made to cover every possible contingency, as it seemed, and with the best of good feeling prevailing between the personnel of the rival yachts, *Columbia* and *Shamrock* eagerly awaited the signal that should send them off on their first contest. A. J. KENEALY.

The unparalleled conjunction of circumstances which delayed the International races over and over again, renders it impossible for us to deal with the subject in this issue. In our next we shall treat it exhaustively with appropriate illustrations.—*Editor OUTING.*



CRICKET.

AS we go to press, Prince Ranjitsinhji and his team of English amateur cricketers are in the midst of their schedule of games in this country. In the selection of the team which Ranjitsinhji has been fortunate enough to gather together for his tour he is certainly to be congratulated, for never before have a team of so high and all-round quality been seen in this country. In fact it would be difficult for anyone to select from England's best amateurs a team which would be superior to the one now with us. In addition to the Prince, who is one of the foremost, if not *the* best bat in England, there are in his team at least six men who are fitted for selection on any All-England team: A. C. McLaren, of Lancashire; C. L. Townsend and G. L. Jessop, of Gloucestershire; A. E. Stoddart and B. J. T. Bosanquet, of Middlesex, and S. M. J. Wood, of Somerset. A glance at the averages of these men for this season's first-class matches in England is enough to show their ability. In addition to these there are on the team such well-known players as G. C. B. Llewellyn, J. Robertson, A. Priestley, C. Robson, G. Brann. With such a combination, cricketers on this side have had the good fortune to witness some remarkably good batting and bowling.

The first match of the tour was played September 25th, 26th and 27th, at Philadelphia, against twenty-two Philadelphia Colts. The full team of Colts batted, but only fourteen of them were placed in the field, as it was felt by the Prince that with twenty-two men of average skill in the field no batsman would have any chance. The match finished a draw.

The scores follow:

XXII PHILADELPHIA COLTS—FIRST INNINGS.

W. E. Goodman, Jr., c. Ranjitsinhji, b. Woods.....	17
W. S. Hinchman, st. Robson, b. Llewellyn.....	16
F. C. Sharpless, run out.....	1
A. W. Jones, b. Llewellyn.....	0
W. L. Freeland, b. Llewellyn.....	3
G. R. White, c. Robertson, b. Townsend.....	21
C. C. Morris, b. Llewellyn.....	0
W. P. Seymour, b. Jessop.....	11
T. C. Jordan, c. Ranjitsinhji, b. Woods.....	27
C. H. Howson, c. Robson, b. Brann.....	19
W. W. Justice, l. b. w., Woods.....	0
G. M. Wolfe, b. Woods.....	6
W. P. O'Neill, c. Townsend, b. Stoddart.....	6
C. J. Allen, l. b. w., Llewellyn.....	20
H. P. Statzell, b. Brann.....	4
S. W. Mifflin, b. Llewellyn.....	0
H. A. Hames, c. Llewellyn, b. Stoddart.....	17
L. W. De Motte, b. Stoddart.....	0
W. H. Sayen, not out.....	4
F. A. Green, b. Stoddart.....	0
S. G. Climensson, c. Jessop, b. Llewellyn.....	2
F. L. Altemus, b. Stoddart.....	1
Byes, 20; leg-byes, 6; no balls, 2; wide, 1.....	29
Total.....	205

GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

A. C. MacLaren, c. De Motte, b. O'Neill.....	16
G. Brann, b. Climensson.....	10
C. L. Townsend, b. Climensson.....	3
K. S. Ranjitsinhji, b. Green.....	42
A. E. Stoddart, c. Hinchman, b. O'Neill.....	7
S. M. J. Wood, c. Jones, b. O'Neill.....	0
G. L. Jessop, c. Allen, b. O'Neill.....	12
B. J. T. Bosanquet, c. Hinchman, b. Haines.....	56
G. C. B. Llewellyn, c. Goodman, b. O'Neill.....	13
C. Robson, not out.....	13
J. Robertson, c. De Motte, b. Climensson.....	2
A. Priestley, b. O'Neill.....	4
Byes, 1; leg-byes, 4; no balls, 2.....	7
Total.....	185

PHILADELPHIA COLTS—SECOND INNINGS.

F. C. Sharpless, b. Llewellyn.....	1
W. E. Goodman, Jr., b. Llewellyn.....	11
A. W. Jones, b. Llewellyn.....	2
C. C. Morris, c. Ranjitsinhji, b. Stoddart.....	1
W. L. Freeland, c. Bosanquet, b. Llewellyn.....	12
W. W. Justice, Jr., b. Bosanquet.....	35
W. H. Sayen, b. Llewellyn.....	2
G. M. Wolfe, l. b. w., Bosanquet.....	6
H. P. Statzell, not out.....	8
W. P. O'Neill, c. Robertson, b. Robson.....	7
Byes, 7; leg-byes, 2.....	9
Total (9 wickets).....	95

In the second match the visitors met the Gentlemen of Philadelphia. The result of this match was a most decisive victory for the English team by an innings and 173 runs. The scoring was good, McLaren playing in fine, finished style for his innings of 149.

The scores follow:

GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA—FIRST INNINGS.

J. B. King, b. Jessop.....	0
A. M. Wood, c. Stoddart, b. Jessop.....	39
H. C. Thayer, b. Jessop.....	0
N. Z. Graves, Jr., c. and b. Woods.....	43
F. H. Bates, b. Woods.....	0
J. E. C. Morton, c. Brann, b. Woods.....	0
J. H. Mason, c. Robson, b. Jessop.....	8
F. H. Clark, b. Woods.....	22
E. M. Cregar, b. Jessop.....	16
W. P. O'Neill, c. Bosanquet, b. Jessop.....	4
J. H. Scattergood, not out.....	12
Byes, 9; wides, 1; no balls, 2.....	18
Total.....	156

(GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.)

A. C. MacLaren, c. Scattergood, b. Clark.....	149
G. Brann, b. Clark.....	0
C. L. Townsend, c. Mason, b. Clark.....	28
K. S. Ranjitsinhji, c. Clark, b. Cregar.....	57
A. E. Stoddart, c. Wood, b. Morton.....	56
S. M. J. Wood, c. Graves, b. Clark.....	7
G. L. Jessop, b. King.....	64
B. J. T. Bosanquet, c. Thayer, c. Cregar.....	42
G. C. B. Llewellyn, b. Cregar.....	6
C. Robson, not out.....	0
J. Robertson, c. O'Neill, b. Cregar.....	0
Byes, 23; wides, 2; no balls, 1.....	26
Total.....	435

GENTLEMEN OF PHILADELPHIA—SECOND INNINGS.

J. B. King, c. Robson, b. Jessop.....	11
H. C. Thayer, b. Jessop.....	0
N. Z. Graves, b. Stoddart.....	36
J. H. Mason, b. Stoddart.....	17
A. M. Wood, c. Townsend, b. Stoddart.....	6
F. H. Bates, b. Llewellyn.....	15
P. H. Clark, run out.....	0
J. E. C. Morton, b. Woods.....	0
E. M. Cregar, c. MacLaren, b. Woods.....	0
W. P. O'Neill, not out.....	2
J. H. Scattergood, b. Stoddart.....	9
Byes, 9; no ball, 1.....	10
Total.....	106

CRICKET IN CALIFORNIA.

On September 3d, at Alameda, the California Club defeated the Pacific eleven. The Californias' innings closed for the very moderate total of 72. But even this was not equaled by the Pacifics, who compiled only 52. Dickinson and Howard bowled for California without change, the latter taking five wickets and the former capturing three. In their second innings the Californias scored 76. The Pacifics had scored 42 for seven wickets at call of time, and, the game being decided on the first innings, the Californias won by 20 runs.

On September 10th an eleven of the Santa Cruz Country Club, visiting San Francisco,

played against the Alameda Club at Alameda. None of the Alameda team (which played two men short), except Peel, Bird and McLean, made any stand against the bowling of Bowley, who captured six wickets for 11 runs. The visitors won by 27 runs.

On September 11th the visiting Santa Cruz team played against the Pacific eleven at Alameda. Going in first, they scored a total of 126, the principal contributors being F. K. Ritchie, 36; J. F. Coope, 30; E. F. Hilton, 22, and D. B. Bowley, 14. Seven Pacific bowlers were tried, the most successful being C. Simmonds, who took 6 wickets for 40 runs, and Casidy, who captured 3 for 32. Against this total the Pacifics were able to score only 76, J. Myers making 14, G. Theobald 13, and E. F. Musson 11. Bowley took 4 wickets for 16 runs, and Sheath 5 for 23. The visitors won by 50 runs.

On September 24th, at Alameda, the Alameda eleven defeated the Pacific team. The Alameda men went first to the bat, and ran up a total of 122, the principal scorers being J. J. Moriarty, 22; V. Seebeck, 22; P. E. McLean, 14; H. Ward, Jr., 13; J. H. Saunders, 10, and H. Bird, 10. C. P. Coles took 5 wickets for 26 runs, and Casidy 3 for 30. The Pacifics, though lacking their best batsman, Myers, started well, scoring 44 for the first two wickets, but all were out for 107, the batsmen who obtained double figures being G. Theobald, 20; H. P. G. Gordon, 18; C. Simmonds, 16, and C. P. Coles, 14. Six Alameda bowlers were put on, the most successful being Fortmann, who took 3 for 16; McLean, who captured 3

for 22, and Ward, Jr., who took 2 for 26. The Alamedas won by 15 runs.

On October 2d, at Alameda, the California eleven met the Alameda team for the last time this season, and, after a very close and exciting match, beat them by 16 runs. The Californias batted first, and scored 73 for the first wicket. The innings closed for 154, to which total E. G. Sloman contributed 27, A. Dickenson 53, E. F. Ritchie 35, and L. Schroeder 13. H. Ward, Jr., took 6 wickets for 40 runs, and Fortmann 2 for 45. J. J. Moriarty, captain of the Alamedas, did all he could to avert defeat, scoring 60 runs in excellent style, and being the last to lose his wicket. F. Croll, 24, and H. Ward, Jr., 11, gave him the best support. The innings, however, closed for 138 runs, and the match ended in favor of the Californias by 16 runs. Howard took 2 wickets for 27 runs, Dickinson 2 for 32, and Cookson 3 for 44. The Californias win the Brown Pennant for 1899, for, though another match remains to be played, its outcome will not affect their leadership.

Three new cricket clubs have recently been formed—at Sacramento, Grass Valley and Oakland. They are named the Sacramento, Grass Valley and Albion Cricket Clubs. The Sacramento eleven played a match at Sacramento, on September 5th, against the Citrus Colony team, of Penrhyn, Placer county, Cal. The Sacramento men scored 31 runs and the Penrhyn men compiled 117, to which H. F. Elliott contributed 45. The result was a victory for the Citrus Colony visitors by 72 runs.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. B., Boston.—The world's championships for 1900 have been allotted to l'Union des Sociétés Françaises des Sports Athlétiques, to be held in Paris; exact date as yet undetermined.

E. H. M., St. Paul.—A. A. Hansen, of Minneapolis, Minn., rode 1,000 miles on the Minnetonka-Snelling Century Course in 92 hours 44 minutes, in late August, beating the English record made by T. A. Edge, by 12 hours and 35 minutes. The first hundred miles were covered in 5 hours 25 minutes, and 500 miles in 38 hours 30 minutes.

Querist.—That during the month of July, 1899, 124,671 bicycles entered Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, Pa., while during the same month last year the number was 169,271, does not necessarily show a decrease of 44,600 in cyclists. It may be just as possible that there are more; but, being more proficient, they go farther from the city.

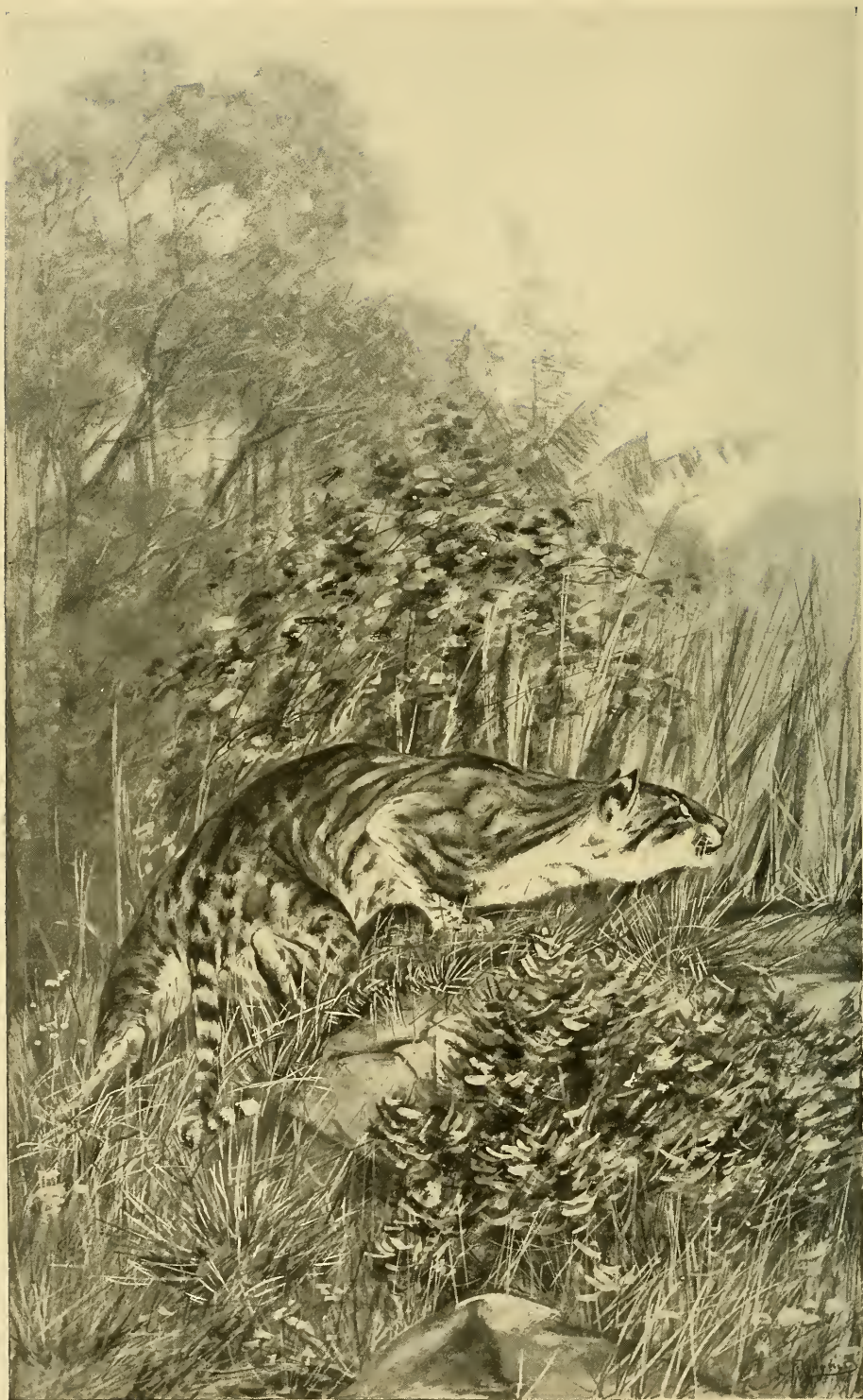
Daly.—An Automobile Club was incorporated in August last. You will find a report of the event in the *Herald* of the 16th.

Tennis.—“Real tennis” means court tennis, in contradistinction to lawn tennis. It is a puzzling term to all but the initiated, probably invented by the old court-tennis players, whose ancient name the modern (lawn) tennis player descended upon and filched.

Jack.—(1) You have brought your nomenclature over with you, that is all. You must drop all preconceived ideas with regard to the pike, of which hitherto you have known only one species. There are several here. (2) Pickerel is not here a diminutive of “pike.” (3) Nearly all game terms here differ from their equivalents in Europe, and differ even more in different parts of the States. To begin to explain what “quail,” “partridge” and “pheasant” mean in America would be to write a book. We cannot undertake it.

E. M. A., West Point.—“Volunteers” is a very complicated word to explain in relation to military matters, in free countries, where every soldier is a volunteer, whether in the National Guard or the line regiments. Then, again, in some States it might be argued that none of them are *really* volunteers, because every able-bodied man is in the militia and liable to be called upon for duty. It is the absence of the necessity to call upon them which causes this fact to be popularly overlooked.

Cricketer, St. George, S. I.—The old sod on the St. George's grounds, near the Fourteenth Street Ferry, Hoboken, is popularly supposed to have been imported from Ireland. Probably it was. At any rate, it is good enough to have been.



Painted for OUTING by C. Rungius.

THE OCELOT.

OUTING.

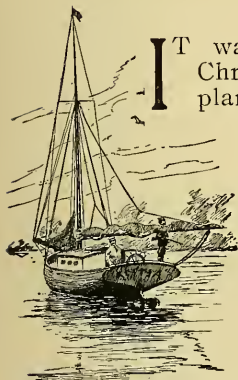
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No. 3.

WILD-FOWL SHOOTING IN OLD VIRGINIA.

BY J. DAY KNAP.



IT was three days before Christmas and we had planned to spend a week on the Broad Water and divide our time between shooting ducks and loafing aboard the sloop where we were to live during our stay. A "mutual" friend of ours, one "Doc" Morton, was to join us on Christmas Day, making a trio that had ofttime enjoyed the best of sport together and whiled away many a long evening with song and story.

Jim and I were routed out early the next morning and left the train at Cheriton, a little town in Virginia about four miles north of Cape Charles. Here we were met by a team that carried us and our luggage to the shore, where our guides awaited us; and we were soon seated in the cabin of their forty-foot sloop enjoying a bountiful breakfast while the guides got her under way and made things snug.

As we were informed that our anchorage would not be reached until afternoon, owing to the necessity of a stop at Cobb's Island for provisions, no shooting could be had that day. We contented ourselves, therefore, with sitting in the sun on deck watching the flocks of brant, geese and ducks that rose before us or flew past on their way to and from their feeding grounds, while the salt breeze

fanned our faces and the spray flew up in glittering showers from the bow of our good boat.

By noon we had taken aboard cook and grub and were off again. We then descended to the cabin, unpacked our stuff, put guns together, and got into a comfortable rig, discarding "store clothes" for the rest of our stay. When we appeared again on deck, the boat had come to anchor and we looked upon our new surroundings with interest.

To the east stretched the brown salt marshes, cut up by innumerable leads and channels, while beyond rolled the broad Atlantic, the boom of her breakers on the beach coming faintly to our ears.

To the north, in the distance, lay Hog Island; to the west the mainland, the "Eastern Sho'," while the dim line of blue on the horizon to the south showed where Cape Charles lay.

The Broad Water well deserves its name and fame; it is one of the best feeding grounds for wild fowl on the Atlantic coast.

Black ducks predominate, although mallards, broadbill, pintail and other varieties are sometimes found. Geese are abundant, and swarms of brant may be seen blackening the water or rising in great clouds when disturbed by some passing boat.

It is the fact of their presence that makes the Broad Water especially interesting to sportsmen, as brant do not visit many of the feeding grounds frequented by other water-fowl. They are found in large numbers on the coast of



Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

A LIVELY MORNING.

Southern California, but on no part of our Eastern coast are they so plentiful as here.

The one drawback to the hunter's happiness here is the fact that as a rule but half a day can be spent in actual shooting, as the birds come to the shoals where the blinds are built only on the falling water, and when the rising tide covers their feeding grounds too deeply they retire to the marsh. Here they feed quietly, hidden in the high grass, and it is only when stirred up by rough weather and a heavy wind that they come to decoys to any extent. But occasionally when these conditions are fulfilled, the marsh shooting is the best of all.

The sun sank below the hills, and we were called from watching the long lines of geese winging their way to the sand-bars for the night's feeding, by the announcement from below that dinner was ready.

One description of a meal, be it breakfast, lunch or dinner, will suffice for the week, as the menu rarely varied: Biscuits, eggs in any style desired, ducks and oysters likewise, coffee with condensed milk, potatoes and canned tomatoes—and at rare intervals a piece of leather, called steak, completed the list; but things were well cooked and we had hunters' appetites, so what restaurant in town could compare with it?

We spent this, our first evening, in swapping yarns with the guides and hearing how many geese one had killed this day and what a boatload of brant the other got on that, while to keep our end up we related exciting but entirely imaginary adventures with wounded moose in the North Woods or with elk in the West. But finally, getting too sleepy to invent anything more, we turned in, and, although our quarters were a trifle cramped, managed to get a comfortable night's rest, with dreams of geese that never got quite within range or of guns that would not go off, until we were called at daylight and hustled into our togs for the day's work. After a hasty breakfast we started, George and myself in one boat, while Jim went with the other guide, Hugh.

A row of a mile or so brought us to a point of the marsh covered with high grass and sedge, and here George put me ashore, while he busied himself throwing out the decoys. When this

was finished to his satisfaction he shoved ashore and we dragged the boat up into the grass, which, being bent over it, formed a perfect blind.

Then, having seen me comfortably settled in her, George withdrew to a safe distance, while I loaded my gun, and, placing my shells in a convenient position, looked about me and waited.

The day was a charming one, too charming, indeed, for ducks; hardly a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the water and not a cloud could be seen in the sky. The air was mild and balmy as an April morning, and altogether the shooting prospects could not be worse.

However, after an hour's waiting, I discovered a small bunch of black ducks heading in my direction, and lay back in the boat with gun ready, watching them.

On they came, until, sighting the decoys, they set their wings and sailed down, and were almost within range, when, suddenly turning off, they flew rapidly away.

Looking around to see what had scared them, I discovered George standing about forty feet away, with his back towards me and intently watching something in the distance.

"I'll be dog-goned if that don't look like the big yacht that was down heah last fall," he remarked, as he saw me looking at him over my blind. "See it away down to the south, comin' up 'long the beach?"

"What do I care about that yacht? I'm not after yachts, but ducks. Didn't you see that bunch of black ones that were coming in so nicely until they saw you and shied off?"

"No, I was watching that boat. I didn't see no ducks. But say, don't she look——"

"Oh, get down and keep quiet or you'll be scaring another flock." With an aggrieved look and a muttered remark about the yacht, he subsided, and I did not hear from him again until the tide was so high that we were obliged to pick up and go back to the sloop. In the meantime, I had killed a couple of single ducks that came to stool, and with these as our grand total for the morning's work we reached the boat, to find Jim and Hugh already there with a similar tale of woe.

"It ain't no use," remarked Hugh; "they won't make no shootin' till we

get the wind up heah to the nothe, and blowin' some. Then, look out."

But there wasn't any sign of wind, and we spent the afternoon loafing about the sloop, as the guides insisted that it was no use going to the blinds on a high tide. The next day was a little better, Jim getting some good shots and bringing in an even dozen, while I managed to run him pretty close, with ten to my credit.

About four o'clock that afternoon a sail appeared in the distance, and George, after a careful scrutiny through the glasses, announced that it was Carl, who was to bring Doc Morton from Cheriton and act as his guide during the rest of our stay.

Soon we could make out Doc's familiar form, and I, jumping on the top of the cabin, wig-wagged "Merry Christmas" with my handkerchief.

Back came the answer, "Same to you," and then, "How many?" This I answered, and added, "Got anything good for Christmas dinner?"

Doc's reply was indistinct, as he shouted it through his hands, but it sounded like either "some" or "Mumm." As it turned out the latter was correct. They were soon alongside, and greetings were exchanged at short range. Going below we made him acquainted with the history of our trip up to date, and presently, dinner being ready, we all sat down to it and made a jolly party until late that evening, when Doc went aboard his own boat for the night.

Next morning we awoke to hear the wind singing through the rigging and to find the bay covered with white caps.

After breakfast we separated, and, as the tide was falling, went out to the brush blinds which dot the surface of the bay and mark the shoals where the birds feed at low water. Such a day as it was!

Never had I spent a more uncomfortable one and never had I seen more ducks flying. The air was full of them all the time.

First, a flock of brant came tearing down wind, and, as they passed, George and I opened up, dropping four among the decoys. Then a bunch of black ducks swung in, which paid toll to the extent of five of their number, and so on. When shoving out to pick up the slain we almost always spoiled one or

two good shots before getting back to cover, but there were plenty more coming, so we didn't care.

I remember one incident in particular that goes to show with what rapidity the birds came in. We had just knocked over a pair of black ducks and were reloading our guns when George whispered, "Keep still; here come a bunch of mallards from the north." In the hurry I got a shell jammed in my left barrel, and while working at it the mallards swung in and lit among the decoys.

George kept quiet, and before I had extracted that shell and replaced it by another no less than two other flocks had come in and were sitting in the water around the blind. When we did get up to shoot they rose on all sides, and we only brought down three out of the lot, owing, no doubt, to the fact that one did not know just where to shoot, there were so many of them.

By twelve o'clock the tide had risen so as to cover the shoals, and the flight ceased. We picked up stool, and after a stormy passage across the bay reached the sloop. Doc was already aboard and sat smoking on the cabin with a smile of satisfaction on his countenance.

"How many?" I asked. "Twenty ducks, fourteen brant, and seven geese; and I didn't half shoot. What's yours?"

"Haven't counted them yet, but we did fairly well." Then George began throwing the birds on deck, while I arranged them in piles according to species. When I was through we had to our credit thirty-one ducks, mostly blacks, sixteen brant, and three geese; not so bad for five hours' work in that wind.

Jim soon arrived with another good bunch of birds, and we went to lunch with appetites that threatened to drive the cook to drink and make a large hole in our provision supply.

When that was disposed of, the afternoon was spent in cleaning guns and comparing notes on our morning's sport. That night we changed our anchorage to a more sheltered spot, as the storm increased and looked like a stayer.

The next morning we went into the marsh, and if the previous one had been fast shooting, this was lightning.

The wind was blowing a fifty-mile-an-hour gale, and the black ducks and geese driven from their feeding grounds in the bay poured into the marsh for

shelter, and kept things lively until the tide drove us out, and we returned to the sloop with fifty-seven ducks and twenty-one geese, a number I am rather ashamed of, but as my friends in the North among whom I distributed the results of that day's work seemed greatly pleased, I felt myself partially justified.

Jim and Doc did equally well, and as we started for Cheriton the next day all agreed that if a bad beginning always made as good an ending to our trips we would be more than satisfied, and we pledged ourselves to return at some future date and enjoy another week's outing in old Virginia.

THE DECISIVE RACES FOR THE CUP.

BY CAPTAIN A. J. KENEALY.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON has quite candidly admitted to be true what OUTING has prophesied all along would be the result, namely, that his boat was beaten on her merits in a strong breeze, and also in moderate weather. He was brave enough, too, to say that, although he believed his yacht suffered through the unfortunate illness of Mr. Fife, she would not have proved a winner even if he had been well enough to give him the benefit of his talent.

When we meet with such a true sportsman we needs must sympathize with him in his defeat, and wish him better luck next time. And he has put himself on record that unless some other patriotic Britisher gets ahead of him he will challenge again in 1901, and this in spite of the fact that *Shamrock's* first cost alone was \$500,000, irrespective of all running and other incidental expenses! Thus nothing but the highest praise and appreciation are due to Sir Thomas Lipton from American yachtsmen.

To Messrs. Morgan and Iselin congratulations and felicitations are owing from the whole Republic. Not only did they provide the money, but they also picked out the means by which the Cup was retained. Nat Herreshoff, for designer and builder; Charles Barr, for sailing master; Deer Isle sailors for the crew, and Mr. Iselin and his amateur contingent to advise and direct, were the factors that made ours the victory.

To tell you the honest truth, I should not like to stand in the shoes of those men who went out of their way to insult the officers and try to demoralize the crew of *Columbia* by the most cowardly attacks ever known in the history of yachting. Such, however, is impersonal journalism! The efforts of these critics

to "hedge" after the first race was decided were as vain as they were amusing.

As told before in OUTING, the two contestants agreed on every point. The best of good feeling was shown on either side. The fairest arrangements were made for the squarest contest ever sailed on fresh or salt water. The representatives of each club had in their minds Sir Richard Sutton of the *Genesta*, Lieut. Henn of the *Galatea*, and Commodore Bell of the *Thistle*. All these were honorable and generous opponents, with the love of fair play predominant, and each eager to concede all that in honor could be yielded to a fair and square opponent.

The question of just how much could be conceded was settled in this instance by Sir Thomas Lipton. He was anxious that there should be no quibbles, that no mere trifles should spring up to disturb the harmony of future international yacht races. Therefore, at his sole suggestion the following iron-bound contract was signed by the high contracting parties on both sides. It is really important, or I would not reproduce it here:

"Inasmuch as we are of the opinion that the *America's* Cup races are no less a test of the strength of construction of the competing vessels than of their sailing qualities, and it is deemed advisable to avoid the embarrassment in which a vessel finds herself when called upon to decide whether to withdraw from a race upon the occurrence of an accident disabling her competitor, it is agreed that, in the races between the *Shamrock* and *Columbia* each yacht shall stand by the consequences of any accident happening to her, and that the uninjured vessel shall sail out the race."

And so it happened that the yachts were started in a series of flukes and doldrums that were sufficiently depressing to take the pluck out of the heart of the most enthusiastic yachtsman. On

another page I am privileged to tell of the failures to conclude a contest. In this section of OUTING I have been advised to tell the story of the races that count.

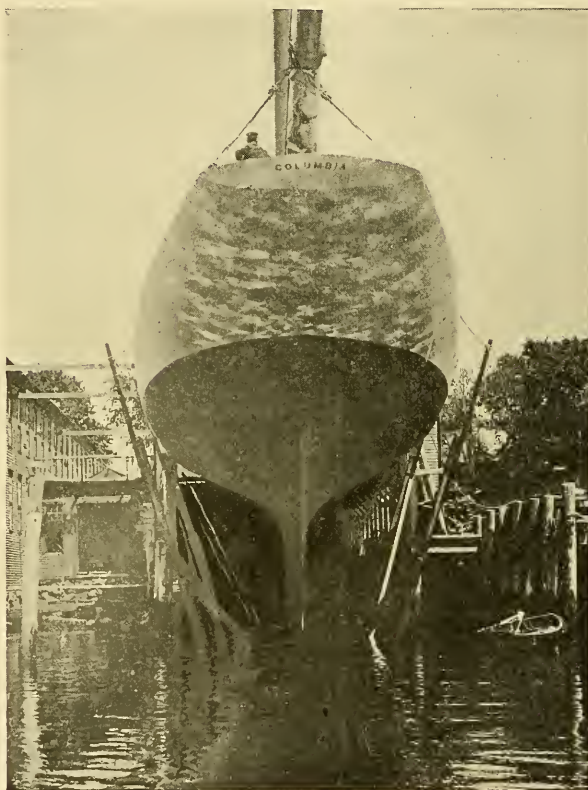
Suffice it to say that the first race was scheduled for October 3d, that it was tried again on October 5th and 7th without results, that the contest was continued on every intervening week-day, with calm or fog interrupting, until Monday, October 16th, when sufficient wind was found to enable the yachts to make a race. The prospect for a breeze was so unfavorable and the fog so dense in the early morn that the excursionists had dwindled away into insignificance, and there were only about 150 guests on the *Republic*. Those that went out saw a very capital race, in which every inch of the course was gallantly contested from start to finish.

When the yachts arrived at the starting point off Sandy Hook lightship, the wind was blowing from due east—only moderately, it is true, averaging from six to ten miles an hour—but with sufficient strength, if it only would hold, to enable the race to be sailed within the time limit. The sea was smooth, with only an occasional white cap. The tide was on the ebb. Great rolls of mist here and there obscured the horizon, but objects a mile distant could easily be distinguished. Thus fog played no hostile part in the day's proceedings.

While jockeying for position all had an opportunity to examine the great rivals. It caused some little surprise when it was noticed that *Shamrock*, instead of setting her marvelous sky-scraping clubtopsail, contented herself with spreading one of quite moderate dimensions. Evidently she expected a puffy time, or perhaps she had doubts as to her ability to carry it under the conditions that prevailed.

The committee boat signaled at 10:30 the course, east fifteen miles to windward and return.

The preliminary signal was made at 10:45 and the preparatory at 10:55. Both yachts stood for the line on the starboard tack, heeling over moderately to the pressure of the damp sea breeze. Just before crossing both craft broke out their small jibtopsails. *Shamrock* passed the line in the lead at 11:01:03, but *Columbia* was only three seconds after her, rushing along with



By courtesy of the *Providence Journal*.

THE "COLUMBIA" AT BRISTOL.

sails well full and making more headway than her green antagonist, which, with Skipper Hogarth at the helm, seemed to be pinched more than was healthy for her under the conditions of wind and water that then obtained. Captain Barr, with a clever fisherman's luff, placed *Columbia* on *Shamrock's* weather and kept her there all the way to the windward mark.

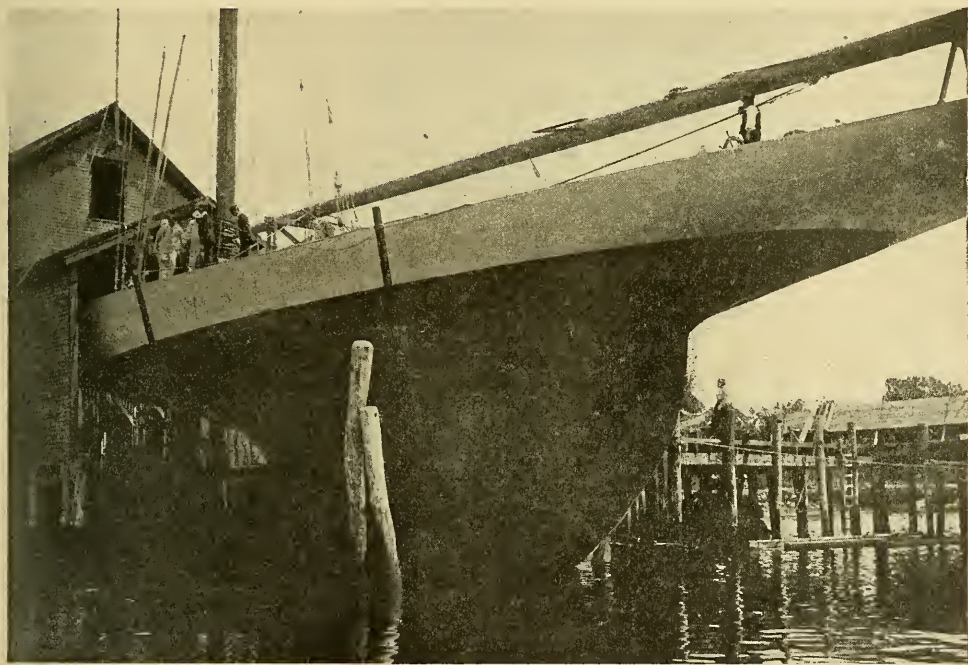
On this starboard tack what little sea was running was abeam, and of course both yachts took it easily. When they

went on the port tack at 11:15 it was noticed by close observers that the long, clean, easy-lined hull of the smart Yankee clipper glided through the water with the slipperiness of an eel and the grace of a swan, while her snub-nosed rival, with her coarser entrance, made quite a perceptible fuss when the little waves smote her in the teeth.

After the first tack, it was evident that the defender had the challenger very much at her mercy. It was, however, too early in the day for shouting to begin, for had not all of us been fooled many a time before by the most

effort to wriggle out of *Columbia's* lee by splitting tacks. She tacked half-a-dozen times in ten minutes, and every time *Columbia* followed her example. The challenger gained nothing by the manœuvre. In fact, in my judgment, she lost a little by her spasmodic and petulant zig-zag work.

Shamrock, seeing that escape was impossible, bowed to the inevitable and continued her course. Indeed, it was impossible for her to do otherwise. For if she had stood out to sea or inshore in a lonely hunt for wind she would have lost sight of both *Columbia* and the



By the courtesy of the *Providence Journal*.

THE "COLUMBIA" AT BRISTOL.

tantalizing flukes that ever exasperated sailormen? And wasn't the fog gathering in an ominous bank to the eastward, making our hearts sink down to our boots?

Early in the race it was so thick that a finish was feared to be impossible. If it hadn't been for the "guide-boat," which steamed slowly ahead, just in front of the yachts, to mark the course, they might have had great difficulty in finding the mark. But everything had been foreseen, and the arrangements were perfect.

At 11:45 *Shamrock* made a violent

"guide-boat," and have consequently suffered.

The wind at noon freshened a trifle, and it was noticed that *Shamrock*, in spite of her greater beam and "brute" qualities, heeled over more than the Bristol marvel. It now also became apparent why Hogarth had not hoisted that immense "jack-yarder," the pride and glory of Laphorn and Ratsey. From all appearances, it was far better below in the sail locker than aloft on the topmast. The remainder of the windward work was in the nature of a procession, with *Columbia* increasing



1. Irving Grinnell. 2. Commodore Kane. 3. Chester Griswold.
Copyright Photo by Burton, N. Y.

THE RACING COMMITTEE.

her lead all the time. It was marvelous to watch her eat her way out to windward, while *Shamrock* gradually fell off to leeward. The challenger had the advantage of a far finer suit of sails, which, besides having a greater area of duck, giving her more driving power, fitted her like paint on a post. But driving power, without the accompanying quality of "form" in hull, never yet won a marine trophy except in the case of an accident, a fluke, or the incapacity of a yacht's personnel.

It perhaps might be wearisome to describe in detail every tack made by the yachts on the way to the windward mark. *Shamrock* was hopelessly outclassed under existing circumstances. In a moderate breeze, as a weatherly craft, she demonstrated her marked inferiority to the Morgan-Iselin clipper. It was now only a question of how many minutes she would be beaten by. We had not very long to wait. At 1:48:19 *Columbia* wore round the mark lowering her spinnaker boom to port, and breaking out the big sail smartly, at the same time setting her balloon jib-topsail. The much contemned Deer Isle sailors had a splendid opportunity of turning the tables on their caviling critics, and never had sails been better handled on a racing yacht. It took

them only four minutes to set both ballooners.

Shamrock to fetch the mark was compelled to make two more tacks. She also made an excellent turn, and set spinnaker and balloon jib with commendable smartness, but took three minutes longer in doing so than *Columbia*. She was greeted with a complimentary volume of sound from whistles, sirens and human throats quite equal in intensity to that which welcomed her speedier rival. The official time of the turn was:

<i>Columbia</i>	1:48:19
<i>Shamrock</i>	1:58:08

This shows that it took *Columbia* 2:47:13 to beat fifteen miles, while *Shamrock* accomplished

the same distance in 2:57:05, the gain of the Yankee boat being 9m. 52s. It may be mentioned here that *Columbia* in the beat carried all the way a baby jibtopsail, jib, staysail, mainsail and intermediate clubtopsail. The *Shamrock* started with the same canvas set, but hauled down and reset her baby jibtopsail twice, for what reason the "experts" were unable to explain.

A race dead before the wind between two yachts with such a wide gap of blue water between them cannot be highly exciting, but it was watched with great interest by all. The issue was never in doubt, for the wind held true and steady, varying only one point from start to finish, but freshening a trifle in the run home, thus giving the challenger a slight advantage, as the increasing breeze caught her first. Sometimes the fog was so thick that the men on *Columbia*, all standing up aft to catch every breath of air, couldn't see the pursuing yacht. At the speed of about seven knots the *Columbia* ran home, crossing the finish line at least one nautical mile in the lead, to the strident accompaniment of ear-piercing shrieks from the steam contingent, lusty cheers from men and boys, and the fluttering of white handkerchiefs from the women. It was a great demonstration,

considering the size of the excursion squadron.

By and by the *Shamrock* came along and crossed the finish line, receiving a similar cordial ovation. The official time was :

Columbia.....3:54:59
Shamrock.....4:05:10

The elapsed time of the winner was 4:53:53, and that of the loser 5:04:07. *Columbia* allowed *Shamrock* 6 seconds, making the challenger's corrected time 5:04:01. *Columbia* thus won by 10m. 8s. corrected time. In the run home she gained only 22 seconds.

After *Columbia* had been towed to her moorings inside the Horseshoe, the *Erin* steamed close alongside, and her crew, led by Sir Thomas Lipton, gave her three rousing British cheers, which were returned with hearty fervor by the boys from Deer Isle.

Mr. Iselin said briefly that the behavior of his yacht was a sufficient reply to the sensational newspapers which had criticized him and his crew so severely. Sir Thomas Lipton acknowledged that *Shamrock* had been beaten fairly and squarely over a well-kept course. His only regret was that there was not more wind. In a strong breeze he hoped the

challenger would render a better account of herself.

On the following morning, October 17th, the yachts again came together to sail over a triangular course, ten miles to the leg. The conditions were favorable for a rattling good contest. There was a fine breeze from east and the sea was a trifle lumpy. This enabled us to see more of the forefoot of each flyer exposed than on the previous day, and it even dashed a little spray over the bows. Admirers of the *Shamrock* declared that the challenger had at last been favored with weather that would exactly suit her.

The Regatta Committee signaled the following courses : East by south (a dead beat to the first mark); southwest, one-half south (a reach with the wind about three points abaft the beam), and north northwest (a broad reach with the wind on the starboard quarter to the finish).

The preparatory gun was fired at 10:45. The starting gun went off at 11 o'clock, and *Shamrock* crossed at 11:00:15, with *Columbia* to windward but two seconds astern. Both were on the starboard tack. *Shamrock*, seeing that she was getting her opponent's back wind, went about at 11:02:30. *Columbia* followed



Photo by Burton, N. Y.

"SHAMROCK," WITH SPINNAKER IN STOPS.

fifteen seconds later, and both yachts romped out on the port tack at a fine rate of speed. The defender did not make such rapid gains on her antagonist as on the day before, but she steadily worked her way out to windward, and soon had a decided advantage.

Everybody concluded that a magnificent race was going to be sailed. A twelve-knot breeze was piping, and both yachts were humming through the water in fine style with intermediate clubtopsails and baby jibtopsails extended to the steady and moderate wind. Suddenly the *Shamrock's* topmast snapped short off near the cap; the clubtopsail fell to leeward of the mainsail, and the yacht was a thorough wreck. The time was just 25 minutes after the start. The Regatta Committee's tug and the *Erin*

away, the spar snapped off short like the stem of a clay pipe.

The crippled yacht was towed to Erie Basin, where a new topmast, 56 feet long, was sent up and also a new gaff. Next day, pursuant to arrangements, she took in nearly four tons more ballast, in the shape of pigs of lead, and was remeasured by Mr. Hyslop, the result being that instead of being allowed 6 seconds by *Columbia* she had to allow the Cup defender 16 seconds.

On October 19th the yachts met once more but failed to finish within the time limit. When the race was declared off *Columbia* was two miles in the lead.

Shamrock once more bravely faced the music of final defeat on Friday, October 20th. Valiantly she came to the scratch, and never before in American waters was she better fitted to sail the



"Shamrock."
Photo by T. C. Turner.

THE ANCHORAGE IN THE HORSESHOE.

steamed at full speed to offer aid. It was not needed. Nobody had been hurt. The *Shamrock* was taken in tow and returned to her anchorage at the Horseshoe.

Meanwhile *Columbia* sailed over the course. She took in her small jibtopsail immediately after the accident to *Shamrock*. She took 1:03:11 to beat the ten miles to windward, 53m. 59s. to sail over the next leg, and 3h. 37m. was her elapsed time over the whole course.

This mishap was most disappointing. Nobody regretted it more than the managers of *Columbia*. But the iron-bound contract had to stand and *Columbia* was declared the winner. The accident was caused by the parting of the port topmast backstay—a wire rope. The topmast was of pine, an excellent stick, but when the backstay carried

race of her life. The wind blew strong, too, so that her added weight and her strong new topmast, by all nautical precedent, should have made her show to best advantage. And out she came with the air of a victor to try conclusions.

She spread her working topsail to the breeze, while her opponent kept hers snug in stops, and she sauntered about the line with the eager appearance of winning the next three races and carrying off the Cup. The race was fifteen miles to leeward and back, the wind being north by east, and the course south by west to a mark anchored about eight miles off shore from Asbury Park and thence a dead beat back to the lightship.

Now if ever was the *Shamrock's* breeze. This was the time for her to distinguish herself in full view of a con-

siderable fleet out to cheer the probable finish of the Cup races. The starting gun was fired punctually at eleven o'clock. The *Shamrock* crossed thirty-four seconds after gunfire, with *Columbia* 1m. 1s. astern. The Deer Isle

beheld. The boom—a splendid spar—buckled and bent and soared upward in the most surprising manner. The paramount question was, Will the sail “bust,” or will it stand? It didn’t “bust.” It stood, and a magnificent pulling sail it



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MANEUVERING FOR THE START, FINAL RACE. "COLUMBIA" IN THE LEAD.

boys broke out the big spinnaker to starboard in grand style, beating the challenger by more than half a minute. That spinnaker on the Bristol craft took charge of the ship. It performed marvelous feats such as I had never before

proved to be from the start to the outer mark.

For three-quarters of an hour the spinnaker had its own sway, but at the expiration of that time it was controlled and put on its good behavior. Seldom

has such an unruly sail been seen. Half an hour after the start *Columbia* set her jib-headed topsail. I am not sufficiently presumptuous to criticize an able yacht skipper like Barr, but from my personal point of view it appeared that the sail might have been carried to advantage all along.

Now a stern chase is a long chase. *Shamrock* had the advantage of the bigger sail-spread, but in spite of this *Columbia* got the lead, passing her rival at 12h. 10m. and taking in her gaff topsail a few minutes later. It was evident that in the thresh to windward Barr didn't intend to take any chances of a breakdown. He realized that he could beat his rival in the thresh back with lower sails alone. In this surmise he was accurate.

The outer mark was now in plain sight and it was clear that close work was coming. *Columbia* was only four or five lengths ahead and much might depend upon superior skill at the turn.

The Bristol boat had the talent aboard and rounded the stake in superb style, dowsing ballooners just in the nick of time, and rattling in the main-sheet flat, hauled up on the starboard tack for the homeward herringbone. Now was the chance of the challenger. With three expert skippers she ought to have humiliated the "lubbers" on the Cup defender. But she didn't. Her turn was less skillful and it took her quite a time

to get her main-sheet in. When her mainsail was finally flattened, she had drifted to leeward like a she-crab, while *Columbia* was well to windward, pointing higher and going faster than her competitor. The times at the turn follow:

<i>Columbia</i>	12:19:00
<i>Shamrock</i>	12:19:17

There were only seventeen seconds between them, but in this great run to leeward the Bristol craft had beaten

her opponent 1m. 18s., her elapsed time being 1h. 17m. 25s., and that of the challenger 1h. 18m. 43s. Not much to brag of, but in these days of keen yachting competition not to be despised.

The beat home was magnificent, but *Shamrock's* efforts to get away from *Columbia* were fruitless. Tack after tack was made. *Shamrock* set a clubtopsail in despair, but it did her no good. The end of it all was that *Columbia* crossed the line an easy winner. Following are the

official figures:

<i>Columbia</i>	2:40:00
<i>Shamrock</i>	2:45:17

In the windward work the Yankee craft gained 5 minutes. Add to this 1m. 18s. gained in the run and 16 seconds time allowance and it will be seen that *Columbia* won by 6m. 34s. A quite creditable victory, for the Yankee craft had more than one card "up her sleeve," and if she had set her topsail she would have beaten the British yacht by at least ten



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SUDDENLY THE "SHAMROCK'S" TOPMAST SNAPPED. (p. 228.)



Copyright Photo by Burton, N. Y.

"COLUMBIA" LEADING.

minutes. This is a conservative estimate.

The victory was greeted with shouts of delight. Victors and vanquished cheered each other. Commodore Morgan hugged Mr. Iselin. Sir Thomas Lipton generously acknowledged that

his yacht had been beaten fairly and squarely on her merits. A loving cup will be given him by popular subscription. We hope to meet him again in 1901; for never has a more gentle or more chivalric sportsman challenged for the *America's Cup*.



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MISS UNDERHILL AT FINISH OF SWING.



LUNCHEON ON THE LAWN.

THE WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

(AND OTHER GOLF AT BALA.)

BY CHARLES TURNER.

FAIRER than Scotland in its fairest moods, richer than the Riviera in seductive spring, more glorious than the sea-skirted margins of our fair summer land, are the rolling hills of Bala when the first touch of autumn pencils the landscape and the Greek-like votaries of golf gather within the borders of the Country Club for their Olympiad.

Indeed, the paradoxes and puzzles which the calmer atmosphere of the study have made palpable as the distinguishing characteristics of the Women's Golfing Championship of 1899, were, to a large extent, hidden on the links of Bala by the brilliancy of the company and of the surroundings, the play and pulse of life, and the panoply of battle.

On the field and in the glamour of the play, it did not seem so remarkable as it does to-day that Miss Beatrix Hoyt, the knight errant of golf in a hundred fights, should go down before the sturdy onslaught of Mrs. Caleb F. Fox, who was to follow up that victory by vanquishing, with equal ease, that scarcely less noted paladin, Miss Anna Sands, and to be herself put *hors de combat* by a figurative David in the comparatively

slim person of Miss Ruth Underhill. So natural, indeed, that one almost lost sight of the fact that the ultimate triumph was accomplished by one round of golf so poor that the two left in the field, when all else were disarmed, would, had they played similar golf three days before, have scarcely earned the right to be in the tourney at all.

Whereby hangs a moral, that the very magnetic volatility which is the charm of our sisters and our cousins and our aunts, which makes them a delight to the eye and a refreshment to the soul of man, is a heavy handicap when the physical battle and the nervous tension waxes long and fierce.

Let me not be writ down, for these words, a deprecator of the glorious privileges which have come to our womanhood through golf, or as a detractor. Nay, rather otherwise. May the day be far off when golf shall rob them of their subtle and distinguishing femininity, or detract one iota from its delicate, inexpressible, and irresistible power.

Yet, facts are facts, and it is the duty of a chronicler to set them down, even though he incur the risk of a hasty and

undeserved verdict, and of being "a crusty old foggy." It is a fact that the player's supreme effort, which created the champion and the challenger, was excelled by ten of the sixteen players in the qualifying round, and equaled by all the other six, as a glance at the following table proves:

Miss Underhill, Nassau Country Club, in finals, 101	
Add 6 for last hole not played.....	6-107
Mrs. Fox, Huntingdon Valley Country Club..	102
Add 7 for last hole not played.....	7-109

Whereas in the qualifying round the following scores were made:

Miss Beatrix Hoyt, Shinnecock Hills Golf Club—	
Out.....	6 9 5 5 4 5 6 6-52
In.....	5 6 7 5 4 5 4 5 5 4-45-97
Miss Frances C. Griscom, Merion Cricket Club—	
Out.....	6 7 4 6 4 6 6 7 6-52
In.....	7 5 6 3 6 5 5 6 5-48-100



MISS BEATRIX HOYT DRIVING FROM THIRD TEE.

Miss Anna Sands, Newport Golf Club—	
Out.....	6 7 5 6 4 6 7 5 6-53
In.....	5 6 5 4 5 6 6 5 6-48-101
Mrs. A. De Witt Cochrane, Ardsley Club—	
Out.....	5 8 4 6 4 7 6 5 7-52
In.....	5 7 6 5 5 5 7 5 6-53-105
Mrs. Caleb F. Fox, Huntingdon Valley Country C.—	
Out.....	6 8 4 5 4 5 6 5 7-50
In.....	6 6 6 4 5 6 7 6 7-53-103
Miss Elsie F. Cassett, Merion Cricket Club—	
Out.....	6 7 5 5 6 5 5 6 7-52
In.....	6 7 6 5 5 7 5 5 5-51-103
Miss Pauline Mackay, Oakley Country Club—	
Out.....	7 8 5 5 3 5 6 7 7-53
In.....	6 5 7 4 5 6 5 6 7-51-104
Miss Alice L. Day, Morris County Golf Club—	
Out.....	7 7 4 5 4 5 7 8 7-54
In.....	5 6 7 5 6 6 6 5 5-51-105
Miss Ruth Underhill, Nassau Country Club—	
Out.....	6 8 5 5 5 6 7 7-54
In.....	6 7 5 3 6 5 7 6 6-51-105
Miss Genevieve Hecker, Wee Burn Golf Club—	
Out.....	6 7 5 5 4 7 4 7 6-51
In.....	6 5 6 4 4 6 9 5 9-54-103
Miss G. M. Bishop, Brooklyn Country Club—	
Out.....	5 8 6 5 5 8 5 6 7-55
In.....	6 8 5 4 5 5 6 5 7-51-106

Miss Jane H. Swords, Morris County Golf Club—	
Out.....	6 7 4 4 4 5 6 7 9-52
In.....	6 7 8 4 6 5 7 6 5-54-106
Miss Marion Oliver, Albany Country Club—	
Out.....	6 7 5 6 4 5 6 6 8-53
In.....	6 9 5 5 6 6 7 6 4-54-107
Miss Florence McNeeley, Merion Cricket Club—	
Out.....	8 9 5 6 4 5 6 5 7-55
In.....	7 6 8 3 6 6 5 6 5-52-107
Miss May Barron, Ardsley—	
Out.....	8 9 5 5 5 6 6 6 8-58
In.....	5 7 6 4 6 5 8 4 4-49-117
Mrs. J. Franklin McFadden, Philadelphia Country Club—	
Out.....	6 7 4 7 4 7 5 7 8-55
In.....	6 8 7 3 7 6 5 6 4-52-107

Nor can it be said that the competitors were novices, flustered by the novel position of finding themselves for the first time in the critical position of the observed of all observers. Miss Underhill had twice passed through the championship ordeal, to say nothing of

minor campaigns, and Mrs. Fox is not new to the championship tourney and had had preliminary experience of a very varied nature; moreover, she was playing on links where even the very stones may be said to be her familiars.

All the conditions surrounding the championship were conducive to the best results. The Philadelphia Country Club House is a restful place. The members of it are sympathetic and hospitable. The management was perfect throughout the week, the weather was all that could be desired, and the links have no superior throughout the country for women's play.

Indeed, though based on the links of

Muirfield, in Scotland, the links of Bala bear the impress of the influence of the women who form a considerable proportion of its players. They are very compact, lying, as it were, in a ring fence. The holes and tees are in close proximity; it is, in most cases, indeed, from the finish on one green to the teeing ground of the next, but a few yards. The climbs are by no means steep, the ground is by no means rocky or difficult, the greens are perfect, and the entire distance is by no means exhausting.

Expectation ran high that, with all these favoring circumstances and with the large increase in the number of available players, the entry would be large and the contest keen. Nor were

There was work and a-plenty in front of all those who entered, and glory and honor enough, as well as pleasure, to those who might not reach the highest places, for though Tuesday would dash the hopes of all but the highest sixteen to be possible champions of the U. S. A., yet on Wednesday there was open to them the scarce less coveted honor of winning the Philadelphia Woman's Golf Association trophy, for competition by the next sixteen, or the Consolation Cup, presented by the Philadelphia Country Club, open to all entrants, to say nothing of the pleasure of selecting one's own partner and playing in the Mixed Foursome Handicaps.

Expectation a-tiptoe was not disap-



THE GALLERY AT THE START OF THE FINALS.

expectations belied, for the entries were three times as great as those for the competition of 1896, more than double those of 1897, and one-third larger than those of last year.

Amongst the entrants, too, were the pick of the players. Undeterred by the presence of the apparently invincible champion, Miss Hoyt, they came from far and near, Chicago, Pittsfield and Cincinnati each sending contingents, and all the Eastern clubs beavies. Indeed, it may be said that, with the exception of Miss Maud K. Wetmore, of Newport, the runner-up of last year, and Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor, of Chicago, all who might be fairly expected were there.

pointed when, on Tuesday, October 10th, seventy-four of the seventy-nine entrants tripped, blithe as a May morning, from the club-house to first tee, and it became apparent that neither the champion nor her last year's rival had lost their cunning, and had met for the first time others of their peers.

It soon became evident that, taken on the whole, the play was of a higher order than heretofore, so high, indeed, that whilst the trials were still in progress it set the patriarchs of the game to considering whether the test would not ere long require to be strengthened, or, more properly speaking, lengthened, a conclusion strongly supported by the

closeness of the finish of the first two sixteens. The first sixteen's scores ranged from 97 to 107, and they were the chosen ones to whom the blue ribbon alone could fall. But seven of the next sixteen were within one stroke of the gate (108), four were within two strokes (109), and five within three strokes (110). There might well be doubt in the minds of those who have the lawmaking whether present conditions effect its purpose—equal opportunities for all and privileges for none.

However, to leave this problematical question for the more definite one of fact, Miss Beatrix Hoyt justified again her extraordinary capacity by winning the gold medal for the lowest score, though closely pressed by a general excellence never before attained.

From this point on our interest in the main revolves around the chosen sixteen, for it is only they whom we shall meet in the central play, and they in the main have established reputations. After Miss Hoyt came such noted players as Miss Frances C. Griscom, who bettered her last year's form by seven strokes, followed closely by Miss Anna Sands, who tied with Miss Griscom in the play of 1896 and got up to the semi-finals, Miss Elsie Cassett, champion of the Woman's Golf League of Philadelphia, Mrs. Franklin McFadden, who holds the record of 93 strokes over the Bala course (a score, by the bye, which she did not come within 14 strokes of in the qualifying ground), Mrs. Caleb F. Fox, who qualified at Ardsley last year.

Indeed, our interest will diminish below the sixteen point, because it will center around the contests, and those only, in which the semi-finalist, Mrs. Fox, and Miss Underhill played, and we shall have entertainment enough. Even in watching the drawing there will be an example of the wondrous luck which seems to follow in streaks and to frustrate all the laws of equal opportunities and flout chance. Take the drawings of the two ultimate competitors and see in how marked a degree the one was favored and the other left. Mrs. Fox first drew Miss Hoyt, the champion; secondly, she drew Miss Sands, a mere shade less formidable than the champion; thirdly, she drew Miss Marion Oliver, of Albany, without doubt the most promising player in the contest.

On the other hand, Miss Underhill

drew first Miss Jane Swords; secondly, Miss Pauline Mackay, and thirdly, Miss Cassett, only being called up for her supreme effort in the finals. Of course, this is the fortune of war, and I am not complaining. I am merely pointing out the puzzles and paradoxes inseparable from the wisest and best-intended arrangements.

The "told you so's" and "of courses" and the prophets of the ex-champion's "walk over" received a rude shock early on the second day of the contest, when it was seen that from the start Miss Hoyt was not playing up to her first day's form; whether it was overconfidence or misjudgment, the fact was palpable. From the first hole which Mrs. Fox took to the last, there was the same laxity on the green, and to putting of the most extraordinary weakness, Miss Hoyt, like Findlay S. Douglas, owed her defeat. Of course, it would be absurd to dethrone her from the position of an extraordinary golfer, but it "was not one of her days."

The events of the second day heightened the interest. The official queen was dead, but there was an interregnum. It was not yet possible to say "Live the queen"; that event was yet separated from accomplishment by a wondrous vista of possibilities.

That it was the interest and duty of a faithful chronicler to follow the rising star of Mrs. Fox on the third day was self evident, because she was drawn against Miss Sands and thereby hung much. Could she maintain her position yet once more against a foewoman worthy of Miss Hoyt's steel? The answer came with startling assurance. She could and she did, but only after such a battle royal as is seldom seen. Misfortune at first dogged Miss Sands like a shadow, and at the ninth hole her opponent was 5 up; yet with a recuperative power beyond calculation she brought the game even on the eighteenth hole; two extra holes had to be played, and on the twentieth she missed a foot putt and succumbed.

Here was the unexpected, indeed: two of the most formidable opponents felled. The next was to be Miss Marion Oliver, who came unheralded, but not unprepared, for it may without exaggeration be said that Miss Oliver gave Mrs. Fox the game of the week. Indeed, it was without doubt the nearness of her



Photos by T. C. Turner.

MISS UNDERHILL.

1. PUTTING.

MRS. FOX.

2. APPROACH SHOT.

3. APPROACH SHOT.

4. DRIVING.

almost accomplished triumph which disconcerted the nerve of the youthful aspirant from Albany, and cost her the loss of a victory that will assuredly come her way ere many moons. Seldom has there been seen on any links such work as hers with the wooden clubs, work by which she held Mrs. Fox down "five" on the eleventh hole, and kept the match dorny 4. Then perhaps the event of the week came to pass, and Mrs. Fox pulled herself, by the supreme effort of winning four holes straight and the extra one to boot, again to victory and to the finals, up to which point Miss Underhill had been quietly working through a far less trying series of games.

Undoubtedly Miss Underhill was the surprise of the competition, not so much because she was a dark horse as because the public eye was riveted on Mrs. Fox, whose drawings were so phenomenally sensational. Had this eclipse not obscured Miss Underhill the public would much earlier have recognized her possibilities, not only from her past form, but from her present play.

As to her past, it would have been remembered that had it not been for the execrable weather which marred the qualifying round away in 1897 she would then have got into the fold, and that last year, at Ardsley, she had exhibited the highest form of generalship and skill in a sensational match with Madeline Boardman, of the Essex County Country Club, when, though 4 down at the thirteenth hole, she brought the game square at the eighteenth, and won out on the second extra hole.

Since then her public form has been sustained in a three days' open tournament at Lakewood in May, this year, when she was first in a large field.

To those who saw her play on Wednesday in the first match, when she easily disposed of Miss Janet H. Swords by 3 up and 2 to play, or on Thursday, when she won from Miss Pauline Mackay by the same score, she exhibited all her usual characteristics. She played on both days with great judgment and coolness. The deliberation of her address had not diminished, whilst it would have been impossible for the length of her back swing to have increased. That has always been a highly notable feature of her play. There was the same pendulous see-saw of the brassie, and the unique, almost croquet-like

attitude in her putts. Yet it was not until after she had made the score of the tournament, 47 on the out holes, in her game against Miss Elsie Cassett, that her position and prospects attracted attention.

Of course, there is this to be said in extenuation of the public's attitude, that Miss Cassett was the first really formidable of her three opponents. Not only was Miss Cassett the champion of the Women's Philadelphia Golf League, but she had two days before (on the Wednesday) beaten Miss Frances C. Griscom (who, at Ardsley last year, put Miss Underhill out of the championship) by 3 up and 2 to play, and had followed that victory on Thursday by winning from Mrs. A. De Witt Cochran with a score of 7 up and 6 to play.

Whether it was that Miss Cassett was really off her form, as the best are most likely to be, or whether she was irritated into the fidgets by Miss Underhill's deliberation of "address," or what not, the fact remains that, in going out, Miss Underhill made 5 holes to Miss Cassett's 1. At the tenth hole she was 5 up, and that she won out by 5 up and 4 to play.

Saturday brought the end of the great contest, when Mrs. Fox paid the penalty of the fierce assaults which luck or fate had put upon her in the three previous days. She lost, but it was a loss attributable more to exhaustion than to lack of capacity. Nay, she made a fighting finish of the finest sort up to the very end, being, whilst yet there were two holes to play, only "one down," and although the total scores by strokes of neither contestant was equal to their play in the preliminary round, nor to that of the finals in the Consolation Cup contest by "the next sixteen," the reason thereof was palpable.

And so, under perfect Indian summer skies, amidst the best of good fellowships, and of congratulations to all concerned in the management of many arduous contests running contemporaneously, the woman's championship of 1899 passed into history.

And now, in conclusion, let me add a few words (which I am provoked to do by a sniff of contempt which I detect in the air) in favor of that supplementary golf, which is so pleasant and needful an adjunct to the strain of the morning's contests for the blue ribbon. The Phil-

istine may scoff at these contests as "side shows"; it is his fashion; but the fact, to take one instance only, that in the Mixed Foursome handicap, restricted to women who had entered the championship contest and to such male colleagues as each for herself might select, forty-four women entered, is a pretty conclusive indication that the supplementary play fills an essential want.

Indeed, so long as the number of entrants for the championship continues to increase, and the number is thinned down after the first day to sixteen, supplementary play is but bare justice. Many of those who failed to qualify failed by an insignificant number of strokes; in all particulars they rank equal to the chosen. They have come to the trysting place, where there is skill and enthusiasm galore, where greens are perfection, and it would be next to cruelty to deprive them of such an opportunity to appease their golfing hunger, and maybe in supplementary victories deaden the smart of less successful efforts in the championship.

Take a case in point. Miss Hoyt won the gold medal for the lowest score in the qualifying round on Tuesday, yet next day, doubtless to her astonishment, and maybe to her mortification, lost her match to Mrs. Fox. Had there been no other golf she must have gone off with her smart unhealed, or

stayed an idle spectator. But, having the opportunity on Thursday to select a running mate in the open foursomes, she chose Roderick Terry, Jr., the Yale golfer, and won the very handsome prize for the lowest gross score, the pair having rounded the course in 88—nine strokes less than her single-handed round—a result, of course, as was the case in all the other foursome scores, of the presence at the driving tee of the greater strength of the male member of the duet.

What applies to Miss Hoyt, who had the consolation of one honor and the satisfaction of one try, applies with more force to the sixty other matrons and maidens whom the qualifying round shut out in insoluble and unsatisfied.

Besides, we are not all golf fiends; there are others, and may their tribe increase, who are happiest when, combined with the exhibition and the practice of high skill, there is that social intercourse and flow of soul which the very tension of the central competition forbids, but the minor contests encourage; and if there be any at future tournaments whose soul rebels against the diversion of the lesser golf, may they live up to their high principles, and take themselves off ere the merry time of unrestrained good golf, good temper and good times begins. They are marplots and "they never will be missed."



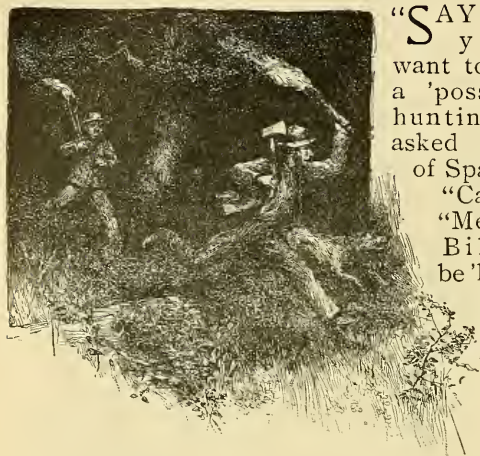
MR. GEO. D. FOWLE. MISS OLIVER.

MRS. FOX.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A "POSSUM" HUNT.

BY CHESTER L. FIDLAR.



"SAY! do
y o u
want to go
a 'possum
huntin'?"
asked Ace
of Spades
"Cass."
"Me an'
Bill 'll
be 'long
fer
you

pace. Worth 'is hide full of gold fur
coons an' 'possums, though. Wouldn't
take a farm fur that dog."

While Bill was giving this scrap of
canine history, we were walking slowly,
stumbling over fallen brush and dodg-
ing the low, hanging branches.

"Now that there Ring, the pesky——"
But just then from the shadows far
ahead of us came the bark of one of the
dogs.

"There 'e is! Speak to 'im, Pup!"
Bill shouted.

I was for instantly going to the dogs
and securing the game, but Bill stopped
me with,

"Law, now, that ain't the 'possum!
That there varmint might liker'n not
be way on yan side of the crick. That's
jest 'is track. Don't you hurry Pup;
an' him an' Ring'll soon tell you whur 'e
is. That there track's not very warm
er Pup 'ud uh spoke 'fore now, agin."

Just then Pup did "speak," and Ring
joined him.

"There! there, now! Warmin' up!
'Hoop 'im up, Pup! Speak to 'im,
Ring!"

The trail led to a rail fence that
sought its shambling way through the
woods.

"I 'lowed so," Bill remarked. "That
there 'possum er coon, one 'r other, went
along on top that rail fence. 'Lowd
he'd fool Pup an' Ring! Ha! ha!
Now you jest keep yer eye peeled an'
watch them two dogs," he said.

The dogs came to the fence and Pup
sprang on top. After walking the length
of one rail, he sprang down on the other
side.

"See that!" Bill cried in glee. Wusn't
that cute?"

"What?" I asked.

"W'y, didn't you see? That Pup dog
walked on top the fence tell e' seen
which way the track was agoin', w'en he
jumped down on yan side, an' Ring he
stayed on this'n. Look at 'em now!
Ef that feller comes down offen that
there fence, they'll find 'im. Long's
they can't find no track, they know he's
on the fence. Don't tell me dogs cain't
figger out things. W'y me an' you, an'
Cass heyre throwed in, couldn't uh beat
that! Watch 'im, Pup!"

soon 'arter eight. Looks like it wus
goin' to be a good night for the var-
mint, and Bill says, sure, he'll get you
one; sure!"

After making me this promise, Cass
shambled off down the road toward
home. I wanted to see Bill, the fa-
mous coon and opossum hunter, as
much as I wanted an opossum.

Sharp at eight o'clock Cass, Bill
and the two wonderful dogs were
on hand. The night, Bill said, was
"jest right fer ketchin' 'possums." It
was intended for a moonlight night,
but a thin gray cloud blighted the
brilliant intentions, and a diffused light
seemed to come from a luminous sky
and from no particular point.

We were soon in the woods, and
Bill started his dogs. It seemed
scarcely necessary, for they knew what
was expected, and were into the woods
before we were. However, Bill showed
his authority and control by, "Pup!
You Ring, 'hoop 'em up!"

The dogs were running here and
there through the shadows, and were
soon lost to sight.

"You see that there Pup dog?" Bill
asked.

I answered "Yes," though I didn't.

"Well, sir, that there dog's a reg'lar
natcheral born pacer. He can't travel
no other way. He had 'is back broke
onct. Yes, sir; jest broke right down in
the couplin'. I never lowed he'd pull
through, but 'e did 'n 's good es ever.
Only it spiled 'is gait; he can't only

I had to confess to myself that I had eyes, but saw not the intricacies and mysteries of coon-dog strategy.

The dogs, one on either side, were carefully nosing over a wide strip of ground as they went slowly along the fence. Bill interpreted this to me by, "See 'em, how fur out they hunts. Now 'f that there should happen to be a ol' coon he'd apt to jump offen that there fence an' land out heyre ten or twelve foot. But he cain't fool Pup an' Ring, no, sir ee!"

The fence soon joined another that ran at right angles to it.

"Now keep yer eye peeled," Bill cautioned.

"See how they examines the cross fence. No track neither way, er one 'r other 'd uh spoke. That there feller's tuck straight acrost that medder; now you see 'f 'e hain't."

Both dogs leaped the fence and began to hunt in a circle. In a moment one of them barked.

"There, now! Didn't I tell you! I've

hunted too many!" Bill said, as he vaulted the fence. We were soon following the dogs in an aimless, zigzag course across the meadow.

"That there Pup's es slow es the ecch, but he'll git there in the eend. Jest see what a wil' goose chase that varmint's a leadin' them dogs. Wonder it don't make 'em dizzy a follerin' 'im. I low he's hed 'is supper an's goin' home, so 'e don't keer when 'e gits home. Now 'f he wus hungry an' wus goin' after sompin' he'd go es straight es a arry!"

What was there about following those dogs that was so fascinating? I tried to solve the feeling, and I believe it was because it was primitive. Here we were in dead of night, in the fields and woods, and, by the light of a luminous sky, were eagerly following one beast as it trailed another to its lair. We enjoy stepping down from the pinnacle of our civilization, and reverting for a time to the ways of our progenitors. We camp out, we rough it, we hunt, and, most primitive of all, we trust to the



"THEN THERE WAS A SCUTTling." (p. 243.)

superior sense of a dog and follow it. Will we ever get rid of this pleasure in a reversion? I had not settled this last question to my own satisfaction when my attention was again directed to the dogs. Slowly, patiently, but surely, they followed that trail: here, there, yon, but ever drawing nearer the game; merciless, relentless, foiling every attempt at escape; threading it out wherever it went; one object to be attained, every energy bent to attain it. Fate itself might have learned lessons to-night in planning the inevitable.

It set me again to wondering. The dog has been man's earliest companion. From association might not he have derived that very doggedness of purpose which, set on higher things, has led him out of barbarism to his present state? My problem was on the point of solution when the dogs stopped under a tree, one of the few remaining in an old orchard. They barked, and Bill's exclamation, "There 'e is!" broke my logical chain.

We reached the tree on a run, but the "possum," if such it was, was not to be seen in the branches. Bill thumped the tree with his stick, and after a few kicks he said, "Fellers, this heyre tree's holle. Cass, you git up in that there fork an' see 'f there hain't a hole."

Cass was soon in the tree, and reported a hole down the stump of a limb and leading into the body of the tree. "Jest stay whur you air, an' I'll git you a twister an' we'll hoss 'im right out uh there. Thought he'd fool Pup an' Ring! See, you want's to cut a twister jest this heyre way," he said to me, as he cut the prongs of a limb off short.

"Ef you leaves 'em too long, they'll bend and won't hold."

After some prodding, Cass exclaimed, "I feel 'em, boys! There; what is 'e?"

Bill examined the end of the stick, and finding a few white hairs, he pronounced it a "possum."

For a full half hour Cass twisted and twisted. Time and again did he raise the beast to the top of the hollow, but just as often it slipped off and fell back. All the time we danced about the tree to keep warm, for it had turned cold and was "spittin' snow." "Funny 'e don't snarl," Bill remarked.

"Heyre, Cass, you put Pup's head in the hole, an' blow 'is breath down in. Ef that don't fetch 'im, I don't know what will. Listen clost," he said to me.

Cass did as directed, and the tree was alive with snaps, snarls and growls. "I told you 'twould!" and Bill fairly danced with delight.

"Must be several of them in there," I hinted.

"Nope. Never more'n one. 'Possums never lives but one in a den. Now, ef they wus coons, w'y——"

"How about coons?" I queried. I was afraid he was getting too cold to talk, and as his talk was what I wanted as much as anything else, I thought it wise to "pump" a little.

"W'y, coons, they lives sometimes scads of 'em in one den. Tell you what I seen onct. I wus huntin' over in Big Bottom 'bout five mild west of heyre an' I wus settin' lookin' at a ol' snag 'bout twenty foot high. While I wus a lookin' at it, a coon come out of a hole in the top an' run down the side an' in a hole at the bottom. Presently 'e come out agin, an run down an' in the bottom. Then 'e done it agin an' agin an' agin. These is honest facts, shore's I'm a standin' heyre. Thinks I to myself, ol' feller,



ACE OF SPADES "CASS."

I'll jest see what you're a chasin' through that snag so lively fur. So I goes over, an' would you believe it, that there snag was chuck full 'o coons an' one over, an' ever' time one 'u'd go in the bottom he'd crowd another'n out the top. We had to cut down that tree 'fore we could get 'em all out, and then there was a scuttling sich as I never seed. Now them's facts; I seed 'em with my own eyes."

I was about to laugh but Bill seemed so serious that I bridled my mirth and simply remarked, "You don't say! Not much of a day for coons either, was it?"

"Only middlin'. But them's facts."

Cass in the tree had been patiently and persistently twisting away all this time. Just then he exclaimed: "Gee whillikins, boys! He come purty nigh a gitten' me! Had 'im up an' reached in,"—twist—" 'twus 'is head"—twist—"an' I'll be dogged 'f 'e"—twist—"didn't sock 'is tushes"—twist—"clean through my mitten";—twist, twist—" 'f 'e 'd uh got my fingers"—twist—"he'd uh heered from"—twist—"me."

Cass now continued his twisting in silence but brought forth only white fur.

This was kept up for full three quarters of an hour, while we danced or ran races to keep warm. At last he drew his twister from the tree and said, "Boys, I can't fetch 'im through the hole in the limb. I kin fetch 'im that fur but 'e comes up sideways an' 'e won't come through."

After various plans had been suggested, examined and rejected, it was decided to send to the house for a saw to amputate the hollow limb and enlarge the hole in that way. I had suggested an ax, to just chop a hole in the tree. But Bill thought that would never do, "fur ef ol' Silas foun' out who done it, he'd charge 'nough fur the ol' tree to set out a whole new orchard of Ben Davises."

The saw was soon brought and the limb sawed off in a trice.

"Now Cass you kin hoss 'im out, but be mighty keerful o' them tushes," Bill cautioned.

After a few moments more of twisting, the beast was raised to the top of the hollow. By the light of a match, for it had grown quite dark, Cass saw that the coast was clear of "tushes," and "Mr. 'Possum" was landed on the ground. "You Pup! Ring!" Bill shouted as he beat the dogs back. "See the ol' sneak a 'possummin'; no more dead 'an I be!"

It had grown cold and the snow was flying at a lively rate.

"You don't want 'im alive?" Bill asked.

"No," I answered

The opossum's soul (?) was soon in Tartarus, or some place I hoped with a climate more comfortable than the one we were in just then.

"Heyre 'e is," Cass said, handing me the limp carcass.

As I caught hold of that ratty file-like tail the old darky rhyme ran through my mind. I asked Bill if he knew it. He did and sang in a chattering frost-bitten voice,

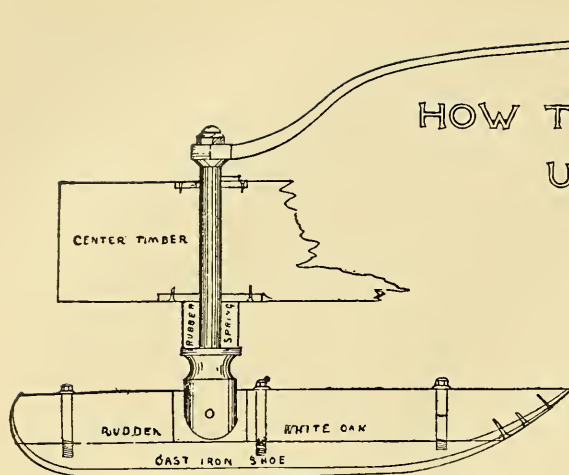
"De coony's tail hab a ring around,
De 'possum's tail am bah,
De rabbit hain't no tail a tall
Just a little bunch ob hah."

"What's he worth?" I asked, thinking that all of this labor must have a value if the game did not.

"Nothin' a tall, sir; nothin' a tall. We jest come up to ketch 'im fur you," Bill replied, and Cass heartily sanctioned the value set.

As I looked at the insignificant beast, I thought, "Three men, two dogs and two boys, seven of us; half past twelve o'clock; four and one-half hours apiece; thirty-one and one-half hours spent in securing the thing. Did it pay?" But we got him; so we trudged home through the darkness and the snow, cold, tired, but happy.





HOW TO BUILD AN UP-TO-DATE ICE- YACHT FOR \$60.

BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

With Diagrams by the Author.

IT is my business to keep my finger on the pulse of Ice-Yachting, and through many correspondents and in other ways the trend of the sport reaches me. There is undoubtedly a spreading desire in many quarters, where the sport has not hitherto been indulged in, to participate in it as occasion offers.

Now occasion is limited by two things, frost and boats. Of the former there is often abundance, but of boats there is a dearth, especially of cheap, stanch boats, suitable for novices.

I know no better way of supplying this want than that one should build his own. It can be done, for I did it myself many a year ago.

Following this line of reasoning, I have thought out and designed for OUTING such a boat, and the details and specification of materials required.

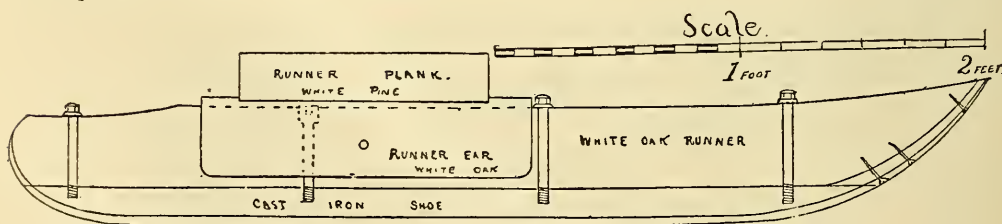
The first essential is wood. Two good sticks are required. One, the backbone or center timber, should be well-seasoned pine, measuring in the rough $22\frac{1}{4}$ feet by 10 inches by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Take this stick and tack two battens on it (long strips of pine or soft wood). The first batten tack on the bottom of the backbone in the rough, and give it an upward curve of two inches, the

highest part being at the contact of the runner-plank. The upper curve is clearly shown on the draft. Then taper the extreme ends down to four inches aft and $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches forward. The forward part is fitted like the end of a mast, with the two loops of the bowsprit stays leading to the runner-plank.

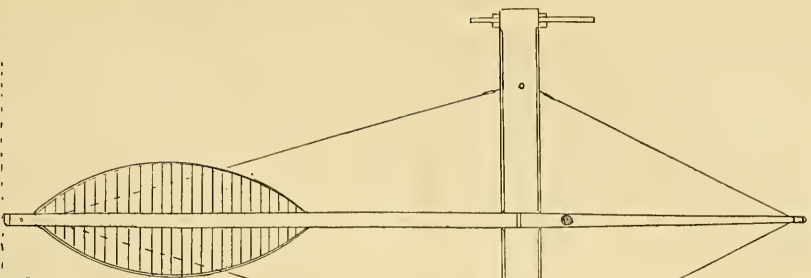
Now that you have the backbone, the runner-plank or heart of the ice-yacht can be dressed into shape. The plank must be of more than well-seasoned pine.

Endeavor in selecting the wood to have the heart on the top side and in contact with the backbone. The plank is $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet long by 13 inches by 6 inches. Now, by looking at the diagram of mid-section, you will see that the plank takes an upward curve. This curve is very essential, as it gives the spring over rough ice and also slacks the wire rigging in a blow. Place battens on your runner-plank, the same as on the backbone, allowing $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches at the center and 2 inches at the ends. Round up the lower curve next to the ice.

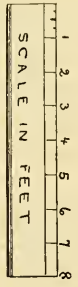
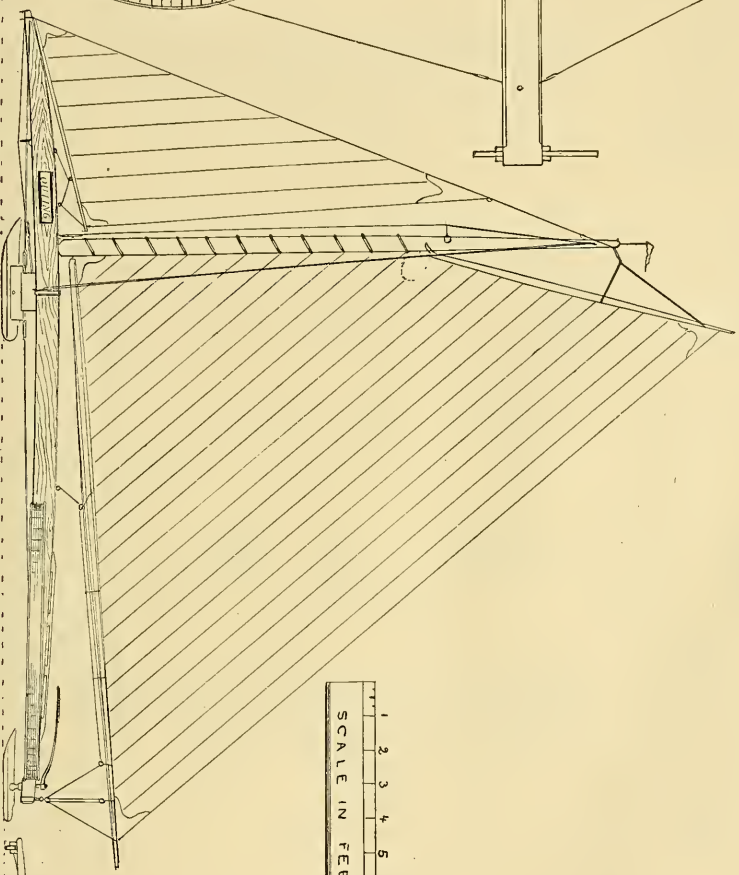
As you have now gotten your runner-plank in good shape we will start on the runners. The three runners are of seasoned white oak, of the finest and hardest grade. The fore-runners measure $3\frac{3}{4}$ feet by $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The rudder is 2 feet 10 inches by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches by 2 inches. These are held in place, the fore-runners by one-and-a-half-inch thick oak chucks, which are



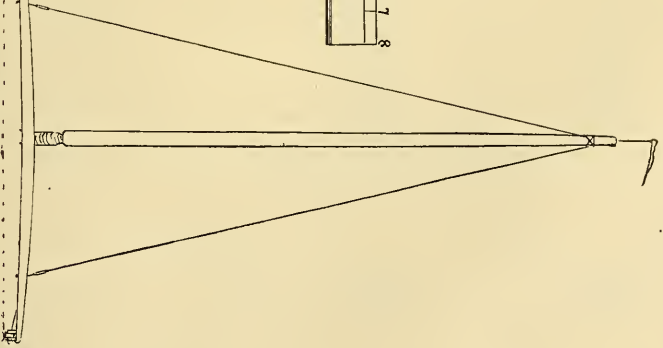
Deck Plan.



Sheer and Sail Plan.



Midship Section.



"THE OUTING," \$60. ICE-YACHT DESIGNED BY H. PERCY ASHLEY FOR OUTING.

bolted to the extreme end of the runner-plank. (See runner-plank diagram.)

The shoes of the runners are made of soft cast-iron, having a cutting surface in mid-section of ninety degrees. They have a slight rocker curve fore and aft in contact with the ice, say one-eighth inch at the center, gradually quickening at the ends.

The fore-runners hang on a pivot-bolt allowing a swing over uneven ice, while the rudder-runner swings in the crotch of the standard, on which is screwed the tiller.

The iron shoes are pierced by bolts on their upper surfaces with a corresponding thread and securely set up to the oak runners (see runner plan).

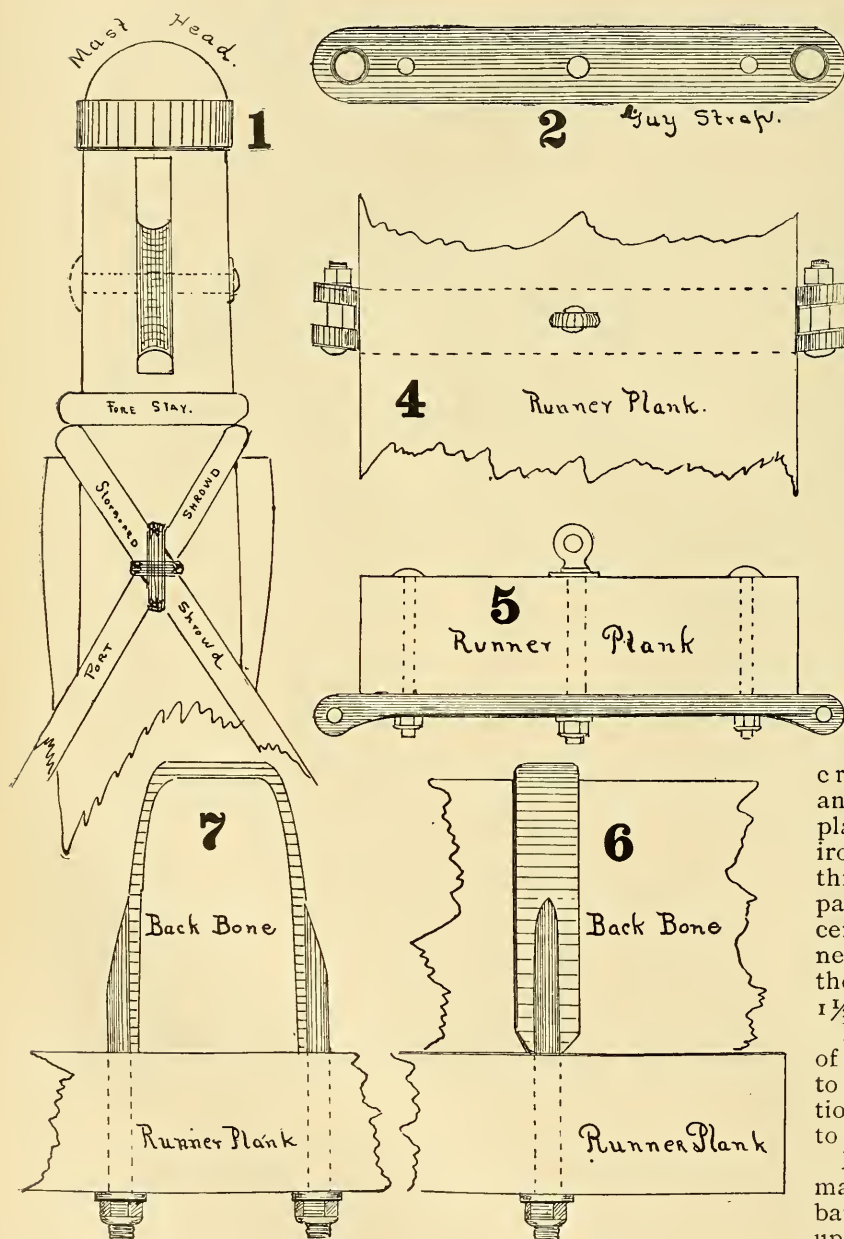
In case a true finish is not obtained between the iron and the oak of the runners, a piece of cotton flannel, well soaked in white lead and inserted between the contacting surfaces, will insure it.

The iron work in an ice-yacht is a very important item in the construction. The backbone at each end has a collar. At the after end it is pierced by an eye-bolt, to which is fastened the mainsheet. At the point where the center timber

crosses at right angles the runner-plank, a Π -shaped iron, ending in a thread with bolts, passes through the center of the runner-plank and holds the backbone. It is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $\frac{3}{4}$ inch.

In the diagrams of the iron work, 1 to 12, the construction is clearly shown to scale.

No. 1 shows the masthead with iron band on top, the slot up and down cut to receive the peak halyard pennant,



with shive and pin, also fore-stay and halyards saddled over masthead.

No. 2 is a simple stay-iron known as guy-strap, that fits on the underside of the runner-plank at meeting point of the shrouds, and connects with bowsprit shrouds and back-stays; 4 and 5 are a more elaborate construction of the same. No. 6 shows the runner-plank strap, fastening backbone to runner-plank; 7 is the same head-on. Eight is the mast stepped on backbone. Plate 9 is the main-boom joined to mast with interlocked eye-bolts. Ten is mast-step plate, side view. Eleven is a deck view of mast-step plate. Twelve is the heel of the mast, giving idea of how the slot is cut in the mast to receive mast-plate. No. 3 is the gammon iron which is the inboard end of the bobstay, situated just forward of the runner-plank. The three lag-screws are raked forward to take the stress off the bobstay as set up with dolphin striker or bobstay spreader (see sheer draft).

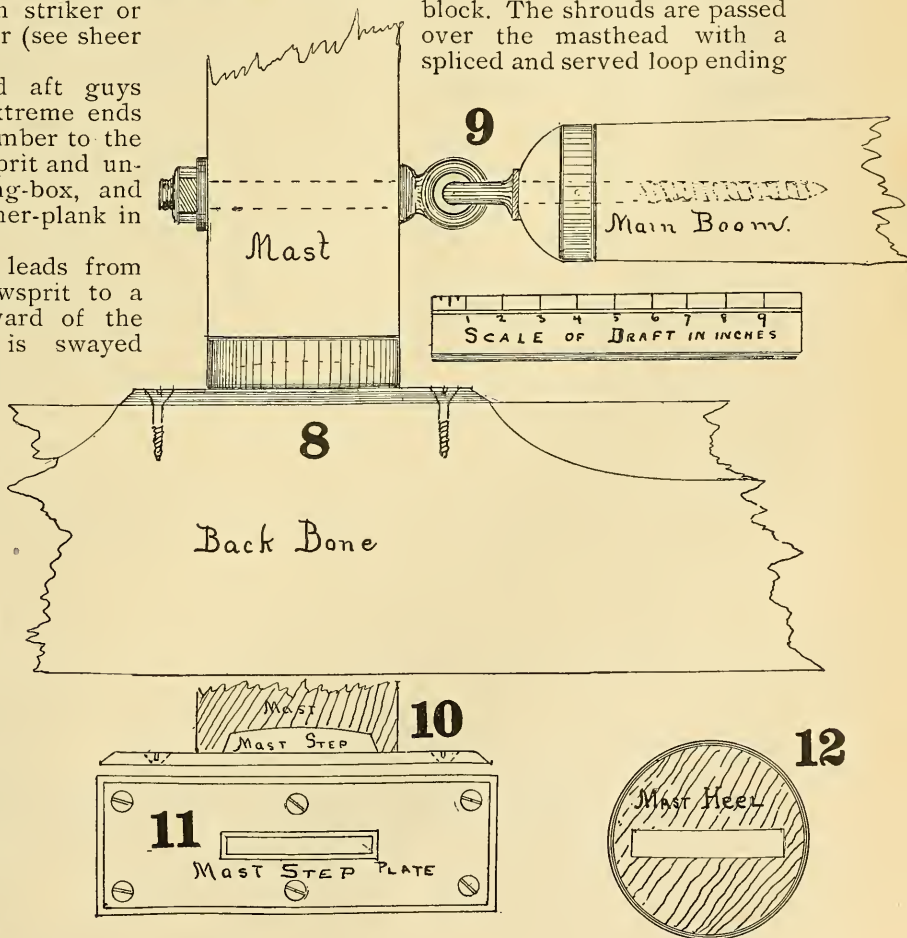
The fore and aft guys run from the extreme ends of the center timber to the end of the bowsprit and under the steering-box, and end at the runner-plank in turnbuckles.

The bobstay leads from end of the bowsprit to a point just forward of the runner-plank, is swayed down by a dolphin striker, and set up with a turnbuckle at the runner-plank end.

See that the runner-plank is exactly at right angles with the backbone and its center is exactly 8½ feet aft of the end of bowsprit. The steering-box (see deck view in plan) is formed of a flooring of pine 4 inches wide by ¾ inch, and is laid on at right angles

with the backbone and securely screwed to center timber. Around this is bent a strip of oak 4 inches by a very slack ½ inch, which is securely bent around the steering-box, finished by a beading on the inner contact surface with the cross-boards of the steering-box, or cock-pit. The measurements are 8 feet by 3¼.

The dimensions of the spars are as follows: Mast 16½ feet, boom 17¾ feet, gaff 9 feet, jibboom 6¾ feet. The mast is stepped aft of the extreme end of the bowsprit 7 feet, on a plate with raised surface fitted to concave in the mast. The peak halyard is flexible wire rigging rove through the top of the mast, in a slot in which is fixed a brass sheave, the halyard ending on deck with a jig and on the gaff with a bridle. The throat halyard is the same, only rove with a block at a point just above the jaws of the gaff. The jib halyard is rove, as usual, with a single and a becket block. The shrouds are passed over the masthead with a spliced and served loop ending



in turnbuckles and eye-bolt at the runner-plank (see plan of mid-section). The jib-stay is treated in the same way, minus the turnbuckle, but in its place is seized the end of the stay at the extreme forward end of the bowsprit, in an eye-bolt.

The dimensions of the sails are: Main-sail—Leech 23 feet, boom 17 feet, hoist 10 feet, gaff $8\frac{3}{4}$ feet; jib on stay $12\frac{3}{4}$ feet, hoist $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet, foot $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet. This sail should be machine-stitched, double-bighted with a bight swing of 9 inches, roped on three sides and a drawing pennant in leech. The material is $6\frac{1}{2}$ -oz. drill.

Below is the cost of the materials for the small, up-to-date, OUTING ice boat:

Wood, including backbone, runner-plank and cockpit	\$11.45
Turnbuckles.	5 25
Iron work and standard.	6.25
Runner castings.	2.70
Mast hoops.	1.10
Sail.	13.00
Steel rigging.	5.25
Blocks.	4.25
Spars.	6.00
Bolts and eyes.	1.20
Rope.	1.05
	\$57.50
Spar varnish and filler.	2.50
	* \$60.00

The main sheet requires one double and one single block; the jib sheet, two single blocks; the peak halyard, one single block and one single becket

block; the peak halyard jig, one single block with becket and one double block; throat halyard, one single and one becket block. A good grade of galvanized blocks, to take 3-8 Manila rope, giving plenty of play for the rope, or a cheap but strong grade of ash blocks is required.

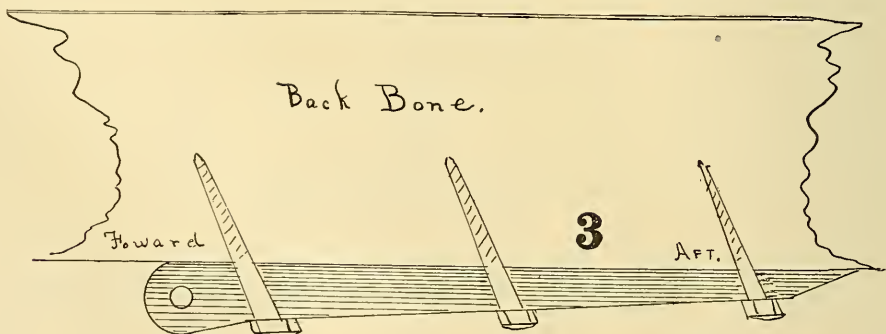
After the boat is finished give her a coat of filler and sandpaper, then finish with spar varnish. The hand rail on the backbone, just forward of the stand-ard, is of oak, set in place by small lag-screws.

In selecting the standing rigging it should be $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch crucible steel and the halyard $\frac{7}{8}$ -inch pliable steel rigging.

A martingale stay, running from the masthead and over a spreader at the forward side of the mast (see draft sheer plans), will strengthen your mast.

If the yacht is left over night on the ice, always place three wooden horses under it. Two go, one on each side of the runner-plank just inside of the lead in the shroud bolt, and the other aft of the rudder standard. A canvas cover to fit over the steering-box insures it being kept clean during a snow-storm.

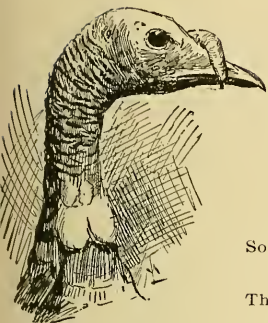
With the draft I submit herewith, the materials I have enumerated, the time that many have at their disposal, and even the limited amount of handi-craftship which seems to come as second nature, there is no reason why every one who looks longingly on a stretch of ice-covered lake or river should not speed over it in safety on his own ice-yacht.



* These prices will vary somewhat in different localities, but the tendency will be to be lower.

THE TURKEY-SHOOT AT STEINHOFF'S.

BY JOHN T. WARREN.



CHAPTER I.

A LANDLORD WHO
BOASTED LINEAGE
AND WAS PARTNER
WITH HIS
DAUGHTER.

So many guests invite as here
are writ.

The present joys of life we
doubly taste
By looking back with pleasure
on the past !

* * *
He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,
And taste Lord Timon's bounty. He outgoes
The very heart of kindness.

HERR CHRISTIAN STEINHOFF stood before a glaring red poster, which the printer's boy had just pinned up on the wall of his tidy, cheerful barroom.

There were other specimens of the art typographic displayed around the room irresistibly challenging your attention, not to say admiration and wonder. One bore the picture of an impossible horse in an improbable attitude, surmounting which was the animal's unspeakable name, and, beneath, its unfathomable pedigree. Another exhibited the stereotype imprint of an abnormally constructed cow. A third dealt with the merits of the village newspaper ; described its advantages as the best advertising medium in the district ; insisted on its indispensableness to every well-regulated household, and urged the necessity of immediate patronage of it, with the impressive and touching exhortation, that would haunt any soulful man whose casual gaze had been caught and riveted by the fat letters :

"NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE !"

Herr Christian Steinhoff, however, had eyes only for the glaring red poster. Even though other bills were new to hand and of more or less importance, this one of lurid letters possessed supreme and sublime significance. It had to do especially with the Rhoden Haus ; and, as everybody knew, the Rhoden Haus was Herr Steinhoff's realm, over which he held kindly but lordly sway, and in whose concerns, past, present and future, his interest was so deep, loyal and lasting that outer-world affairs paled into absolute inconsequence when those of Das Haus were up for consideration. Next to his birth—the precise locality he never disclosed—the genial landlord of the Rhoden Haus was proud of his hotel ; its convenient location on the village outskirts ; its comfortable appointments ; its good name for ample accommodation and orderly conduct, and—'twere rank offense and unpardonable to omit this—its rifle-range.

Herr Christian Steinhoff's affirmation of proprietary and so forth was a

GRAND TURKEY - SHOOT

AT THE

RHODEN HOUSE RANGE,

ON

Thursday, December 24,

(XMAS EVE.)

BIGGEST AND BEST BIRDS
EVER YET OFFERED FOR
COMPETITION.

ALL EXPERT RIFLEMEN
CORDIALLY INVITED !

Shooting Begins at 10 A. M. Sharp.

Sportsmen Will Bring Their
Own Ammunition and Leave
Their Dogs Home.

REFRESHMENTS AT NOON
FOR PARTICIPANTS !

CHRISTIAN STEINHOFF, - Proprietor.

ELMVALE STAR JOB PRINT.

unique and never-to-be-forgotten experience on the part of a Rhoden Haus guest. He would stand with legs well spread apart, pat with both broad, fat palms on the immaculate apron which set off his ample girth and, with preliminary "H'm! h'm!" and a broadening of the natural and perpetual smile on his honest, rubicund face, declare: "Misther!"—if it were but one person—or "Chentlemen"—if there should happen to be a party—"my name is Steinhoff, Herr Christian Steinhoff. I own dis blace—das Rhoden Haus is my broberthy, and you don't vant to forgotten dot. In my own gountry I peen a Graf"—proudly and with a studied, impressive pause. "In dis, I'm ust a Cherman immigrant—ha, ha, ha! Vot'll you haf?"

Whether in imparting information to a guest; in volunteering settlement of some moot point in target-shooting, or in asserting his authority to quell the occasional mild émeute which will occur in the best-conducted country hostelry—at fair time, on market day, or when the political convention in the neighboring county town is happily, or unhappily, over, and the delegates are on their way home full of providentially ephemeral enthusiasm—Herr Steinhoff never varied this declamatory formula much. Many persons wondered if he would ever enlarge it so as to enlighten them as to what a Graf really was, and to clear up the mystery of a man's being some thirty years out from Der Vaterland and still "a Cherman immigrant." But nobody had been found daring or mean enough to venture the suggestion of such a procedure. Everybody, it seemed, respected, even if he could not fully comprehend, Herr Steinhoff's mysterious pride and profound joke.

There was only one person in the world who would presume to dispute the absolute sovereignty of the rotund innkeeper, and that person stood beside her father at this moment. Hers was a petite but shapely form, a vivacious manner, and a winsome face—its most marked characteristic a pair of big, dark-blue eyes, from whose glance any latter-day St. Kevin would have done well to mount his bicycle and flee, if he proposed to retain reputation as a successful misogynist.

A remarkably pretty and uncommon type of girl, she struck one as being,

standing there on tip-toe, one bare arm resting on the paternal shoulder and her puffy housemaid-cap set jauntily on the well-poised, flaxen-curled head. She critically examined the new poster. But Herr Steinhoff took in the general effect of the bill. He was impressed with its flare and gratified at the big words it contained.

"I knowed dot editor man could make a pill dot vos a pill—if I only ust tole him how. You see, 'Sanne, dis pill vos pigger und redder dan last year's; und ve put some vords in, dot—dot—vell, dot makes like a man peen to school ofer here since he quit Chermany. Eh, ain't dot so?"

Pretty Susanne Steinhoff did not immediately answer, but read the type word by word with much deliberation until, reaching the job-office imprint, she turned and regarded her father with a fun-gleam in the dark blue eyes and the dimples faintly showing in the plump cheeks.

"Since you must have a turkey-shoot this Christmas, dad——," she began.

"Must haf it?" he interrupted, repeating the words and imitating the emphasis exactly, as he fully believed. "Ha, ha, ha! Dot's good! Vell, vell, you hear her? Vy, my kairl, it was on-possible I don't pring on a shkootin'-match like I haf for de last achtzehn years? De rebutation of de Rhoden Haus vas in shtake. Headqvarters for de shportsmen of dis gounty, und ve don't haf some turkey-shkootin' at Gris-mas? Kleine, du bist—du bist——"

"Crazy, dad, I know you mean. But you're mistaken. I object, in the first place, because a match like this sometimes brings around a decent house a lot of loafers and disreputable——"

"But I only invite expert riflemen, you see py dot pill. Und, say, I kess you could shtand anyvay von, or maybe a couple of dem around de blace, eh, 'Sanne?"

Susanne blushed slightly at this veiled allusion, but nevertheless proceeded with her objections.

"You're offering refreshments, dad, and——"

"R-r-r-ats! Oxcuse me, Kleine, I don't vant to peen rude. But, pshaw! Vot is a few pottles hockheimer, some Hollandsche herring, zwei or drei loafes rye-brod, half a handkase, und a pound or two wurst?"



Painted for OUTING by Albert Henckle.

"HE FACED THE TARGET AND FIRED." (p. 260.)



Painted for OUTING by Albert Hencke.

"YA! 'PARGAINS' IS A GOOD VORD." (p. 262.)

"What a modest little spread you propose to make, to be sure! And who's going to perform the loaves and fishes act? Dad, it's my private opinion here openly expressed, that you are somewhat of a deceiving, designing old fraud and spendthrift. You make no money out of this shooting-match. You know you don't."

"Dot's so. But dink of de fun ve haf! My, oh, my! You don't crudge your old vater a leetle fun 'bout vonce a year, do you, Kleine?"

That appeal settled it—as Herr Steinhoff well knew it would. The girl, letting the ripples run riot over her fair face, put a plump arm around her father's neck, lightly touched him on the cheek with her red lips, and said, with a little laughing gurgle, offsetting the assumption of heroic resignation: "Oh, all right, dad. Have your own way in this, as you do in everything, notwithstanding I am supposed to be a full partner in this business, and to have a vote equal to your own. I'll see you through with the turkey-shoot, as usual, I suppose. But I wish to gracious it was all over and done with." Then she tripped off lightly kitchenward, humming a lively air.

"Hold on, hold on!" Herr Steinhoff called after the flitting figure. "I knowed you would come around all right ven you seen dot pill und your vater explained de skittivation. Come here, Susanne, und I tell you you vos de pest kairl in de vorld, und your old vater's silent bartner! Aber she wasn't pooty silent all de vwhile, I kess," he added to himself with evident gusto, and a chuckle.

But the Silent Partner was out of hearing; and at the moment customers called the landlord's attention. As he faced them, with humor-lit eyes and that diffused complacency which imparted to his heavy features infectious bonhomie, Herr Christian Steinhoff spread the large hands across the bosom of the irreproachable apron, and, as was his wont on such an occasion, proceeded to declare his identity, present calling, erstwhile enigmatical rank and easily solvable nationality, with the concomitant and climax inquiry as to the particular beverage desired by the deeply-impressed persons before the Bar of the Haus. It is understood they each took beer.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE DOMESTIC DISSECTING-ROOM TWO SUBJECTS COME UNDER THE KNIFE.

I do not love you, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell,
But this, indeed, I know full well,
I do not love you, Dr. Fell.

Passion, the obstinate, not reason, rules;
For what they will they will; and there's an end.

HERR Christian Steinhoff sat in the cozy private parlor of the Rhoden Haus, at 9:30 P. M., smoking his big Dutch pipe, a relic, probably, of Graf days, warranted to becloud a fair-sized room in exactly five minutes with its owner at the stem end.

The Rhoden Haus closed early. It was the landlord's invariable rule, without reference either to license regulation or restrictive public sentiment. In the matter of inn-keeping, this man was a law unto himself. He argued it out on first principles. "Ve all haf our homes as vell as our peezeiness," he would observe, as he put out the lights and closed the bar at the stroke of nine. "De day vos long enough midout extending it into de night. My pelief is dot de man vot can't take his vork und his bleasure in broper broportion eider peen a tam hog or a tam fool. Oxcoose de langvidge, vill you? Gut nacht, chentleman!"

And, singular as it may appear, Elm-vale sentiment was pretty nearly a unit in indorsement of Herr Steinhoff's early-closing system, with, of course, the few unnoteworthy exceptions in every neighborhood where there is a bar-room.

Whether it was that Herr Steinhoff had set the example of sobriety, regularity and moderation to the little community, or that the community was instinctively *en rapport* with a man very practically and pointedly opposed to excesses, and consistently on the side of order, system and temperance, I am not obliged to establish. Not as a controversialist, but only as a truthful chronicler, I am recording a fact that was in unmistakable evidence, namely, that the Rhoden Haus for nearly two decades had been an appreciated accommodation to the general public and a source of reasonable enjoyment to its more especial patrons, the sportsmen of the village and locality—and these embraced the most worthy and representative residents—without apparent danger of becoming a nuisance or a detriment

to the *morale* of the village and countryside.

Herr Christian Steinhoff was comfortably ensconced in a huge arm-chair, dressed in a sky-blue smoking-jacket, and wearing a little red Turkish fez, which a bald-headed man of ordinary type would have scorned either as ornament or protection. Watching the blue rings curl upward from an unusually prolonged puff, he suddenly laid down his pipe, and, turning to the girl who sat sewing on his right, quietly asked :

"Warum willst Du nicht Heinrich Firstenberger heirathen?"

No answer.

"Er ist ein Deutscher!"

No reply.

"Er ist reich!"

Still no response.

"Sag', Kleine!" Herr Christian took up his pipe again and slowly proceeded to refill, the smile on his jovial face becoming more and more pronounced, as though the tête-à-tête were thoroughly reciprocal and intensely enjoyable. "Sag', 'Sanne, ich——"

"Stop, dad!" the girl interrupted, throwing down her sewing and turning to the old man, with an impatient shrug of her shapely shoulders. "Please don't bother me with your ridiculous questions about marrying. I'm making a new pattern of lace—don't you see?" She added the query as a ruse to divert his attention, if possible, though she fully realized, alas! her father's inability to distinguish between honiton and bed-ticking.

"Ja, ja, 'Sanne, ich sehe," he answered indulgently. "Aber Heinrich——"

"Dad, let me tell you"—she tripped over and interposed a small, white hand, which effectually put a stop to the speaker—"as I've told you often before, Heinrich Firstenberger is absolutely nothing to me. And"—she spoke imperiously—"if you want it stronger I'll make it so."

The old man gave a nod of acquiescence.

"I hate him!" Her lips were firmer than a drawn bow. "I can't really explain why; but—he has an evil eye, and, I believe, a bad heart. There, now!"

"Und bist doch immer freundlich! Wie kommt es so?" The old inn-keeper took the pipe-stem from his lips and softly laughed at his daughter's glaring inconsistency.

"Oh," she replied, with a little contemptuous grimace, "that's easily settled. It's a case of what they call conventional dissimulation in the novels; though, dad, dear, I'm prepared to confess that in real life it's the rankest hypocrisy and the meanest kind of deceit and insincerity. Let me quote from classic, and you'll understand me better :

'Bei der Kultur der jetzigen Zeit
Verlangt selbst der Teufel Artigkeit!'

I don't want to say that man is the Evil One himself; yet if he were, you see, I'm bound to be polite to him, while detesting him like—like—well"—here she made a little *moue* to give emphasis to the aversion to be expressed—"like I detest lectures in the German language from my old dad. Do let us talk in English, father. You speak it with the freedom and purity of a Briton born, don't you know?"

She perched on the arm of the big chair, and affectionately stroked the fringe of long, wavy hair, reaching to the broad shoulders of its bulky occupant. That was a vantage ground and a method of attack never known to fail.

The old man looked up with blinking, moist eyes, and his voice was a trifle husky as he spoke :

"Ach, ja! Du bist recht, Susanne! Deine Mutter in Himmel—she vos Irish, und I kess my kairl took after her. So ve shpeak English on her 'count."

"And we'll change the subject, won't we, father?" she pleaded.

"No, ve von't; dot's flat!" he affirmed, with a gentle but peremptory wave of the hand. "I vant to get undershtanding mit you on dis peeziiness. Now, you sooner haf dot Pete Trudeau dan Heinrich, I know. Eh?"

Eluding his clutch at her arm, she faced him abruptly and said :

"Yes, I would! And what of it?"

"Vell, he ain't a pad sort of feller, I'll krant. But he don't own a pig shtore, like Heinrich; und he ain't got two or dree farms; und he ain't got money in de pank; und he veiar yust gomon glothies; und don't trink lager; und he—vell, no, I guess he can shkoot as vell as Heinrich. Dot Pete, he's a pooty looker, anyway; but you can't live in dis gountry on good looks simbly. Ain't dot so? Gimme a match, Kleine!"

Heedless of the request, Susanne Steinhoff drew up her trim little figure, locked

hands behind her back, and, with big, blue eyes flashing accompaniment to her regularly accentuated words, thus addressed her father :

"Pete Trudeau is poor ; but he is manly, honest and trustworthy. He is well educated, but does not fancy being a preacher, a teacher or a clerk. He makes good wages at the lumber camps in winter, and adds to his earnings on the farms and at the lake in summer. Then he has an interest, all paid up, in a big gold mine at Rainy River. If it turns out all right, he'll be wealthy. I'd sooner just know him at a distance than be courted by such a creature as the Dutch store-keeper, with the snake eyes and the Mephisto grin."

She stopped, out of breath, and then, the significance of her avowal suddenly dawning on her, her cheeks grew crimson, and, dropping on her knees, she buried a blushing face in the old man's ample palms, and sobbed.

"How could you, father ?" she queried, reproachfully, raising a tear-stained face, to which the doleful cast seemed only to lend a new charm. But the old man's countenance showed no trace of reciprocal feeling. Rather than sympathizing, he was actually laughing at the petulant outburst.

"So ho, my kairl !" he said, brushing with clumsy but soft touch a stray curl from the low forehead. "Don't dey tell us ven you make gonfession, it vas good somedimes ? Besides, you don't know how a little purst like dot imbroves you. Will I sing for you ?"

Was macht die Thräne dich so wunderschön,
Ich möcht, dich ewig, ewig weinen seh'n !

"Ha, ha, ha ! Vere's dot match, Kleine ?"

Susanne rose and silently brought a bunch from the mantel.

"Now, ve drop de subject. Go to ped. Good-night ! Und don't forgotten to dream 'bout dot man vot's got de gelt-mine !"

The young girl left the room without a word to her tormentor.

Herr Steinhoff, match in one hand, pipe in the other, stared steadily at the closed door, his broad, fat face beaming with combined good nature and happy anticipation.

"I said good-night, 'Sanne !" he called out. The match remained unlit and the pipe held at arm's length.

"Leedle kairl, gut nacht, I say !" he repeated in a louder tone.

The old Dutch clock in the corner ticked off another ten seconds.

"Ha, dere, Su——!"

The door reopened quickly, in the very midst of the stentorian but laughing summons ; a figure rushed in ; a pair of plump arms were thrown about a thick, red neck, and a warm, swift kiss was implanted on a stubble-grown cheek.

"There, you terrible old tease, will you quit your noise ? I was mad at you, dad ; but I'm just simple enough not to know how to keep up my mad—with you. Say you will never, never again bring up that—that matter, and I'll forgive you entirely. Come, promise !" And Herr Christian Steinhoff's impulsive daughter proceeded to strangle him in a mild way.

"Dere, dere, dere, I von't !" he gasped. "Not until next time, anyway. Now, dot'll do, blease ! You vos de pest kairl in all de world, I know, und my silent bartner in peeziiness. Gott pless you ! Say your brayers, go to shleep, und dream 'bout dot"—puff-puff-puff (he had lit a match)—"gelt mine"—puff-puff-puff—"dot pig, rich, gelt mine"—puff, puff, puff—"up at Rainy River away ! Ha, ha, ha :"

CHAPTER III.

A COMPACT BETWEEN RIVALS MAKES SIDE ISSUE OF A FAMOUS RIFLE CONTEST.

You say 'tis luck alone when those
Unskilled in tactics beat their foes ;
But better 'tis without to win,
Than with these tactics to give in.

Rarely they rise by virtue's aid, who lie
Plunged in the depth of helpless poverty.

CHRISTMAS eve dawned clear and crisp. A light snow had fallen overnight, giving to the wintry landscape a new touch of color, which freshened the dull whiteness of hillside and valley, and diamond-dusted the foliage of tall evergreens sharply outlined at every point against the cold, blue sky. Nature was in a complacent midwinter mood.

An early stir was visible at the Rhoden Haus. Hans Heinmeyer, the stolid stableman, who didn't know two words of English despite his ten years' incumbency of an important office, had been up to greet the daylight, and had found more than enough for himself and

his boy helper to fill in time till the breakfast horn sounded. Hans it was who on all notable occasions acted as marker at Rhoden Haus range; and to-day he had his targets faultlessly painted, his score-bulletin cards all ready.

In the Haus itself the young mistress and her three maids were no less busy.

In truth, all was bustle in and about the old hotel, for the day of the annual turkey-shoot at Steinhoff's was one demanding extensive and elaborate preparation.

"Dis event," Herr Christian Steinhoff used to refer to as "a dime for my shporting friends; und my shtyle is to gif my shporting friends more as I gif myself—ven I gif dem anyding at all. Ve drow de Haus open, de shtables open, und—vell, a good deal of de par open likewise also, I kess. Vot'll you haf?"

The gathering numbered fifty odd when the programme opened. They came from far and near—off the farm, out of the logging camp, from behind the store counter, down from the pedagogue's platform, away from the law office, the surgery, the dispensary, aye, and even the parsonage; for wasn't there present—ever ready to account for his fondness for rod and gun, with the little couplet:

The parson, if I tell it must,
Was flesh and blood like all of us—

the jolly, well-preserved, field-sport loving Methodist minister—no better man in the neighborhood than he at whipping a trout stream, although there was limit to his prowess in open competition at the rifle range at Steinhoff's.

The shooting went bravely on. Range was from 100 to 500 yards, the contests beginning with the long and closing with the short, when muzzle-loading and off-hand style was the rule. This system was Herr Steinhoff's own invention, and if you did not fancy his arrangement you needn't shoot.

A turkey-shoot, but no turkeys were shot. The birds were trophies, not targets. They strutted about in a pen in the stable yard, big, glossy, well-fed gobblers, for the most part, the pick of the famous flocks which the Rhoden Haus raised, their wild-bird pedigree, not far remote, easily discerned by the practiced eye.

A turkey head protruding from a hole in a box was now and then suggested as a substitute for Hans Heinmeyer's tar-

get at 200 yards, by way of varying the sport. But the suggestion was strictly on the side, and never offered to Herr Steinhoff, who, as everyone knew, had his own ideas about entertaining a mixed crowd of riflemen so as to offer the most amusement, satisfaction and genuine sport. And, as he himself hung up the prizes and exacted no entry fee, he had perfect right to unchallenged ordering of the meet.

"I can draw a legal conveyance better than I can draw a bead on that bull's-eye," candidly confessed Lawyer Stokes, as he fell out of the ranks, a sadly defeated man.

"My pills are my most effectual bullets," laughed old Dr. Crosby, not to be outdone in candor by the disciple of Blackstone, as he, too, withdrew, a non-success.

"As for me," declared Rev. Horace Musgrove, who, too, had fallen by the way, "I certainly wanted very badly to win a turkey to-day; but I am impelled to admit that, while a parson may take a quail on a straightaway flight, with his trusty No. 12 and an ounce-and-a-quarter of fine shot, the feat does not necessarily qualify him to plunk a winning rifle-bullet in competition with such cracks as I find here. Gentlemen, I'll bid you all good-day; and may the man who wins the best turkey find it in his heart to constitute himself a donation party and drop into the parsonage on his way from the match."

So, one by one, the events were happily shot off, the prize tickets were handed out, and the contestants were retired. There remained now the final event, the district championship and the Haus medal—muzzle-loaders, 200 yards, off-hand. As it had happened for several years past, the competition narrowed itself down to the two best shots among the patrons of Rhoden Haus Range—Heinrich Firstenberger and Peter Trudeau, the latter the winner of the medal at the last shoot.

"Say we call this off," proposed the young Frenchman. "I'll willingly let the championship slide. Heinrich will beat me, at any rate, for I'm badly out of shape to-day. Will you have it so?"

He turned a frank, honest gaze toward his opponent as he spoke. The village storekeeper met it with a sinister look out of his bulging, shifty eyes.

"No, I'm danged if I do!" he said

savagely. "I win the medal with my gun, or else I don't want it."

"You'll win it, I believe, for I'm not in trim," remarked Trudeau. "A give-in's as much as a straight down; isn't it, fellows?"

"A funk may be equal to a fair fight in your eyes," growled the store-keeper; "but I'm not built on that plan. You'll shoot off with me, or else you may hold your championship, and I'll add a medal myself—but it won't be silver, I can tell you." He uttered a harsh laugh and looked about for signs of approbation. But there weren't any.

There was a momentary flash in the dark eyes of the champion.

"It's a go!" he said quietly. The crowd applauded.

"Thanks!" Firstenberger exclaimed sneeringly. "And, say," he went on, a sudden idea having occurred to him, "we'll couple with the result a little point I'd like to settle with my friend Pete. It's a purely private matter, boys. Don't affect the crowd or the match a particle. I'll talk to you over at the Haus!" he continued, in a lowered tone, as he walked past his opponent.

The notes of the dinner-horn rang out, welcome music to the hungry riflemen.

Herr Steinhoff received them in the public sitting-room. He wore under the apron an elaborate red shooting-jacket, made for ornamental purposes only. Of course, he did not omit the characteristic salutation. The big, pudgy, white hands outspread on the broad expanse of fresh-laundered linen, the inevitable smile born of good health and good nature beaming from the fresh-shaven face, the host of the Rhoden Haus gave his guests cordial greeting:

"Chentlemen, my name is Steinhoff—Herr Christian Steinhoff. I own dis blace. De Rhoden Haus is my brober-ty, und don't you vant to forgotten dot. In my own gountry"—the voice takes a rising inflexion—"I peen a Graf. In dis"—the voice drops and a little chuckle is observable—"I'm yust a Cherman immigrant. Vot'll you haf?"

Two guests kept the table waiting. Heinrich Firstenberger and Peter Trudeau had withdrawn to the sitting-room to arrange certain matters.

"Five words will tell you what I want," said the former roughly, laying a heavy, hairy hand on the other's shoulder with

insolent familiarity. "We'll shoot for the girl!"

Trudeau drew back from the touch with quiet dignity, but it was the accompanying words which brought the fierce glare into his eyes. "We'll do what?" he asked sharply.

"Oh, you don't quite get my drift, eh? Ne comprenez pas, as they say in Paree."

He grinned, disclosing the white teeth under the coarse, bristling moustache. "Well, I'll try to make it plainer. Let's have no beating about the bush. We're both after the landlord's daughter, but only one of us can get the fräulein, and it will be easier for him if the other is out of the way. See? Now, I propose this: If I win in this last shot we have to decide the championship, you agree to give up your attentions to Susanne Steinhoff. If you down me, I propose to step aside and leave you a clear coast. I'd like to have the thing settled in straight, up-and-up business and gentlemanly fashion. At the same time—well, you know how we stand, Pete!"

Trudeau vainly sought to catch the eye of the man opposite. He felt that he dare not otherwise trust himself to speak.

"I'd hate to have to call up the little claim I have to your favorable consideration of this proposal," Firstenberger continued, his gaze still averted. "You don't want me to, do you? And to refuse another month or two's indulgence?"

A moment of silence, then Trudeau's tongue found utterance.

"No, you infernal tempter, I don't!" His face was pale with suppressed rage and his voice hoarse and unnatural. "Do you think it's ever out of my mind? that, thanks to my—. But, no matter. Make your nefarious bargain, then, Heinrich Firstenberger. I'll be a party to it—for another's sake. But take care lest it prove a bad bargain for both!"

"Then it's agreed?" the German said eagerly.

"Yes."

The farther door of the sitting-room opened at this moment, revealing the fair face of the innkeeper's daughter, the delicate bloom of health in her clear skin and its luster in her eyes. But so engrossed were the two men that neither noticed.

"I win the medal—you give up the girl. You win the medal—I leave her to you. It's a go, is it, Pete?"

"Yes."

"And we don't have to take little Susanne into our confidence, either, do we? Ha, ha, ha!"

The farther door of the sitting-room closed softly on a colorless face and wild, startled, staring blue eyes.

"Shake on it, Pete!"

"No. It's too cowardly and unholy for that. My word has been given; let that suffice. I am reputed to be an honest man."

"And I?"

"Would you really like me to tell you right here what I think you are, Heinrich Firstenberg? In my desperation I'll——"

"Poys, poys, vot's all dis brivate con-flap about, I like to know?"

It was portly Herr Steinhoff, who bustled in and accosted the men in what he meant to be a surprised and expostulatory tone.

"Vy you keep de barty vaiting, ven dey're hungry like a hog? Come, come! Ve don't schtot anoder chif-fey!"

And, grabbing an arm of each, he marched them into the dining-room.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MATTER OF A BULLET AND ITS BIL-LET DEBATED AND DECIDED.

And when he mounts the flying steed
Sits gloomy Care behind.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done!

THE spread in the spacious dining-room was worthy the occasion and the inn. The toothsome sausage, the pungent cheese, the nutty rye-bread, and the wine from the Vaterland which had lain many years in the dark, dry cellar of Rhoden Haus were delicacies discussed in addition to the more English dishes and drinks for which the old Haus was famous.

Never was more ample justice done to the meal at a shooting match at Steinhoff's. And when the toasts came to be drunk in the generous, cheering beverage which went the rounds of the board without stint, the guests entered heart and soul into the spirit of the pleasant revelry, made stirring speeches, told telling stories and sang rollicking songs.

But one man of the gay company sat silent and distraught. Try as he might, Peter Trudeau could not forget his troubles nor banish his gloomy reflections. Not only was his heart sad, but his conscience also was pricking him. He ate little and drank nothing. His look was stern, not to say morose. He had neither toast, speech, song nor story. The jovial host more than once glanced at him with a puzzled, pained air.

"I say, you Pete Trudeau," he finally called, "you seem yust like a fish outen de vater! Vos you sick? Did somebody onsult you? Vot is de reason mit you, anyway, you look so plue? Come, to prigheten you ub, I gif you a leedle song vot dey sing at a festival in der Vaterland ven some von get out of sorts!"

And rising to his feet, the jolly landlord sang in a rich, full baritone:

Bruder, warum so misvergnügt?
Sag', was dir im Sinne liegt?
Willst du denn, da wir so fröhlich singen,
Traurigkeit in uns're Mitte bringen?
Sag', was dir im Sinne liegt?
Hier, bringen wir dir ein gut' Glass Wein!
Es wird dir bald besser sein!
Der Wein, der Wein, der muss getrunken sein!
Bruder, zur Rechten! Bruder, zur Linken!
Wir wollen zusammen ein Glässlein trinken!
Ho, ho, macht alle nur so!

Everybody, perhaps, did not quite understand the words—although "bruder" and "wein" and "trinken" sounded familiar enough. But there was no mistaking the lively, inspiring air. Shouts of applause greeted the vocalism, and even from Trudeau's face there partly disappeared the look of savage, sullen abstraction.

"Now, boys," exclaimed Firstenberg, who had constituted himself toast-master, "let us drink ein gut' glass wein, such as the landlord sang about, to the future champion, whoever he may be. And I would here propose, if the young lady herself will graciously permit it"—he looked over at Susanne and her assistants, waitresses at the dinner—"that, in order to add a little tone to the deciding shot of the competition—give the proceedings *éclat*, as my good friend, the present champion, would express it—our host's lovely daughter load the rifles with her own fair hands."

A universal chorus of approbation met the novel proposal.

Herr Steinhoff rose to say that he would vouch for Susanne's willingness

no less than her ability to perform the task.

"My kairl has loaded und fired many a rifle," he declared proudly, "und, py gravy, she, too, can shkoot like—like—a—a—son of a kun! Ain't dot so, 'Sanne?"

The young girl received the presumptuous proposal without sign of embarrassment; she heard her father's somewhat unclassically conveyed flattery with perfect composure; she made no recognition of, much less reply to, his laughing query. Her face was pale and set. There was possibly a hint of latent anger in the down-drawn corners of the mouth and a strange light in the inscrutable blue eyes. Unquestionably, something had happened to ruffle the temper and rouse the resentment of Fräulein Steinhoff. But she was not the sort of girl to make a parade of petulance or manifest unrestrained evidence of wounded finer feeling.

"Gimme dem kuns!" the innkeeper ordered. "Now, Susanne," he continued, "you go und load 'em up shlick und goot in dot pack-room! Here's de powder-flask; here's de vads; and here's a pright new pullet for each. Let dem put on deir own caps outside. Hurry up, Kleine! Ve want to get de chob over kvick, und maybe ve haf time for a leedle consolation peezeiness to vind up! Eh?"

"This is Mr. Heinrich Firstenberger's, and here goes a proper charge in it!"

The girl drew the ramrod and plunged the wad homewith swift strokes.

"And *he*—the snaky Dutchman—proposed to win me—at a Rhoden Haus shoot—as if I were a fat gobbler—the impudent—the contemptible—the—the brute!"

She picked up the other rifle.

"And this is—*his*!" A little color stole to her cheek. A trifle of powder spilled as the charge went in. "And *he* is the man I thought honest, manly, true-hearted, worthy of a woman's confidence, respect, and——"

She did not finish.

Clug!

"There's a pair of them, so there is!"

Clug!

"I must hate and despise *him* too!"

Clug!

"He coolly consented to the shameful bargain!"

Clug!

"Heavens, how can I ever pay them both back as they deserve?"

She stamped her little foot with truly feminine and impotent rage, and stubbed a toe in so doing.

Then, as she looked at the two small shiny globes, fresh from the mold, that lay in her palm, suddenly the fingers closed tight over them. She raised the clenched hand to her mouth and bit at the ball of the thumb till almost the blood came.

"'Every bullet has its billet,' the old saw goes. Is this invariably true? Suppose, for instance, one of these bullets——. Oh, can I? Dare I?"

The woman who hesitates is lost! One thought in recurrence to the compact she had overheard, and she would have given herself up, the slave to now irresistible impulse. But her better instincts rose. She resolutely overcame an ignoble purpose.

"No! I *will not* do it!"

She took up Firstenberger's rifle and proceeded nervously to finish the loading.

"Come, come, 'Sanne!" The voice of Herr Christian Steinhoff sounded from the hallway and his heavy footfall was heard approaching. "Dey vant dem kuns; vot kept you so soon getting dem loaded?" he asked, with wofully ill-assumed impatience, as he came puffing into the room.

For answer the girl handed over the two rifles. It was well she averted her face; for even stolid, easy-going, unobservant Herr Steinhoff, had he noticed it at the moment, could not have failed to read the mingled horror and self-reproval plainly written thereon—mute evidence of the, alas! only partial and transient awakening of that conscience that makes cowards of us all.

But Herr Steinhoff noticed neither the girl's silence nor the look on her face. He took the rifles, and observed, giving an admiring glance at them, "Susanne's loading von't hoo-doo dese kuns, anyvay. It ought to gif glück to poth men—make a tie und a gouple of champions! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Take your shot first, Heinrich!"

Peter Trudeau addressed his rival, his voice affecting a heartiness which his general presence belied.

"No, my good friend," was the reply;

"although that is my privilege, I wish to forego it, this time, and give you all the advantage that comes of it. My mood to-day is particularly benign—I'm in for unlimited jollity and good-fellowship. Christmas time, you see! Here, Pete, you take first crack. And say!"—a sudden inspiration seized him—"what's more, we'll change guns. You're not shooting in old-time style to-day. Take this, and knock out the maxim that it's unlucky to trade horses while crossing a stream. You want to win this particular match, I know."

He grinned at the hidden significance of the words, and followed them up *sotto voce* with "But you won't!"

The truth was, Heinrich Firstenberger felt perfectly sure—the two were even up so far—of making the last and winning shot, in view of his opponent's extreme nervousness and apparent recklessness. All the special arrangements, all his seeming concessions, had been conceived with the aim to distract and rattle the champion who, he believed, was now as good as beaten.

In a dazed way Peter Trudeau took the proffered rifle and handed over his own. Then in hurried, unsteady manner, he faced the target and fired.

"Fünf!"

As was his wont, old Hans Heinmeyer announced the score in a hoarse bellow, audible a mile away, before he hung up the figures on the big stump that did duty as a tally-board.

A murmur of surprise and disappointment arose from the gathering. "What's up with Trudeau to-day?" was a query to which no man who put it to his neighbor was vouchsafed satisfying answer.

Heinrich Firstenberger stepped out with easy, insolent strut. His white teeth shone under the bristles of the heavy upper lip. His protruding, restless eyes lost for the moment their furtiveness. He took aim with ease and unusual deliberation.

One—two—three—four—five, the seconds ticked, and—crack!

The crowd breathlessly awaited the score.

"Nichts!" roared the old stableman.

"Phew! Blast the luck!" The vanquished rifleman himself broke the silence that had fallen on the group. "That's my first clean miss in many a year, boys." As he spoke an angry

flush mounted to his cheeks; then, as if some politic motive had arrested him, it faded. An apprehensive, weary, disheartened look overspread his face. "I guess, fellows," he observed huskily, "this means my shooting days are over. I'm getting old and uncertain—have to turn out and give one of the new generation my place in the riflemen's ranks. Trudeau, you win—by the magnificent margin of five points! Congratulations!"

CHAPTER V.

THE PARTY OF THE THIRD PART AFFIRMS
A RIGHT TO CONSULTATION, AND IS
WILLING TO HEAR EXPLANATION,
AFTER WHICH—

My poverty, but not my will, consents.

And now, I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.
And joy comes well in such a needy time.

Love conquers all things.
Let us yield, then, to Love!

THE old Dutch clock in the Rhoden Haus parlor was striking eleven, when a knock was heard at the outer porch.

The whole household was awake, preparing for the Christmas soon to dawn.

Herr Steinhoff himself answered the door and found Peter Trudeau there, his face beaming and his whole manner having undergone remarkable transformation.

"Vell, vell, Pete, I'm clad to seen you! Come in, come in!" And the hospitable old man ushered the late visitor into the well-lit, well-warmed room.

"Vot's up, Pete?" he inquired, cheerily; and then, as he caught fair sight of the young Frenchman, he exclaimed:

"But, say, you do look chipper und shmart like! How you get dem shpirits pack, I like to know? My, oh, my!"

"I've got good news, Mr. Steinhoff. An hour ago I found this letter for me at the post-office." He fumbled nervously in his breast-pocket, and finally drew out a big, impressively shaped and profusely stamped envelope, the enclosure of which he held out, saying eagerly, "Read it!"

"Dank you, Peter, but I'm too tired for a chob like making out a lawyer's letter, unless it peen in Deutsch. I believe vot you tell me 'bout it. Vot's de good news? But, say, just hand me von of dem matches und I shmoke und hear you petter! Vell?"

"I'll not read the letter. I'll just tell

you. Our mine—you know I've had to do with a mining property up at Rainy River for a year or two?"

"Ja, I hearn' 'bout dot seferal dimes, if not more. Vell? Now, don't got excited, Pete!"

"It's a winner at last, Mr. Steinhoff! At last, at last!" His voice rose exultantly.

"Vell? Hand me anoder of dem matches, Peter. Und keeb cool, keeb cool! Vy, my dear poy—."

"I'm offered—just think of it, Mr. Steinhoff!—twenty thousand cash down for my shares!"

"Um! Is dot so? Anoder match, please; dis pipe vos gone kind o' cranky to-night. Und you yust keeb cool, don't I tole you?"

"Yes, sir—a straight twenty thousand! I'm a rich man, Mr. Steinhoff!"

"Oh, I don't know, Pete. 'Tain't a pad leedle sum to haf in de pank. But—rich on dwendy dousand thaler!—Vy, my excited young freund, dot would peen yust 'bout half-a-day's bocket-money for some of dem millionaire peebles! Visper, Pete, und I tole you I sawn de dime ven I lose me dot much in a leedle game, und yust laugh! Dot vos ven I peen a Graf in der Vaterland und had vealth to purn!"

Herr Steinhoff's burly body shook with suppressed merriment at the reminiscence of his prodigal, and probably poker days.

"But twenty thousand dollars for me—it's all I want. It's plenty to—to —." The young man stammered and stopped.

"You mean to get married mit und settle down, eh?"

"Yes, that's what I mean. And"—eagerly—"will you help me?"

"Help you? Dot's good! Ha, ha, ha! Vy don't you gone und got married py yourself—und a karl, in course, I mean?"

"Mr. Steinhoff," said Trudeau earnestly, "I came to-night to talk seriously with you on this very subject. May I go on?"

"Vy, yes, Pete, march right on, like you vos a prass-band. Only hand me von of dem matches 'fore you pegin. Und keeb cool!"

"I want your leave to offer myself to your daughter!" The young fellow made his declaration with simple sincerity.

"Oh, it's my leedle 'Sanne, you vant? All right!"

"If she will have me I'll try to make her a good husband."

"Is dot so? Vell?"

"I'll invest my mine money at her wish and in her name."

"Good scheme! I like dot. Vell?"

"I'll devote my life to her in any way and every way."

"Vell, vot else?"

"I'll wait till you're ready—till she's ready—till everything's ready, so long as I know that one day she will be mine and make me the happiest man on God's green earth!"

"Um! Anyding more, Pete?"

"Yes, there is something more—a good deal more, my gentlemen!"

Susanne Steinhoff, with flushed face and clenched hands, confronted the two men, the suddenness of her appearance almost upsetting the old inn-keeper himself.

"There's a party of the third part to this interesting little family arrangement, and that party is—me! Father," she went on, laying a trembling hand on the arm of the big easy-chair and indicating the visitor with a nod of her curly head, "I tell this man in your presence I don't want his attentions—I spurn his addresses! I wouldn't marry him if he had a trunkful of diamonds and a roomful of gold—instead of a paltry few thousands in an old mine somewhere or other!"

She stopped and looked defiantly from one to the other. Herr Steinhoff wore his placid smile and puffed big, blue rings up toward the ceiling. The other man rose to his feet and stared at the angry girl in dumb, reproachful amazement.

"Oh, you may well look startled, Peter Trudeau," she resumed, hotly, "but I know of your baseness, your treachery, your heartlessness. Dad, you'll scarcely believe what this man and his chum Heinrich Firstenberger did to-day! They met in conference and coolly bargained, one with the other, that your daughter—d'ye hear me, dad?—me, Susanne Steinhoff—was to be a prize, on the side, for the shooting champion! Did you ever hear of such cold-blooded, contemptible conduct? Such barefaced assurance—such—such—such—gall? Ugh!"

Trudeau's look changed from amaze-

ment to horror. He slowly sat down again, and, in abject humiliation, elbows on knees and face hidden in hands, silently pleaded the guilt he could not orally confess.

"You see, dad, it's true,"—the girl pursued the attack relentlessly—"for he hasn't a word to say in self-defence. Indeed, as I actually overheard the villainous arrangement, how can he? Involuntarily I was an eavesdropper; but I'm glad of it, for now I know you, Peter Trudeau, in your true colors. I'd learned to know his friend, Heinrich Firstenberger before."

"'Friend'? Heinrich Firstenberger my friend? Ah, you are very far from the truth, Susanne!"

Trudeau rose and, facing the girl, asked in a tone half peremptory, half pleading: "Do you care to hear explanation from me? Shall I tell you all the circumstances of this—this—bargain?"

"Ja, 'pargains' is a good vord," laughingly interjected Herr Steinhoff. "Und I don't see anyding wrong mit dot pargain, neider," he continued, after stopping a moment to relight the refractory pipe; "except it vasn't a chuel mit swords. I kess my kairl is vort a leedle drouble to vin, ain't it? Und she make a pooty good hang-up at a shkootin'-match, eh? Nefer mind, Pete! It vill come all right out, I pet you!"

Susanne bravely essayed to bridle up at this introduction of comedy into what, to her thinking, was the most serious incident in her life. Assuming a tragic air, as she whisked to the front of the paternal seat and shook her small fist threateningly at its amiable occupant, she said with charmingly affected acerbity, "Dad, if I thought you really meant what you say I'd—I'd—turn against you, too! I vow it!"

But one look at the expansive countenance of the offending "dad," bubbling over with infinite humor and bonhomie, defeated the effort to be gravely impressive, not to say truly terrifying. She could not check the smile that rose infectiously to her lips; in truth, she surrendered completely, and, somewhat shamefacedly, it must be admitted, joined in the old man's laugh against her.

But it was only momentary. She was sober and earnest when, turning toward Trudeau, she mutely signified assent to his proffered explanation.

Interpreting the look, the young man said, speaking not in bitterness, but with the deep melancholy of conviction: "I suppose it's all my fault; I must blame myself for the regrettable doing of to-day. Now, therefore, don't think I want to spare myself if I have done a mean and unworthy act. But, in justice to myself and in fairness to you"—he hesitated at the word fairness—"I should tell you the whole story. In my relations to Heinrich Firstenberger it has been as though a storm-cloud hung over my head, that might burst any moment and deluge me with a very torrent of trouble. I was his debtor. He held me in his power. With the stroke of a pen he could confiscate my own little property, my mother's home and my earnings for a year or more. The money it has taken to hold my share in the gold mine was advanced by him. He it was, indeed, who tempted me to make the investment and mortgage myself up to the ears. Why? He thought it would ruin me—aye, I feel persuaded he has prayed that it might. But yet something has told me all along that the mine was not a barren thing. I've had faith, even against my reason, that at last it would pan out and repay me."

"Und so it haf, Pete!" broke in Herr Steinhoff. "'Sanne, Peter he peen a gelt-mine owner and champion of de turkey-shkoot. Yust dink——"

"What!" the young girl interrupted shrilly and with a tremor she could not hide. "Why, I had thought that not only were you mean enough to make the bargain, but meaner still not to abide by it. So *you* won the shoot-off with Heinrich Firstenberger?"

"In course, he vin. Vy, he yust shtuff de shkootin' outen dot fellow!"

"Thank God!" The girl uttered it mentally, checking the fervent ejaculation even as her lips formed it. Controlling her agitation, she said shortly and nervously: "Go on, Peter!"

"He made the proposal to me because he wanted to wound, shame, humiliate and disgrace me before ruining me financially; not that he loved you, but that he hated me—a grudge dating back to schoolboy days, as I have learned. My soul at first revolted; but a false pride, a reckless, bull-dog daring took hold of me, and I met him man for man, or rather devil for devil.

Moreover, my poor, old mother was concerned, the little homestead was at stake."

"Hand me anoder of dem matches, Pete! Dis is de vorst shmoke I haf in dree weeks. Der Teufel vos in my pipe! Und you keeb cool, my poy, I tole you!"

Susanne Steinhoff was listening tremblingly to the penitent's recital, drinking in his words with feverish anxiety, the varying expression on his face reflected in hers; her lips seeming mutely to repeat what he was saying. The anger in her heart had subsided, and her eyes bespoke infinite compassion and sympathy.

"Enraged, defiant, desperate, I was driven to act as in calmer-thinking moments I would have scorned to. Still, my guardian angel tried to comfort me all the while with gentle assurance that my troubles were soon to end and give place to triumph. Perhaps I don't deserve to be heard, much less to have forgiveness. But, I've been living and toiling patiently, perseveringly, prayerfully for two years, knowing you, Susanne, were friendly toward me, that you treated me with kindness, and feeling that maybe you might, when I was well enough off to provide a home fit for such as you, not see it amiss in my offering myself to you as a man who never loved woman (save his mother) nor ever can, except you. Susanne, do you understand me? Can you forgive me? And will you not tell me there is at least a little hope for me when I shall have proven myself better worthy of you? That's all I ask to-night!"

"To-night! Is dot vot you call it?" broke in Herr Steinhoff. "Vy, py chiminy, young man, it's Gris'mas morn-ing, dot's vot it is? I go down cellar und pring a bottle hockheimer to cele-

brate, before you go. Oxcuse me for 'bout fifteen minutes."

* * * * *

"Say, Pete!"

The young girl's voice had resumed its natural tone; on her pretty face was a look of relief and enlightenment; in her eyes shone the witchery and wantonness of the maid who has won a heart victory and glories in her success.

"Yes, Susanne!"

He, too, was his old self. The demons of doubt and despair had fled before the instinctive consciousness that his pleading had not been in vain.

"I'm glad and thankful you won the match, for your sake. But, suppose it had been otherwise. If you had made a miss. You might have done so, you know. Then you would have lost me, as well?"

"He never would have won you, though!"

"But that was the bargain," she went on with demure audacity.

For answer he took her hands in his, and looked searchingly into the deep blue eyes.

"We reckoned without our host," he said tenderly—"or, rather, without the daughter of our host."

And as that latter individual here appeared, carrying two bottles of cob-webbed wine, he declared with emphasis, which his smile modified, if it did not wholly negative:

"Dot's so, Peter. Nefer you fail to take count of Susanne in dis peezi-ness. Susanne and her old vater vos bartners, you know. I own der Rhoden Haus; also my kairl she vos my right-hand man. Ain't dot so, 'Sanne?"

The partner signaled her proprietary interest by passing over her keys, upon which was a corkscrew



FISHING UNDER SUNNY SKIES.

BY EDWIN L. SABIN



A PORCUPINE FISH.

THE Bahamas bask in the warm, clear water separating Florida and Cuba. Four hundred years ago Columbus was entranced by their beauty. To-day they are as fairy-like as they were then. Too seldom visited by Northern pleasure-seekers, they know not change or innovation or progress. Nassau absorbs the life of the group, and hundreds of tiny keys lie unnoticed by human beings, even native fishermen. The sea flows like liquid emerald over smooth sand as white as snow. The sun shines from the bluest of Italian skies, and balmy breezes ruffle the palm-trees of a myriad of dainty isles.

At fishing resorts just enough laziness is breathed by the atmosphere to render the sport enticing whether or not anything is caught. Then there is a fascination in casting lure into a realm peopled by a host of finny denizens brilliant in coloring, strange in shape, and often, to all save the scientific, unknown in species and scope of utility. Bahaman waters swarm with life. Thirty feet beneath the vessel's keel are plainly visible the doings in a magic world.

The sea in these localities is marvelously clear. Dolphins are frequent attendants on the vessel which cruises from key to key; and as you lean over the stern gazing at the wake, you behold, near the surface or far in the depths, darting up, down, from port to starboard and back, a school of these fish frolicking. Their bodies seem of azure, and they resemble masses of tur-

quoise endowed with life. They are welcome and entertaining companions, and bring good luck. No sailor would harm them. But anxious to see if the colors of a dying dolphin are a myth, while the schooner was idly gliding ahead before a light breeze off Abaco, I caught one of the fish and tested him.

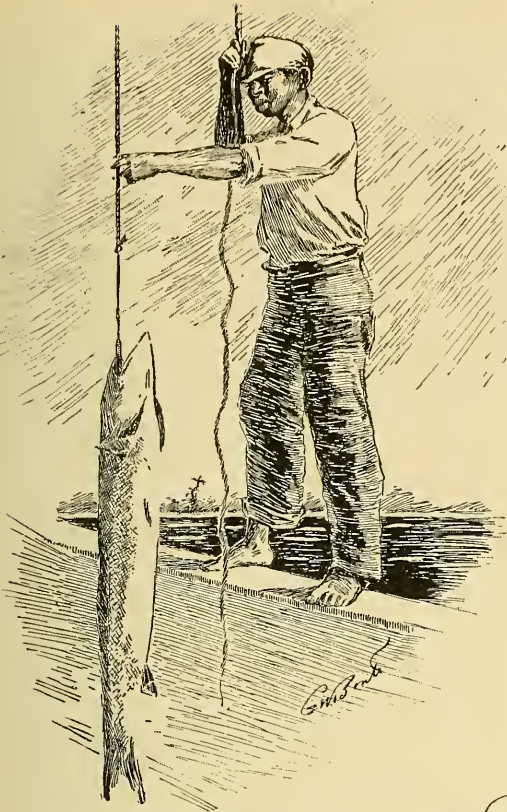
The manner of the capture was unique. After many kinds of bait had been tried, and attracted no attention from the dolphins, the hook with a strip of pork two inches long dangling from it, was allowed to trail on the surface of the water, skipping from ripple to ripple, behind the craft. Actuated seemingly by curiosity alone the fish followed the hook, snatching at it, dropping it, and leaping over it. One individual unluckily closed his mouth on the barb, and was hauled ignominiously onto the deck.

When he came over the rail, fresh from the ocean, his color was blue; in a second the hue changed to gold, the scales became iridescent, and rich waves of light and shade played back and forth as if the animal were covered with molten metal. This suddenly paled to silver, and round, black spots appeared. Blue succeeded, and as the dolphin expired a steely gray set in, with a brassy luster, and the dark spots showing through. The victim weighed about five pounds. According to seamen's opinion dolphins are not fit to eat, but are held as poisonous. By devouring this victim we demonstrated the absurdity of the theory.

Sharks are present in Bahaman waters, but do not "swarm" there, although popular prejudice closely associates tropic seas and hideous man-eaters. In truth, the only places where sharks do "swarm" are harbors such as Key West and Havana, where refuse thrown in furnishes an easy living. In the three months' cruise through the Bahamas and Florida Keys the instances when we saw a shark while we were under way were so rare I can remember every time. The natives are fearless of the finny bugbears, and assert that unless the animals have once tasted human blood they are more timid than ferocious.

his very jaws many a bit of spoil. However, I saw these satellites deliberately lead a fourteen-foot monarch to his death. They swam ahead of him, investigated the bait dangling in the clear water, and hurrying back to where he was awaiting their decision, apparently told him all was well. He approached, turned heavily, and swallowed the hook. He was so strong, and in such a rage, that to obtain his carcass we were obliged to shoot him with a rifle, severing a blood vessel. The wound attracted several other sharks, and they snapped viciously at their dying king.

At the north end of Eleuthera, near Spanish Wells colony, is a favorite place for barracuda. Imagine a great pike; long barrel of a body, gray, dotted with black; a pointed snout; strong jaws filled with sharp teeth set wide apart, and the size of a terrier dog's. This is the barracuda. Bahamans fear this fish exceedingly, and say he does not hesitate to attack a man. He would make a most unpleasant antagonist, for he is powerful and nimble as an eel. Trolling along the channels between the coral reefs, on a sudden the fierce rush of this



THE BARRACUDA.

In fishing for sharks from the schooner we used a hundred feet of stout, braided line, the size of a clothes-line, but stronger, and the usual large hook sold for the purpose, attached to the line by two feet of brass wire, trebled and interlaced and bound to the hook by copper wire. We fished while at anchor, and always saw the shark before we caught him, or angled for him.

The larger sharks have convoys of pilot-fish attending them. These somewhat resemble a fresh-water perch. It is claimed they guard their master, and act as his outposts. In return they feed on the parasites that infest him, and secure from



A HAUL OF JEWFISH.

gamy fish will be felt, and whoever holds the line will find his energies taxed by the fight which ensues. Dashing furiously hither and thither, the barracuda struggles desperately. The line cuts the water angrily, parting the emerald with a white streak. In the transparent fluid can be seen the huge fish darting about at full speed, or wrathfully shaking himself. Not easily is he tired, and he dies bravely. The tarpon cannot precede him as a warrior.

In angling for barracuda we used a shark line, with a "squid"—a bluefish gear familiar to dwellers on the Atlantic coast—and a "runner," a fish, weighing a pound at the least, stuck on the hook. The largest barracuda caught measured nearly six feet. We saw him, the hungry monster, hanging perfectly quiet in his cool, green lair under the stern of an abandoned brigantine, wrecked some years ago. When he was struck with the grains, in our attempt to land him in the dinghy, with a mighty squirm he broke the iron shank of the weapon. The lead of the squid was furrowed deeply by his tapering teeth.

Bahamans hate the barracuda to such an extent that they will not eat his flesh, firm in the belief he is rank poison. He did not disagree with Yankee palates, however.

One of the handsomest fish in the Lucayas archipelago is the Spanish mackerel. He is built on a racing plan, trim and slender, with bold coloring enhanced by vivid spots, and doubtless is a dashing blade among his comrades. His strong jaws and teeth show he is equal in rapacity to the barracuda. Add the bluefish, and here is a trio of pirates hard to beat. The Spanish mackerel is caught by trolling as the vessel runs from point to point.

A mammoth catch was that made by the captain of the little schooner I was on. We were at anchor off Eleuthera. The water was about six fathoms, and the officer, tying his line to the rail, went to sleep, letting the bait sink to the bottom. When he awoke he commenced to pull in. In a moment he stopped. "Reckon it's fouled on coral," he observed. Then slowly but surely he lost ground, and his ruddy countenance took on a look of amazement. "I must have a whale!" he ejaculated. Far down we could make out a dark figure. With our assistance the line came in rapidly.

"Bless me," exclaimed the mate, "if 'tain't a fish!"

And such a fish! A huge, clumsy animal hideously mottled with brown blotches; with an immense mouth, a flat, one-lobed tail, and little, piggish eyes. He reminded me of an overgrown mud-cat from the Mississippi or Missouri. He made no struggle, but occasionally turned tail and swam away, and no one man could stay his progress. Putting a noose around his body we hauled him on deck. He weighed a hundred and fifty pounds. He had no teeth to speak of, and was evidently designed to nose in the bottom. The captain recognized him as a jewfish, and said he was but a baby to six-hundred-pounders which have been captured.

The unvarying diet of the Bahamans is fish. At Spanish Wells vast schools of "runners," or "yellow-tails," or "jacks," are sighted every day in the harbor. The news of the discovery is signaled far and wide, and a score of boats put out. Sculling, poling and rowing, with excited cries the islanders race for the prey. When near enough the men and boys, almost naked, plunge in and drive the fish to shallow water. The net is uncoiled from a boat, and dropped, encircling the school. The Bahamans hold down the leads with their toes, and, in a line, shift along over the bottom—a feat difficult to the untrained. The encompassing net closes in, decreasing in diameter, until the prisoners can be picked out by hand and thrown into the crafts. I saw over a thousand "runners" ensnared in one onslaught. A quarter goes to the person who first descries the school, and the remainder is divided into lots. Sometimes a fish-shark gets into the net, and mangles the catch and tears the meshes.

A porcupine fish was taken by a party and brought on board the schooner. We placed him in a tub, where he swelled like a football whenever disturbed. Finally he died and we stuffed him with cotton. "Porky" proves a prickly morsel for any fish to swallow, and hence has an unharassed existence except when man interferes.

Most of the fish in these coral depths have merely local names, "red-tails," "yellow-tails," "runners," "jacks, etc.;" many others are well-known to the Bahamans, but are strangers to the natural histories.

It is astonishing, how thickly among the Bahaman keys the finny tribes flourish and die. From the instant the red sun electrifies the tropics into life, to the moment the stars rush into the sky, the eyes of the Northern visitor are never weary of witnessing the doings of a new world. Never weary of watching the long strings of mullet and snappers thread their way through the green water, winding in and out between the barnacle-covered posts of the old docks; of admiring the goldfish, and the angel-fish striped with yellow and black like a Princeton enthusiast, or with blue and white, as they float in haunted coral caves; never weary of seeing the hundred and one butterfly-like forms that flit in every conceivable cranny. The contest of life and death is incessant. Fishermen put out in the early morning; over a rippling flash on the surface flutter a host of dipping, screaming fowl, bent on eating a portion of the school they know is present; a great commotion in the channel indicates a barracuda has made a foray for a meal; clumsy, brown pelicans squat vigilantly on the edges of the reefs, or drop like a stone from on high into the shallows; graceful man-of-war birds sail and sail above the sea, until they behold their prey; gull and tern skim in every direction; a shark cuts stealthily along; and five hundred feet away, right against the lurid horizon, when the sun is setting, a huge swordfish leaps straight into the air, a sheer eight feet, until he is a silhouette from bill to tail.

In connection with the fishing afforded in the Bahamas, there is another sport closely allied to it, which, in novelty and excitement, has few equals in the tropics. The sea-turtle is much sought for eggs and flesh, and on many a day in the archipelago falls a victim to Bahaman machinations. The turtles are taken in nets spread upon the shore so as to entangle the animals when they crawl up to lay. The poor things are then confined in palisades driven in the sand, forming a pen.

But the true way to capture a turtle is to "turn" her. In the season the female, heavy with eggs, seeks a sandy

beach, in order to lay. She halts in the shallow water to see there is no danger, and then laboriously crawls on, often going twenty or more yards from the ocean. She digs with her flippers a hole about fifteen inches deep, deposits her eggs therein, covers the cavity again with sand, and packs the material by actually jumping on it. While preparing her nest and laying the eggs she seems to be wrapped in dreams of a happy household, for natives say they have stood behind the animal and abstracted the eggs as fast as she placed them, until she waddled off, deluded but self-satisfied. When he expects to "turn" a turtle the hunter walks along the beach until he comes to the trail left by her when she crossed the sand. If there be no returning marks he follows the spoor, and at the end, or midway, he comes upon Mrs. Turtle. He puts his hands under the edge of her shell, and, if he is able, turns her onto her back. This is not an easy task, for the turtle is from two to three hundred pounds in weight, and struggles strongly, striking with her flippers, and sending the sand in stinging clouds. A loggerhead, too, bites like a fiend, snapping off a man's hand if given half a show. The darkness, the sudden blundering onto the trail, the uncertain size of the prey, and the always startling encounter with the snorting, bleary-eyed, slimy monster of the sea, give "turtle-turning" much spice, by reason of uniqueness and excitement.

The turtles turned are loggerheads and green turtles. The former is savage, with a violent temper and snappy manners. The flesh is coarse and tough, and the animal is valued only for eggs. The other turtle is a prized table delicacy. Turtle eggs in their leathery envelope are not unfamiliar objects. They are also taken from the interior of the owner, after she is dissected, and, dried in the sun, are made marketable. They then resemble the yolk of a hen's egg, and hang together by a filament. They have a rich, salty flavor, but the palate soon tires before the contents of one turtle have been a third exhausted.



TRAPPING A MOUNTAIN LION.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

WE young fellows had been trapping high up on a tributary to the Republican River, and our intention was to pass the winter in the foothills. I know of no more sure way of obtaining genuine sport, spiced with occasional hardships and danger, than by spending such a season, provided that one is always careful to select the right sort of comrades. One disagreeable member can keep the whole company in hot water, and will be sure to break up the league long before the time originally chosen. Let there be, too, *an even number* in the party; then each one can have a regular "partner." If these points are borne in mind, and proper precautions taken to guard against the excessive cold weather, which is sure to come early or late, prime sport and renewed health await the bold adventurer in the trapping-grounds; while it is nearly safe to count upon enough hides and furs to pay expenses at the end of the season, provided proper judgment has been used in selecting one's location. At least such has been my experience.

It was in the month of December, a few days *before Christmas*, that the adventure occurred which I set out to narrate.

For nearly a month previous we had been greatly annoyed by the depredations of an enormous white wolf. This species is the largest of the wolf family, and the animal in question seemed to us to be the great-grandfather of the tribe. Certain he was a huge fellow, and carried an unusual amount of cunning and boldness wrapped up in his shaggy hide.

Scores of times some of our number lay in wait, hoping to knock over the audacious marauder, but he kept clear until the watcher was frozen out. The diabolical cunning of that hoary old sinner would have led us to believe we had to deal with something more than a mortal wolf.

The wretch would wait until we were sound asleep in our comfortable "dug-out," then would open a most abominable serenade close without the door. Yet he was gone whenever we arose to

shoot; only to return again and again as soon as we lay down.

We finally rigged up an old bear-trap with newly filed teeth, and buried it in the snow, tying some fresh meat upon the trencher, or treadle, scattering other bits plentifully around. But each morning those bits would be gone, while that upon the trap lay unmolested. Other prowlers fell victims, but not he.

One night we were all aroused from sound slumber by the most diabolical yells and screeches that ever emanated from throat of living thing; and as we hurried out into the snow, in more-or-less airy costume, we saw that the trap was gone. In what direction was plainly indicated by the furious yells and howls. All at once these ceased, and an almost oppressive silence reigned instead.

That the wolf had succeeded in freeing himself from the trap was our first thought; the next, that the night air was cold, especially when one was only half-dressed and standing knee-deep in the snow with only stockings on one's feet.

As nothing could be done until morning, we returned to our warm bunks, divided between hope and fear; hope that we would find the grizzly disturber of our peace fast in the bear-trap, fear that he had once again foiled our revenge.

We were afoot early, the inner man well fortified with warm food and coffee, well armed, with old Music in the lead. This was the only dog we had, but he was a host in himself. A cross between bloodhound and deerhound, he was clear grit to the backbone, and sure as fate upon a trail.

There was little difficulty in following the trail. A wooden clog of about forty pounds had been fastened to the chain of the trap, and this plowed deep into the snow. It also obliterated the footprints of the animal, but we had no doubts about his proving our *bête noire*, the huge white wolf.

It was with no little anxiety that we followed the trail until certain that we had passed the point where the howls had ceased so abruptly on the past night. Then a united cheer burst from our lips

as we saw that the broad trail led on straight for the heart of the rocky hills. Sure now that success lay at the further end of that trail, we pressed on, old Music, in obedience to orders, running only a few paces in advance. We knew that were he suffered to pass beyond call, he would attack the wolf as soon as overtaken, and though he might prove the victor, he would certainly receive serious injuries.

Despite our knowledge of the size of that wolf, we were surprised at the distance he had dragged the weighty trap, and heavy, cumbrous clog of wood. For full three miles we followed the trail. In several places we found where the clog had caught between the rocks, but as often had the creature freed himself and passed on.

At the end of an hour's hard traveling we reached the end of the trail. Music uttered a deep bay and leaped up the rocks a few yards, then plunged into a narrow rift, despite our commands.

Furious yells and the sounds of a desperate struggle came back to our ears, but before we could reach the spot, Music, torn and bleeding from a dozen deep wounds, was hurled bodily out of the rift, falling almost at our feet, a badly used-up dog. Still, he was not cowed, and only the sternest commands could keep him from returning to the assault.

We could now see the wooden clog, which had caught crosswise in the mouth of the rift, but the animal was invisible, though his deep, angry growls came to our ears.

None of our number was particularly desirous of emulating the exploit of General Putnam, but that wolf had got to die, *sure!*

A plan was quickly decided upon. Gum Griffith secured a favorable position, and when the rest of us made ready in case the wolf should charge, he emptied both barrels of his shotgun into the rift. The buckshot rattled against the smooth rock, glancing just as calculated, and stung the hidden animal sharply—so sharply that, with a furious screech, he bounded out of the rift and alighted amongst us, the heavy clog of wood fairly whistling through the air.

Not the old white wolf, however, but a tawny, short-haired creature, even larger than our expected quarry—a

fearsome sight to look upon, with his flaming eyes, his gleaming teeth, and blood-dripping jaws—in one word, a huge old mountain lion!

We scattered. The onset was so fierce that not a shot was fired.

Beyond a doubt, the lion could have slain one or more of our party. Luckily, he made no such attempt, but bounded away down the pass, with snarling growls. Doubtless the grinding teeth of the trap had partially cowed him.

As he took to flight, we all opened fire, but too hurriedly for accurate shooting. Still, it was evident that more than one pellet had struck, for he halted abruptly, and faced us, with a threatening snarl. For a moment it looked as though the lion meant to attack.

Fortunately for some of us, the brute altered his mind, and turned again to flee. His enormous bounds, the heavy clog bouncing after him, quickly carried him around the turn before any of our number could secure another shot.

As before, Music led the way, the plucky old fellow being kept under control only with difficulty. From what we had seen of the lion, we knew that even such a rare good fighter as our dog "hed no business" with such an awkward customer.

Knowing now what was before us, we exercised greater caution in following the trail, but nevertheless we were determined to bag the lion at all hazards. Never before had we been given such a chance, and we might never again meet such glorious game.

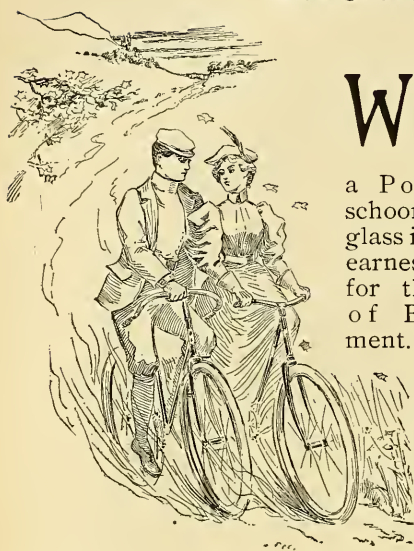
The chase did not last much longer. The lion was already fatigued by his extraordinary exertions, though he still further aroused our surprise and admiration when we saw the nature of the refuge he had now sought—up a large tree, dragging the log of wood behind him, which now hung dangling alongside the trunk.

He was crouching in a crotch of the tree, some forty feet from the ground, giving us a fair broadside shot. There were three double-barreled shotguns in our party, loaded with buckshot, and it was agreed to reserve the second barrels in case the lion should not be slain outright by the first volley. This, however, proved a needless precaution.

At the word, we all fired, and the animal fell like a lump of lead, dead ere his body touched the ground.

A BICYCLE TOUR IN THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT—MADEIRA.

BY WILLIAM JAMESON REID.



WE were perched up in the rigging of a Portuguese schooner, spy-glass in hand, and earnestly looking for the "Land of Enchantment." The captain had never been there before; but we had been running for nearly half the

day along the low coast of Africa, and the chart and compass told us that we could not be far off from the quaint land of promise that had drawn us from bustling, matter-of-fact modernity, to the realms of pastoral quietude. Night came on, however, without our seeing it.

Long before daybreak we were aroused to every-day consciousness by a confused creaking of blocks and scurrying of feet over our heads; while, above all, rose a voice strident and peremptory, inflicting chastisement on hapless and dilatory mortals in all the Portuguese wealth of hyperbole. "*Avez-vous vu dans Barcelone une Andaluse avec sein bruni,*" roars a stentorian voice in an adjoining cabin. No answer being forthcoming to this explosive query, the baritone proceeds to announce, with scant discretion, that she is "*sa lionne, sa maitresse.*" But although we are furious at thus having the poetic fancy of the moment intruded upon by his romantic *liaisons*, a soft voice at our elbow serves to remind us that before lies the Mecca of all our hopes—the fantastic little island lost in the Atlantic, which, so our obese little skipper informs us, possesses all the advantages of the unexplored.

We had passed the Point of Pines; the wind was driving into the Bay of Funchal as if Old Æolus had deter-

mined on thwarting our purpose, and our little cutter, dancing like a gull upon the angry waters, unnerved us with the reflection that each moment she must be overwhelmed, swamping sentiment with fright. Onward we careened our crunching, surging way; in a moment more the heavy sea had vanished as if by magic incantation, and we were riding at anchor in the dimpling little bay, scintillating beneath the chastening rays of a tropic sun, and enlivened like some rare *genre* with its careering brown fishing "trincadors," manned by dusky natives in fantastic attire of flamboyant colors, shooting over its undulating surface like some thing of life.

In a short time we had drawn up, with many a lurch and scramble, before the crumbling jetty, and, bidding farewell to our captain—an Italian, and a noble fellow, cradled, and, as he said, born to die on the Mediterranean—in a few minutes struck the soil of fantastic old Madeira. Our manner of striking it, however, was not such as to call forth any of the warm emotions struggling in the breast of the scholar, for we were literally stuck in the mud. We had entrusted our persons to the tender mercies of a piratical looking fishing "smugger," and while we were yet a mile from shore the water grew so low that the boat, with the additional weight of four men and baggage, could not swim clear. Our boatmen were two long, sinewy *bravos*, arrayed in Eden simplicity, and with their long poles sent us through the water with prodigious force; but, as soon as the boat had stuck, they jumped out, and, putting their brawny shoulders under her sides, heaved her through into better water, and then resumed their poles. In this way they propelled her for half a mile, working alternately with their poles and shoulders, until they got her into the channel, when they hoisted the sail, laid directly for the harbor, and drove upon the beach with canvas all flying, exciting enough for the hardiest adventurer, but far from solacing to the ordinary individual of tender nerves and unsublimed intelligence.

As we shot up onto the beach, and before we could catch our breath, ruthlessly shattered by this tumultuous abruptness, we soon discovered that our trials had not yet ended. Our arrival had been descried from the shore, and down upon us swept a laughing, chattering, cursing, importuning and frolicsome throng, their swarthy faces, their turbans, their large dresses streaming in the wind, giving a strange wildness to their appearance, the effect of which was not a little heightened by their noise and confusion as they sought with indiscreet zeal to separate us from our belongings and to make an unwarranted assault on our purse-strings. In the midst of this unkempt rabble we surely would have been torn to pieces had not our pugnacious little servant scattered them right and left with a long pole; the interim gained by this Spartan exertion enabling us to throw ourselves, dazed and bewildered, on the hospitality of the quaint little Hotel d'Angleterra.

As we entered, our host came forward, bowing and smiling, and literally gathered us into his arms, solacing us with the reflection that we had come to the land which, if Mohammed himself had visited, "he would have prayed Heaven for terrestrial immortality, that he might continue to enjoy it forever."

I cannot, however, join in this hyperbolic enthusiasm, for I have before me at this moment a vivid picture of myself and servant at Funchal, perched upon opposite divans, covered with tawdry finery, in a huge barn of a room with a ceiling thirty feet high, like two knights of the rueful countenance, comparing notes and bodily symptoms, and condoling with each other upon the corporeal miseries brought upon us by partaking too freely of the waters of the Atlantic.

We did not remain long in Funchal, for the magnificent diorama expanding in tiers of ineffable radiance beyond lured us with fair promise of novelty in the happy-go-lucky sauntering through the majestic *campagne*. We had sore need of inspiration, for our stay in Funchal was a triumphant one, too triumphant, in fact, as we had soon to learn that strangers on this smiling isle are rare objects of curiosity, and if we had been kings or rare beings "born to the purple" we could not have been recipients of greater homage.

For the time being our movements were transformed into an imposing procession; nobody had any business that was not ours. Finding, therefore, no quiet abroad, and being unable to withstand with Christian fortitude the abominations of unquenched native curiosity, on the morning of the third day we mounted and turned our faces from the bizarre old town toward the verdured summits beyond.

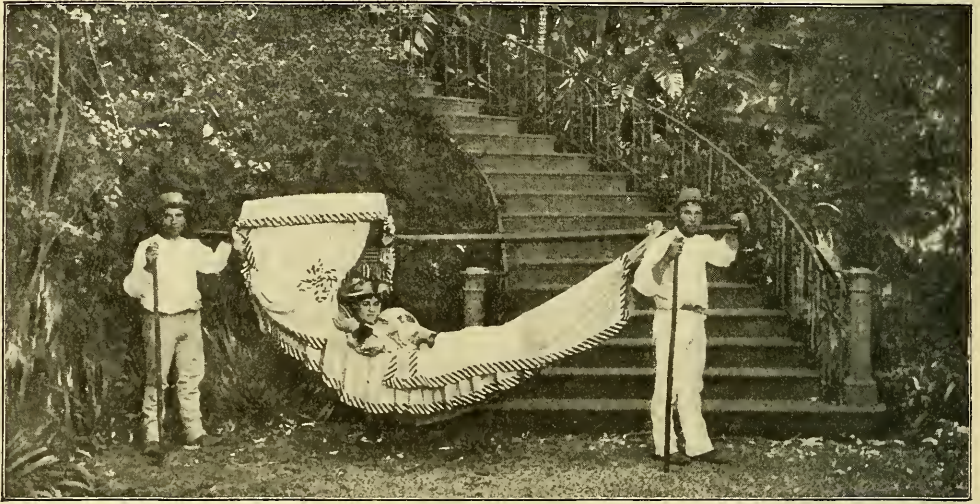
It was a day such as can only be seen in the pastoral beauty of Madeira, presenting a clearness and purity in the atmosphere and a gentle freshness in the air which made amends for all the inconveniences we had suffered, arousing in our breasts unquenched ardor for the vagabond wayfaring upon which we were entering. The mountains on each side were high, broken, and rugged, and ever presenting the same appearance of extreme old age. The road, if road it might be called, was not purely ideal from the ardent wheelman's point of view, being so encumbered with fallen rocks at every few steps that it was exceedingly difficult to advance. I did not intend to push far that day, and a little before dark, after ascending a tedious while, we arrived in a narrow pass between two towering summits. There was barely room enough to pitch our tents, but as the heavy clouds presaged a storm of unusual violence, we did not care to proceed farther in the hopes of stumbling upon a more hospitable spot. Jean was right in his apprehensions, for, hardly had we time to erect our little shelters, when the rain was falling in torrents, the rocks and stones were washing under our feet, and the loud roar of thunder, and forked lightning playing around with blinding flashes, did not add to our position any measurable air of security. It was a scene for a poet or painter; but, under the circumstances, I would have given all its sublimity for a pair of dry pantaloons. Thunder and lightning among mountains are exceedingly sublime, and excellent things to talk about in a ball-room or by the fireside; but, my word for it, a man traveling without ordinary creature comforts has other things to think of. Everything is wet and sloppy; the wind catches under your tent before it can be pinned down, and, when it is fastened and the tight

canvas turns the water like a cemented roof, and one begins to rub his hands and feel himself comfortable, it does not add cheerfulness to the situation to be forced to the ignominy of slumbering on a wet mat and coverlet.

We were but poorly prepared for a change like this, as our host at Funchal had promised us the delights of clear, unclouded skies and weather fit for the

and, in answer to the suggestion of Jean, who could not become resigned with cheerful equanimity to wayfaring inconveniences, whether we should retrace our steps, I pointed toward the sun-kissed summits beyond, and gave the brief and emphatic order, "Forward."

We continued for several hours along the valley, which was closely bounded on either side by mountains, not high,



A MADEIRA HAMMOCK.

gods, and with this official assurance we had rashly ventured forth considering ourselves beyond the reach of changing elements. For the first time, realizing the ease with which the effete tropic mind can wander from the vales of strict veracity, I reproached myself as if for a willful and unjustifiable disregard of prudence, and no writer on moral duties could have written a better lecture than I inflicted upon myself that evening. In wet clothes I was literally sitting on the stool of repentance. For the night, however, there was but one thing to be done, and that was to sleep if I could, and sleep I did. A man who rides all day over an uncertain mountain road, to which the name is a misnomer, must sleep, come what may, and even thunder among the mountains of Madeira cannot awaken him.

Daylight brought back our courage; the storm was over; the sun was shining brightly, and again there was the same clear and refreshing atmosphere that had beguiled me from my prudent resolution. I, too, was changed again;

but bare, cracked and crumbling into fragments. We were in the absolute stillness of nature's domains, not a single rustling of the faintest breeze, but a quiet like that of the ocean in a perfect calm, when there is not a breath of air to curl a wave, or shake the smallest fold in the lazy sail that hangs useless from the yard. The narrow path which we were traversing constantly increased in desirability, not presenting the delights of a spacious boulevard, but sufficiently satisfying to one unnerved by the expectation of being called upon to worry for days over rough and uncouth mountain steeps.

Shortly before noontime we drew up before a ramshackle abode of uncertain stability, as gloomy as the tomb, and without a sign of life presenting itself. We were all the more surprised when a dusky face peered at us closely from the picturesque ruins, and in a moment more came smilingly forward and invited us to halt. Our wheels, evidently, were undreamed-of wonders, for, in response to a wild hullabaloo from the

wildly gesticulating female who had accosted us, a colony of similar dusky individuals sprang up, seemingly from the very ground, and crowded round us with the most frenzied demonstrations of delight, dancing, laughing, and performing the most astounding acrobatic contortions, in the meantime afflicting us with such an avalanche of puzzling questions concerning our "strange horses" that we were fairly bewildered by this oracular assault.

There being no wearing through of their childlike curiosity, we welcomed that moment when our female tormentor invited us into the abode to partake of a roast fowl that was simmering over a smouldering fire. Her husband, an enormous giant with a sepulchral voice that seemed as if it emanated from the depths of some darksome cavern, was seated on the floor before the fire engaged with studious earnestness in wiping his hands over the broiling morsel,

emotions, and then drawing forth several mats invited us to be seated, with a condescending dignity that a king on his throne could not have excelled. We had no doubts but that the old hypocrite was fully as flurried and duly impressed at the spectacle of strangers as the wondering group at the door, but he was evidently among his neighbors an individual of no mean consideration, and was determined for the sake of example, not to manifest signs of the surprise or curiosity consuming him.

Likewise he was somewhat ill at ease as to the epicurean delights which he had promised for himself; as he gazed into our famished eyes and then wandered to the small fowl, it did not require more than ordinary discernment to discover the fact that he was engaged in the stupendous mathematical problem of determining how one undersized fowl was to satisfy the voracious appetites of three able-bodied people. His



IN THE PUBLIC GARDENS, FUNCHAL.

and then transferring them to his mouth, a momentous operation performed with all the grave devotion of a disciple of some new mystical cult of worshipers of feathered bipeds. On catching a glimpse of us he ceased his savory labors long enough to give sundry grunts that might have expressed numberless

ruminations must have been dissatisfying, for calling to a shock-headed youth who was lingering near the door, more ample provision was made by the bringing onto the scene of a lamb fresh from the dewy pastures. To sit on the floor of a Madeira hut, and partake of lamb and fowl prepared by hospitable hands,

all sitting together on the ground, and provided with no other implements than those which Nature gave, is a picture of primitive and captivating simplicity; but the details were such as to destroy forever its poetry, and take away all relish for pastoral repasts. While we were disposing of the fowl, the lamb lay bleating in our ears, as if conscious of its coming fate. If we had felt like murderers before, the feeling was doubly accentuated, and we found our interest in gastronomy waning when, without a moment's warning, our host, with a preliminary licking of his fingers, seized a huge knife, laid his hands upon the victim, and, with a rapidity almost inconceivable, it was killed and dressed, and its smoking entrails, yet curling with life, were broiling on the fire.

I was the guest of this ceremonious function, and had no reason to complain of the civility of my entertainer; for, with the air of a well-bred host, and an epicure to boot, he drew from the burning coals one of the daintiest pieces, about a yard and a half in length, and rolling one end between the palms of his hands to a tapering point, broke off about a foot and handed it to me. I was by no means dainty, and all the luxuries of tables, knives and forks, were of very little moment in my estimation. But my indifference was not proof against the convivial elegancies of my host, and as I saw yard after yard disappear, like long strings of macaroni, down his capacious throat, I was cured of all poetic associations and my appetite together.

As we were on the point of wheeling away I applied to Jean concerning the remuneration that should be made for this gastronomical infliction, as in some hazy way I had gained the idea that the Madeira native would be offended by an offer to reward his hospitality with a price. His answer possessed the merits of being brief and explicit; that I could give or not as I pleased, but that if I did not the hospitable host might wish his lamb alive again, and would not be averse to taking pugnacious means of striving to resurrect even the small portion that we had devoured with a fortitude that would have done credit to the early Christian martyrs. Jean's logic was undeniable, and showed a keen insight into human nature, judging by the extreme satisfaction with which our

estimable host received my parting *douceur*, with the most fervent expressions of joy overspreading his rubicund countenance, inviting us and our ancestors for generations removed to the most exalted places.

Once more resurrecting our wheels from the open-mouthed group gazing at them in wondering silence we labored into the mountains. Our course during the greater part of the afternoon lay along the top of a level ridge crowned with *minuscular* groves and exhaling a delicious fragrance from countless banks of tropical plants in all the delicious and dazzling sheen of summer glory. For hours we dawdled along, willing and content that the busy past and the speculative future should be forgotten so long as we were not denied the entrancing, delicious doze of the present. One moment we would linger down the gentlest of slopes through murmuring dells overhung with rich growth, like some fantastic arbor, the softest of music borne to our ears from countless running brooks idling from secret cranny and nook, lingering and whitening upon the rough stones by the way and then dashing over boiling cascades to the immense bosom of the sea beyond, stretching away to the dim verge of the distant horizon in one long, never-ending cerulean blanket of ineffable radiance.

About the middle of the afternoon as we were wheeling peacefully along, our equanimity was upset by the most horrible shrieks in the road ahead. Peering through the overhanging branches we were just in time to catch sight of a dusky face turned to a livid white, and bearing the most potent earmarks of fright that the human visage could assume. In a moment more there was the fleeting vision of a badly-scared figure climbing up the rugged sides of the path, bellowing as if all the malignant demons in existence were in pursuit. We hallooed strenuously to calm his fears, but this impolitic action served but to spur him on, and cause him to redouble his unmusical undulations. Once he had gained the crest of the ridge he turned for a moment to catch a glimpse of the two "spirits" who so unceremoniously had broken in upon his tranquil quietude. He was soon reassured by our smiling faces and unbeligerent appearance, and with danger

removed clambered down the steep descent again with the agility of a mountain goat. No eyes or ears had he for us, however; the human form, be it white as alabaster or dark as ebony, was of small account when there was a strange animal of steel to be seen, that moved noiselessly along and "did the work of a donkey without looking like one," the very climax of a Madeiran comparison.

Having feasted his eyes on the miracle, without a moment's warning he bounded off, to return almost immediately with a conglomerate gathering recruited from the groves on either hand to wonder at the sight which he had provided for them, in some manner taking unto himself all the credit of a discoverer who has happened upon a new continent, patting us delightedly on the backs and seeking to impress on his less fortunate neighbors the distinction which he had gained by basking in the rays of our acquaintanceship. His triumph was complete when after much labor we boosted him into the saddle and wheeled him along for several rods, to find that this impolitic action had brought upon our heads a storm of undeniable fury, as his less fortunate brethren crowded round with noisy importunings craving for similar delights. But as we had not come to Madeira for the sole purpose of instituting a riding school for novices, finding no diminution in their unquenchable curiosity, we seized upon the moment to rush away from the loudly clamoring throng with more haste than decorum.

It would be impossible to imagine a more restful and pleasant picture than marked our advance to the little village of Eceari. For the entire afternoon we proceeded over fertile mountains, presenting a rustic charm and simplicity pleasing alike to eye and good-taste; now through cliff-begirt mountain pass, again through pleasant woodland vales, with here and there and everywhere small white cottages glistening and scintillating beneath the golden warmth of a breeze-tempered, tropic sun, dazzling gems of whiteness set in the *en-cadrement* of the emerald-hued mountain summits surrounding. It did not need the softness and transparency of the air to complete the illusion, for one could not help feeling joy and novelty

coursing through one's veins upon beholding this land of groves and verdure constantly stretching out in never-ending, never-wearying succession. As we labored up the gradual ascent, over the moss-covered road impressing its snaky configurations on the mountain side, we wished that all the world might suddenly be transported to this earthly paradise to revel in the languor of "poco tiempo." Twilight was coming on, the beautiful country was swarming with life and movement, a few hazy vapors, hardly worthy the dignity of clouds, rested upon the extremes of the landscape and through their medium the sun cast an oblique and dewy ray, toning down and covering with a dreamy veil the vari-colored crazy quilt of nature. Ever and anon we passed merry groups of peasants, who gathered by the roadside and followed our course with unabated excitement, laughing, chattering and beguiling the way with many a quip and jest, calling to each other from over the hills, whilst the women were milking goats before the wickets of the cottages and preparing their simple country fare.

Our single night at Eceari was a disturbed one. As we entered the narrow cobbled lane which formed its main and only thoroughfare, attended by a heterogeneous train of unwashed and unclothed humanity, we were waited upon by half a dozen sages of the village, who had learned of our coming; and, that we might not think them deficient in courtesy or hospitality, had made provision for our entertainment. We soon discovered that in spite of the cloak which they had spread over their feelings that they were not disposed to remain incurious, for the evening was passed in answering questions of the most child-like simplicity on our part, while our entertainers did their share toward the general edification by relating stories as extravagant as any in the Arabian Nights. To these nebulous fancies we listened with the gravity of an archbishop without being able to understand them, for the very good and simple reason that no alternative presented itself. Eventually discovering that there was no seeming chance of the wearing through of this verbal assault we took affairs into our own hands by spreading our mats on the floor in an effort to secure much needed slumber

after the toils of the day. But alas! what should have been the privacy of slumber was turned into a drawn-out torture; first, from the vigorous assaults of vindictive legions of fleas and other unmentionable insects, and secondly, from the fact that an enormous colony of rats had pre-empted our sleeping chamber for their night's revel, and were engaged in the far from pleasing pastime of running steeple-chases over our prostrate forms. Add to this the unceasing babble of voices outside and the unmusical ululations of several lusty-voiced donkeys in an adjoining apartment, and, if you are hu-

deafness and other maladies beyond the reach of even medical skill that now I paid little heed to such applications; and when this last request was made I told the friends of the sick man that I could do him no good, that I had no more knowledge of the healing art than they had themselves. I shall never forget the poor fellow's look, and almost blamed myself for not having given him some simple preparation, which might have cheated him, at least for a few days. His hand fell lifeless by his side, as if he had heard the sentence of death; he gave me a look which seemed to say that it was all my fault, and fell



OUR ROAD ALONG THE SEA COAST.

man, you will understand that it was joy to see dawn.

In the morning we heard low groanings before the door of our apartment, and Jean soon returned with the information that there was a sick native outside, who had been brought down from the mountains for me to treat. In their perfect ignorance of the healing art the Madeirase believe every stranger in some strange way to be a doctor, and so strong is this belief that the path of the traveler is constantly beset with applications from the sick or their friends. I had been so often besought and entreated to cure blindness,

senseless to the ground. I have no doubt that, long before this, the poor creature is dead, and that in his dying moments he has seen in his distracted visions the figure of the hard-hearted stranger, who, as he thought, might have saved him, but would not.

Anxious to escape an object so painful we wheeled away over the uncertain mule-path to the east. Our road now lay directly along the seacoast, so near that sometimes we had to dismount and pick our way over the rocks, and on two or three occasions carry our wheels on our backs and wade through the soft slush up to our knees at points where



ON THE MONTE ROAD.

it had washed over the road. About the middle of the morning we came upon a fisherman stealing along the shore with his net in his hand, looking into the sea, and ready to throw it when he saw any fish. On catching sight of us he seemed undecided whether to flee or boldly hold his ground.

He was not a little puzzled as to the object of our wheels, the impression in some unexplainable manner becoming rooted in his mind that they were some sort of a novel fishing-trap. After disillusioning him on this point we induced him to give us an exhibition of his skill.
(To be concluded in January.)



THE VALLEY OF AGALTE.

A BRUSH WITH SPEAR-THROWERS.

BY GUY E. MITCHELL.

BEFORE steamers visited to any great extent the coasts of Honduras and Central America, what little trading was done with the natives was carried on by means of small sailing craft, schooners and sloops, from the States, and now and then a ship, which bartered articles of manufacture for cocoanuts, sarsaparilla, rubber, slabs of mahogany, Spanish cedar, and other products of the tropics. The Indians would put off to the ships in their long dories, or canoes, dug out from single logs of mahogany or cedar; and in them cross the roughest river-bars in bad weather, even when a boat manned by lusty seamen would hesitate to leave the ship.

Soon some of the most enterprising ship-owners established trading-houses along the coast, leaving agents in charge. The life of the agent was generally dull enough, but sometimes a feast day among the natives, or a skirmish between usually friendly tribes, served to break the monotony and make things particularly lively.

It was during one of these periods, when strained relations existed between the Woolwa Indians, a sturdy tribe of powerfully built savages inhabiting the mountains of northern Nicaragua, and the coast tribes of the Mosquito Reserve, that I had occasion to travel between the old trading-post at Punta Mica, near the mouth of the Rama River, and a branch store just established at Cabeza del Toro, situated about thirty-five miles north on the coast.

The route usually traversed by the natives in their canoes was by a chain of lagoons and channels running through vast swamps, lying back of the coast-line of sand and cocoanut palms, and fringed with mangroves and other water-loving trees. This cut off some eight miles from the route by the ocean, and had the advantage of being perfectly safe, so far as storms were concerned. The last half skirted the region of country constituting the domain of the Woolwas, who frequently came down from their mountains and took to canoes for trading and fishing purposes, and to occasionally make hostile raids.

The agent of the store at Punta Mica

reminded me that the Indians were troublesome, and that a party of white sailors had had an engagement with a band of them only a short time before, during which one of the Indians had been killed; and he suggested that I wait until his schooner ran along and touched at Punta Mica, when she would take me aboard and let me off at the branch-store.

"Stay a week with me," he said, "and while away the time. Mañana (to-morrow) will do as well as to-day for your trip. If not mañana, there is another day after."

But I explained to him that there was a time, even in the "land of mañana," when to-morrow would not do, and that it was necessary I should make all haste in reaching the branch-store. Besides, I had ample faith in my Mosquito Indian paddlers.

So, bidding my countryman a hearty "Adios," I went down to the canoe and found the paddlers waiting.

"Noxa, oublee!" cried the steersman, a broad-shouldered, grizzly Indian. "Woolwa mal oublee. Make us wap, wap! Make - ou - wabbe!" meaning, "Good-day, friend! Woolwa bad man. Make us paddle! paddle! hard paddle!"

Our canoe or dory was a finely built but tipsy affair, about thirty feet in length and four feet beam, made from a log of Spanish cedar. It was ribbed with tough knees of the mangrove, and stepped with a mast of Santa Maria wood. The sail was the leg-of-mutton type; easily handled and safe. The boat had a shallow keel and would sail pretty well into the wind, but her only rudder was a paddle, a broad blade of mahogany, in the hands of the steersman, with which he steered when sailing and paddled when the wind failed. There were five in the crew, and though the boat was really too large for this number to paddle swiftly, she was noted for lightness and good sailing qualities.

My forty-four six-shooter hung in my holster, and my belt was full of cartridges of that caliber, which also fitted my rifle, resting at my side in the boat, so that I did not feel much fear of being held up by any ordinary band of Woolwas or other Indians.



Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

"MY SHOT WAS FOLLOWED BY A FLIGHT OF LANCES." (p. 282.)

There was hardly a possibility of meeting with anyone for the first half of the journey, so I devoted myself to examining the trees growing out of the swamps, and to noting the few waterfowl and other birds inhabiting these gloomy regions. The general appearance of this great mass of swamp and inland water was of extreme desolation and loneliness. Hardly a sound broke the stillness as we traversed mile after mile, pushing out from narrow channels fringed and overhung by dense masses of tropical growth, into broad reaches of still water a couple of miles or more in length and bordered on all sides by the silent forest. The real condition was that the whole country for miles in all directions was a vast swamp, but in many places great areas of forest had grown up out of the shallow water, and from a distance the edges of these forests had the appearance of banks and shores.

An intense stillness pervaded everything. There being no terra firma for many miles, no hum of insects greeted the ear such as is to be heard in the quietest country spot, and but few birds gave token of their presence. A few white herons and egrets winged their slow, silent flight over our course, and here and there were immense crocodiles basking in the sun as they lay out stretched on half-sunken logs in the shallow water. In many places great trees, which had been washed down during the floods of the rainy season, had lodged in the mud, and now reared their bare limbs, white and bleached, above the water, looking like giant phantoms in the distance. As we ran out into some of the longer reaches of water, we encountered a light breeze, the sails were hoisted and we danced merrily along; the men throwing their weight upon their paddles rested against the sides of the boat in lieu of a rudder, and held the dory steadily on her course. When the wind lulled they dropped the sails and again had recourse to paddling.

We had run to within about ten miles of our destination, and I had begun to think that we might get through without a sight of the Woolwas, when I heard a low "Wap! wap!" from the steersman, and felt the boat jump ahead as five paddles were dug into the water and five pairs of arms exerted to their utmost.

"Woolwas," remarked the steersman,

quietly, nodding his head toward the opposite fringe of trees. I looked, and saw a small canoe about half a mile distant manned by three Indians. As I looked they saw us for the first time, and, uttering a yell, put their light craft in motion, paddling about abreast of us, but pointing their prow at an angle slightly converging with our own course, evidently hoping to keep even with us and yet gradually draw into fighting range. Of course I could easily have ended the chase by picking off one of them, but I wished to avoid bloodshed if possible, and hoped to show them a clean pair of heels. So I sat still and watched their progress narrowly. Not a breath of wind stirred to help us along. We had the superiority in numbers, but, on the other hand, our boat was nearly twice the size of theirs, and they paddled like demons, uttering no sound. Finally my steersman said sententiously, "Woolwas gain."

At this I pulled off my hunting coat, took an extra paddle and added my strength. This action was observed by the occupants of the other canoe and greeted with a derisive cheer.

"Those fellows have confidence," I observed, "to force a fight with a canoe containing double their number."

"More Woolwas, I think, close by," said the steersman shortly.

Even now, with the additional impetus given our canoe by my paddling, we simply held our own with the other boat. We were tearing through the water at a rapid rate, and it was evident that if our positions did not soon change the two boats would reach the end of the long lagoon almost together, and then, in traversing the narrow strait connecting it with another lake, we would be brought in contact with the enemy. But now our steersman commenced to hum a low chant, ending at intervals with a "Wap! wap! Make ou wabbe!" and the men, taking up the spirit of the race, plied their paddles a little harder. They warmed to their work, their splendid training telling. The Woolwas, however, though strong and gritty, being not used so much to handling dories as to tramping through their forests and across their mesas, could not hold the pace at which they had started, and slowly but steadily began to lose the ground which they had to this time so well maintained.

When we had gained a lead on them of some hundred yards, and were still on opposite sides of the lagoon, the steersman instructed his men to merely hold that lead and reserve their strength, as he feared another encounter further along. Even at this moment we heard three shrill, long-drawn winds upon a conch-shell from the pursuing dory.

"Ah! More Woolwas yet! Mal! Mal!" exclaimed the steersman.

We kept our course boldly ahead, however, awaiting developments, the men holding their strength in good reserve. The hostile canoe had evidently spurted its utmost, for we could see its occupants paddling slowly along and apparently resting.

We were nearing the end of the reach of water, and now, keeping a vigilant outlook, we plunged into a narrow strait leading into a still larger body of dreary-looking water, fringed on all sides by somber-looking trees of a dark green. This reach seemed to be at least three miles long and was over a mile wide. Not a ripple stirred its surface and we could see no signs of any hostile craft. The men now paddled very slowly, resting themselves completely from their violent work of a few minutes previous.

Then again, we heard that long-drawn shriek of the conch in our rear, and in a moment a howl of a Congo monkey, coming apparently from the depths of the forest.

"Woolwas!" exclaimed several of the men together. "No Congo in this lagoon."

We paddled steadily along, steering about the middle of the lagoon and seeing nothing suspicious. Several little catspaws played about on the surface of the water and I suggested hoisting the sail, but the Indians shook their heads.

"No blow steady," they said.

We had covered about half a mile when a canoe moved out from the fringe of trees on our starboard bow and paddled for the middle of the lake, presumably with the intention of intercepting us. It was still some distance ahead, but we could see that it was a large one and filled with savages.

"If we could only get a wind," I said to myself, "I would show these fellows a trick." Even as I thought this, the steersman grunted, and jerking his thumb over his shoulder, gave orders to hoist jib and mainsail. A dark ripple

extended across the lagoon in our rear, betokening a stiff breeze following in our wake and fast overtaking us.

"Give me that paddle," I cried to the steersman, "and I'll execute a trick that will astonish those yellow dogs."

"What you do, Cap'n?" exclaimed the steersman, as I put the dory's head directly for the enemy's boat. "You fight them? They fifteen men."

"Never mind," I said; "you give her all the sail she'll carry."

The little squall struck us fair astern and the boat leaped through the dark water. The sail seemed to somewhat puzzle the Woolwas, as well as did our bold front in running directly for them. Their canoe was still near the right-hand border of trees, and my intention was to run nearly onto them and then gybe to port and make for the opposite shore at a wide angle. The steersman chuckled as I explained the contemplated manoeuvre, and gave the orders necessary to its execution when I should give the word. He then supported me with another paddle, as in all probability I should have to use my rifle. The Indians were resting on their paddles, with their long lances at their sides, waiting to see what could be our intention. We forged rapidly toward them, the wind holding stiff and steady.

When we had approached to within about a hundred yards, the leader uttered a fierce yell, and all the others dropped their paddles and standing upright in their dory, poised their long spears ready for throwing, when we should come into range. This act was what I had been waiting for. Without losing a foot of headway, the steersman and I braced our feet against the rail of the boat, pulled our paddles hard over, swinging about some eight or ten points, and then rushed off at a wide angle for the opposite shore of the lagoon, with the wind well on our port quarter.

The Indians, seeing my scheme, dropped their lances and picked up their paddles, uttering a series of chagrined yells. We were not yet abreast of them, and it was evident that it would be a close race as to whether we could pass them before we should come within range of their lances. They drove their dory through the water until the foam seethed about the boat's wake, but yet their speed was inferior to our

own, as our men lent the force of their paddling to assist the sail, and our canoe fairly skimmed the water's surface. I watched the Indians closely, telling the steersman to keep our bow straight for a distant snag, rearing its white arm out of the water of the lagoon. As the two boats were approaching their closest point, I saw the leader of the Woolwas lay aside his paddle and poise his long spear in the act of hurling it at our steersman. The range was a long one, but I knew of the extraordinary skill of these Indians with the lance, and even now we were not at the closest range, which we must necessarily run in getting past them. I raised my Winchester and fired at the Indian's lance, striking it fairly just below the head and splintering it in the savage's hand. But I had not properly estimated the great strength and accuracy of these Indians in their handling of the lance. My shot was greeted with a yell of defiance, almost immediately followed by a flight of lances. I threw out the empty cartridge and taking hasty aim, fired at the foremost Indian. He threw his arms wildly in the air, uttered a yell and fell headlong into the lagoon.

We were now a little better than abreast of the other boat and under full sail. Probably we would have run through without further trouble, but just at this moment an incident occurred which threw us into the greatest peril and brought down such fighting about my head as I had never before experienced. Several of the hostile lances had struck about the boat and my men were crouching under its sides getting what shelter they could, when a spear, whizzing past my head, struck one of the men in the shoulder, just as he was hauling in the main-sheet a trifle and knocked him flat in the bottom of the boat. Away went the sheet from his hand and the mainsail swung out to its full length, bringing the boat around and running us back almost toward the Woolwas' canoe. We still had our tremendous headway, but we had come about several points to starboard and must necessarily be for some moments within easy range of the Indians. Squatting in the bottom of the boat I instantly singled out the big leader who was in the act of hurling a spear. He fell backward among the others without a groan.

Two more quick shots counted two less Indians; then just as I was throwing the lever of my rifle back for another shot, a spear furrowed through the flesh of my left forearm and jammed its barbed head in the lever, where it remained immovable, despite my frantic efforts to dislodge it. Throwing down the useless weapon, I drew my revolver and fired instantly, wounding an Indian. I was on the point of firing again when I saw coming straight toward me a small object which I knew to be the head of a lance, the shaft following in a line behind it. I was powerless, paralyzed. I knew that it would be upon me in an instant, before I could possibly dodge out of its path. Already a yell of triumph had reached my ears. In a brief instant I thought of fifty different things that had happened during my life and of what I had intended to do on reaching home again in the States. I thought with bitterness of the trap I had run into in sailing so close to these herculean savages before swinging off for the opposite shore and commencing to pick them off at long range, as I could readily have done. I thought of a letter waiting for me at the branch store; a letter from a sweet blue-eyed girl in the States, urging me, I knew, to come home, telling me of the welcome which awaited me and hinting at a greater happiness for us both. All these thoughts rushed through my mind, but the last thought lingered. Fool that I had been to risk love and happiness thus. Now life would pay the penalty.

But my brave steersman, who up to this time had stood manfully at his paddle, guiding the boat away from the Woolwas as best he could, had seen the lance intended for my breast when it first launched forth, and just as it seemed about to transfix me his broad paddle-blade obscured it from my fascinated gaze, diverting its course into the side of the boat. My muscles relaxed as though they were putty, and a thought of thanks at life preserved rose from my soul.

The steersman leaned over and, breaking off a piece of the shaft quivering in the side of the boat, threw it back at the other canoe with a shout of defiance. Almost immediately he fell forward, his neck pierced by a Woolwa lance. Grinding my teeth, I emptied, in rapid succession, the five remaining

chambers of my revolver into the ranks of the enemy and had the grim satisfaction of hearing four more of the yellow devils give their death-yells.

By this time we were getting out of their range, as one of our men had secured the sheet of the mainsail and we were driving ahead directly before the wind. My first care was to extricate the spear from my Winchester and reload both it and my pistol, and next to look after our men. We were more than fortunate in having no mortal casualties. The other men had succeeded in breaking off the shafts and extricating them from both the men pierced by lances. The one hit in the shoulder had an ugly wound, but he did not seem to mind it particularly, simply tearing his shirt to pieces for bandages and tying himself up with stoical indifference.

The poor steersman who had saved my own life, I had thought fatally hit, and I had determined to avenge his death; but although he was knocked unconscious for an instant by the force of the shock, no vital point was touched, and notwithstanding the frightful hole

in his neck, his companions said he would recover and be all right in a month. I determined that at least he should be to no expense.

As for myself, I found that, the excitement over, I felt a little faint, as my arm had bled freely from the deep cut inflicted by the barbed head of the spear.

A dash of Jamaica rum livened all hands up, and we had the extreme satisfaction of seeing our enemies dropping far astern. The wind blew fresh and we gained on them steadily.

"I think, perhaps, those devils have learned a lesson," I said. "If we meet any more Woolvas on this trip, I'll commence picking them off before we get within range of their deadly lances."

"That mighty good trick of yours, though, Cap'n, but you don't gybe soon enough," said the steersman faintly.

"I know it," I replied; "I had no idea they could throw their lances so. But think of those poor wretches in the bottom of the lagoon! I wonder where they are now?"



AS DAYLIGHT DIES.

THE weary earth grows still.
Black Night's outriders chase the fleeing day;
From out the eastern hills
They come, with sable plumes, and dun and gray;
They come with cloud-lance couchant, across the dark'ning blue.
Beyond the azure veil above, a star peeps shyly through

To watch the heavenly chase
The riders gather in battalions strong,
And now the Day gives place.
Out o'er the conquered field in columns long
The victors file in sullen pomp, to clear the field they've won,
And drive the lagging daylight on to seek the sunken sun.

Across the sky they speed,
And flaunt their banners at the watching star,
As if to ask their meed
Of praise. And now they scatter near and far,
And upward mount and rend the veil from off the trembling skies.
And now ten million stars gleam out with blinking, twinkling eyes.

And Twilight reigns supreme:
That gentle king whose rule is short and sweet,
Like swiftly passing dream
With ruthless hands they hurl him from his seat,
And now grim Night draws slowly on to take the vacant throne,
And place the earth beneath his feet, and claim it for his own!

E. CARL LITSEY.

A NOVICE ON THE TRAIL.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.



NE is not apt to forget his first experience in the woods. By woods, I mean *big* woods, and not groves bordering some river and within earshot of civilization.

There is something about a forest which takes possession of a novice soon after he has lost sight of the last well-defined road, or clearing. This something is not so easily described, but its influence is very potent. It begets first, a feeling of utter loneliness, followed by a vague sort of apprehension that some mystery is working, that something strange is very likely to happen unless one is mighty careful.

This gradually grows upon the greenhorn until he becomes haunted by shadowy fears of he knows not what. He loses all ideas of time and of distances; an hour seems to be at least three hours, one hundred yards about a mile, and, unless he has carefully attended to his course, he is liable to get lost before he is out of call of his last reliable mark. With some, this undefined feeling of scariness will speedily develop into a downright blue funk. Then the one desire is to get to some place bearing marks of the hand of man—anywhere out of those awful, silent trees.

I have experienced this feeling more than once, especially when working from point to point some distance from the guide's route. He would perhaps say, "Jest strike in thar about a hundred yards or so, then bear off east, so's we'll keep about the right distance apart." We might be going to a small lake, with the idea of keeping parallel courses so as to cover more ground while hunting. Perhaps the distance to the selected lake would be only a mile or two. Yet long before the lake was reached, I would be figuring upon the guide's possible whereabouts and keep edging over in his direction. And what a relief to hear a stick snap beneath his foot, or to catch a glimpse of him slipping along from tree to tree! This

was in level country, for, of course, when a man is moving down, up, or along a marked slope, or following a stream, he can go ahead without much risk of losing his line.

Distances always appear to be greater in the woods. One may leave an open, or a road, and work for what appears to be a couple of miles into dense cover, but upon retracing the route the departing point always appears before it is expected. What seems to be five miles going in, is apt to prove only about half that distance coming out. The time, too, seems very long when one is alone. More than once I have agreed with a comrade to separate and to work in a certain direction for an hour, only to hear him calling before half the time had expired.

And the peculiar influence of the woods is intensified as night draws on. The weather may be fair, there may be lunch, or birds, in the shooting-coat, matches in the proper pocket, tobacco and pipe at hand; yet when the shadows begin to thicken, the novice wants to get from under those everlasting trees. No harm could possibly befall him if he just picked a good place, lit a small fire, broiled a bird, and passed the night where he was. But he thinks of that alternative with something akin to terror, and he lifts up his voice in earnest appeals for guidance. If he does not at once hear a reply, he blazes away with gun or rifle till somebody answers him. Ten to one his guide, or his camp, is not more than two rifle-shots away, and if he is taken, in broad daylight, to the spot where he stood when he thought he was lost, he will hardly believe that the location is the correct one.

This awe of the woods is overcome after a few experiences, and their mysterious power then becomes their sweetest charm. When a man gets so trained that he can hunt regardless of the back track, can curl up like a wolf, if needs be, and sleep where night overtakes him, he has learned to love and to rightly appreciate the beauties of the solemn forest, its balmy odors, its marvelous peace and restfulness. The howl of a wolf, the bark of a fox, the hoot of an owl, the rustlings and rattlings of small

creatures busy in the darkness, may thrill the novice, but they are merely a fitting lullaby to seasoned ears.

I remember a curious case of funk, in which the impressiveness of trees was lacking, but in which the sound of waves produced a similar effect.

Two of us went duck-shooting, each in his own skiff and equipped with two nondescript canvas shelters which would accommodate one man each. We had to row eighteen miles down a river in order to reach the lake where the shooting was to be done, and we intended to stay at least three days. There were two notably good blinds on the lake, but unfortunately they were nearly two miles apart. Whoever secured those blinds secured the best shooting, and we decided to pass the first night apart, each man on the lake-shore opposite a blind, so as to be able to secure possession before any wandering shooter should have a chance.

I left my comrade after supper, and paddled away for my chosen point, where I soon made matters secure. I was curled up in my small shelter listening to the waves breaking on the land and the wind rustling in the dry rushes, when I heard a hail. Presently my friend came trudging along the beach.

"Hallo! What's up?" I asked.

"Guess I'll stop with you," he replied.

"Not much you won't," I rejoined. "Couldn't pack you in here with a hay-press. You toddle back to your own quarters."

He didn't want to go, and, finally, he owned up that he couldn't stand the sound of those "blamed waves." I jeered at him for a bit, then closed my shelter and told him he could sit around or chase himself back as he preferred. He went back to his boat, placed the provisions where I could find them, and pulled away up the river for all those eighteen miles. I heard later that he got home in time for breakfast. He had done a good deal of field-shooting, but had never spent a night alone except under his own roof-tree, and he simply could not stand the loneliness and the music of those "blamed waves." This digression may serve to illustrate how one man's blessed solitude may be another man's dread. To the best of my knowledge the man in question has never attempted another night outside alone.

My own initial experience of the woods will not be forgotten. Looking back at it is not unpleasant, but at the time I was more than half scared. I may have been a bit of an ass, too, but I was young and had *read* much and practiced naught of woodcraft. I had big Michigan woods to begin with, and until that day, I had never seen a live wild deer.

My temporary headquarters was a tiny village about which stretched unbroken forest for mile after mile in every direction. The railroad offered the best walking and I had been in the habit of shooting grouse in the brush upon either side of the rails. One day the first snow fell and by night-fall the whole country was covered with about six inches of the best of tracking-snow.

"Good trackin' termorrer," said the old Leatherstockings as they loafed about the saloon. Then they rambled on about deer and shooting, while I listened to every word. From the talk, deer seemed to be as plentiful as trees, and before I went home I had made up my mind to kill a deer the next day.

I was ready bright and early. In the shooting-coat were matches, pipe, 'baccy, lunch, and a big knife—which latter I would have liked to have worn in a belt, but was doubtful about what the old heads might say if they saw it. I had carefully cleaned my double fourteen-gauge muzzle-loader, had fired a charge of powder from each barrel to make sure that she was dry, and when I reached the railroad the gun had a ball in one barrel and nine buckshot in the other, while in my mind was a vivid picture of a dead buck.

I tramped a couple of miles down the track, hardly knowing what I intended to do. The day was mild, the snow was damp, and had I known it, conditions could hardly have been better.

I intended to follow the instructions of the books. I would first locate "sign," then trail the quarry. I would move silent as a lynx and persistent as a wolf; my tireless stride would wear down the game, then I would shoot the deer, then I would cut its throat and disembowel it;—then—then I would be a devil of a fellow!

I located the sign all right. I found where two animals, with small hoofs and power to leap extraordinary distances, had crossed the railroad and gone into the woods upon the north side.

Novice as I was, I could not help seeing that the tracks were very fresh and had been made by two half-grown deer. Like a hound-pup upon his first trail, I turned and followed those dainty, tell-tale prints. Hiawatha wasn't in it for general sneakiness, compared to my movements through the timber for what I judged to be about a mile.

Then it occurred to me that the foot-prints were so far apart that the makers of them must have been going like whirlwinds when the sign was stamped into the snow, so I relaxed in my cautious trailing. After covering what seemed to be two miles, the tracks were as far apart as ever, and I began to look farther ahead and to wonder what had scared the deer so. After plodding over another estimated mile and seeing that the deer must have continued at top speed, I began to call upon my book-lore. Those deer were clearly headed for somewhere, and I might determine their objective point and take a short cut to it.

A clearing ahead promised a fair view, and the track led thither. From the top of a stump at the edge of the clearing I could command quite a broad expanse. Far upon the one side a streak of brown indicated a big beech ridge, while upon the other side a tangle of dark green suggested a cedar swamp.

I chose the beech ridge as the likeliest spot, and started in that direction. Later on I learned that the deer had declared for the cedar swamp.

As I now had no guiding tracks, I moved very cautiously, for now was clearly the time for the wolf and lynx business. Under a clump of dwarf beech I spied an old white hare squatted below the dried leaves, with his ears laid back on his shoulders. At any other time he would have been choice game, but I was after deer, and white hares cut no figure. He, however, would serve as a test of my capabilities as under-study to a lynx, so I laid down the gun and crawled for him. I came precious near grabbing him too, but his big pop-eyes located me just in time and he leaped from his form an inch ahead of my eager paw. Still, I had done about as well as a young lynx would have performed.

At the end of the beech ridge I spied a couple of grouse running through the cover. One flushed, but I thought that I saw the other slip under the end of a

log. A closer glance showed the log to be hollow and the bird might have entered the opening. Clearly a chance for more lynx tactics, so I stood the gun against a tree and crawled again. Presently I saw tracks which proved that the grouse had gone into the log.

I made a leap and thrust head and arms into the hole. An awful uproar followed; something like a feathered cannon-ball struck me in the face and I felt a scratching on the back of my neck. I humped my shoulders hard against the log, there was a quiver of wings and I had squeezed the life out of a fat grouse. Deerhunters should be above these little things, but it was a good grouse and I felt quite cheerful.

After going about a mile farther, I concluded to have lunch, so brushed the snow from a log and sat down. I felt quite the Leatherstocking as I sat cutting my bread and pork with my big knife, and finally I drove the blade into the log, pinning the lunch paper as your mighty hunter would pin a bear. When I moved on I forgot the knife—I had never carried it before.

I decided to travel straight for a mile through a growth of towering hemlocks, and after that, if I saw no deer, to work homeward. The village, I was certain, lay directly to my right.

I had worked well into the hemlocks when I saw a curious thing. A little red squirrel, the most active of his kind, was coughing and sputtering from the tip of a tall rampike. When I had got almost under him I saw him preparing to leap to a branch at least fifteen feet below his position. From the ground to the squirrel was probably forty-five feet. He jumped bravely, and for a second or so he was spread out in air. To my astonishment he missed his mark by fully a yard. He seemed to realize his mistake while he was in the air, for his paws were working convulsively and his tail switching smartly as he came down. He fell within a couple of feet of my hand, striking a small dead branch just before he found the ground.

For half a minute he lay upon his back apparently dead. Then he toppled over once or twice, gasped, and at last crawled weakly away to the root of a tree. Here he halted for some time, with his mouth open and his small sides heaving. At last he climbed the tree and I saw him sit up on a limb while he

brushed his rumpled coat. He was the only red squirrel I ever saw make a miscalculation in a leap.

While moving through the hemlocks and fooling with the squirrel all thoughts of locality and direction were forgotten, and I presently found myself among some huge timber, such as I had never before seen. Still, it was easy to determine the direction of the village—it was surely off to the right. So I moved confidently. After walking for thirty minutes or so the surroundings seemed so strange that I halted to take a good look around. Naught could be seen of the clearing, there was no sign of the beach ridge, nor could I satisfy myself that the village lay to right or left. Great trees towered far overhead, hundreds of massive trunks in sight were all alike, and to save me I could not decide which way to go. After standing irresolutely for a few moments, I noticed what looked like a track a few yards ahead, and an instant later my eye fell upon a piece of paper pinned to a log with a knife. I had simply described a small circle and my knife and lunching place were directly before me.

Then I saw the clearing, and after figuring over the situation and taking fresh bearings, I determined to cross the open and look for the tracks near the swamp.

In a very few moments the double trail was found, leading into an opening which appeared to extend across the swamp. To my joy, the tracks showed that the deer had begun trotting as soon as they were well within the swamp. Presently I found where the trot had changed to a walk, and I guessed that the game was not far off. I crept forward, keeping a keen watch for any sign of life. The footprints showed plainly in two long lines, and quite frequently I could see them many yards ahead.

I stole on and on, yard by yard, with the gun at the ready, while eyes roved eagerly over every foot of visible country ahead. The deer might be in the narrow opening, and any turn of it might reveal them. Matters were getting exciting, my face was burning, my mouth was hot and dry, my eyes were misty with vain searching, and something kept going thump-thump-thump in my throat. Once a bit of snow fell from an overlaiden twig and I started

violently at the almost inaudible click of the straightening branch.

Still no sign of the deer, and I ventured to pick up a handful of snow to cool my mouth. A lighter space right in front told where the edge of the swamp lay, and it seemed likely that the deer might have gone on to higher ground. As I stood munching my snow, I noticed a small knoll covered with dwarf beeches which retained a mass of brown leaves. I might easily have tossed a snowball among the leaves from where I stood. Such a small clump could shelter nothing larger than a grouse or rabbit, and was unworthy of more than a passing glance.

The tracks were visible some yards ahead, so I sneaked forward to see what lay beyond the swamp. Just how long I stood peering about I cannot guess, but there were no tracks outside the swamp.

A sound of scratching, like claws upon hard bark, drew my gaze to a tall, slim hemlock. To my surprise I saw large black paws working up each side of the hemlock—the body of the creature, whatever it was, being concealed by the tree.

The paws were too small and too close together for a bear, but there was no law that I knew of against the thing being a cub. Its mother might be close by, but a careful examination of the surroundings detected no sign of her presence. Then I made up my mind that if fate had placed this cub within easy reach, I should slay it. The black paws moved slowly, but they finally reached the first large limb, and my cub showed itself. Up went the gun and away went a charge of buckshot. The black creature tumbled headlong, but the roar of the heavy charge had not died away before I heard two quick crashes behind me, and turned just in time to see two small deer leap from the clump of bushes I had passed and go sailing away among the cedars.

An ounce ball whizzed after them, but the runners paid no heed—in fact, I'd hate to swear what direction that ball took. The bear cub proved to be a big porcupine, the first I had seen.

When I turned back to examine the late sanctuary of the deer, I found signs which filled me with wonder. My deer had passed the beeches, then circled and sought the cover of the

leaves. While I followed the tracks the deer had been lying down, and their bodies had made two depressions almost through the snow. In these depressions many footprints proved that the deer had heard or winded me, leaped up, and had then deliberately stood in their beds peering through the leaves at my approach. I had been for minutes within ten yards of them, yet they had made no sign. They must have guessed that I was a duffer and would never see them, yet I fancied that I had looked through those very leaves. The more I thought about it the madder I got, for a single load of buckshot should have dropped them both.

Now they were away, they only knew whither, and I might follow till night to no purpose. But the sight of them had fired my blood and I forgot all about feeling tired or getting lost. Deer I would have, if sticking to it was of any use, so I chased after them as fast as possible. Caution was unnecessary, so long as the roar of the shotgun was in their ears, and for a time I made rapid progress.

Much sooner than I dared expect, I came to where the tracks showed a slackening of speed, and soon I was again sneaking along. At last I noticed that the light was failing, and for the first time I began to wonder how I was going to get home. I had not the faintest idea of how far I had traveled; the swamp had been long left behind, all surroundings were strange—in fact, I was stuck somewhere in an apparently boundless forest.

I sat upon a stump to rest and try to work a mental chart of my wanderings. It was no use, and after figuring upon every turn I had made, I had to acknowledge that the village might be in any direction, for all I knew about it. Thus arose a nasty idea that I was lost and would have to spend the night in the woods. The books said that hunters frequently did so, but that brought no comfort. I had nothing to eat, was tired, and in a few minutes felt as miserable as a young robin that has tumbled from the nest and would give its life to get back.

But which was the way? Behind, to left and to right stretched an unbroken gray wall of tree-trunks; overhead nothing save tangled foliage was visible. Straight ahead was the same old forest,

but I noticed a long corridor-like opening which seemed to run from the stump upon which I was perched to a point as far as I could see. It might lead somewhere, though the doubtful other end of it was not attractive.

I hesitated, and before I could decide there came a measured thump-thump and something bobbed among the trees ahead. It was a deer, and coming straight along my dubious corridor. The sight of it chased away all thought of being lost. If it kept to its course it would have to jump over me or stop and fight. I leveled the gun on it and waited.

It came right ahead with long, easy bounds, till I could see its big eyes and black muzzle. I squinted along the rib and let it come. I was shaking all over, but the one impulse was to hold the gun on that bobbing head and not to pull till the deer was as near as it would come. When it seemed as if another leap would put it on top of me, the deer stopped. It half crouched in its endeavor to check itself; its big ears shot forward, and its nose was thrust out and kept sniffing, sniffing, as though it would draw information from the muzzle of the gun.

If a woodsman had seen that picture he would have dropped. We were so close together that each party had a rare chance to study the horror depicted by the other. I almost pulled the trigger off the gun, when finally my arm did manage to make a spasmodic movement. Then I tumbled off the stump and yelled like a maniac, for I had him, sure!

He didn't say anything, but just waved a lean hind leg in the air—then he gave a gasp and died. He was not very large and his spreading antlers were no better than two spread fingers—but he was a *deer* all right enough.

I remembered that the truly great woodsman always reloads his trusty piece before he does anything else, so I rammed down some powder on top of some snow that I saw in the muzzle, but thought of too late. Then I drew my big knife and whittled at the deer's neck till some blood came. After that I straightened up and looked about.

Like a chill came the remembrance that I was lost. Already the spaces between trees were filling with shadows and it behooved me to get somewhere before darkness closed. Then, and not

till then, I thought of my own back-track and of the possibility of my following it homeward. The thought sent a glow all over me. I knew that the way was long and rough, that I must leave my game where it lay, yet that blessed back-track was like a tie binding me to home and friends. I would follow it if the job lasted till next day. To cut the tail off the deer and stuff the proof of a kill into a pocket was the work of a moment; then I trailed arms and sped away. A dread that darkness might hide the track urged me on, and I made better time than I have ever made since. Before I expected to find it, I was into the cedar swamp. Was I sure it was the same swamp? Yes, there were the tracks where I had gone to the porcupine. On I sped, to be again surprised at the narrowness of the swamp. Across the clearing then, and round the ring I had made after lunching. Each sure mark appeared before I looked for it, but the work was quite hard enough. At last, tired, oh! so tired, I reached the railroad and knew that a pull of something over two miles would bring me home.

Night had fallen; I had passed beyond guessing at the time, but I struggled on. Utterly spent I reached the domicile and staggered in. The people were just finishing supper!

"Shoot yourself?" asked the proprietor, alarmed at my white-sweat-lined face.

"No, played out; that's all. Had a twenty-mile tramp," I replied weakly.

He stared at me as I produced the tail, then asked: "What you been doing since you shot him?"

"Been coming home! What do you 'spose? I had to back-track out, for I was lost."

A shout of laughter told me that something was wrong. Then he explained:

"Why, you're the worst I ever saw. I heard you shoot 'bout four-thirty. You've got the only shotgun in these diggin's, and I heard her roar just over yonder in the bush. You weren't more'n three-quarters of a mile from here then—now it's seven o'clock, an' you've been back-trackin' ever since. Well, well—you *are* a cuss!"

I tried to argue the matter, but it was no go. He persisted in laughing, and at last said: "I'll prove it. You get a bite and go to bed. I'll pull you out at dawn, an' we'll go get that deer, if it's near a clearin' and a cedar swamp. That's where you were when you shot. It won't snow to-night an' I'll walk right to where you were."

Next morning as we stood over the deer, which he found easily enough, he said: "Now, here you was, too scart to bleed him right, an' straight afore your nose was home. Instead of jest walkin' home, you go plowin' through snow fur 'bout five miles, an' then you come in like a dead man an' try to stuff me 'bout walkin' twenty mile—ain't you kind of a d— fool?"

I felt that I was.

THE WINTER KING.

BIND on the ringing steel,
On the broad river wheel,
Joy in our hearts to feel
Our rapid flight.
Rough winter winds and rude,
(Unwelcome guests) intrude,
In the sweet solitude,
This winter night.

But youthful blood is warm;
We may e'en find a charm
In wind and driving storm,
Nor feel their pow'r.
So, laughing cold to scorn,
We now our faces turn
Where guiding torches burn,
Far up the shore.



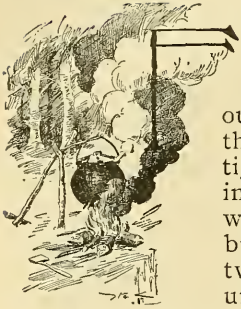
We are not housed within
Walls, where the giddy spin
In narrow circles fine,
Gas overhead.
But, on the river wide,
The skaters' joy and pride,
Swiftly at ease we glide,
Stars overhead.

Loudly our voices ring,
As o'er the ice we swing,
Praising the Winter King,
With shout and call.
To him we homage pay;
May he long with us stay,
Loved of the skaters gay,
Loved of us all.

B. KELLY.

A DIGGER INDIAN BURNING.

BY GRACE H. BINGHAM.



OR weeks we had heard references to "the Burning" from our Indian helpers on the ranch. An investigation resulted in the information that there was to be an unusually big Burning this year, two tribes or companies uniting.

Plainly, it was not to be missed, and we were all ready on the evening of the appointed day with plenty of warm wraps, for the September nights were already cold. The prospect of a night under the stars, the long ride through deep pine woods, beneath overhanging mountain shadows, and the unknown scene awaiting us, gave quite an air of adventure, and it was a merry crowd that added many an unfamiliar note to the night sounds of the forest.

We drove rapidly over the well-traveled road for some miles, when Indian Charlie, our guide, turned into an unfrequented road leading by many rough and precipitous turns into the heart of the mountains. All signs of life were left behind except an occasional Indian's hut and one lonely cabin occupied by a goat herder. What can express the utter loneliness of these hills! Our merriment seemed impertinent, and we fell under the siren spell of Mystery and Nature and Night.

At last the place was reached, and Charlie, having cared for the team, led us past many shadowy forms out on a knoll or crown of the ridge overlooking an immense cut or cañon, at the base of which, thousands of feet below, flowed the Feather River, a mere thread in our sight. Beyond, above, and below, rolled the mountains, mass on mass, while through a narrow cut might be seen by day a glimpse of the valley and the faint line of the coast range, a hundred miles away.

On this spot Indians had been buried hundreds of years before the white man set resistless foot on American soil. On this spot had they sent up leaping fire to the spirits of the dead, perchance, while vestal fires still burned in Greece and Parsees danced about their flames,

quivering to be free and join their master fire, the Sun.

A peculiar hush and order was over all the scene; the young mountaineers stood quietly and watched at respectful distance. This was the hour of the Red Man. Civilization became abashed and silent.

A large space thickly strewn with flour marked the burial mound, on which a huge pine log had been drawn up and placed as a center; about this in a semi-circle were firmly fixed in the ground young pine trees forming a close grove, under which were placed the stores to be sacrificed. Rising straight up at near intervals among these trees were high poles, on which hung, in fantastic shapes, dresses with skirts inflated in the wind, shirts with arms outstretched like pleading ghosts, aprons, shawls, underclothing, and, this year for the first time, hats. Pelts of wild animals, foxes, wildcats, mountain lions, and many other denizens of the forest, stores of baskets and amulets of beads, feather ornaments and festoons, swung in the branches. Upon the ground under the trees were baskets of wonderful make, great and small, baskets fated to become extinct like their makers, for the younger generation has so far adopted the habits of the coming race as to refuse the patient toil of its ancestors. Many of these were filled with acorn and manzanita flour, while sacks of wheat flour, Indian meal and rye in abundance, awaited speedy passage into the spirit world.

At a sign from an old man of the tribe two young men stirred the fire, adding fresh pieces until it blazed red, lighting the strange drapery swaying in the breeze and revealing the dozens of dark forms within the circle. Soon a low wailing began and some figures arose and commenced weaving to and fro, humming in a low, moaning way, and occasionally taking a handful of flour and flinging it on the fire; little by little this was repeated by one after another.

As the hours passed the dancing became more excited. With loud moans they would advance to the fire, always with their backs to it, increasing in the

rhythmic motion and cry, until, with a piercing shriek, half wail, half scream, the offering would be cast on the fire.

The chief had died that year and his woman was acknowledged leader of that clan for the night. Her face, as she swayed back and forth with one after another of the garments of her lord, which are always thus sent after the departed, was stern, and lighted with a high exaltation.

Here was Old Dad, my very good friend, with his fragile form, gray hair, and thin, dreamy face, whom I had often seen in a kind of waking trance, when he would see and talk with his wives and children long years dead, the happiest fantasy of these moments always appearing in the form of a feast, his ghostly family hovering over him with rich supply of goodly food, which they dropped into his open mouth, saying, "Eat, eat, all time eat," a pathetic intimation of his frequent periods of enforced fasting. Here was John Chinaman, a sturdy Indian who bore about him the distinction of having years before slain an offending Oriental, his name thenceforth testifying to the deed, and an atmosphere of possible swift power to act winning a large share of respect from his associates. Here was Henry, silent and grave, a white man in capacity to gather and hold for his own, who looked and learned from his white neighbors, yet held himself aloof, except as they furnished him with well-paid labor. Here, too, was Big Billy, the cripple, a specimen of chronic rheumatism and gambling, loved for his good nature and feared for his skill. Here was Sally, whose influence was strong up and down the hills, and whose accomplishments in the white woman's art were amply shown by the well-made garments waving above her head. Here was Old Sam, who had also slain his man, but under justifiable circumstances. When Sam had served the light sentence of imprisonment passed by the plastic court of those days, he returned to the mountains distinguished as a brave not to be lightly tampered with. His greatest pleasure was to strike terror to the heart of a newcomer, rolling his sightless eye and in gruff voice demanding food; if this ruse succeeded he would retire and chuckle to himself indefinitely at the delight of having "sold" a paleface. However, he was a very harmless and

child-like old fellow, and honest to the last penny. Here was Mydea, his old woman, always to be seen following meekly at his heels upon the mountain trails—small, toothless and wizened, but sweet tempered, and adoring her better half.

The leader of the ceremonies for the visiting tribe was a tall, stately woman, austere and unapproachable, whom Charlie pointed out as his mother. I suddenly realized what a privilege we enjoyed in being attended by the son of such a high priestess. There was also Medicine Peter, whose skill was potent in charms and herbs. He was withered as oak leaves in winter, and his old woman had much ado to keep him from falling into the fire, repeatedly dragging him back and pushing him down on the ground to rest. But most touching was sweet-faced Indian Nellie, wife of Henry, who mourned her baby, lost a short time before. All night long she swung, and sung a low, plaintive melody in softest, sweetest tones. Poor little woman! Before the next Burning she had wandered out into the forest, crazed from illness, privation and grief. When her husband found her, after two days' desperate search, earthly sorrows were ended forever.

As the night advanced the scene became wild in the extreme. Quantities of flour, beans and meal were cast with wails into the flames, followed by baskets without number and garments of all kinds, the untiring work of months devoured by the hungry fire. The lurid glare fantastically lighted up the faces transfigured in their exaltation; wild cries resounded; there was never a moment's cessation in the dancing.

Toward morning there was a change. The Kockènee, Spirit of Evil, in the shape of a hideous effigy in black and red, bedaubed with paint, with long human hair, was brought from the center of the circle, which had not been left a moment unguarded. A hush fell upon them as the old men gathered and seated themselves in a circle with the Kockènee in the midst. Then followed a strange scene. The old men proceeded to address the Kockènee with earnest gesture and solemn grimace. One after another recited the legends of his people, emphasizing with many a skinny finger pointed at the Kockènee's luckless head. For an hour profound si-

lence reigned, except the low, incessant murmur of their voices. With the rising of the morning star the Kockènee was seized, and, amid the wildest frenzy of shrieks, groans, wails and leaps, was cast upon the fire, one of the women frantically struggling to follow, with such strength that, in spite of the efforts of three strong men, she cast herself into the outer circle of fire, and was summarily dragged out by the feet and laid under the trees apparently lifeless.

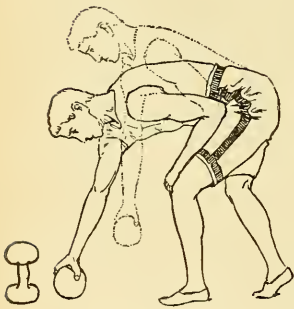
The excitement now reached its height. The remaining articles were dragged, pulled and torn from the poles and flung upon the fire, shrieks of exultation greeting the freeing of their spirits, supposed to be escaping into the other world for the use of other spirits eagerly waiting to receive them.

A few moments later, dull, smouldering coals, trampled ground, strewn with wreckage from the fire, devastated poles, bare and ghastly against the sky, and hungry dogs lapping the flour scattered upon the ground, were all that remained to the dawning day.

As we drove home in the early sunrise, I thought of the monuments of marble rising cold and stately to the starlit sky from the voiceless cities of the dead, silent protests against the little span of human life. Here were no granite shafts, but as long as there are red men in these hills will custom rear monuments as enduring and more symbolic of that realm of the hereafter, where spirits still have human needs and messages of loving sacrifice are gladly sent by messengers of fire.

SOME HINTS ON THE USE OF WEIGHTS FOR HEALTH.

BY GEORGE ELLIOT FLINT.



MOST of us know that exercise increases the size and strength of the muscles, quickens the circulation, stimulates the heart, and improves the digestion. It is my purpose, rather than to extol the well-known and multifarious benefits of proper exercise, to show that even delicate persons can easily obtain by cultivation extraordinary health and extraordinary strength.

Physical man is entirely animal, and he absolutely requires a certain amount of vigorous exercise or he will degenerate. Compare the figure of a house dog that does not run about much with that of an active, trained animal that follows either a bicycle or a horse for a few hours each day. Both may be of the same breed, but their shape is quite different. One has a fat, heavy body with very slender and poorly muscled legs; the other has a contracted belly, a deep, powerful chest and remarkably well-developed limbs.

In a group of average men who do not indulge in any kind of hard physical labor, who walk but little and use their brains much, are two distinct types—the thin man and the fat man. The first is often nervous, dyspeptic, consumptive-looking. His body is poorly nourished, his limbs painfully thin and weak, and his bones stick out as though they were going to break through the delicate skin. The second type is fat and sleek. His stomach protrudes beyond his chest, and his legs, though not thin, seem too light to comfortably support so huge a body. The pectoral muscles are hardly developed at all, but a small amount of flabby flesh hangs around his chest in deep wrinkles. His arms are slender compared with his trunk, and he possesses about the same amount of strength as a fairly vigorous woman.

I shall try to explain how it is possible for the thin man to become muscular and much stouter, and how the fat man can greatly reduce the girth of his waist, while at the same time he can increase the size of his chest, shoulders, arms and legs. In short, the former can become more of a man, while the latter, by distributing the superfluous flesh around his waist all over his body, can become more symmetrical. Nine men

out of every ten who go into a gymnasium "to build themselves up," fail. Why?

Some of these novices are stout and robust-looking *in their clothes*. Their friends tell them that they are very strong, and they thoroughly believe this themselves until they test themselves. Say, for instance, they enter a gymnasium. There, their illusions vanish. They climb up on the parallel bars. But their arms will hardly support their weight, and an attempt at a "dip" nearly kills them. Then they go to the horizontal bar, where they hang helplessly, unable to "chin" themselves. Presently an undeveloped "know-all" comes along and leads them over to the dumb-bells. He is not a living example of the benefits of physical culture, but still he has read books and "things" on training and thinks he knows all about it. He picks out the largest and fattest of the group and takes him under his wing. Then he tells him that if he wishes to become very strong—a Sandow or a Montgomery Irving—he must use very light dumb-bells. These, he says, will greatly develop the muscles without straining them; but how the muscles are to develop great strength without ever being subjected to considerable strain, he does not pretend to explain. He merely assures him that experts have agreed that light weights used for a long time will develop larger and stronger muscles than heavy weights used for a short time. This is obviously untrue. What is strength of a muscle if it is not the ability of that muscle to withstand heavy strain without injury? And, naturally, a muscle cannot withstand a heavy strain unless it is accustomed to it. I do not use strain in the sense of overstrain, for while the former is perfectly physiological and normal, the latter is pathological.

Most persons think that feats of strength are dangerous. This is a mistake. If the subject is fairly prudent and has good judgment, and particularly if he has gradually accustomed his muscles to bear strain by progressive physical training, the element of danger is small. Carefully trained muscles are able to bear with impunity enormous strains. For example, no one pretends to say that it injures the muscle of the calf of the leg to bear the entire

weight of the body. In a gymnasium you may see men of ordinary strength but extraordinary weight running around a track. One of them may weigh as much as two hundred and fifty pounds. He is running on his toes, if he is running properly. A mathematician who would calculate in foot-pounds the amount of work that each calf muscle had done at the end of two miles would be surprised at the result. Not only has each in turn supported the man's entire weight for about sixteen consecutive minutes, but they have propelled that heavy body over a distance of two miles. Nevertheless, when these muscles have become accustomed to this apparently enormous strain, the work not only does not injure them, it does not even fatigue them. The muscles of the arms, chest and shoulders are of exactly the same physiological structure as the muscles of the legs; therefore, if it is natural and proper for the leg muscles to undergo great strain, it must also be natural and proper for any of the other muscles of the body—always providing, of course, that *the strain be proportionate to the strength of the muscle which is being used*.

Scientific men tell us that a perfectly proportioned man measures about the same around his biceps and neck as he does around his calf. I have seen several men who had these measurements the same, and they seemed very well proportioned. Recollect, however, that a measurement of the biceps always includes the triceps. Of course, the biceps, being a much smaller muscle than the calf muscle, could never be trained to undergo a strain that the calf muscle could support with ease. But the amount of strain that the biceps can be trained to bear with impunity is really astonishing. Later I shall show how any particular muscle can be gradually trained to support comfortably a strain that is very great in proportion to the size of the muscle.

"Muscles consist of bundles of reddish fibers, and form by weight more than half of the human body." [F. Lagrange.]

Nervous stimulus causes a muscle to contract. Will stimulates the nerves. Ordinarily, when a muscle contracts, a few, not all, of the fibers have been stimulated. The stronger the stimulus, the more powerful is the contraction of the muscle.

With two men of equal muscular development, the one with the stronger will power is sure to outdo the other in feats of strength, because he is able to stimulate more fibers than the man of weaker will. This theory explains the strength of the insane. In acute mania, for example, there is intense nervous excitement; and even ordinary muscles, when subjected to the extraordinary stimulus of deranged nerves, contract with frightful force. For the same reason, men in a violent passion sometimes display giant strength.

The popular notion that it is necessary to fatigue a muscle in order to develop it is a fallacy. In my belief a large number of feeble contractions tire a muscle completely and develop it very little, while a few powerful contractions will develop a muscle greatly and fatigue it very little. For example, suppose that a man "puts up" a pair of light dumb-bells as many successive times as he can. When he stops his muscles are, naturally, very tired; for although each successive contraction has been feeble, they have been so long continued that they have completely wearied the muscles. As will be seen later, however, these slight contractions have *strengthened* the muscles hardly at all. But, of course, the disciple of light weights will not believe this. His motto is that "light weights which are used for a long time make a man stronger than heavy weights used for only a short time." This type of the would-be athlete exercises at a gymnasium as follows:

He walks over to the chest weights and pulls a pair of light pulleys for a considerable time. Afterwards he runs a mile rapidly and on his toes—or rather on the balls of his feet, as he should—and then he goes to bathe and dress. When he reaches the dressing-room he stands a while before the mirror to "take a look at his development." What does he see? The muscles of his body and arms, which he has been feeding for years upon light exercise only, have remained light and frail; but the muscles of his legs, which have been doing heavy work for the same length of time, are finely developed, and look strong enough to support twice as heavy a body. An excellent test of the real strength of his arms, shoulders and chest would be to see how heavy a pair

of bells he could "put up" above his head simultaneously, for when two bells are pushed together in that way there is no possibility of a side movement; they must be raised with the arms and shoulders. This is called "double weight pushing." In scientific "single weight pushing" the bell is raised almost entirely with the strength of the body. The arm balances the weight, but pushes it very little. Place before such a man as I have described two fairly heavy dumb-bells. After being shown how to push them, he tries and fails. As he has never done heavy work of any kind, his muscles have been habituated to only slight strain and have never contracted powerfully. "To put up" *light* weights, even a hundred times in succession, requires only slight contractions of the muscles, while "to put up" two *heavy* weights, simultaneously requires very powerful contractions of the muscles, and muscles cannot suddenly learn to contract powerfully when they have been taught to contract merely feebly. Is it not plain, therefore, that this man fails to push the weights simply because his muscles cannot do what they have never done before? One might say that such a man *is* strong, because he has *endurance* and can "put up" two light weights a great many times in succession. The following definition of strength shows the absurdity of that statement: Strength of a muscle is its ability to contract with great force or to bear great strain without yielding or breaking.

It is my opinion that muscles can be developed and made *very* strong in only one way; that is, by a system of *progressive* physical training, which I shall endeavor to explain. But I must say that light dumb-bells, used in a particular way, will considerably develop certain muscles of the arms. For example: Grasp the handles of a pair of light dumb-bells tight, "curl" them to the shoulder by flexing the arms, and then lower them again. If this curling movement is repeated *as rapidly as possible*, moving the arms alternately, the muscles of the hand, wrist, forearm and upper arm will greatly develop. It is only in performing this movement very rapidly that these muscles are vigorously exercised, while, at the same time, they are subjected to considerable strain, inasmuch as each time that they curl the bell they have

to overcome not only the resistance of its weight, but also its momentum.

But other movements with light dumb-bells are not so easy to perform in this special way, and, moreover, muscles which are developed by light weights, though sometimes puffy looking, are never *very* strong and are not able to contract powerfully enough to lift any considerable weight. Light weights and light exercises, however, are well-nigh indispensable as *adjuncts* to all kinds of training, and I am not at all prejudiced against them; I merely wish to assign to them a proper place in athletics. I do maintain, however, that light exercises are *not* valuable as a means for the development of strength.

But heavy gymnastics—by heavy gymnastics I mean all exercises where the arms handle the weight of the body—and heavy dumb-bell lifting and pushing, while they develop the muscles, would tend to make them somewhat “slow,” were it not for light exercises, which should always be taken after heavy work.

For ten years I have studied the physical development of individuals and of classes of individuals. I find that observation and practical experience bear out in every particular the simple theories which I have tried to make plain. The professional “strong men,” who make their living by performing feats of strength, are more magnificently developed than any class of men in the world. Gymnasts who handle their own weight are always well developed. The “under man” in the tumbling trio is always a very strong man, and often very agile, too. In business life, porters, truck drivers, and furniture movers are often magnificent specimens of physical development. In short, most men who do straining work are well-developed and strong, and also enjoy robust health, while in a marked contrast to these brawny men are clerks and men of sedentary occupations.

Just a word about prize-fighters.

Most persons know in a general way, from reading the newspapers, how this interesting class of the community trains. Most of them abhor heavy work, and I believe that none of them use large dumb-bells. Light dumb-bells, punching the air-bag, handball, running and walking, form the basis of their training. That kind of exercise makes

them quick and agile; it also gives them endurance and “wind.” But the question is, are prize-fighters, as a class, very strong? I can unhesitatingly answer this question in the negative. Compare the muscular development of a group of prize-fighters with that of a group of wrestlers or weightlifters. Some pugilists, however, have great natural strength—John L. Sullivan, for example—but the great John L., before he ever entered a prize ring, was, I believe, a weight lifter. At any rate, he performed feats of strength. And this man, who possessed great strength as well as science, was undoubtedly one of the greatest fighters who ever stepped into a ring. I say, simply, that the ordinary training itself which a prize-fighter undergoes in preparing for a fight, while it *does* give a man agility and endurance, does *not* much develop his muscles. As a rule, the training of a prize-fighter increases only slightly his muscular development—at least, of his upper body—but it greatly improves the *condition* of his natural muscles and makes them enduring. In short, when a prize-fighter trains, he puts into the best possible condition the muscles which he has *naturally*; but he does not increase his ordinary muscular development to any material extent.

Six weeks, I believe, is the time devoted by a fighter to get into perfect condition. But why are not cultivated muscles just as easy to get into condition as natural muscles? I see no reason why cultivated muscles cannot be trained to be as quick and elastic as natural muscles. They can, in fact, be rendered more so, because, being more sensitive than ordinary muscles, they respond to nervous stimulus much more quickly. Prize-fighters should cultivate their strength while “laying off.” When matched to fight, they should pursue their ordinary regimen of training for quickness, agility, endurance, and “wind,” and they would find that their more powerful muscles would be able “to put up” a much better fight. The strength of a blacksmith is proverbial, and, as Robert Fitzsimmons was once a first-class blacksmith, he must have been brought up, as it were, on heavy work. I believe that even now, when training for a fight, he does a little blacksmithing for exercise.

The following anecdote about William

McClellan, ex-champion middle-weight, is interesting and to the point.

For many years, "Mac" was the boxing instructor at Wood's Gymnasium in the City of New York. One summer there was a large dumb-bell class which used to meet late every afternoon "to put up," single arm, big bells. The class was large, but they say that the weakest man in it could push a hundred pounds. Business being dull with "Mac" that summer, the boys easily persuaded him to join the class. He worked steadily with the heavy dumb-bells all summer, and finally learned "to put up," with either hand, one hundred and forty pounds. One afternoon, a friend of his strolled into the gymnasium and invited him to come up into the gallery to have a bout with the gloves. "Mac" complied, but found that the slow, heavy work which he had been doing all summer—he had not boxed at all for some months—had made him "slow," and he could neither guard nor hit quickly. This greatly alarmed the pugilist, so he immediately "swore off" heavy weights and began to box again. In one week his muscles recovered all of their former quickness and elasticity, and, in a short time, he told me himself, his trained muscles, which had doubled in strength, became quicker than ever before. His hitting power has been tremendous ever since. This story teaches simply that slow, heavy work *alone* does make the muscles somewhat "slow," *temporarily*, but that after a few weeks of quick work the muscles easily re-

cover at least all of their former elasticity. Undoubtedly, if a man wishes to have quick as well as strong muscles, he must combine light with heavy work.

Muscles, I must repeat, can only do what they are accustomed to doing; therefore, muscles which have been trained to bear only slight strain and to make feeble contractions cannot bear great strain, nor can they make powerful contractions. Slight strain borne for a long time will tire out the muscles, undoubtedly; but it will not develop them. Suppose, for example, that a great statesman whose brain was accustomed to wrestling with the most intricate problems were to add up over and over again the same column of figures. No doubt his brain would soon become tired. But would this exercise develop it, or even keep it in good condition? Of course, the flow of blood which nourishes the muscle is slightly increased while the muscle is undergoing slight strain; but it has been determined by experiment that when the muscle is subjected to great strain the flow of blood is much more prolonged and very much increased.

All men wish health; some men covet great strength; but most men desire health with a fair amount of strength. It is not necessary that every man should become as strong as it is possible for him to be, yet I hope that all who are interested in physical culture will be able to derive some benefit from the system of training which I suggest from experience.

A SPORTSMAN'S MEMORIES.

RARE paintings, by the masters, grace
The rich and gilded hall,
But none so rare as those that hang
Upon my memory's wall.

The lofty peaks 'mid drifts of mist
That fade at dawn of day,
The distant slope the sun had kissed
When starting on his way.

A wooded hill, the purple haze,
The white clouds overhead.
The open, then the briery maze,
The sumac's blaze of red.

No flute so soft as autumn wind
That sighs o'er copse and lea.
No harp attuned to sound the chords
Of woodland minstrelsy.

The sudden flight and whirl of wings,
The piping of the quail,
While up a bank, where aster clings,
There flaunts a cotton-tail.

The muffled drumming far away,
The hoarse cry of the jay,
The rustling leaves and falling nuts
Through all the autumn day.

The sedgy swamp, the crimson streak
Low in the western sky.
The little punt in reedy creek—
A lone bird sailing high.

The farewell shot, the joyous bark,
The echo from the shore.
The shadows deepen on the scene—
The sportsman's day is o'er.

MILTON HARTLEY KNOWLES.

OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

FOOTBALL.



IT is many years since football produced so many genuine surprises as has the first of this season's games. The slump of the University of Pennsylvania took the breath away, and the simultaneous defeat of Princeton and Yale came like a thunderclap out of a clear sky. Then Cornell's work, weak at the opening of the season, displayed wonderful strength against Princeton and Columbia, only to slide back once more into disap-

pointment with the defeat at the hands of Lafayette, and Harvard displayed consistently good form until her game against Dartmouth, when her eleven suddenly went back in form: the same day that Yale's supposedly weak eleven of green material piled up a crushing score against the Pennsylvania State College. The strength of the Carlisle Indians cannot be considered as a surprise, since their development has been gradual and consistent.

Again, how can we reconcile Columbia's two games against Yale and Cornell, in which she beat the New Haven men and then lost to Cornell by 29 to 0? Or the triangular inconsistency of Princeton, Cornell and Lafayette? Princeton winning easily from Lafayette, Cornell beating Princeton, and then Cornell outplayed by Lafayette. One finds Princeton better than Yale if he argues through Columbia, and vice versa if the Pennsylvania State College is accepted as the "trial horse." The Military Cadets offer the best tests of relative strength that can be used by students of football form, because all of their games are played at West Point, and the Cadet team has maintained just about the same form throughout the year. Judging by the results of their opponents at West Point we find Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Columbia all in the same class, their scores being approximately even.

Turning from team to individual play, Hudson's success seems as much marked as ever in

the goal-kicking line, and no back has yet been discovered to compare with him in this specialty. True, Young of Cornell dropped a goal from the field against Princeton, and a week or so later repeated it against Columbia, but Hudson's work has been consistently the better. He scored once against Pennsylvania from the 40-yard line, and against Harvard from only five yards nearer the goal. In the Princeton game Hudson tried only once, then from forty-five yards out, but he had hurt his leg in the previous scrimmage, and was unable to get either distance or accuracy in his trial. The wonderful work of the clever little Indian quarter-back has been forced home on the minds of the college coaches, year after year, by his remarkable success at goal-kicking, and field attempts have been much more frequent this season than in previous years.

Place-kicking from free catches has also developed this fall, and Hare, of Pennsylvania, and Burnett, of Harvard, have both succeeded in scoring from the field in this style. Goal-kicking from touchdowns, on the other hand, has shown a falling off. Ever since the value of this play was cut down from two points to one, there has been a retrogression in the skill of the kicker. This year either Pennsylvania or Chicago could have won the tie game in Chicago if either goal had been kicked. With one successful kick from her touchdown, Cornell could have tied Lafayette instead of losing; Michigan could have beaten Pennsylvania by kicking both her goals, or tied the game if one of them had been scored, while Dartmouth lost to Williams because the latter kicked both of hers and Dartmouth missed twice after touchdowns had been scored.

The rise of Columbia, in a single season, into a high place among the college football teams of the country has been remarkable, and Coach Sanford deserves warm praise. It is many years since Columbia has supported a football team worthy of wearing the college colors which were once so prominent in the intercollegiate world, and she has been welcomed into the field by even her defeated rivals.

The last games of the season had yet to be played when this department went to press, but it was already evident that a complete rearrangement of the football classes must result from the season's play.

J. PARMLY PARET.

FOOTBALL.

Important Games of the Month.

IN THE EAST.

PRINCETON, 11; COLUMBIA, 0.

COLUMBIA'S first hard test for her new football team came on October 14th, when the blue-and-white players met the Princeton team at Manhattan Field, New York. While Princeton's score was small, she was severely handicapped by the absence of both her regular tackles, with the result that her line was distinctly vulnerable at either side of the guards, and Columbia pierced it often for material gains. One touchdown was scored for the Tigers by the straightest kind of football methods. Bucking the line with an occasional drive into the tackles, but very little end play, resulted in a hard-earned score, but the second, which did not come until the second half, was largely the result of a fluke. Larendon fumbled on Columbia's 40-yard line, and Poe, Princeton's ever-watchful end, grabbed the ball, and ran, unobstructed, nearly half the length of the field, for a touchdown. Morely, the young Columbia half-back, was the star of the game. The time of the halves was twenty-five minutes.

CARLISLE INDIANS, 16; UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 5.

The first important "upset" of one of the most surprising seasons in football history occurred on October 14th, when the Carlisle Indians defeated the Univ. of Penn. at Philadelphia. Captain Hare worked like a Hercules to save his team from defeat, but he was the only one of the Quakers whose play showed up in good form, and the Indians surprised every one by the ease with which they broke through the Pennsylvanians' line for good gains. In the first half alone, the visitors gained about four times as much ground by carrying the ball as did the home team. Once more the famous goal-kicking abilities of little Hudson, the great quarter-back of the Indian team, came into play, and although he missed his first attempt at goal from the field, he was given a second opportunity, and dropped a clever goal from the 40-yard line. In the second half the Quakers weakened noticeably. The only tally for the home players was a goal from the field, kicked by Hare, after a fair catch thirty-five yards away from the Indians' goal-posts.

HARVARD, 18; U. S. MILITARY CADETS, 0.

Harvard defeated the U. S. Military Cadets at West Point, October 14th. The score should really have been materially larger than the three touchdowns, for Harvard repeatedly had the ball within scoring distance of the West Pointers' goal, and failed to push it over, through what seemed like indifference to the size of the score. What few attempts the Harvard backs did make to get around the Cadets' ends proved successful, but the runners were sent at the center of the home team's line with wonderful regularity, where they gained very small distances, as the Cadets were specially strong at this point. The poor kicking of the

West Pointers hurt their chances materially, and Romeyn's services were sadly missed. The time of play was only thirty minutes.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, 17; CORNELL, 6.

Cornell made a hurried trip West in October, and was beaten by the University of Chicago in Chicago, October 14th. The Cornellians were certainly not in the same condition they showed later in the season, and the absence of system in their coaching was undoubtedly responsible for some of their poor play. Coach Haughton had just taken hold of the team, and had not had time yet to drill the men into shape, their defense being a long way poorer than that they showed later against Princeton and Columbia. Chicago tore great rents in the Cornell line, and repeatedly held the ball for long stretches of turf in their progress down the field. The first touchdown of the game was scored by the Westerners by a series of rushes, which steadily carried the ball seventy-five yards down the field and over the line without once having to kick. The Easterners were a long way the better in punting, but their defense was not so strong nor were their center masses and end runs so effective.

PRINCETON, 12; PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE, 0.

Princeton scented trouble ahead when her team met the Pennsylvania State College eleven at Princeton, October 18th, but found the visitors very much less formidable than she had feared. The Pennsylvanians had beaten the Military Cadets at West Point, and were heralded as a dangerous combination. The 'Tigers, however, had little difficulty in pushing them down the field. Except for Hodgman, who was used at full-back in place of Wheeler, Princeton used all of her regular team, but the halves were only fifteen and ten minutes long respectively.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 17; WESLEYAN, 6.

Wesleyan and the University of Pennsylvania came together this year at Philadelphia, October 18th, and the Pennsylvanians piled up three touchdowns against their old-time rivals. The star play of the day, however, was credited to Wilcox, of Wesleyan, who got the ball on a double pass and ran sixty-five yards, dodging past all of the Pennsylvania tacklers for a touchdown. The Quakers tried several combinations of their much-mixed team, but none of them seemed thoroughly satisfactory. Overfield, the famous center, was used at left tackle, but was afterward replaced by Zimmerman. The actual time of play was forty-two and a half minutes.

YALE, 6; UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, 0.

The first of the big games between Eastern and Western university elevens took place at New Haven, October 21st, when the Wisconsin team, coached by "Phil" King, of Princeton fame, met Yale. The home eleven included all of the best material available, and Yale made every effort to avoid defeat. The playing time was set at fifty minutes, and it was not until the game was three-quarters spent

that Yale made her first, last and only touchdown. This was due to a long sensational run of sixty-five yards by Richards, which should certainly have been stopped, for O'Dea, the famous full-back of the visitors, had an easy chance to tackle the runner in the open field, but missed him, or the game would probably have ended without score for either side. Yale's rushing methods and interference were better than those of the Westerners, but O'Dea's wonderful kicking was a tower of strength for his team. Again and again did the home players carry the ball down the field until close to the Western goal, and then lose it through a fumble or off-side play, and O'Dea promptly punted it back for sixty or seventy yards with unerring accuracy. Only once did Wisconsin get within striking distance of Yale's line, and then they received the ball on a fumble. O'Dea tried for a field-goal from forty yards away from the posts, but he did not even come close to making it. The visitors' interference was rather easily broken up by the Yale line, which proved impregnable, and only O'Dea's wonderful kicking and the constant fumbling of the Yale backs saved the Westerners from a very much worse beating.

HARVARD, 11 ; BROWN, 0.

The Brown eleven, which had tied University of Pennsylvania's team only two weeks before, visited Cambridge, October 21st, and were beaten by Harvard, but only by two touchdowns. The defense of the crimson line was a revelation, and even the clever backs from Providence were unable to make much headway against it. Close formations yielded little profit, but Brown worked several trick plays and double passes for good gains. Pratt got through once for a forty-yard run, but Richardson was the star of the game, and his work was especially brilliant. Harvard's interference in attack was well formed and fairly compact, her runners getting started quickly, but keeping a little too far apart to fully protect the ball-carrier from possibility of attack. The physical condition of the home players was better than that of Brown, and toward the end of the game Harvard showed much more snap than did the visitors.

PRINCETON, 23 ; U. S. MILITARY CADETS, 0.

Princeton improved on Harvard's score against the U. S. Military Cadets, at West Point, October 21st, in a game that showed the first glimpse of real championship form that the Tigers displayed this season. With only thirty-five minutes of playing time, Princeton started in at once to score enough to make the game sure, for they took no chances of repeating their tie-game fiasco of last season. Four minutes after play began, Levick scored the first touchdown. In the second half it appeared as if Captain Edwards was holding back his men much as Harvard had done at West Point the week before, and Hutchinson repeatedly tried for field goals instead of rushing the ball over for further touchdowns, and not one of his attempts was successful. Princeton's interference was well formed, and little fumbling marred her play. The new "ends back" formation used by the Tigers proved a difficult problem for West Point to solve, and they found

it very difficult to break it up without loss. Ennis, of West Point, fully held his own with Mattis, the Princeton "sub" full-back, but at every other point Princeton outclassed the Cadets.

LAFAYETTE, 6 ; UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 0.

Lafayette, whom Princeton had beaten rather easily, won from the disheartened University of Pennsylvania eleven, at Philadelphia, October 21st, much to the surprise of the football world. The game was sensational at the start, for Bray caught Hare's kick-off on his own 15-yard line and went straight down the whole length of the field for a touchdown, fifteen seconds after play began. Splendid interference was formed for him instantly after he got under way, and the field was so badly broken up that the Pennsylvania tacklers were bowled over one after another. There was not another score during the game, and never again was the Quakers' goal threatened. On the other hand, the Pennsylvania team was unable to get the ball over their antagonists' goal-line. Twice they were close down under the Lafayette goal, but each time they were held for downs, and the ball kicked back out of danger. The time of play was fifty minutes.

COLUMBIA, 18 ; AMHERST, 0.

Amherst visited New York, October 21st, and played a game against the new Columbia team at Manhattan Field, Columbia's showing was rather a disappointment to most of her supporters, who had expected to see her tear up the Amherst line easily. Coach Sanford was away at New Haven, and his absence seemed to rob the Columbia players of much of their usual snap. The interference was easily broken up, while some of the fumbling behind the line was wretched. Amherst put up a good defence in the first half, and held Columbia's score down to one touchdown, but in the second, the blue and white players swept the visitors down the field repeatedly for good gains. Morley was the star of the game, and some of his running was really remarkable. Playing time was thirty minutes.

CORNELL, 6 ; LEHIGH, 0.

Much surprise was caused by the weakness of Cornell in her game with Lehigh, at Ithaca, October 21st, for the home team won by the small margin of only one touchdown. The same grievous weakness in handling the ball that had been so costly in the Chicago game, was apparent in Cornell's play, and Lehigh fairly held her own with what was supposed to be a much stronger team. Cornell's only score during the full game of forty minutes was made on a fumble by Lehigh, when Folger picked up the ball and ran twenty-five yards for a touchdown. The looseness of Cornell's interference was fatal, for the Lehigh tacklers repeatedly got through and tackled the backs before they could get started, often with a substantial loss. The line showed up better, making big holes, of which the backs failed to take advantage. For Lehigh, Chamberlain and Lindley did the best work.

PRINCETON, 17 ; LEHIGH, 0.

Princeton beat Lehigh at Princeton, October 25th, in the easiest kind of fashion. The vis-

itors fumbled badly, while the Tigers played with unusual vim and snap. They pushed the ball down the field at a surprising rate, and tore up the Lehigh line like paper. What was most disastrous for the visitors, however, was the fatal tendency to fumbling that was shown by their backs, and in thirty minutes of actual play, Princeton scored three times, although little effort was made to pile up a big total.

COLUMBIA, 5; YALE, 0.

Yale met her Waterloo at Manhattan Field, New York, October 28th, when her team met Columbia and were beaten. While the New York team had been shown to possess considerable strength by their games against Princeton and Amherst, there was not a doubt in the minds of the Yale players and coaches that the blue would win, although a small score was looked for. The time of play was limited to twenty-minute halves, and during the first half there was no scoring on either side, and neither even got the ball close to the other's goal.

Early in the second half Yale got the ball only thirty yards out from Columbia's goal, and Sharpe was called upon for a try for a goal from the field. His kick was low and poor, however, and Larendon made failure doubly sure by blocking the ball. Columbia fell on the ball, and from this point began the greatest line attack of the day, carrying the ball steadily down the field for thirty-five yards without giving it up. The Yale center proved unexpectedly vulnerable, while Hale, at left tackle, was a fruitful point of attack by the Columbia backs. Time and time again, the home players plunged into the line and gained many valuable yards, until they had carried the ball well past the center of the field; and then there was a fumble and the ball went to Yale. Most of Columbia's attacks were confined to the center of the line and the left wing, for they had little success at end running. Yale kicked back from the point at which she got the ball on a fumble, and Weeks carried it back to the center.

Failing to gain, Wilson tried a long diagonal quarter-back kick to the opposite side of the field from that which was guarded by the Yale backs. Morley and Slocovitch were close on the ball, and when McBride fumbled it, Columbia secured the oval only three yards from Yale's goal. The next rush apparently carried it over, but the referee had blown his whistle before the ball was over the line and Columbia tried again. This time, the ball was fumbled after it had crossed the line, and the proverbial Yale luck helped old Eli out of a tight hole once more. A Yale man fell on the ball for a touch-back, and it was promptly kicked out of danger from the twenty-five-yard line. Two or three punts exchanged brought the ball into Columbia's possession on her forty-five-yard line, and then came the most sensational feature of the day. Weeks, the young Columbia freshman back, came through a mass play directed at Yale's right wing, and shaking himself free, circled around the right side of the field, safely passing McBride, and scored a touchdown after a run of sixty-five yards. This proved the only score of the game, for try as she could, Yale was unable to get the ball even close to Columbia's goal after that, and the game ended in the New-Yorkers' favor by 5 to 0.

Columbia's defense proved better than Yale's, particularly at the center of the line, and her ends fully as good. The blue-and-white backs, too, outran their adversaries, although McBride's kicking was better than that of his opponent. In aggressive play, Yale's only superiority lay in end running, her interference getting her runner safely around the ends more often than did that of Columbia. Morley and Weeks proved to be two of the most brilliant half-backs of the year, but Columbia's team suffered badly for the lack of a good punting full-back.

HARVARD, 22; CARLISLE INDIANS, 10.

Although Harvard beat the Carlisle Indians with a goodly margin in their favor, at Cambridge, October 28th, they were powerless to prevent the wonderful little Indian quarter-back from dropping one of his famous goals from the field, and a fluke play was responsible for the touchdown that was the only other score to the credit of the visitors. Harvard earned her first touchdown on a blocked kick and a few short runs, Daly carrying the ball over from a double pass, but the half ended with the score at 6 to 5 in favor of the Crimson. In the second half Harvard punted repeatedly, and generally got the better of the exchange. Finally, Ellis blocked one of Miller's kicks, and fell on the ball close to the visitors' goal line, and a few short rushes carried it over for a second touchdown. Punting tactics were continued until Daly made a free catch on the Indians' forty-yard line and Burnett kicked a place-goal from the field. The visitors finally forced the ball steadily down toward the Harvards' goal until their progress was stopped about twenty-six yards away, and then Hudson dropped back and kicked one of his prettiest goals from the field. The time of play was seventy minutes.

CORNELL, 5; PRINCETON, 0.

The victory of Cornell over Princeton at Ithaca, October 28th, startled the football world. Since Cornell's poor games against Chicago and Lehigh, Coach Haughton had worked wonders with the men, and Princeton found the Cornell defense like a stone wall, which even their new ends-back formation for attack could not break through. In the first half there was no scoring and neither goal was seriously threatened. Most of the play was in Cornell's territory, but the home players held the Tigers repeatedly for downs, and Princeton was unable to get the ball within the danger zone. Soon after the second half opened, Cornell got in two sensational runs by Young and Walbridge, and carried the ball down close to the visitors' goal-line. Six yards from their goal the Tigers' defense held firm, and the ball was kicked out of danger at once. Again the Cornell backs carried the ball down close to the Tigers' end of the field, and when their progress was blocked on the thirty-yard-line Young dropped back and kicked a goal from the field. It was a hopeless struggle after that, for Princeton could not keep the ball out of her own territory, and the game ended without further scoring. The time of play was only forty minutes.



Photos by T. C. Turner.

COLUMBIA VS. YALE, OCTOBER 28TH.

1. Columbia putting the ball in play.
2. Columbia's first touch-down.
(Not allowed by Referee.)
3. Lining up on Yale's three-yard line after
the disallowed touch-down.
4. Taking advantage of "time out."

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 5; UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, 5.

The University of Pennsylvania met the University of Chicago team at Chicago, October 28th, the game resulting in a tie. Pennsylvania used Overfield at center and Captain Hare at guard, but McCracken, the third of the veteran center trio, was played at half-back, while Coombs played right end instead of behind the line. Throughout the game the Westerners had the best of the play, and the ball was constantly in Pennsylvania's territory. The headwork of the Chicago team was poor, for when they most needed a few yards the runner was sent at Captain Hare in the center of the line, despite the fact that Hare had shown the strongest defense of his team. Pennsylvania earned her touchdown by hard, persistent pounding at the center and tackles, and finally carried the ball over early in the second half. Near the end the home team tied the score. Hamill got around the right end for a twenty-five-yard run that brought the ball to within three yards of the line, and a touchdown soon followed. Henry missed an easy goal that would have given victory to his team. Pennsylvania made a strong brace just before the end of the game and another score seemed likely, but it came too late and the game ended in a tie. The time of play was seventy minutes.

HARVARD, 16; UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 0.

Harvard journeyed to Philadelphia November 4th, and ran up a total of three touchdowns against nothing in a game of thirty-five-minute halves. The guards-back plays which Harvard had stopped so easily last season were again broken up with few gains and frequent losses. Pennsylvania's defense was weak, and her other methods of attack had been sacrificed to special systems of play, and when these were found useless she was almost without a leg to stand on. Harvard's interference, on the other hand, was very strong and most of her running plays were effective. Her backs did too much fumbling, however, and the defense for her punters was not perfect, by any means.

The game began sensationally. Only a few downs after the kick-off Boal blocked a punt from Coombs, and after Daly had made a bad fumble Sawin tried for a goal from the field, only to have it blocked by Hare. Harvard soon rushed the ball back again, however, after another punt from the home team, and a run of twenty yards by Kendall brought the ball close under the goal, and the next play took it over for the first touchdown, only eight minutes after the game had started. A clever dodging run of twenty-five yards on a double pass gave Harvard a momentary advantage, but it was soon lost again, and two sensational end runs by the Quakers got the ball down to within fifteen yards of Harvard's goal. The visitors realized their danger and held so effectively that they got the ball, and on the next play Sawin got around "Pennsy's" left end behind splendid interference for a run of fifty yards before he was brought down by Hare. Again and again the visitors rushed the ball down the field only to lose it for holding or off-side play, and the first half ended with only one touchdown in favor of the Harvard eleven.

Pennsylvania went to pieces badly in the second half. Soon after the start the fumbling began again, and Harvard rushed the ball down for another touchdown. Hallowell, who was doing the kicking for the visitors, had a long punting duel with Coombs, in which the crimson wearer easily outdistanced his adversary, and one short punt from Coombs gave Burnett, of Harvard, a chance to try for a place kick for goal. The ball failed to pass through the posts, but soon after Harvard secured it again for holding, and quickly rushed it over. The score should have been even larger, for Harvard easily outplayed Pennsylvania at every stage of the game. The most effective men on the Quakers' team were Captain Hare, Coombs and McCracken. For Harvard, Hallowell, Boal, Sawin and Ellis did the best work.

PRINCETON, 18; BROWN, 6.

Princeton showed wonderful improvement over her form at Ithaca when she met Brown at Princeton, November 4th, and won easily by three touchdowns to one. Early in the game Brown got the ball to within thirty-five yards of the Tigers' goal-posts, and Richardson tried for a goal from the field, missing it by only ten feet. From their twenty-five-yard line, Princeton steadily carried the ball the whole length of the field without a fumble or a break, and scored a touchdown by the cleverest kind of attack. The "ends-back" formations proved puzzling to the visitors and they could not stop the progress of the ball behind them. The time of play was fifty minutes.

YALE, 24; U. S. MILITARY CADETS, 0.

Yale improved on the scores of both Harvard and Princeton at West Point, November 4th, when she beat the U. S. Military Cadets by four touchdowns to nothing. The game lasted just forty minutes, and during this time the Yale players kept the Cadets constantly on the jump, and piled the score up rapidly. Only once was Yale's goal threatened, and then in the second half a sensational run of forty yards by Rockwell carried the ball down well into the visitors' territory. Another gain of fifteen followed, and the West Pointers began to hope for a score, but they were forced to punt soon after, and Yale blocked the kick. Immediately the attack was changed into defense, and the Cadets were soon swept down the field for another touchdown. McBride repeatedly out-punted Dougherty, but the West Point full-back showed up in better form than in the game against Princeton.

CORNELL, 29; COLUMBIA, 0.

Columbia met her Waterloo at Manhattan Field, New York, November 7th, when Cornell's eleven pushed her players about the field, and ran up a score of 29 points in fifty minutes of play. It was a very different team in blue and white from that which beat Yale, and the stone-wall defense seemed to have disappeared. What was most disastrous of all, however, was the woful fumbling of all of the Columbia backs. In the absence of a good punter, Columbia was in a bad way, for Cornell repeatedly kicked down the field, and then held for downs and kicked again.

The struggle surged up and down the field for the best part of the first half until finally Cornell's attack was directed at Columbia's ends and tackles, and then the visitors pushed the ball steadily down the field for a touchdown. Cornell's defense crumbled badly and they were unable to hold the Cornellians after that. The Columbia coaches seemed to have realized the hopelessness of the defense without punting, which Columbia had been trying, and Morley kicked in the second half. His punts were erratic, however.

Finally, a punt was fumbled by Cornell and Columbia got the ball only twenty yards away from the visitors' goal. This was the best chance the New Yorkers had to score, and they pushed the ball on down to the ten-yard line only to lose it on a fumble. Another fumble of a Cornell punt gave the Ithaca men the ball in midfield, and Walbridge got around Columbia's right end for a run of fifty yards for the second touchdown. Cornell got the ball again after a series of punts, and a long run by Starbuck carried the ball down close to Columbia's goal. The home team held for downs, however, and kicked out of danger, but Walbridge made a free catch and Young promptly kicked a place-goal from the field. Soon after Walbridge caught one of Columbia's punts in midfield, and with good interference ran behind Columbia's goal for another touchdown, and a few minutes before time was up another score was made.

PRINCETON, 12 ; CARLISLE INDIANS, 0.

Princeton and the Carlisle Indians came together November 11th, at Manhattan Field, New York, and the Tigers scored the first shut-out of the season against the Indians. The Indians found Princeton's defense invulnerable. On the other hand, the Carlisle players showed the soundest kind of straight football. The Indian centre held well, and it was chiefly through the tackles that the best of Princeton's gains were made. The Tigers showed excellent team-work, and their interference was well put together, and much faster in getting under way than earlier in the season. Before game was three minutes old, Knight scored a touchdown from the 45-yard line behind the best interference that the whole game developed. Even then the success of the run was entirely due to Hutchinson's wonderful interference.

In the second half the Tigers began a long assault that steadily carried the ball down to and over the Indians' goal-line for the second score. Only once did the Carlisle men have a chance to score, and then, in the second half, they forced the ball to within thirty yards of Princeton's goal, and on the third down Hudson dropped back for a goal from the field, but he had hurt his leg in the scrimmage before, and his kick was short and poorly directed, although he got it off safely as usual.

HARVARD, 11 ; DARTMOUTH, 0.

Harvard at Cambridge, November 11th, managed to score only twice against Dartmouth. The Harvard backs fumbled constantly, and frequent losses were made when gains were most needed. The game was played in a rain-storm, and the ball was as difficult to hold as

was one's footing. The crimson players scored their first touchdown in the first few minutes of play by banging into the line until the ball had reached the visitors' twenty-five-yard line, when Sawin got around Dartmouth's end for a touchdown. A few minutes later, Burden broke through and blocked Proctor's punt, Lawrence falling on the ball, and the Harvard backs carrying it over for a second touchdown in the next few rushes. In the second half, the home players could not hold the ball long enough to reach the visitors' goal-line again.

LAFAYETTE, 6 ; CORNELL, 5.

On November 11th, the Cornellians, at Ithaca, scored against Lafayette first on a blocked punt. Soon after the game opened, she forced the ball down to within five yards of the visitors' goal ; and when Lafayette held for downs and Bray tried to punt out from behind the goal, Cornell broke through and blocked it, Starbuck falling on the ball for a touchdown. Before the first half ended, Lafayette got the ball on Cornell's 45-yard line and steadily forced it down the field until they had scored a touchdown on straight football plunging attacks. The goal was kicked. In the second half, Cornell constantly forced the play, but Lafayette's defense was too strong for them, and the game ended without further scoring. The time of play was forty minutes.

YALE, 42 ; PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE, 0.

Yale, at New Haven, on November 11th, ran up a large score against the Pennsylvania State College team. As the visitors had beaten West Point, and held the Naval Cadets down to 6 points and Princeton to 12, their weak showing against Yale was a big surprise. From start to finish Yale's attack showed remarkable strength for a green team. The game lasted fifty minutes.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 11 ; UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, 10.

The University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia, November 11th, met the eleven from the University of Michigan, and won by just one point, each having scored two touchdowns, but the home team kicking one of their goals and the visitors missing both of theirs. In the first five minutes of play, McLean, of the Western team, got around Pennsylvania's left end from her twenty-yard line and scored the first touchdown. In the second half, which had begun with the score still against the home players, Pennsylvania's backs rushed the ball down the field and crossed the Westerners' goal-line for their first touchdown, Hare carrying the oval. Then it was the visitors' turn, and they swept the Quakers along for another score, but again missed the goal. With only a few minutes left to play, however, "Pennsy" developed new strength and forced the Michigan players over half the length of the field for the last score of the game, and when Overfield kicked the goal the victory was won. The time of play was the full seventy minutes.

COLUMBIA, 16 ; UNITED STATES MILITARY CADETS, 0.

Without the help of Wilson, on a wet and slippery field, Columbia ran up a score of three



Photos by T. C. Turner

GLIMPSES OF PRINCETON'S FOOTBALL PRACTICE.

1. A Tandem Mass on Tackle.
4. The Interference forming
for an End-play.

3. Captain Edwards
and Coach Lea.

2. Pushing the "Scrub" down the Field.
5. Signal Practice.

touchdowns against the Military Cadets at West Point, November 11th. Columbia's defense was strong, and at times her running attack was invincible. Never once was their goal threatened, and the score was highly creditable to the New Yorkers, since Harvard had scored only 18 points at West Point, Princeton, 23, and Yale, 24.

OTHER IMPORTANT GAMES.

Oct. 14th, Williams-Union, Williamstown.....	12- 5
" Exeter-Harvard Freshmen, Cambridge.....	0- 0
Oct. 18th, Harvard-Bates, Cambridge.....	20- 0
" Williams-Holy Cross, Williamstown.....	23- 5
Oct. 21st, Williams-Dartmouth, Hanover.....	12-10
Oct. 25th, Williams-Trinity, Williamstown.....	12- 0
" Amherst-Bowdoin, Amherst.....	11- 6
" Lawrenceville-Princeton Freshmen, Lawrenceville.....	15- 5
Oct. 28th, West Point-Dartmouth, West Point....	6- 2
" Williams-Syracuse University, Syracuse.....	6- 0
Nov. 4th, Lafayette-Lehigh, Easton.....	17- 0

J. PARMLY PARET.

IN THE SOUTH.

UNIV. OF GEORGIA VS. CLEMSON COLLEGE, 10-0.

Georgia's first game was played in the mud, which prevented team work, but the line-bucking of her backs gave promise of a better result than was shown later in the Sewanee game. Clemson displayed a lack of organization, and the few gains made during the game were spasmodic and due to individual effort.

NAVAL ACADEMY VS. UNIV. NORTH CAROLINA, 12-0; OCTOBER 4TH.

Carolina put up a strong defense during the first half, and with the assistance of fumbles by the Navy backs was not scored against during the first half; but in the second half the Cadets recovered their characteristic dash and rushed the ball down for two touchdowns, the last one from the kick-off by a series of line-bucking and end-running plays.

Carolina played pluckily, but was unable to resist the force. While Carolina showed good defense, they were never able to advance the ball against the sharp tackling of the Navy.

UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA VS. SEWANEE, 0-12, ATLANTA, OCTOBER 21ST.

Georgia entered the game full of confidence as to her ability to gain ground, and this over-confidence contributed to her defeat. Young, who played at quarter, frequently let the ball go to Sewanee on downs in Georgia territory.

In contrast with this faulty judgment were the quick and ready manœuvres of the Sewanee quarter, who repeatedly called for punts, and thus kept the ball out of Sewanee territory. Sewanee found ground-gaining no easy thing, but getting the ball on a fumble, end and line plays were executed in rapid succession until the first touchdown was secured. Wilson, Sewanee's quarter, further distinguished himself by breaking through the strong Georgia line and doing timely tackling. Simpkins, at full-back, played a good line-bucking and kicking game, the ends, Pearce and Sims, working with him in clock-like fashion, and frequently recovering the ball by the fumbling of the Georgia backs; and to the work of these three men more than all else Sewanee may attribute her victory. The Georgia team is made of good material, and her line will strengthen

under Coach Saussy, and before her game with Carolina she will probably round into better form.

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA VS. DAVIDSON COLLEGE, 10-0; OCTOBER 21ST.

The University team disappointed its followers in failing to run up a large score against Davidson. The College played an unexpected strong defense. Still the score would have been larger but for the continuous fumbling by the University backs. In offence the College men developed unexpected strength and repeatedly gained around the end and through the line, Hewitt's bucking being of the star order. This weakness at end the Varsity found to be very costly in their game with the Agriculturalists in Raleigh, October 28th, when they were forced to divide honors with the A. & M. College, 11-11. Still, here Carolina was handicapped by the absence of three of her line men, which in some measure explains her inability to win.

GALLAUDET VS. VIRGINIA, 11-5; OCTOBER 21ST.

At the beginning the Virginians seemed to have an easy thing of it. Her backs ran fast and made long gains, so that a touchdown was early made, but in the second half Gallaudet offered impregnable resistance and entered on offensive play with a dash and determination, sweeping aside the Virginia tacklers, and by steady plunges, combined with revolving wedges, carried the ball across the line for their first touchdown, and after the kick-off, without losing the ball, secured a second touchdown, winning the game, 11-5. It is true that Virginia played substitutes in the line, but it is doubtful if her strongest resources could have averted defeat.

GALLAUDET VS. GEORGETOWN, 0-5; NOV. 1ST.

Georgetown defeated Gallaudet on a muddy field with the same style of play that Gallaudet used so effectively against Virginia. Cummings, at guard, distinguished himself in blocking and carrying the ball, and with Devlin, at full-back, divided the honors for Georgetown. Devlin's dodging style of running gained many yards, and in an open field singles him out as a wonderful ball-player. Gallaudet played a strong game, and had they been able to stop Devlin would have won the game.

SCORES IN OTHER RECENT SOUTHERN GAMES

Sewanee.....	32	Georgia Tech.....	0
Univ. Georgia.....	33	Georgia Tech.....	0
Univ. N. Carolina.....	11	Carolina Tech.....	11
Virginia Polytech.....	5	U. Tenn.	0
Roanoke Coll.	23	St. Albans.....	0
Vanderbilt.....	12	Miami Univ.....	0
Hampden-Sidney.....	22	Bellevue.....	0
Richmond College.....	41	William and Mary.....	0
Tulane Univ.....	0	So. Ath. Club.....	0
S. W. Pres. Univ.....	15	Univ. Kentucky.....	0

W. A. LAMBETH.

IN THE MIDDLE WEST

I believe I am very safe in saying that the season of 1899 will bring about one big change in football, and that is that the East will have regard and respect for the game as it is played in the West. Two teams have come West, and the best they were able to do was to get away with a tie score, one losing the game by a somewhat one-sided margin.

One Western team has already made the trip East, and, if the reports from the East are to be believed, played the Eastern team not only to a standstill, but really had the best of the contest.

Another result will come from the season's work, according to my opinion, and that is that the Eastern coach will be out of a job so far as the Middle West is concerned. It is now generally evident that the Eastern game is not so very far ahead of the game as played in the West. It is not my intent to boast that the West knows all there is to be known about football, but it is my personal opinion that after this year most of the Western universities and colleges will rely more on Western coaching than on Eastern. In fact, many are this year depending on alumni coaches.

MICHIGAN, 17; WESTERN RESERVE, 0.

On October 14th Michigan could score but 17 points against the Western Reserve. Fumbling was repeated, and on the whole the showing of Michigan, which expected to make a big score, was decidedly discouraging. Michigan played a slow, gingerless game, and the center of the line showed up weak, although Western Reserve found it impossible to make gains with regularity.

NOTRE DAME, 38; LAKE FOREST, 0.

Notre Dame scored a very easy victory over Lake Forest. Only once in the game did Lake Forest make the required distance.

OBERLIN, 12; PURDUE, 0.

Purdue and Oberlin played a spectacular contest. Up to within the latter part of the last half the game stood without a score for either team, but at this juncture of the game Oberlin scored two touchdowns, one on a blocked kick, the second being made on an eighty-five yard dash around the end.

WISCONSIN, 35; NORTHWESTERN, 0.

O'Dea's great punting and the splendid work of the Wisconsin's ends made it possible for Wisconsin to pile up a rather one-sided score on Northwestern. Wisconsin's defence was not particularly strong.

INDIANA, 5; ILLINOIS, 0.

In a stubbornly-fought contest, Illinois was beaten by an almost unknown team, the only score being made by an Indiana man picking the ball out of a general mix-up which followed a fumble and taking it for a sixty-yard sprint down the field to the goal line.

CHICAGO, 17; CORNELL, 6.

Chicago won easily from Cornell; at no time in the contest was Cornell dangerous. Chicago's tackling simply swept Cornell off their feet time and time again. Chicago did not attempt many end runs, and those that were attempted were quickly nipped by the Cornell ends. Starbuck's line-bucking and hurdling made heavy gains for awhile, but Chicago finally found a way to stop the Cornell leader. Chicago played the game without taking out a man, while Cornell was compelled to place several substitutes in during the contest.

MICHIGAN, 12; NOTRE DAME, 0.

In a contest that was fast and furious but in which Michigan gave a very poor exhibition of team-work, Notre Dame was bested, October 18th. Cunningham was back in his place at center, which means much for the Michigan team.

CHICAGO, 58; OBERLIN, 0.

On October 21st Chicago simply toyed with Oberlin, the game not even being good practice for Chicago. 53 points were scored in the first half.

MICHIGAN, 5; ILLINOIS, 0.

The first game of the season between the State universities of the Middle West was played October 28th, Michigan having the best of a very close battle. Both elevens were strong on defense and weak on offensive. Once Illinois had the ball on Michigan's two-yard line, but could not make the distance.

CHICAGO, 5; PENNSYLVANIA, 5.

According to Chicago critics, Pennsylvania was out-played from start to finish, and only weak football mentality on the part of the person directing Chicago's attack prevented a victory for the Western team. The famous guards' back formation seemed to arouse little fear and created small havoc among the Westerners.

NORTHWESTERN, 11; MINNESOTA, 5.

On November 4th Northwestern broke the spell of ill luck that has been with the team this fall, and won from Minnesota. Northwestern played a line-bucking game, and Minnesota protected themselves by kicking. Northwestern seemed to have the best of the contest throughout.

CHICAGO, 44; PURDUE, 0.

Chicago continues to play the fast and hard game that has been characteristic of the team this season, although Purdue scarcely afforded really good opportunity for brilliant play.

MICHIGAN, 38; VIRGINIA, 0.

Virginia, with a much-weakened team, were easy for Michigan, the Michigan team showing much better form than at any time previous this season.

MINOR GAMES.

- Oct. 14—Minnesota, 35; Carleton, 5; at Minneapolis, Minn.
 " Nebraska, 6; Kansas City Medical, 6; at Lincoln, Neb.
 " Ames, 11; South Dakota, 6; at Sioux City, Iowa.
 " Iowa, 35; Penn College, 0; at Iowa City.
 " Wesleyan, 41; Bradley, 0; at Bloomington, Ill.
 Oct. 21—Beloit, 11; Northwestern, 0; at Beloit, Wis.
 " Wesleyan, 35; Eureka, 0; at Eureka, Ill.
 Oct. 23—Notre Dame, 17; Indiana, 0; at Notre Dame, Ind.
 Oct. 28—Wisconsin, 11; Rush Medical, 0; at Madison, Wis.
 " Minnesota, 5; Grinnell, 0; at Minneapolis, Minn.
 " Ohio, 6; Oberlin, 0; at Oberlin, O.
 " Purdue, 40; De Pauw, 0; at Lafayette, Ind.
 Nov. 4—Washington University, 6; Knox, 5; at St. Louis, Mo.
 " Drake, 10; Missouri, 0; at Des Moines, Ia.
 " Iowa, 30; Nebraska, 0; at Omaha, Neb.
 " Beloit, 28; Lake Forest, 0; at Beloit, Wis.
 " Notre Dame, 17; Rush, 0; at Notre Dame, Ind.

HARRY F. KENDALL.

THE LIGHT HARNESS HORSE.

RECOGNIZING the growing importance of the light harness horse, and that, as a means to pastime and pleasure, the time is not far distant when this truly American type of harness animal will be considered a necessity in the establishment of almost every sportsman, OUTING has established this department as a feature of the magazine. Mr. Nathan A. Cole, well known as a writer on turf topics, and who is recognized as an authority on the trotting-bred animal, has been given charge of this new feature of OUTING.

B. J. WORMAN, Editor of OUTING.

There is no doubt in the minds of those persons who are credited with conservatism and good judgment that much of the recent success of light harness racing is due to the interest which, during the past two years, has developed for the sport among well-to-do business men and gentlemen of wealth. To this very rapidly increasing class must be credited the material advancement, both in the character of light harness racing and the interest shown by the public. The amateur has not alone increased the attendance at the meets of the past year, but, what is more essential to the life of any sport, he has given racing the required indorsement to make it popular with the masses. There is every evidence that the better element of society—that element which represents the geniality and cordiality of human nature—has given its unqualified approval to the truly American animal, the light harness horse. The trotter furnishes to the gentleman of leisure and sportsmanlike habits a desirable recreation as full of excitement and requiring just as much of skill and judgment as any other healthy amusement. It is a pastime which keeps the blood warm, furnishes appropriate exercise of both brain and muscle, and tends to keep old Father Time and his emblematic scythe away from one's door. Doubtless the most important factor in securing for the trotting horse the approval of the better element of society has been the acquisition during the past year of a very large increase in the number of amateur driving clubs and road driving associations. Rivalry of the good-natured sort whets the appetite for and deepens interest in any sport. No year in the history of the trotting horse has seen so much of road and matinee racing as has characterized the season just past. The adoption of rigid rules against professional driving has made this branch of the sport clean and has developed a number of truly great drivers from the ranks of the amateur. If I mistake not, the fastest mile ever trotted by a stallion to wagon was driven this year by Mr. J. D. Callery, of Pittsburg, Pa., and the same gentleman holds the amateur team trotting record for a mile at 2:13½, only 1¼ seconds slower than the world's record for a professional driver. I do not overlook the fact that the bettered conditions of finance and trade have added their quota to all sports, but I still emphatically maintain that the light harness horse, because of his aristocratic birth and bearing, because of his gameness, good

manners and usually kind disposition, has well earned the position he occupies in the hearts of the American people. Speedways have been established in almost every city of note in the United States, and these have helped, in no small degree, to increase the demand for good horses. Since the now world-famed New York Speedway was established the demand for fast road horses has increased fully one hundred per cent., and prices have kept pace with the augmented demand. When it is considered that almost, if not quite, one thousand road drivers frequent this new driveway, and that the majority of these gentlemen own from one to five horses, for which prices ranging from five hundred to five thousand dollars have been paid, some idea of the enthusiasm with which men engage in the sport can be gained. New York, however, is only an example, on a little larger scale, perhaps, of what can be found in almost any other city. Brooklyn has its speedway with a proportionate number of enthusiastic road drivers, as has also Jersey City, Hartford, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Baltimore, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, and almost every other city in America.

THE TOLEDO, O., DRIVING CLUB.

The driving clubs have nearly all prospered during the season which has just closed, but in this category the Toledo, O., Driving Club is entitled to special distinction. This organization has a very select membership and this probably accounts for the great interest shown in its matinees, as well as in the social affairs of the club. The annual meeting of the club was recently held at the handsome home of Mr. and Mrs. George Ketcham, where, after a generous luncheon, the awards of prizes for the season's racing were made. First prize, a beautiful hand-wrought silver tea service, was won by Mr. A. W. Gordon's Mabel G., by Wilkesview, 2:28½—Speed, Jr., by Bayard. Below is the summary of the contests for this prize:

May 30—Mr. W. H. Morehouse's Lynn Bourbon, 1:08¾.

June 10—Mr. C. A. Leeper's Reno, 1:09¾.

July 1—Mr. E. W. Newton's Celia H., 2:27½.

July 8—Mr. A. W. Gordon's Belle T., 2:27.

July 22—Mr. A. W. Gordon's Mabel G., 2:26.

August 5—Mr. I. R. Sherwood's Beulah, 2:25.

August 20—Mr. I. R. Sherwood's Beulah, 2:28.

September 9—Mr. A. W. Gordon's Mabel G., 2:29½.

September 9—Mr. H. J. Crittenden's Grandly,* 2:25½.

October 7—Mr. A. W. Gordon's Mabel G., 2:25.

* Declared ineligible.

The prize for pacers, a Libbey cut-glass rose center-piece and a large mirror standard, was won by Mr. John Jackman's Bay Hal. The summary follows:

May 30—Mr. C. J. Henzler's Garrett H., 1:13½.

June 10—Mr. John R. Davis's Expo, 1:12½.

July 1—Mr. John Jackman's Bay Hal, 2:25½.

July 8—Mr. John Jackman's Bay Hal, 2:26½.

July 22—Mr. C. J. Henzler's Garrett H., 2:25½.

August 5—Mr. A. W. Gordon's Belle T., 2:25.

August 19—Mr. G. W. Barnes's Paul M., 2:33½.

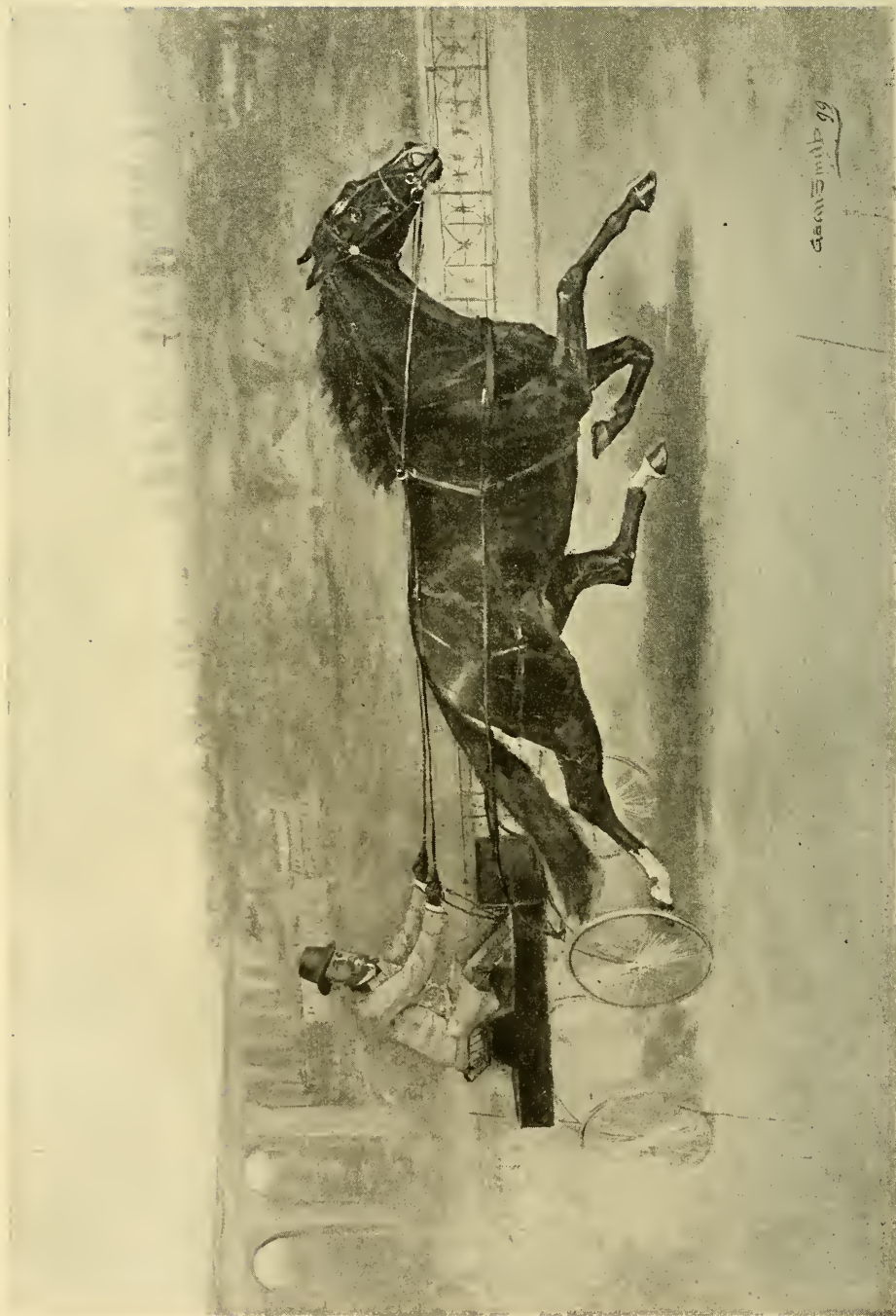
August 19—Mr. John Jackman's Bay Hal (second).

September 9—Mr. J. V. Huffman's Tom Bolan, 1:14 and 2:26.

October 7—Mr. John Jackman's Bay Hal, 2:27.

* Declared ineligible.

A handsome Libbey cut-glass water pitcher was awarded to Mr. E. W. Newton's Celia H., the fastest "green" contestant of the season.



Painted by Gean Smith.

"COBWEB," THE SPEEDWAY CHAMPION, DRIVEN BY HIS OWNER, MR. NATHAN STRAUS, NEW YORK.

The Ketcham Farm Souvenir, a very rich Italian vase, was awarded to Vice-President John B. Davis for having competed in the greatest number of *matinée* events.

After the race prizes had been awarded, President Morehouse, turning to the hostess, in a few choice words, presented to her, on behalf of the club, a beautiful punch bowl, made by the Libbey Company and of the famed Marcella cut. On one side of the bowl was engraved the letter "K," while on the opposite side is the monogram of the Toledo Driving Club.

COBWEBS, KING OF THE SPEEDWAY.

The struggle for supremacy on the New York Speedway is one which has excited not alone the intense interest seen in this city, but everywhere where the light harness horse is known and has friends, every effort to defeat the present king precipitates discussion. Thousands of people who have never seen Cobwebs and who know little or nothing of Mr. Nathan Strauss, who owns and drives him, have come to admire the stanch old race-horse because of his gameness and rare qualities as a road horse. There was really little in Cobwebs' racing career to cause one to believe he would develop into the sensational road horse he has. He was consistent, to be sure, but there was nothing phenomenal about his turf performances. And yet, he is this moment the greatest road horse in the world. Perfect in manners, extremely fast to wagon, steady, and always reliable, he has seldom, if ever, had to be content with second place. Mr. Strauss has accommodated pretty nearly every challenger, whether he rode behind a trotter or pacer, and Cobwebs to-day, by common consent, wears a kingly crown, which he has well earned and fully deserves. Long prices have been paid for horses with no other purpose in view than that of defeating Cobwebs, but I believe it is true that he still remains an unbeaten veteran, ready at all times to race with the best of them. Cobwebs has a race record of 2:12. He is by Whips—Mollie Cob, by Gen. Benton.

THE BLAUROCK CUP.

The pacing race to wagons at Empire City track, New York, October 28th, for the Blaurock Cup, brought out a field of well-known Speedway performers, including Jack, Lucre, Honest John, Sir Eld, Ambidexter and Ally. Dr. H. D. Gill, owner of Jack, drove him to victory in straight heats, in 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:15. Jack has a record to sulky of 2:12 $\frac{1}{2}$. Lucre, the horse finishing second each heat, has a record of 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$. The team race on the same day, with professional drivers, was won with little effort by Mr. John F. Cockerill's Honor Bright, by Antonio, and Swift, by Antonio, the fastest mile being in 2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$.

THE GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING CLUB, OF PITTSBURG, PA.

This club has prospered during the season of 1899. Its membership has increased very considerably and represents the best people of that city. Ten *matinées* have been held during the year, all well attended, and nearly every race was an exciting contest.

On October 7th the red-letter *matinée* of the season was held. There were seven events on the programme. Guy, chestnut horse, by Rob-

ert Rysdyk, was driven by his owner, Mr. J. D. Callery, to beat 2:12 $\frac{1}{2}$, to wagon, the track record. In this effort he trotted the mile in 2:11. A short time after this contest, Guy and Ferris W., the chestnut mare by Altar, were hitched together and driven a mile in 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$. On October 14th Guy trotted a mile to wagon in 2:10 $\frac{1}{2}$, and later on that day was again hitched with Ferris W., the team negotiating the mile in 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$. Guy's mile is the fastest ever trotted to wagon by a stallion in public, and the mile by the team is also a world's record for an amateur driver, and is only 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds slower than the record of a professional. Mr. J. B. Chapman's Sylvina, by Silver Cloud, Jr., won the fifth event on the card, on October 7th, at the end of three heats, the last mile being in 2:15. The second heat was won by Curta in 2:16 $\frac{1}{2}$. On October 14th Curta turned the tables on Sylvina and won over the latter at the end of three heats. Curta's fastest mile was in 2:14 $\frac{3}{4}$. The second heat was won by Sylvina in 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$. Mr. J. G. Bennett's Ember Day, by Ithuriel, won the fourth event, trotting the second mile in 2:17.

The last *matinée* was held on October 21st. The day was cold and a raw wind was blowing. Notwithstanding these handicaps, the time was very fast in at least three of the classes. All races were to wagon. Nora Chimes, a brown mare by Chimes, driven by Mr. H. Oliver, won the first race, her best time being 2:22 $\frac{1}{2}$. Captain Caffrey, a brown horse by Charles Caffrey, driven by Mr. J. A. Davidson, won the next race in two straight, his best time being 2:18. Lydia Vincent, a bay mare by St. Vincent, driven by Mr. H. Oliver, won the third race in straight heats, in 2:27, 2:26 $\frac{1}{2}$. Curta, the bay gelding by Highwood, owned by Mr. C. Donnelly, and driven by Mr. W. S. Steele, won the fourth event in 2:18 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$, a remarkable performance when all conditions are considered. All the above events were for trotters. The last race of the day was for pacers, and it was won at the end of three heats by Alice Wilkes, driven by Mr. G. J. Schmitt, in 2:22, 2:20. The bay gelding Grant, driven by Mr. C. B. Schaeffer, won the second heat in 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$.

BOSTON GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING CLUB.

The Gentlemen's Driving Club, of Boston, was organized in February of this year. The officers of the association are: President, Albert S. Bigelow; Vice-Presidents, Col. John E. Thayer, J. Malcolm Forbes and the late Commodore Geo. H. Perkins (the vacancy caused by the recent death of Mr. Perkins has not yet been filled); Directors, John Shepard, E. C. Swift, B. F. Dutton, Harry Burnett, Geo. B. Inches and Charles Whittemore; Treasurer, Frank G. Hall; Secretary, T. L. Quimby.

The club has held nine *matinées* during the season, and the last was the most successful and enthusiastic of the year. The fastest mile of the season made by a trotter or pacer was the exhibition mile of the bay trotting gelding Senator L., by West Cloud, owned by Mr. John Shepard. This horse went an exhibition mile at the last *matinée* in 2:11 $\frac{1}{2}$. Timbrel, a brown gelding by Bermuda, owned by Mr. Charles Whittemore, trotted a heat in a race in 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$. Arlington, a bay gelding by Bostwick's Al-

mont, Jr., owned by Mr. W. B. Farmer, holds the record for pacers, having paced a heat in 2:12½. Fred. W., a chestnut gelding by Red Wilkes, Jr., owned by Mr. Lemuel Hitchcock, and Will Leyburn, a black gelding by Wilton, owned by Mr. A. S. Bigelow, each paced a heat in 2:13¾.

The contests are for ribbons and cups, and according to the conditions governing the races they are open to amateurs only, and must be to wagon. Four cups are awarded under the following conditions:

Two silver cups, to be known as the Club's Championship Cups, will be given for horses competing in races at not less than three meetings during the season. These cups are to be awarded each season, one to the trotter and one to the pacer, making the fastest time to road wagon for that season. The names of the members, horses and year will be engraved on the cups successively, and they will be held for one year by the members winning them.

Two additional silver cups will be awarded each year, one to the trotter winning the greatest number of heats between 2:15 and 2:25, and one to the pacer winning the greatest number of heats between 2:12 and 2:20.

Mr. W. J. McHale, owner of Ben H., a chestnut gelding by George O, wins the championship cup for the trotters; Mr. W. B. Farmer, owner of Arlington, wins both the championship cup for a pacer for the fastest heat in a race and the cup awarded the pacer winning the greatest number of heats between 2:12 and 2:20; and Mr. H. O. Aldrich captured the cup for trotters, for the greatest number of heats between 2:15 and 2:25, with the bay mare Gussie Leonard, by George Simmons.

There were fifty-four heats trotted or paced in 2:30 or better during the season, and thirty-two of these were in 2:20 or better.

The matinee season did not commence until quite late in the year; and on the whole the club has had quite a successful year, and everything points to a splendid season next year, as many members who were not active participants this season will buy matinee horses during the winter.

The club has built and furnished a very handsome club-house at Readville, at a cost of about \$12,000, and leases the Readville track from the New England Trotting Horse Breeders' Association.

The present membership is ninety-six, comprising some of the best known men in the business and social life of Boston.

PEORIA, ILL., GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING CLUB.

At a matinee given by the Gentlemen's Driving Club, at Peoria, Ill., October, 14th, Aeriton, by Stamboul, was given a time record of 2:27¼. Mr. E. S. Easton, of Peoria, has just bought from Mr. C. W. Williams, Galesburg, Ill., a yearling colt named Millerton, by Allerton, and four yearling fillies by the same sire. President C. V. Oden, of the Gentlemen's Driving Club, has bought a five-year-old full sister to Pearl C., 2:09½. R. R. Waugh, owner of the colt Fred Wilton, by Wilton, recently gave an exhibition of that youngster's speed. With A. P. Hanes in the sulky the colt stepped a mile in 2:13. The Gentlemen's Driving Club, of Peoria, has appointed a committee to assume

the task of forming an association of gentlemen's driving clubs in the principal cities of Illinois and arranging inter-city races for 1900.

BELMONT DRIVING CLUB, PHILADELPHIA.

The Belmont Driving Club, of Philadelphia, which bears the distinction of being one of the first amateur associations with anything like a large membership to be organized, has not had a flattering season, from a racing standpoint. Still the little racing done at the old track has been of a fairly high class, and several new records have been made. Up to this season Mr. D. P. S. Nichols held the track record of 2:19½, with Paragon and Kapolina, but this season Mr. Frank Bower reduced that record to 2:18¼, with King Harry and John P. Stewart. Mr. Jacob Justice drove Ottinger and Jacksonian an exhibition mile in 2:18½.

The summary for fastest miles is as follows:

TROTTING.

Mr. Joshua Evans' br. m. Artilla, by Artillery, 2:18¼.
Mr. David L. Ward's b. m. Minnie Rysdyk, by Orange Chief, 2:19½.
Mr. Thomas Earley's b. g. Roscoe, by Baronwood, 2:20½.
Mr. E. S. Woodward's b. g. Major Moss, by Anteros, 2:21¼.
Mr. William Deasy's ch. g. Hard Times, by Counsellor, 2:23¼.
Mr. O. Brunell's br. m. Belle A., by Clayford, 2:23¼.

PACING.

Mr. M. H. Goodin's br. m. Bellwood A., by Bow Bells, 2:13¾.
Mr. M. H. Goodin's b. m. Brightlight, by Darklight, 2:13¾.
Mr. Al. Foster's g. g. Ben Mitchell, by Intrigue, 2:18½.
Mr. W. M. Huey's b. g. Carl Brown, by Indiaman, 2:21½.
Mr. John Trainor's ch. g. Ned Hampton, 2:25.

DOUBLE TEAM TROTTING.

Mr. Frank Bowers' b. g. King Harry, by Red King, and John Stewart, by Belmont, Jr., 2:18¼.
Mr. Jacob Justice's br. g. Ottinger, by Dorsey's Nephew, and b. g. Jacksonian, by Autograph, 2:18½.
Mr. D. P. S. Nichols' b. g. Paragon, by Storm King, and Kapolina, by Little Billy, 2:21¼.
Mr. Jacob Justice's b. g. Ashnell, by Ashland Wilkes, and b. g. The Wizard, by Charles Caffrey, 2:34½.

The Belmont Club's membership is made up of the wealth and intelligence of Philadelphia, and the organization does not owe a dollar. It is to be hoped that greater interest will be shown by members next season.

THE HALF-MILE TRACK PACING RECORD.

Four times during 1899 was the half-mile track pacing race record reduced. First by Arlington, by Allie Wilkes, when he placed the record at 2:07¼, at Youngstown, Ohio. The next two reductions were made by Prince Alert, by Crown Prince, at Allentown, Pa., in September, when he went a third heat in 2:07 and a fourth heat in 2:06½. At Bethlehem, Pa., October 26th, in the presence of 5,000 people, Prince Alert won the first heat of his race in 2:06¼, and the third heat in 2:06, thus reducing the best previous record made by any other horse one and one-fourth seconds.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Anita S., 2:23¼, will be driven on the snow this winter by her owner, Mr. W. P. Murray, of Cleveland, O.

Dr. Henry H. Kane, of New York, bought the pacing mare Dariel, 2:07¼, for the Speedway.

Mr. Charles T. Chipman, of Philadelphia, and his horse Jack Miller, have made themselves exceedingly popular with New York Speedway drivers. Last spring Mr. Chipman came over from the Pennsylvania city and enjoyed the now famous New York Speedway, but his horses were not then at their best. He has now been in the city for several weeks, and has been able with Jack Miller to give the best on the driveway an argument.

Creeping Flower, owned by Dr. H. D. Gill, is one of the fastest road animals on the New York Speedway. If she can be learned to carry her phenomenal flight of speed, few horses will be able to keep near her.

Albert C., 2.16 $\frac{1}{4}$, owned by Mr. A. B. Gwathmey, New York, is getting into excellent condition and going fast and true. He was pretty nearly always in the first flight last spring, and he looks and acts better now than the writer ever saw him.

Mr. L. E. Warren, the well-known and popular New York business man, is enjoying the Speedway behind some of his racers. He was out recently behind Major Lambert, 2.16 $\frac{1}{4}$, and in the two or three contests he engaged in seemed to have a shade the best of it at the finish.

Mr. Harry Darlington, of Pittsburg, Pa., has recently bought the fast trotting team Pearl Wilton and Shanklin, both by Wilton. The team will be driven on the road this winter.

Mr. H. K. Devereux, the popular road driver and member of the Cleveland (Ohio) Driving Club, has a remarkably fast green pacer named Dyer Harris. This fellow recently showed a mile in 2:15 to a road cart.

Mr. W. M. Cummer, of Cleveland, Ohio, is driving Temper, 2.09 $\frac{1}{4}$, on the road to wagon.

An effort is being made to build a mile trotting track in a suburb of London, England.

Mr. Walter Winans, of Brighton, England, has recently added to his large stable of trotters Princeel, 2:29 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Princeer, and the brown mare Chiquito, by Almonarch. Mr. Winans will hitch Princeel to pole with Lake Erie, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Mr. E. T. Bedford, of Brooklyn, rides in the front ranks on Ocean Boulevard with that old campaigner, Gillette, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Alzamont, 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, was recently purchased by Mr. A. C. Tillinghast, of Providence, R. I., for road use. The price paid was \$2,250.

Mr. J. H. Thompson, of Washington, D. C., recently purchased a team of geldings in New York, which showed a quarter in 36 seconds.

Dr. H. H. Kane's great little mare Daniel, 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Alcander, has shown just as great qualities as a road mare on the New York Speedway as she did as a race mare in the Grand Circuit. In a recent brush she pulled a wagon a quarter in 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.

Chanty, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, owned by the Tammany Chieftain, Mr. Richard Croker, is showing considerable cleverness as a road horse.

The brown horse Brunchild, 2:20 $\frac{1}{4}$, owned by Mr. M. C. Boynton, is seen frequently on the New York Speedway, and it requires a high-class roadster to show in front of him.

Mr. George C. Flynt, of Monson, Mass., finds great pleasure in owning some good light harness horses. Mr. Flynt is a member of the well-

known W. N. Flynt Granite Co. He owns the fast pacer Miss Alice, 2.25 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Alcantara-Topsey Knox.

Including reduced records, thirty-eight stallions have trotted official miles in 2.15, or better, this season. There are one hundred new 2.10 performers, including pacers. The fastest mile of the year was not that of Searchlight, in 2.02, as has been recorded by many publications, but the mile in 2.00, made by Star Pointer, at Charter Oak Park. The fastest trotters of the year were Bingen, the six-year-old brown stallion, by May King-Young Miss, by Young Jim, and The Abbot, six-year-old bay gelding, by Chimes-Nettie King, by Mambrino King. Both trotted to race records of 2.06 $\frac{1}{4}$. Five animals trotted to new records better than 2.08, while eighteen trotted to new records of 2.10, or better. Among the pacers four took new records of 2.05, or better, Bumps, Searchlight and Anaconda reducing their records to 2.03 $\frac{1}{4}$. Lady of the Manor, the chestnut mare by Mambrino King, established a new pacing record for mares, placing it at 2.04 $\frac{1}{4}$. Little Squaw, the bay filly by Kewanee Boy, made a new record for three-year-old pacing fillies, placing the mark at 2.09 $\frac{1}{4}$. Miss Rita, by J. J. Audubon, held the record at 2.09 $\frac{1}{4}$ for two years. Of the pacers raced in 1899, twenty have taken records of 2.10, or better; and five of these, records of 2.05, or better. The fastest new 2:10 pacer for the year was The Maid, a bay four-year-old mare by Hal Index-Frankie, by St. Elmo. She made a record of 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$. Of the new 2:10 performers six took records faster than 2:07.

The pacing mare Sally Toler, 2.06 $\frac{1}{2}$, by Ashland Wilkes, is to be mated with the champion trotting stallion, Directum, 2.05 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Jubilee Wilkes, 2.11 $\frac{1}{4}$, one of the fastest wagon horses on the New York Speedway, died recently of an acute attack of colic. He was owned by Mr. Charles Weiland.

The chestnut gelding Hard Times, 2:23 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Counselor, the property of Mr. William Deasy, is said to be a Philadelphia champion, inasmuch as he has won more races to wagon than any other horse in that city.

The Board of Review, of the National Trotting Association, will hold its regular annual meeting at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York, commencing at 10 A. M., December 5th.

Billy Andrews, the four-year-old colt, with a record of 2.06 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Bow Bells, has gone into winter quarters perfectly sound.

A new driving association was recently organized at Newburg, N. Y., with Messrs. Charles H. Hanford, E. D. W. Rose, Alfred H. Perkins, Thomas McKenzie, and James A. Ramsdell as directors.

East Jamestown, N. Y., contains a large number of enthusiastic horsemen and some high-class horses. Of late there has been considerable argument as to who owned the better ones, and, to settle further dispute, two matches were recently arranged and decided at the half-mile track. Mr. G. W. Hayward's Surprise won the first event in straight heats, beating Mr. Henry Sturdevant's Lil. The second event was between horses owned by Mr. John Berg.

NATHAN A. COLE.

YACHTING.

The Ineffectual Races for the "America's" Cup.*



COMM. J. PIERPONT MORGAN, N. Y. Y. C.

TUESDAY, October 3d, was the day appointed for the first race between *Shamrock* and *Columbia*. Enthusiasm ran high. The biggest fleet on record made Sandy Hook lightship its rendezvous. It was a great demonstration. Half an hour before the start Captain Robley D. Evans, whose business it was to keep the course clear, began his operations. By his directions the revenue cutters and torpedo-boats under his command hustled among the flotilla of excursion boats and yachts like colliers among a flock of sheep, and began to make order out of chaos. The orders were to keep a course of two miles of open water free from intruding vessels, and, as the course was down the New Jersey coast, the excursion craft divided into two lines, one steering inshore while the other division made an offshore course, Captain Evans' vessels marking either line. It may be said here that owing to the splendid arrangements of this smart naval officer and his efficient staff, the competing yachts were never interfered with, and that neither vessel had the least cause for complaint. Sir Thomas Lipton and Mr. Iselin were grateful for the excellent work of the patrol service, and complimented Captain Evans highly. The captain has a commanding voice which, through the medium of a giant megaphone, was heard more than a mile off, and awed all against whom it was directed.

Pleasant words also were said of the Regatta Committee, former Commodore Kane, Irving Grinnell and Chester Griswold, whose trying task was accomplished with the skill and punctuality born of talent and long experience. No commendation is too high for the intrinsic merit of the work they accomplished.

Governor Roosevelt entertained on the despatch boat *Dolphin* the Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada, and Lady Minto and a large party. Among the steam yachts out were Commodore Morgan's *Corsair*, W. K. Vanderbilt's *Valiant*, John P. Duncan's *Kan-*

awha, Howard Gould's *Niagara*, George Gould's *Alalanta*, John Jacob Astor's *Nourmahal*, Amzi L. Barber's *Sapphire*, E. C. Benedict's *Oncida*, Lloyd Phoenix's *Intrepid*, A. J. Drexel's *Margarita*, Henry Walter's *Narada*, and fifty others. The schooner yacht *Coronet*, which beat *Dauntless* in a memorable transatlantic race, and the old cup defender *Vigilant*, were among the sailing craft present.

Sir Thomas Lipton did not sail on *Shamrock*, because he said that his presence aboard might embarrass the crew. There is no sham or pretence about this shrewd and kindly man of the world. He is not a racing yachtsman like Mr. Iselin, and he was aware that he would have been of no use on the deck of his challenger, but simply extra weight. Thus it was that he preferred to sail on his saucy steam yacht *Erin* and watch the race from her lofty bridge.

The big excursion steamer *Republic* went out each day carrying the members and guests of the New York Yacht Club. She was in command of Mr. J. V. S. Oddie, the popular secretary of the club, who made things very pleasant for all who were lucky enough to be aboard.

The first race was to be to windward or leeward and back, or vice versa, and was to be re-sailed, in case the start was prevented by fog or the race was not finished within the time limit of five and one-half hours, until an actual conclusion was reached.

The wind was northeast, blowing about nine miles an hour, and the course was signaled S. S. W. from the committee tug. The mark boat was started with the float and ball to log off 15 knots and designate the turning point, while another tugboat, with two red balls on her stay, was standing by for orders to precede the yachts and pilot them on their course. The reason for this was that the compasses of the yachts were unreliable because of the local attraction of the steel booms, which rendered accurate adjustment difficult and uncertain.

The yachts were started at 11:15. *Shamrock* crossed first at 11:15:37, and *Columbia* followed at 11:16:20. Both yachts carried large club-topsails, that of the challenger being enormous. *Columbia* broke out her balloon jib-topsail and spinnaker on the line, while *Shamrock*, though her boom was lowered to port, did not set either her spinnaker or balloon, but con-



HUGH C. KELLY,
Hon. Sec. and Treas., Royal Ulster Y. C.
Sir Thomas Lipton's representative on the "Columbia."

* The races that resulted in the victory for the *Columbia* are dealt with on pages 223 to 231 in the body of this magazine.

tented herself with a small jibtopsail, doubtless expecting a luffing match, which did not come to pass. It was twelve minutes after the start when *Shamrock* set her balloon jibtopsail, and by this time it was apparent that the cup defender was slowly overtaking her. The challenger had the easterly position, while *Columbia* preferred the shore end of it. Soon after 12 o'clock, while off Seabright, she got a south-westerly puff. She took in her spinnaker, gybed the main boom over to port, set her head sails and ran past her rival. It was all pure luck or good judgment. I cannot say which, that gave her the lead. The wind was fickle and fluky. *Columbia* luffed in toward the land, *Shamrock* following her example as soon as she got the wind.

Both yachts stood miles out of their course on a hunt for a land breeze that came not. Thus it happened that when they steered for the mark, anchored about three miles to the eastward of Deal Beach, they had to gybe their main booms over to starboard to fetch it. *Columbia* rounded first at 1:37:57. *Shamrock* following at 1:39:58, or 2m. 1s. astern. The cup defender had also gained the 43 seconds she was behind at the start.

Now came a series of short tacks, in which the challenger made the initiative in every instance. Both vessels seemed to point equally high and there was very little difference in their speed. It was, however, too fluky a wind to speak with the authority of accuracy. Suffice it to say that at 2:45:40, when the boats split tacks for the first time, *Columbia* standing inshore on the starboard tack and her rival off-shore on the port board, the cup defender was a good sturdy half-mile to windward. The masthead man thought he saw catspaws on the water just under the beach, so they steered for the longed-for land breeze which generally comes from the Jersey sand dunes in the afternoon, following previous hours of doldrums. But the breeze wasn't there. In its place was a "bald spot," in which for several minutes *Columbia* stood up straight as a steeple, with her sails flapping idly as she lazily rolled in the shore swell.

While this was happening to the defender, the challenger had fallen in with a rare good stroke of "Lipton luck." She got a merry little breeze while her opponent was becalmed, and all aboard bestirred themselves to make the most of it, the result being that *Shamrock*, when next the yachts came together, was a stout half-mile to windward of the Bristol craft.

Still *Columbia* worked up her leeway slowly but surely, and when at 4:45 the gun was fired that declared the match off, both yachts were on equal terms, with *Columbia* holding the weather position.

What I gathered from a study of the day's doings, taking cognizance of all the flukes, was that in light winds the defender was a little better in all points of sailing than the challenger. This was not a case of being a prophet after the event, for I had already written my views quite emphatically and signed my name to them, too!

After the race was declared off the yachts were towed inside the Horseshoe to their an-

chorage. The Regatta Committee issued the following official figures:

	Elapsed		
	Start.	Turn.	Time.
	H.M.S.	H.M.S.	H.M.S.
<i>Shamrock</i>	11:15:37	1:39:58	2:24:21
<i>Columbia</i>	11:16:20	1:37:57	2:21:37

Columbia's gain in fifteen miles, 2m. 44s.

On the following morning the newspapers, which had made a practice of hounding Captain Barr ever since he sailed *Columbia* in her first race with *Defender*, continued their attacks. They also began to sneer at Mr. Iselin and the amateur yachtsmen whom he carried with him on *Columbia*. Some of them fell so low as to insult Mrs. Iselin, who sailed with her husband. I failed to see any reason to complain of the handling of the cup defender. Every manoeuvre was executed smartly and handily. It was really marvelous to read these criticisms. The amount of advice given to Iselin and Barr about the sailing of *Columbia* was surprising. The bulk of it came from so-called "yachting sharps" who know nothing about a boat, but have picked up a little yachting jargon. They ought to be



Photo by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co.

ROUNDING THE STAKE, OCT. 7TH.

rechristened "yachting flats." The real sailors and yachtsmen who were writing up the race did not indulge in uncalled-for criticisms. Neither did they scold. Nor did they give advice.

Nat Herreshoff is a skilled yachtsman. W. Butler Duncan sailed *Defender* all summer, and Woodbury Kane, Newberry D. Thorne and Herbert C. Leeds are all able yachtsmen. These represented the amateur element aboard the *Columbia* during all her races, while Hugh C. Kelly, the honorary secretary and treasurer of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, represented Sir Thomas Lipton aboard the cup defender.

While abusing the personnel of *Columbia* these critics indulged in what seemed to me to be extravagant praise of the skilled yachtsmanship displayed by the skippers and crew of *Shamrock*. The challenger was capitally handled, it is true, as was only to be expected of such smart and experienced men as Hogarth and Wringe, aided by Ben Parker, sailing master of the Kaiser's yacht *Meteor*, Mr. J. Connell, the famous Clyde amateur, Thomas Ratsey, the expert sailmaker. H. M. McGildowney was also aboard, while Harry F. Lippitt represented the *Columbia* and the New York Yacht Club.

On October 4th a new mainsail was bent and

tried on *Columbia*, while the gear of *Shamrock* was generally overhauled and her lower mast was fitted with an extra new pair of spreaders to strengthen it. The schooner yacht *America*, which won the Cup in 1851, came into the Horseshoe, and Sir Thomas Lipton boarded her and paid his respects to her owner, Colonel Butler Ames. Later in the day he went out for a sail in her, and expressed his admiration of the famous old boat.

SECOND DAY—THURSDAY, OCT. 5TH.

The wind was light on Thursday, when the yachts came together again off Sandy Hook lightship. Its direction was N. W. by W., so the course was signaled S. E. by E. The atmosphere was hazy, and the ocean smooth as a horse-pond. *Columbia* flaunted a larger clubtopsail than she had set on the first race, while *Shamrock* was satisfied with the same sail of that ilk, which had done her such excellent service before.

The starting signal was made at 11 o'clock, *Columbia* slowly crossing the line at 11:00:53.



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ROUNDING THE STAKE, OCT. 7TH.

followed by *Shamrock* at 11:01:05. Both boats had spinnaker booms lowered to port, and each had set a balloon jibtopsail. The challenger was first with her spinnaker, breaking it out nearly a minute before her rival.

There was soon a goodly gap between the craft, *Shamrock* being slowly and surely left behind. At last *Shamrock* began a luffing match, standing in toward the Long Island shore, which caused "Fighting Bob" Evans, the chief of the patrol fleet, on the cutter *Manning*, to exclaim: "Why, dash my buttons if they aren't heading for Nantucket lightship, about six points off their course!"

But luffing was of no avail. The wind became paltry and fluky, and finally petered out. Then both yachts were under the ban and the curse of a calm.

By and by the wind came out dead ahead, and quite unexpectedly, too. *Columbia* in the lead caught a puff which, striking her on the lee bow and filling her jibtopsail, turned her right round on her heel.

"Oh, my eyes and limbs!" exclaimed "Fighting Bob," "if she isn't turning back!"

The old Bristol girl soon got herself out of irons and was once more her own sweet self again.

Owing to this sudden shift of wind it now became an almost dead beat to the outward mark. The new breeze was soft, but not fluky. That is, it blew with fair persistence, but no persuasive force from one quarter, but it was faint as the breath of a new-born babe. The race from this time—2:45—degenerated into a drifting match. An hour later the two yachts came within hailing distance of each other, and without the aid of a megaphone, seeing that it was a matter of impossibility to finish the race within the time limit, the outer mark being two or three miles ahead and not being visible from the boat I was on, it was agreed to give up and go homeward. Thus the honors were easy. *Shamrock* was a biscuit toss to windward, but next morning the sea critics before mentioned gave up the Cup as already lost, one of them describing *Columbia* as "groggy, but still in the ring."

It is hard to realize the effrontery of these basketball and lawn-tennis "experts" in presuming to find fault with the yachtmanship of professional sailors like Hogarth and Barr. But they did it. One clique, when *Columbia* came out ahead, gave credit to the boat and not the skipper. "He can't lose, no matter what a lubber he may be!" was the cry. "The Herreshoff shape will win!"

When *Shamrock* forged ahead in the flukes the slogan of the lubbers was: "Look at the magnificent seamanship displayed by *Shamrock*. If they would only change crews *Columbia* would beat her 20 minutes in 20 miles!" I presume they wanted Mr. Iselin or Captain Barr to put on ten-fathom stilts and get out and shove.

On Friday the wind blew so hard from north-east that *Columbia*, for prudential reasons, was towed from the Horseshoe to an anchorage off Bay Ridge. *Shamrock*, however, remained in the Horseshoe.

THIRD DAY—SATURDAY, OCT. 7TH.

When the starting gun was fired at 11:20 on Saturday, a ten-knot breeze blew from N. N. E., the course being to leeward S. S. W. Both yachts carried big clubtopsails. *Columbia* crossed first at 11:21:02, breaking out a balloon jibtopsail. *Shamrock* crossed 17 seconds astern with a baby jibtopsail set. Spinnakers were set to starboard 20 minutes after the start, *Columbia* being first to break hers out. *Shamrock*, instead of hoisting the spinnaker flying, as is the custom with Britishers, mast-headed it in stops. When the crew tried to break it out the upper stops wouldn't part, so it had to be lowered to the crossrees in order that the stops might be cut. It was slow work before the wind, *Shamrock* gaining on her opponent and holding in to the land so far that at 1 o'clock she had to gybe to fetch the mark.

Shamrock made the worst turn round a mark ever seen in an international race, but *Columbia* cut right in between the challenger and the bay, showing conclusively that no lubber was at the wheel. The times were: *Shamrock*, 1:36:25; *Columbia*, 1:36:39. After a number of short tacks *Shamrock* stood inshore in search of a land breeze, which didn't turn up. *Columbia* stood offshore and got an easterly slant which put her well in the lead. It will be noted that *Shamrock* made the same error of

judgment as *Columbia* did on the first race, and which caused a howl of execration on those in command. The wind was very fluky. Later on it died out. When, at 4:30, the race was called off, both yachts were drifting, with *Columbia* a little to windward.

A WEEK OF FOG.

On October 9th the representatives of both clubs met at the New York Yacht Club and agreed to sail races on every succeeding weekday after October 12th until the series was finished. On October 10th there was no race because of fog. Neither yacht left her anchorage, and at 11:28 the Regatta Committee postponed the race until the following racing day, October 12th. The fog once more was too thick for a start. On Friday, October 13th, and Saturday, October 14th, there was also fog and the yachts remained at anchor. During the fog of October 12th the steamer *W. Fletcher*, with Lord Charles Beresford and a large party of Sir Thos. Lipton's guests aboard, collided with the Thirty-ninth street ferry-boat *West Brooklyn*. Nobody was hurt, but the *Fletcher* was damaged so much that her passengers had to be transferred to a tug, which carried them safely to the *Erin*. The *White Ladye* on the same day ran into the revenue cutter *Manning*, lost her bowsprit, and did a little damage to the *Manning*.

The races of October 16th and 17th are described in the body of this issue, pp. 227-8.

ONE MORE FLUKE—OCT. 19TH.

A light breeze from N. W. and pleasant weather were encountered by the much reduced fleet that went out to Sandy Hook to see what was hoped to be the final race. The course was once more fifteen miles to leeward and back, the direction being S. E. by S. The force of the wind was only seven miles an hour when the starting gun was fired at 11 o'clock. *Columbia* crossed first at 11:01:33, with spinnaker boom on the starboard side and breaking out her balloon jibtopsail on the line. *Shamrock* was handicapped two seconds, her start being timed at 11:02:00. The challenger also broke out a balloon jibtopsail at the start and followed her opponent, which was steering a course at least three points to the windward of S. E. by S. At 11:50 both set spinnakers to starboard, and stood away on their correct course. The wind wafted them along very slowly, but all the gain was on *Columbia's* side, the extra weight of new lead seeming to be a detriment to *Shamrock* in such light weather. At 12:45 both yachts gybed over and reset spinnakers to port. At 1:35 they gybed over again and hung out spinnakers to starboard. *Columbia* took in her spinnaker and set a baby jibtopsail when close to the mark, which she luffed round at 2:24:45, *Shamrock* executing a similar shift of sails and rounding at 2:31:03. *Columbia* kept on the starboard tack, heading well up for the finishing line. *Shamrock*, however, stood inshore on the port tack for nearly ten minutes. This proved to be a serious error, as the longer she stood in the more she broke off, as the wind headed her, her opponent all the time coming up, until at last she was able to get a No. 2 jibtopsail and lay her course to the lightship. *Columbia* thus, by better judgment, combined

with faster footing, gained a lead of quite two miles, and kept it up until 4:34, when the race was called, her distance from the lightship being about three miles. Thus the race once more came to an impotent conclusion. It showed, however, that the additional lead had made *Shamrock* considerably slower as a drifter in fluky weather. It also proved that *Columbia* was a powerful reacher in almost a flat calm.

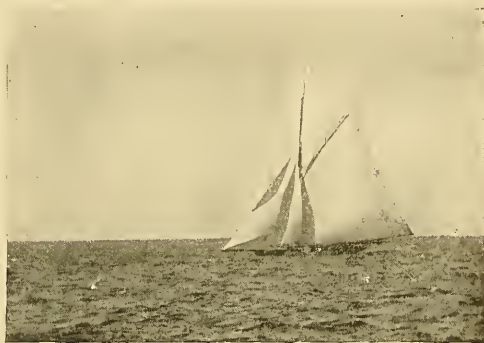


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ROUNDING THE STAKE, OCT. 7TH.

The decisive race was sailed on October 20th. As told in the body of this issue, pp. 223-231, *Columbia* won in a rattling breeze by 6m. 18s.

Personally, I believe that the *Shamrock* is capable of being tuned up to a higher pitch of efficiency and that she was not seen at her best in these waters. The unfortunate illness of Mr. Fife, who was confined to his bed by inflammatory rheumatism during all the races, prevented him from making changes in her trim which might have radically improved her. She had only a few trial spins and was a crude and unknown quantity when she came to the



Photo by the American Mutoscope and Biograph Co.

ROUNDING THE STAKE, OCT. 7TH.

line on the first race. Lord Dunraven declined to allow Sir Thomas Lipton to use *Valkyrie III*, as a trial horse, although he offered to purchase her at a fair price. Thus *Shamrock* was badly handicapped.

On the other hand, *Columbia* had the most severe drilling and tuning-up a racing yacht was ever subjected to, in which the *Defender*, handled magnificently, was of paramount advantage.

A. J. KENEALY.

GOLF.

THE WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP.

THIS subject in its broad aspects has been dealt with in the body of this issue of OUTING, pp. 223-32, but that treatment lacks the full details, which are of importance for many reasons. We therefore append, in tabulated form, the entire contest and the plan of the links of Bala:

WOMEN'S CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD, 1899.

Qualifying round, Oct. 10th.		Oct. 11th.		Oct. 12th.		Oct. 13th.		Oct. 14th.	
Mrs. C. F. Fox.....	103	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (20 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (20 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Miss Beatrice Hoyt.....	97	Miss Sands.....	1 up (20 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Miss Florence McNeely.....	107	Miss Sands.....	1 up (20 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Miss Anna Sands.....	101	Miss Sands.....	1 up (20 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Mrs. J. F. McFadden.....	107	Mrs. McFadden.....	1 up (20 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Miss Genevieve Hecker.....	105	Mrs. McFadden.....	1 up (20 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Miss May Barron.....	107	Miss Oliver.....	5 up and 4 to play.	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Miss Marion Oliver.....	107	Miss Oliver.....	5 up and 4 to play.	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Miss Ruth Underhill.....	105	Miss Underhill.....	3 up and 2 to play.	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Miss Jane H. Swords.....	106	Miss Underhill.....	3 up and 2 to play.	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Miss Pauline Mackay.....	104	Miss Mackay.....	3 up and 2 to play.	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Miss Alice L. Day.....	103	Miss Mackay.....	3 up and 2 to play.	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Mrs. A. De Witt Cochrane.....	103	Mrs. Cochrane.....	6 up and 5 to play.	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Miss G. M. Bishop.....	106	Mrs. Cochrane.....	6 up and 5 to play.	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Miss F. C. Griscom.....	100	Miss Cassatt.....	6 up and 5 to play.	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.
Miss Elsie Cassatt.....	103	Miss Cassatt.....	6 up and 5 to play.	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	1 up (19 holes).....	Mrs. Fox.....	2 up and 1 to play.

The next sixteen entitled to compete for the Women's Golf Association Trophy made the following scores:

Miss M. S. Spence, Merion Cricket Club—	
Out.....	6 8 5 6 3 6 6 7 8—55
In.....	6 7 4 6 6 6 5 6—53—108
Miss K. M. Rowland, Fairfield County Golf Club—	
Out.....	5 9 6 7 3 6 6 7 7—56
In.....	6 5 6 5 6 6 6 7—52—108
Mrs. R. H. Barlow, Merion Cricket Club—	
Out.....	7 9 4 5 4 8 6 6 7—56
In.....	6 7 8 3 6 6 5 6 5—52—108
Mrs. J. E. Griener, Baltimore Golf Club—	
Out.....	6 7 5 5 5 7 6 6 9—56
In.....	7 6 6 5 6 7 6 4 5—52—108

Miss Lucy Herron, Cincinnati Golf Club—	
Out.....	6 9 4 8 3 5 6 5 8—55
In.....	7 8 6 3 5 6 5 7 6—53—108
Miss Eunice Terry, Ardsley Club—	
Out.....	6 7 4 5 4 5 7 7 9—54
In.....	6 6 7 4 5 5 8 6 6—54—108
Mrs. W. Fellowes Morgan, Baltusrol Golf Club—	
Out.....	6 9 5 7 5 6 6 7 7—58
In.....	5 6 6 5 6 5 7 5 5—50—108
Mrs. Margaret M. Riley, Phila. Country Club—	
Out.....	9 6 3 7 4 5 6 5 7—52
In.....	5 7 6 5 6 6 7 6 9—57—109
Mrs. F. R. Shattuck, Cape May Golf Club—	
Out.....	5 7 6 5 4 6 6 6 7—52
In.....	5 8 9 5 6 6 6 6 6—57—109
Miss M. L. Harrison, Baltusrol Golf Club—	
Out.....	5 9 6 5 4 6 6 7 9—57
In.....	4 9 7 3 8 6 5 5 5—52—109
Miss L. D. Maxwell, Nassau Country Club—	
Out.....	5 9 4 6 5 3 6 6 7—53
In.....	7 6 8 4 6 6 6 6 7—56—109
Mrs. William Shippen, Morris County Golf Club—	
Out.....	5 7 5 8 4 5 6 6 8—54
In.....	6 10 6 4 6 5 6 6 5—56—110
Miss Edith Burt, Philadelphia Country Club—	
Out.....	6 8 3 6 5 5 7 5 7—54
In.....	7 7 9 6 5 6 5 5 6—56—110
Miss Elsa Hurlbut, Morris County Golf Club—	
Out.....	5 9 6 5 4 6 7 6 8—56
In.....	5 7 6 4 7 7 5 7 6—54—110
Miss E. N. Supplee, Philadelphia Cricket Club—	
Out.....	6 7 5 5 6 6 6 7 8—56
In.....	7 7 6 6 5 7 5 5 6—54—110
Miss F. K. McLane, Baltimore Country Club—	
Out.....	6 8 4 5 4 6 6 7 8—54
In.....	6 6 6 5 8 7 6 6 6—56—110

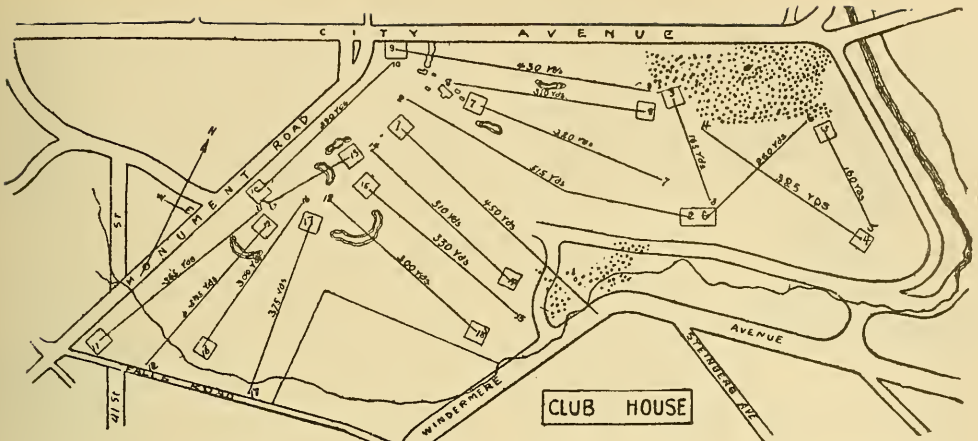
In the "long driving" contests all the first dozen exceeded the records of 1897 and 1898.

	Yds.	Fl.	In.
Miss Marion Oliver, Albany Country C.	164	..	8
Beatrice Hoyt, Shinnecock Hills....	162	..	..
Louisa A. Wells, Brookline C.....	154	..	..
K. R. Rowland, Fairfield County..	149	..	..
Mrs. W. Fellowes Morgan, Baltusrol...	145	2	..
G. H. Francis, Brookline C. C.....	142	..	..
R. I. Carter, Cincinnati G. C.....	142	..	..
Miss Florence Bell, Phila. Country....	140	2	6
Frances C. Griscom, Merion C. C....	140	..	..
Mrs. J. Newman, Harbor Hill.....	140	..	..
Miss Clara Longworth, Cincinnati....	140	..	..
Ruth Underhill, Nassau C. C.....	138	..	..
E. M. Supplee, Phila. Cricket C.....	136	..	..
Gertrude H. Fiske, Concord G. C....	136	..	..
Emma Kirk, Onwentsia Club.....	136	..	..
Mrs. Miles White, Jr., Elkridge F. H. C.	135	..	..
Miss A. I. Richardson, Phila. Cricket ..	132	..	..
Mrs. P. C. Madeira, Huntingdon Valley	131	2	..
Ronald H. Barlow, Merion C.....	130	1	..
Miss Grace B. Keyes, Concord G. C....	130	2	10
Genevieve Hecker, Wee Burn.....	130	1	..
Mrs. Alan H. Harris, Phila. Cricket....	129	..	..
W. G. Berg, Nutley Golf Club.....	126	..	..
Miss G. M. Bishop, Brookline Country..	126	..	..
Fanny K. McLean, Balto. Country....	128	..	..
Helen F. Bishop, Brookline.....	126	1	..
M. M. Riley, Phila. Country.....	125	..	..

In the "approaching and putting" contest the task was to get three balls over a bunker and hole them out from 50, 55 and 60 yards from the cup in less than ten strokes. After a long series of tries, only two succeeded.

APPROACHING AND PUTTING.

Miss May Barron, Ardsley Club.....	9
Mrs. T. G. Condon, Tuxedo Golf Club....	9
Miss Jane H. Swords, Morris County....	10
Mrs. F. R. Shattuck, Cape May G. C.....	10
Miss Grace B. Keyes, Concord G. C.....	10
Beatrice Hoyt, Shinnecock.....	10
C. J. Willis, Morris County.....	10
Edith Burt, Philadelphia Country.....	10
F. C. Griscom, Merion Cricket.....	10
Annie P. R. Spence, Merion Cricket.....	10
Florence Bell, Philadelphia Country.....	10
Mrs. W. J. Berg, Nutley Golf Club.....	10



THE LINKS OF BALA.

INTERCOLLEGIATE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Garden City Links was the scene of the Fourth Intercollegiate Championships of 1899, from October 24th to 28th.

Yale was drawn against Princeton and the latter won, 6 points to 4. Harvard was drawn against Columbia and the former won, 14 points to 0. One or two holes up counted 1 point, three or four 2 points, five or more 3 points.

The summary of the Princeton-Yale match by points was:

PRINCETON.	Points.	YALE.	Points
C. Griswold, Jr.....	2	T. M. Robertson.....	0
C. Stuart.....	1	T. L. Cheney.....	0
Percy Pyne, 2d.....	1	C. Hitchcock, Jr.....	0
J. R. Kellogg.....	0	F. C. Havemeyer.....	2
W. D. Dahlgren.....	2	E. Byers.....	2
		L. Myers.....	0
Total.....	6	Total.....	4

In the Harvard-Columbia match the points were:

HARVARD.	Points.	COLUMBIA.	Points
G. G. Hubbard.....	3	W. H. Dixon.....	0
C. T. Richardson.....	3	S. P. Nash, Jr.....	0
George Clark, Jr.....	3	J. G. Bates.....	0
J. G. Averell.....	1	J. A. Edwards.....	0
C. R. Henderson, Jr.....	1	W. L. Glenny.....	0
W. Wadsworth.....	3	Lyman Rhodes, Jr.....	0
Total.....	14	Total.....	0

The concluding match resulted as follows:

HARVARD.	H. P.	PRINCETON.	H. P.
Hubbard.....	3 2	Griswold.....	0 0
Richardson.....	0 0	Stuart.....	0 0
Clark.....	0 0	Pyne.....	2 1
Averell.....	0 4	Kellogg.....	0 0
Henderson.....	7 3	Cook.....	0 0
Wadsworth.....	2 1	Dahlgren.....	0 0
Total.....	21 10	Total.....	2 1

For the individual championships there were twenty-four starters. The qualifying round at medal play reduced these to the following eight:

C. Hitchcock, Jr., Yale—	
Out.....	4 3 5 5 5 4 4 6 3—39
In.....	4 4 4 6 4 5 5 6 3—41—80

J. A. Edwards, Columbia—	
Out.....	4 3 4 6 4 4 4 5 4—38
In.....	5 5 3 6 6 5 4 6 3—43—81
G. G. Hubbard, Harvard—	
Out.....	3 4 3 5 4 4 4 7 4—38
In.....	5 5 3 6 5 5 5 7 3—44—82
J. Stuart, Princeton—	
Out.....	5 3 6 5 5 4 4 5 4—41
In.....	5 5 3 6 4 5 6 5 2—41—82
J. G. Averell, Harvard—	
Out.....	4 4 5 4 4 4 4 5 5—39
In.....	4 4 5 5 6 5 6 3—43—82
P. R. Pyne, Jr., Princeton—	
Out.....	5 4 5 5 4 5 4 4 5—41
In.....	5 5 4 6 4 6 6 6 3—45—86
E. Byers, Yale—	
Out.....	5 3 4 5 4 5 5 4 5—40
In.....	5 6 4 6 6 4 5 7 3—46—86
T. M. Robertson, Yale—	
Out.....	1 3 5 7 4 4 4 6 4—41
In.....	5 6 4 7 4 6 5 6 3—45—86

The remainder of the contest was at match play.

First match play round, intercollegiate championship, Percy R. Pyne, 2d, Princeton, beat James A. Edwards, Columbia, 4 up and 2 to play; Charles Hitchcock, Jr., Yale, beat E. M. Byers, Yale, 4 up and 3 to play; John Stuart, Princeton, beat T. M. Robertson, Yale, 6 up and 5 to play; James G. Averell, Harvard, beat G. G. Hubbard, Harvard, 6 up and 4 to play.

Semi-final round—Pyne beat Hitchcock, 1 up; Averell beat Stuart, 5 up and 4 to play.

In the finals Pyne beat Averell.

Pyne—	
Out.....	4 3 4 5 5 4 4 7 4—41
In.....	4 6 4 7 5 6 5 6 3—46—87

Averell—	
Out.....	4 3 5 6 5 4 5 6 4—42
In.....	5 4 4 7 5 6 5 7 5—43—90

Extra hole—Pyne, 4; Averell, 6.

THE WINTER SEASON IN THE SOUTH.

The result of the arrangements on the Florida Golf Links was so eminently satisfactory that much larger numbers will follow the circuit in the coming season, and St. Augustine, Ormond, Palm Beach, Miami, Key West, and Nassau, will be the scenes of contests on improved courses. Nor will Florida alone be an attraction during the inclemency of the Northern winter. Lakewood has its devotees, whilst North Carolina golfers are preparing for incursion of winter.

ALBION.

ROD AND GUN.

WINTER FISHING NOTES.



UT few anglers, and only those who search afar for sport, are aware of the facilities for fishing during the winter months existing within comparatively easy reach of their Northern homes. Nor is this ignorance confined to the want of knowledge of places, but includes the fishing outfit necessary for an outing to more southern local cities. Such anglers infer that a long journey and an expensive outfit must be undertaken and purchased, when neither one nor the other is imperative. The tackle to be used in more southern waters is that of the salt-water angler of the North when fishing in the coast waters of the South, or that handled by the angler for black bass in the fresh water of the Northern States, varied only when fish of either enormous or very small size are to be captured, and this is merely a grade of judgment as to the relative strength of line and water gear.

A few hours' ride on the railroad will bring the tourist angler to Hampton Roads, where, during the months of December and January, excellent fishing will be found for all the varieties of salt-water fish that visit the coasts of New York and New Jersey earlier in the season. A trip to any of the rivers emptying into the Chesapeake Bay will be rewarded by catches of striped bass of enormous size. A visit to the fish market in Baltimore, Md., a few seasons ago, rewarded the writer with a sight of three striped bass, locally called "rockfish," the average weight of them being 90 lbs.—270 lbs. They were, of course, taken in nets by the market fishermen, but a striped bass of 50 to 60 lbs. is frequently caught on rod and line in the creeks and rivers of Eastern Virginia.

Passing on from Hampton Roads through the Dismal Swamp Canal to Lake Drummond, very fine fishing is had for big-mouthed black bass, which grow here to a large size. Albemarle Sound, further on, may be said to swarm with fish, and it is here that the United States Fish Commission carries on spawning work among salt-water fishes, making a specialty of the striped bass. Through the Sound and along the coast to Charleston there is excellent fishing for the salt-water trout—a brother of our Northern weakfish—sheepshead, hogfish, sea porgies, and other varieties of the coast fishes. In the harbor of Charleston, at Port Royal, near Beaufort, S. C., at Tybee Island, located at the mouth of the Savannah River, and in the inlets, bays and sounds, from the Savannah River to the St. John's, may be found grand sport for the salt-water angler.

Drawing a parallel line, stretching south in the interior, and distant 50 to 100 miles from the coast line previously indicated, we will find many fresh-water localities where the black bass, locally called "trout," "chub," and "perch," abound, as well as the strawberry

bass, sometimes called "brim," and other small fishes. The white perch of the upper and lower Chesapeake, caught in 40 to 75 feet of water, grow to a weight of two and a half lbs., and are a most delicious pan fish, surpassing, we think, the celebrated "Cape May Goody," which is the spot or Lafayette of more northern localities, where, strange to state, they do not excel in flavor the common small breakfast fish of other varieties.

In the interior of North Carolina, particularly in the French Broad River, which is within the area stated, the rainbow trout is reported as being numerous, and in the more western streams of the same State the native trout (*Salmo fontinalis*) is caught in large numbers.

Thus we see that, within six to thirty-six hours from New York, the angler will find delightful sport during the early winter months, and later on in the season the interior of Florida and the east or west coast of the State will yield bountifully to the rod. The height of the fishing season, however, particularly on the coast, does not commence until February, and will be referred to in a later issue.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

Gun clubs have existed since the time when the memory of man runs not to the contrary, but a new movement is on foot to encourage skill with the rifle and other high-power firearms by the establishment of long-distance ranges for practice. San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Pittsburg have taken the lead in this movement, and Chicago is following suit on a scale commensurate with its position and importance. The object is a desirable one and likely to effect permanent and national as well as sporting good.

FLORIDA GAME PROTECTION.

There is no portion of the United States where it is more important that game laws should be enacted and enforced than Florida, where abundance of game could easily be secured and preserved. The subject is of no less commercial than of sporting importance. There is no reason why Florida should not become the midwinter Maine and thousands of dollars would follow the result. A new organization having these objects in view has been organized under the title of the St. John's County Game Protective Association. We wish it success.

DUCK.

The season on the Chesapeake Flats opened on November 1st, and canvas backs, red heads, black heads, and other ducks have arrived in abundance. The prospects are reported to be more than usually good.

MAINE.

Big game in the Maine woods, thanks to protective legislation and its enforcement, is plentiful; more so than for a number of years past. The shrewd Easterners enjoy good sport themselves and know full well the important monetary bearing it has upon the prosperity of their State.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The Connecticut State Field Trials Club have elected the following officers: President,

E. K. Sperry ; Secretary and Treasurer, John E. Bassett ; First Vice-President, Dr. James E. Hair ; Second Vice-President, F. M. Chapin ; Board of Governors, William G. Comstock, E. S. Gordon, W. S. Hawley.

At the annual meeting of the American Coursing Club, held in the Oriental Hotel, October 21st, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year : President, H. C. Lowe ;

Vice-President, W. J. Erwin ; Secretary, H. G. Nichols ; Treasurer, Roy S. Avery ; Executive Committee, Dr. Q. Van Hummell, Sam F. Handy, Benjamin O'Keefe, S. F. Bartels and Cecil A. Lyons.

We would remind our readers that entries to the United States trials will close about December 15th. Mr. W. B. Stafford is the Secretary, and his address is Trenton, Tenn.

KENNEL.

THE BEAGLE FIELD TRIALS.



THE rabbit dog *par excellence* is the beagle, that delightful little edition of the fox-hound, with the harmonic voice of the clarion and the eye of the fawn.

There is no wonder that year by year his popularity increases. His merits, whether as a sporting dog or as a gentle, bright and interesting companion, only require to be known to be appreciated. He has been having his sporting day, or rather week, in the tenth annual field trials of the National Beagle Club, which were held at Hempstead, Long Island, N. Y., October 23d to 28th. The Hon. W. C. Whitney granted permission for the trials to be run over his estate at Wheatley Hills; and as the grounds are well stocked with rabbits, none of the events had to be called off, as was the case last year, for lack of game; in fact, rabbits were found in such numbers that there was very little delay between races, and the whole meeting proved a great success.

The entries were larger than ever before and included more high-class dogs than usual, consequently the competition in most of the trials was very keen ; especially was this the case in the thirteen-inch class. The judges, Messrs. G. B. Appleby and B. S. Turpin, had many close decisions to consider, but their awards proved quite satisfactory.

The attendance on each day was larger than usual, and included many ladies who were yet lingering at their country seats within riding distance of the trial grounds.

The hounds were measured on the morning of the first day, and after luncheon the first trials were started. A summary follows :

The Futurity stake—Won by G. Dudley Tilley's Ichabod ; Dr. R. L. Bohannon's Wise, 2.

All-age stake, for dogs 15 inches and under that have not been placed first in any open class at a recognized field trial—Won by Geo. A. Clark's Murray ; Chas. R. Stevenson's Woodman, 2 ; G. F. Reed's Bellmand and Prompter, equal 3.

All-age bitches, 15 inches and under, that have never been placed first in any open class at a field trial—Won by G. R. Reed's Scorch R. ; Walsfield Beagles Dahlia, 2 ; Rockridge Kennel's Lucy L., 3.

All-age dogs and bitches, 13 inches and under, that have not been placed first in any recognized field trials—Won by Walkerfield Beagles' Orator ; G. F. Reed's Reed's Fancy, 2 ; F. H. Taylor's Pinnie, 3 ; Hempstead Beagles' Merry Lass, 4.

The Derby, open to dogs and bitches 15 inches and under, whelped on or after January 1, 1898—Won by Wharton Beagles' Wharton's Driver ; T. D. Beall's Doc Letts, 2 ; G. F. Reed's Reed's Boy, 3.

Champion stake, for beagles 15 inches or under, which have been placed first at any recognized field trial—

Won by D. F. Summer's Belle S. ; Rockridge Kennel's Pilot, 2.

Pack stakes, for teams of four beagles, 15 inches and under—Won by the Summers Pack (Summer's Wood, Summer's Bess, Lucy S. and Belle Summers) ; Rockridge Beagles, 2.

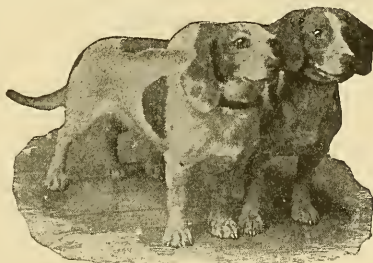
The National Challenge Cup, for packs of four, performance in the field 50 per cent., show qualities and liveliness 50 per cent.—Won by Rockridge Beagles.

PET DOG CLUB.

"Pet dogs! What has OUTING to do with pet dogs?" was the remark of a friend of mine, and a dog man, too, on my opening, in his presence, the schedule of the forthcoming show of the American Pet Dog Club. I was soon able to convince him that OUTING had good reason for a fellow feeling with the promoters of the cult of the pet dog, because they have been wise in their interpretation of the word pet. (Indeed, are not all dogs pet?) Under the constitution of the club and the generous interpretation, for instance, are such real sporting dogs as "Beagles," than whom no greater or more lovable pet could be found in all the canine race, true sports as they are, too. The cocker spaniel, too, surely is a soft-eyed, soft-skinned pet, game dog as he is, to say nothing of our old friend the bull terrier and the Irish water spaniel.

THE COLLIE CLUB.

The collie is not included officially among the pet dogs, but so near is he to the heart of the pet lover that there was no difficulty in getting the co-operation of the club to have him shown at the same time and place (the Metro-



TWO BEAUTIES.

politan Opera House, New York) as were the pets pure and simple.

The Collie Club deserve acknowledgment for two innovations in their schedule. They set aside two classes for competition solely by dogs from the West and from Canada, a commendable effort to widen the interest in the breed.

PHOTOGRAPHY.



IN the October review I had a few words of advice to those who were about to make lantern slides from the negatives taken during the summer; and now I have something to say to those who may desire to employ them in entertaining the public. I say *public* in contradistinction to private exhibitions, as what may do very well for the one will not do for the other.

For a long time there has been, not only here, but in other countries, a complaint that the interest in lantern exhibitions has been failing, and various causes have been assigned. The knowledge and appreciation of art by the general public have passed that stage at which it can be satisfied with such slides as are turned out by most professional and all but a very few amateur slide-makers, as it recognizes the absurdity of representing a summer scene as if covered with snow, and will not be satisfied with merely the white of the sheet for sky and water. The ever-attractive moving figures also come in for a share of the blame, as he who regards the picture on the screen as simply a show will naturally prefer action to repose.

But, while these and other causes may have had something to do with whatever falling off there is in the show phase of the lantern, they do not touch it in its far more important educational and illustrative phases. But the interest in these has fallen off, and the cause is not far to seek. It is in the lecturer. Too many seem to think that all that is necessary is a good lantern and a set of more or less good slides, whereas that is only part, and the least important part, of the equipment. Such men may write out what they intend to say, but more generally get a printed lecture along with the slides, and by the dim light of a lamp placed at one side of the screen blunder through it as best they can, and at stated periods, either ringing a bell or turning on and off a red light as an indication that the slide should be changed.

Whoever wants to succeed as a lantern lecturer must give up all idea of reading, and be able to walk about the platform, his eye on the audience, and tell his story without halt or hindrance. He should prepare his matter thoroughly, learning all about his subject that is to be known, and have every item connected with every picture so impressed on his memory that a look at the picture will at once suggest it. Nor should there ever be necessity for a signal of any kind for the changing of the slide. The lecturer and his assistant who cannot, the one convey and the other have conveyed to him that information by words apparently incident to the lecture, are unfit for that kind of work.

The most successful lantern lecturer I ever

knew—and the halls when he lectured were always full, indeed, the last time I saw him on the platform, the hall, which held three thousand, was full to the door, and quite as many turned away—prepares his lectures with great care, writing them out in full and often polishing them up. He never used in one lecture more than fifty slides, and on as many cards, about the size of an ordinary playing pack, as he had slides, jotted such facts as he wished particularly to remember. These he held in his hand as he walked about the platform, glancing at each as it became necessary, and turning each as each slide was changed.

My advice, then, to the would-be successful lecturer, is this: (1) See that the subject is one that shall be popularly interesting, and arrange that the slides shall illustrate it, not that it shall merely describe them. (2) Learn all that is to be known about the subject, and have clearly in your mind the relation of every slide to the portion of the subject that it is intended to illustrate, and (3) Have nothing to do with a reading lamp or manuscript on a platform, as, if you cannot do without them, you had better turn to some other occupation.

LANTERN SLIDES IN NATURAL COLORS.

Well-colored lantern slides have a charm not possessed by those in monochrome, but those that are well colored are few and far between. I hear, however, that there will shortly be put on the market a simple method by which every photographer may make them for himself, and of the very highest quality. It is a three color method, of the superimposing variety, and the camera for the production of the negatives, the films, and the dyes with which to stain them, are likely to be supplied at a reasonable rate.

Mr. Sanger Shepherd is the inventor, and from the applause at the meeting of the London Camera Club, before which he gave a demonstration, it appears to be a great success. The description is not sufficiently clear to give an idea of the interior arrangement of the camera, but the screen is evidently a novelty. Instead of the usual three, there is only one, a compound, and it is placed in the diaphragm slot. It is red in the center, with two concentric rings, probably green and blue violet, and the relative exposures are got by operating an iris diaphragm.

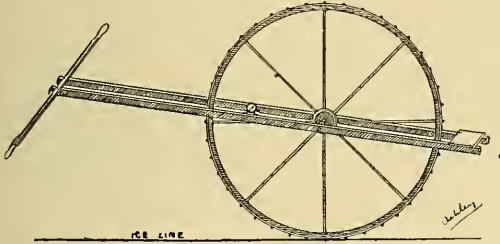
Films will be supplied coated with a suitable sensitive emulsion, which the photographer will further sensitize by immersion in an alkaline bichromate; and after development as in carbon printing, the transparent tissue is stained, each its own color, and the three superimposed and bound together between two plates of glass like an ordinary slide. The process, from the description at least, seems extremely simple, and I have no doubt that in a short time colored slides will be the rule, and not the exception. I shall have more to say about this when I have had an opportunity of making slides by the new method.

DR. JOHN NICOL.

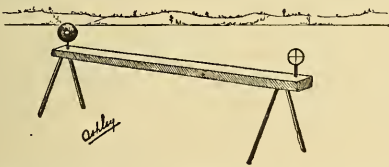
ICE-YACHTING.

HOW TO LAY OUT AND MEASURE AN ICE-YACHT COURSE.

IN many hundreds of ice-yacht races the distance sailed is too often only guesswork. Of course, there are exceptions, but the distances, especially in a triangular course sailed several times over, are in many cases not accurately measured. A simple machine can be made in a few hours which will give the correct distance in feet and miles, whether the course is to the windward and return or a triangular one sailed several times over.



Take any old wheel—I have used a baby-carriage wheel with success—drive good-sized wire nails every half-inch in the outside rim of the wheel and file them to a sharp point, with a protuberance of a little over a quarter of an inch. Fit this wheel on two bars of pine, with a cross-piece for a handle. The wheel runs on a greased pin at the opposite end of the handle-bar (see cut). Now, by calculating that there are 5,280 feet in one statute mile and your wheel is 3 feet 6 inches in circumference, it would have to turn 1508 4 7 times to make one mile. The register of the wheel's turns can be easily recorded by securely fastening a bicycle register to one of the side bars and with a screw in one of the spokes, so that it will come in contact with each revolution of the wheel.



The difficulty is in keeping a straight line with the wheel from stake to stake over the course. This is easily overcome by a simple machine that can be made in an hour (see draft). It is merely a black pasteboard disk with a small eye-hole nailed at one extremity, and a screw-eye with two black threads crossed at the other. Plant a stake at the starting line and another at each turn of the triangle desired. Sight the machine (see draft) at second stake and start your wheel by assistant at first stake. By keeping your eye at the peep-hole and lining up at first stake, the least deviation from the straight line by the operator at wheel can be immediately noted, and by raising the left or right hand as a signal to the man who is propelling the wheel, his course can be kept straight.

The prospect for ice-yachting has never been brighter. The many letters I receive from every prominent racing man in the United States and Canada show that many new yachts are building and being bought up from the Hudson River and shipped West.

At the Orange Lake Ice Yacht Club, just back of Newburg, on the Hudson, all is activity and the fleet is glistening with new varnish and new silver-plated ironwork. Shaffer, Flannagan and Wollie are putting on the finishing touches under the careful guidance of that sterling and indefatigable racing man, Commodore H. C. Higginson.

Away up in Canada the sport is still increasing, and I hear of glowing accounts of the preparations for this winter's sport. The leading club, the Kingston Ice Yacht Club, is in a more than flourishing condition, with a snug bank account and increasing membership. There will be some warm racing for the International Walker Cup and the Calvin Macknee trophy. They will also hold an international regatta.

The Cape Vincent Ice Yacht Club, of New York, will have another try this winter with their friends of the Kingston Club for the Walker Cup.

The newest organization is the Irondequoit Club, of Rochester, N. Y., and they have adopted the Hudson River rules and measurements, with the Orange Lake time-allowance rule, for mixed classes. They have a fleet of twelve ice-yachts, ranging from 300 to 450 square feet of sails.

The Lake St. Clair Ice Yacht Club, at Lakeside, Mich., is ready for this winter's sport of swift racing and will contend for many cups and pennants.

At Gull Lake, near Kalamazoo, is the Kalamazoo Ice Yacht Club, who now hold the champion pennant of the lake.

At Bar Harbor, Me., there is a flourishing ice-yacht club, the greater part of the boats being Hudson River model. Burlington's (Vt.) ice-yacht club is known as the Excelsior and has a fleet of twenty yachts.

On Lake George, N. Y., many yachts will be seen skimming over its ice-clad surface.

Winnebago Lake, Wis., is going in strongly for ice-yachting this winter, and boasts of several clubs. The most prominent is the Oshkosh Ice Yacht Club. The principal trophies are the *Evening Wisconsin* Cup and the Oshkosh Cup, and club pennant. The club that has taken the biggest jump to the front this season is the Lake Minnetonka Ice Yacht Club, with a new clubhouse. The fleet now numbers over thirty yachts of large size.

At Lake Pepin, Wis., and White Bear Lake, Minn., the ice-yachts are in readiness for the coming winter.

I have just received photographs of ice-boats from St. Moritz, Switzerland. They are the queerest craft that ever ran over the ice. The hull is eight feet long and the shape of a flat-iron, and is entirely boarded over. The sail is nearly square and hangs on a wishbone, lateen style. The runners are stationary and cut the ice with a wedge. The ice is always kept like glass.

H. PERCY ASHLEY.

ATHLETICS.



CORNELL FALL MEETING.

THE annual fall track meeting and individual all-round championship of Cornell University was held on the Percy Field, October 23. One of the best events of the day was the contest between Berry and Torrence in the two-mile run. Among the new men who showed up most prominently were E. P. Stowger, W. G. Warren, G. T. Pollard and W. P. Lawson.

The all-round championship was closely contested, only four points dividing the first four men. The events

were decided on points of 5, 3, 2, 1, for first, second, third and fourth places. H. E. Hastings won, with a total of 13; G. O. Bueck, was second, with 11; A. O. Berry third, with 10, and C. D. Young fourth, with 9.

A summary of the events follows:

100 yard dash—Won by C. D. Young, 1902; W. G. Warren, 1903, 2; E. N. Joseph, 1901, 3; H. E. Hastings, 4. Time, 10 2-55.

120-yard hurdle—Won by M. W. Buchanan, 1902; A. Walton, 1902, 2; J. T. Kelly, 1900, 3; R. Deming, 1900, 4. Time, 18 4-55.

220-yard hurdle—Won by H. H. Lyon, 1901; M. W. Buchanan, 2. Time, 27 4-55.

220-yard dash—Won by W. P. Lawson, 1903; H. F. Sommer, 1903, 3; H. E. Hastings, 1901, 3; C. D. Young, 1902, 4. Time, 24 s.

440-yard run—Won by H. E. Hastings, 1901; C. D. Young, 1902, 2; G. T. Pollard, 1903, 3; H. A. Rogers, 1902, 4. Time, 55 s.

880-yard run—H. E. Hastings, 1901, 1; M. A. Schultz, 1902, 2; A. F. Brinckerhoff, 1902, 3; J. A. Fitzpatrick, 1903, 4. Time, 2 m. 8 3-55.

1-mile run—Won by A. O. Berry, 1901; C. C. Torrence, grad., 2; E. R. Strowger, 1903, 3; S. L. Tuttle, 1900, 4. Time, 5 m. 2 2-55.

2-mile run—Won by A. O. Berry, 1901; C. C. Torrence, grad., 2; D. McMeekin, 1903, 3. Time, 10 m. 31 4-55.

Shot-put—Won by G. L. Cleghorn, 1900; G. O. Bueck, 1901, 2; C. A. Lueder, 1903, 3; J. G. Utz, 1902, 4. Distance, 31 ft. 5 1/2 in.

Hammer-throw—Won by L. W. Boynton, 1900; E. D. Parker, 1902, 2; C. A. Lueder, 1903, 3; R. Deming, 1900, 4. Distance, 105 ft. 2 1/2 in.

Discus throwing—Won by J. K. Utz, 1902; G. L. Cleghorn, 1900, 2; C. A. Tryon, 1901, 3; G. S. Whitney, 1901, 4. Distance, 95 ft. 3 in.

Running high jump—Won by G. O. Bueck, 1901; J. Buschong, 1902, 2; C. A. Lueder, 1903, 3. Distance, 5 ft. 5 1/2 in.

Running broad jump—Won by W. T. Kelley, 1900; J. C. Bates, 1903, 2; H. H. Lyons, 1901, 3; G. O. Bueck, 1901, 4. Distance, 20 ft. 7 1/2 in.

Pole vault—Won by R. Deming, 1901; W. A. Frederick, 1903, 2; G. O. Bueck, 1901, 3. Distance, 10 ft. 6 in.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.

The fall track games of Columbia University were held at Berkeley Oval, October 24th. On the whole the events were well contested. It was evident, from several of the finishes, that the handicapper had used great care in marking his men. Especially was this noticeable in the quarter and 1,000-yard runs. Long managed to get through his field, but Atkins had to give way to the forty-yard man.

The class championship was won by 1902.

The summary follows:

120-yard hurdle race—Won by Hardenberg, '02, 4 yds;

Hanneman, '03, 10 yds.; 2; Powers, '02, 6 yds., 3.

880-yard run, novice (Freshmen)—Won by Bishop,

'03; McLintock, '03, 2; Meehan, '03, 3. Time, 2 m. 12 s.

One-mile novice bicycle race—Won by Rose, '02;

Waters, '02, 2; Haviland, '02, 3. Time, 2 m. 24 s.

220-yard hurdle race—Won by Powers, '02 (scratch);

Hanneman, '02, 15 yds., 2. Time, 29 4 55.

220-yard dash—Won by Delgado, '01, 0 yds.; Van Cise,

'01, 16 yds.; 2; Hatch, '02, 13 yds., 3. Time, 23 3-55.

1,000-yard run—Won by Marshall, '02, 40 yds; Atkins,

'02 (scratch), 2; Schwerin, '02, 60 yds., 3. Time, 2 m. 27 s.

Two-mile bicycle race, handicap—Won by Rose, '02,

100 yds.; Welles, '01, 5 yds., 2; Hudson, '99, 30 yds., 3. Time,

4 m. 54 3-55.

440-yard run—Won by Long, '01 (scratch); McAner-

ny, '02, 20 yds., 2; Johnson, '02, 15 yds., 3. Time, 52 2-55.

Two-mile run—Won by Caldwell, '02, 225 yds.; Igle-

hart, '02, 350 yds., 2; Ward, '01, L., 350 yds., 3. Time, 10 m.

41 3-55.

High jump—Won by Grace, '01, 5 ft. 6 1/2 in.; Harden-

berg, '02, 5 ft. 5 1/2 in. (actual jump, 5 ft. 1 1/2 in.), 2; Ernst,

'00, 5 ft. 4 1/2 in. (actual jump, 5 ft. 2 1/2 in.), 3.

Broad jump—Won by Hatch, '02, 10 ft. 1 1/2 in. (actual

jump, 18 ft. 3 1/2 in.); Grace, '01, 18 ft. 6 1/2 in. (actual jump),

2; Boehm, '01, 18 ft. 4 in. (actual jump, 16 ft. 6 1/2 in.), 3.

Pole vault—Won by McLintock, '03, 9 ft. 1/2 in. (actual

jump, 8 ft. 3 1/2 in.); Boehm, '01, 9 ft. 5 1/2 in. (actual height,

9 ft. 1 1/2 in.), 2; Smith, '01, 9 ft. 4 1/2 in. (actual height, 9 ft.

2 1/2 in.), 3.

16-pound shot-put—Won by Stewart, '01, 37 ft. 1 in.

(actual distance, 34 ft. 7 in.; De Mille, '00, 36 ft. 8 in. (actu-

al distance, 30 ft. 1 in.), 2; F. Duden, '02, 35 ft. 9 1/2 in.

(actual distance, 30 ft. 5 1/2 in.), 3.

16-pound hammer-throw—Won by H. Duden, '01,

115 ft. 1 1/2 in. (actual distance, 80 ft. 1 1/2 in.); De Mille, '00,

107 ft. 1 in. (actual distance, 80 ft. 1 in.), 2; Welles, '01,

105 ft. 5 in. (actual distance), 3.

100 yard dash, final heat—Won by Delgado, '01,

3 1/2 yds.; Weekes, '03, 2 yds., 2; Johnson, '02 (scratch), 3.

Time, 10 3-55.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Freshman-Novice sports at the University of Pennsylvania were held on October 28th. Some good material was brought out among the new men. F. P. Leary, '03, showed up well in the dashes and broad jumps; J. B. Baillie, also a freshman, did good work in the two miles; J. Howard showed good form in the high hurdles.

The summary follows:

120-yard dash—Won by F. P. Leary, '03; R. T. Bul-

lard, '03, 2. Time, 12 3-55.

Two mile run—Won by J. B. Baillie, '03; J. A. Stand-

in, '02, 2. Time, 1 m. 23 s.

440-yard dash—Won by E. Mallon, '02; C. J. Harrison,

'02, 2; J. E. Morrow, '02, 3. Time, 60 s.

Half-mile run—Won by E. R. Bushnell, '03; J. A.

Standin, '02, 2. Time, 2 m. 15 s.

120-yard hurdle—Won by J. Howard, '03; S. K. Fenol-

losa, '02, 2. Time, 17 2-55.

Three-mile run—Won by A. Grant, 1900; Climenson, 2;

J. A. Standin, '02, 3. Time, 17 m. 26 s.

HARVARD FALL GAMES.

The Harvard University fall track games were held on the Holmes Field, November 3d. The weather was cold and the wind not favorable for track events.

The best individual work was that of H. F. Cochems, who put the shot 42 feet 1/2 inch. Mr. Cochems is not, however, eligible to compete in any intercollegiate contests on account of the four-year rule.

Summary of the events follows:

100-yard dash—Final heat won by J. E. Haigh, '03;

R. W. Robbins, '02, 2; B. C. Lancy, '03, 3. Time, 10 1/2 s.

220-yard dash—Won by P. L. Fish, '01, 3 yds.; second,

W. G. Clerk, '01, 3 yds.; third, R. W. Robbins, '02, 10 yds.

Time, 22 4-5 seconds.

440-yard dash—Won by H. B. Young, Sp., 10 yds.;

S. Waller, '03, 15 yds., 2; Gregg Richards, '02, 20 yds., 3.

Time, 53 1-55.

Half-mile run—Won by W. A. Applegate, '01, 30 yds.;

C. J. Swan, '01, 40 yds., 2; G. E. Behr, Jr., 40 yds., 3.

Time, 1 m. 59 3-55.

1-mile run—Won by F. C. Williams, '01, 80yds.; H. B. Smith, 1900, 60yds., 2; E. Randolph, '03, 80yds., 3. Time, 4m. 35s.

120-yard hurdle race—Won by R. Wellman, '03, 8 yds.; F. C. Ware, '01, 3 yds., 2; R. Abercrombie, '03, scratch, 3. Time, 18 1-5s.

220-yard hurdle race—Won by F. C. Ware, '01, 5yds.; E. H. Webb, '01, 5yds., 2. Time, 30s.

Shot-put—Won by H. F. Cochems, 3L., scratch, with a put of 42ft. 1/2in.; H. J. Brown, '02, 2ft., 2, with an actual put of 38ft. 0 3/4in.

High jump—Won by P. Bartlett, '02, 4in.; F. C. Ware, '01, 3in., 2; N. F. Glidden, Jr., '03, 4in., 3. These three men tied, with actual jumps of 5ft. 6 3/4in., Bartlett winning on his handicap.

Running broad jump—Won by N. F. Glidden, Jr., '03, 1ft., with jump of 20ft. 1 1/2in.; A. P. Young, '01, 2, with a jump of 18ft. 9in.; H. B. Horwitz, '03, 3, with a jump of 17ft. 2in.

INTERCOLLEGIATE CROSS-COUNTRY.

The annual fall handicap games will not be held this year at Princeton or Yale. The track management decided at the beginning of the term to concentrate all their efforts toward the development of a strong team for the intercollegiate cross-country championship. Great interest was taken in the preparation for this event; and a number of trial runs were also held

at Pennsylvania, Cornell and Columbia, in order that the colleges should make no mistake in being represented by their best teams at Morris Park.

At the meeting of the Managing Committee of the Intercollegiate Cross-Country Association, the election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows. President, A. J. Sweet, Cornell; Treasurer, J. P. Adams, Yale; Secretary, B. W. Frazer, Jr., University of Pennsylvania; Manager, H. H. Langenberg, Princeton.

YALE.

If Yale does not develop some specially good weight men by next May, it will not be from want of instruction, for John Flanagan, the world's champion hammer-thrower, has accepted an invitation of the Yale Athletic Association, and has recently spent some time at New Haven coaching the hammer and shot men. The presence of such a distinguished "weight man" as Flanagan has been the means of bringing into training a number of candidates for these events. VIGILANT.

ROWING.

HARVARD.

IF hard work and long practice will produce a good crew (and it usually does), Harvard should again put out first-rate freshmen and university boats.

No sooner had the men got settled this term than preliminary work was started at both Weld and Newell. The men were graded into crews and will be kept at light work steadily until vacation.

The annual fall regatta of the Weld Boat Club was held October 24th, over a course one-third of a mile straightaway.

The weather conditions were excellent and the races well contested, with some close and exciting finishes.

The eight-oared shell event was the best of the regatta. In the first heat, Weld, 1902, won from Weld, 1903, by half a length. In the second heat, the Law School crew won from Weld Juniors by less than a length. In the finals the Law School won easily by a length and a half. The final four-oared shell race was very closely contested, only ten feet separating the boats.

In the singles, Wheelwright won on a foul. George, who was leading, took Wheelwright's water just before the finish, so that the latter was forced either to run into his opponent or go ashore. George finished half a length ahead, but the race went to Wheelwright.

The summary follows:

Compromise singles, first heat—Won by E. George, '03; H. G. Hart, '01, 2; second heat won by W. B. Wheelwright, '01; G. Blake, '01, 2. Final heat won by Wheelwright on a foul.

Four-oared shells, first heat—Won by Snite's four; McGrath's four, 2; second heat won by Tilton's four; Brownell's four, 2. Final heat won by Tilton's four; N. Tilton, '03, stroke; H. B. Stanton, '00, No. 3; F. C.

Kidner, '00, No. 2; K. Sherbourne, '00, bow; Wadleigh, '00, coxswain.

Four-oared barges—Won by Mason's four: Mason, stroke; Hartwell, No. 3; Pumpelly, No. 2; Downs, bow; Kingsbury, coxswain; Greenough's four, 2.

Eight-oared shells, first heat—Won by Weld, '02; Weld, '03, 2; second heat won by Law School; Weld, '01, 2.

Final heat won by Law School: R. F. Blake, stroke; C. M. Sheafe, No. 7; H. Bancroft, No. 6; C. B. Wood, No. 5; L. Marvin, No. 4; W. E. Griswold, No. 3; L. T. Shepard, No. 2; A. Du Bois, bow; Wadleigh, coxswain.

YALE.

The same activity which has of late taken hold on the Harvard men in rowing matters does not seem to have fallen to the lot of those who follow aquatics at Yale, for at the fall regatta, held on Lake Whitney, October 14th, only two races were rowed, although three were scheduled. The gridiron seems to be far more attractive than the boats during the fall term. This must make matters hard for the coaches, for it necessarily crowds a great deal of preliminary work into the spring term that could, to a great extent, be finished before the Xmas vacation.

The races were rowed over a course seven-eighths of a mile.

In the first race, between the sophomore eight and the junior four (the latter not being able to put in a full crew), the sophomores allowed their competitors a handicap of 16 seconds and beat them by two lengths in 5 minutes 25 1-5 seconds.

The second race was between the sophomore and freshmen eights. The freshmen had a handicap of 6 seconds. The race was won on pluck, for within a hundred yards of the line the sophomores had a lead of half a length, when the freshmen made a spurt which took them over the line, in somewhat ragged style, with two feet to the good, in 5 minutes and 5 1-5 seconds.

The crews rowed as follows:

Junior (four-oared)—R. L. Atkinson, bow; R. P. Tyler, 2; P. L. Mitchell, 3; A. Cameron, Jr., 4; G. P. Chittenden, coxswain.



Sophomore (eight-oared)—T. N. Troxell, bow; E. H. Benner, 2; L. H. Holt, 3; H. P. Rogers, 4; H. L. Laws, 5; G. G. Lincoln, 6; E. I. Low, 7; F. S. Warmouth, Captain, 8; M. K. Armstrong, coxswain.

Freshmen (eight-oared)—K. B. Schley, bow; T. R. Strong, 2; T. H. Wickwire, Jr., 3; H. M. Coffeen, 4; L. S. Kirtland, 5; J. L. Gilson, 6; R. Schley, 7; J. R. Coffin, Captain, 8; B. H. Lounsbery, coxswain.

CORNELL.

At Cornell the call for freshmen's crew, issued early in October, was responded to by the registration of over one hundred. The candidates were put under Captain Dalzell and coached on the machines. The Captain was assisted in this work by several of the old crew.

As the men gained sufficient knowledge of the stroke on the machines they were granted permits for practice on the water. The work on the inlet has, as usual, been in the pair-oar and four-oared barges, under the charge of Coach Courtney, who is assisted by Hoyle, the Cornell Navy's boat builder. Captain Dalzell and Courtney are fairly satisfied with the progress of the freshmen, and they expect the "weeding out" next spring to be a short matter.

In the university boat there are four vacant seats to be filled, but the Navy expect little trouble in this, for they have a large quantity of good material from which to draw.

INTERCOLLEGIATE ROWING.

According to the present indications the Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta of next season will have additional features, which will make it most attractive. The Board of Stewards is already beginning to lay plans for the next regatta. At a recent meeting it was planned to have, in addition to the freshmen and university eights and the four-oar races, which made up this year's programme, a pair-oar and single sculling race. The main object that the Stewards have in view in introducing the fours, pairs and singles, is that colleges with a smaller body of students may be induced to enter the races. If these plans are carried through, a double sculls added, and each event is made, as the eights are now, for freshmen and university, we shall indeed have at Poughkeepsie a regatta worthy of the name.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

The fall regatta of the Columbia College Rowing Club was held on the Hudson October 27th. The work which the freshmen have done since September has put them in first-class shape, and the Science and College crews of 1903 rowed a fine race, which resulted in a win for the Science by the narrow margin of a yard.

In the race between the crews of 1902 and 1901, the former won by about three-quarters of a length.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Pennsylvania has a strong-looking lot of men at work daily for the freshmen crew. The crews have been taking short brushes, and good speed is already being shown.

At the crew regatta, held on November 9th, the Senior crew defeated the Juniors by a half-

boat's length. The Sophomore crew won from the Freshmen by less than a boat's length. Next day the Medical '03, Senior's College '01, and Dental '01 raced. The '01 C. went to the front at the start, but were soon passed by the Seniors and Freshmen Medical. The Seniors kept a slight lead up to about one hundred yards from the finish; at this point the Medicals spurred, and, after a hard finish, won by a few feet. The College '01 crew were two lengths behind, and the Dentals three lengths behind them. The Freshmen Medical crew wins the University championship.

WISCONSIN.

At Wisconsin the crews were rather late in getting onto the water, and their first appearance in gigs was on October 31st. Five crews are at work here at present. The two freshmen crews give great promise of making a fine boat. They are well advanced for the short time they have been at work in the gymnasium and on the water.

The plan for training this fall is to devote all the energy to four crews. One of the present crews will shortly be dropped. Captain Sutherland and Mr. Williams, of last year's crew, are each to coach two crews in the gigs. At present it is planned to have the crews alternate with one another in the boats, two of them going onto the water, the other two taking cross-country runs.

VIGILANT.

ROWING ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The annual championship regatta of the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union was held on San Francisco Bay, at El Campo, Marin County, California, October 15th. The water was remarkably smooth and the day a pleasant one. The results of the races were as follows:

Junior shell race—E. Stenberg, of the Ariel Rowing Club, defeated George Lewis, of the Alameda Boating Club.

Senior outrigger skiff race—Alexander W. Pape, of the Dolphin Swimming and Boating Club, first; Dr. C. C. Dennis, of the South End Rowing Club, second. Pape won by three lengths.

Senior shell race—James P. Foley, of the South End Rowing Club, won by four lengths from H. A. Wittkopf, of the Ariel Rowing Club.

Junior outrigger skiff race—Stanley Adderley, of the Triton Swimming and Boating Club, 1; Dr. F. R. Axton, Dolphin Swimming and Boating Club, 2; E. B. Thorning, Alameda Boating Club, 3. Adderley won as he liked.

Junior four-oared barge race—Ariel Rowing Club, 1; Alameda Boating Club, 2; South End Rowing Club, 3. Ariels came home winners by two lengths. The Ariel crew was made up thus: Charles Winter, bow; Charles Peters, No. 2; F. Loth, No. 3; E. Lynch, stroke; Roy West, coxswain.

Senior four-oared barge race—Alameda Boating Club, 1; Pioneer Rowing Club, 2; South End Rowing Club, 3. Alamedas won by two lengths after a well-contested race. The Alameda crew was made up thus: E. B. Hadcock, bow; W. G. Hansen, No. 2; D. G. Greenleaf, No. 3; F. W. Ayers, stroke; E. Hansen, coxswain.

A ten-oared cutter race between crews of Divisions 1 and 2 of the Naval Militia was won, after a keen struggle, by Division 2.

The course was about one mile and one furlong, and consisted of one long leg to the turning stakes, and back to a point two hundred yards short of the starting-line.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

LATE AUTUMN ROAD RECORDS.



NEW times for 100 and 1,000 miles finished road record making for 1899 in the Eastern States. Late in October Edward W. Goodwin, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose name has figured prominently in the American road record tables for a number of years, covered a "century" over the Hammonton - Absecon (N. J.) course in 4:37:00, four minutes less than the former best time credited to Everett Andrews, of Atlantic City.

The trial was under the immediate auspices of the Century Road Club of America and the Time Wheelmen, of Philadelphia, of which Goodwin is a member. At nearly the same time, Wm. H. Brown, of the Borough of Brooklyn, was successful in establishing a new mark for ten consecutive centuries, of 83h. 4m. $\frac{1}{2}$ s., thereby eclipsing Rivierre's former time of 9h. 15m. The trial was over the triangular course near Valley Stream, L. I. Following are Brown's times by centuries:

Miles.	Time.
100	6:18
200	13:47
300	19:55
400	28:50
500	36:20*
600	49:00*
700	57:05*
800	64:45*
900	74:42*
1000	83:04 $\frac{1}{2}$ *

The Borough of Manhattan-Philadelphia road record, which is usually an all-season bone of contention between the fast road riders of the two cities named, remains for 1899 to the credit of Charles Mock, of Manhattan, whose performance of October 8th, covering the distance in 5h. 48m. 3s., has been since attacked a number of times, but unsuccessfully.

WAR AND THE BICYCLE.

Contemporaneously with the disappearance of the "craze" of cycling, there has been brought about a clearer, more accurate and conservative view of the actual spheres of usefulness of the wheel than obtained when, not so very long ago, nearly every power and capability was considered as belonging to it. The possibilities of the bicycle in war have been a matter of much debate for a number of years, during which time various tests have been made in this and other countries, to determine the speed and relative efficiency of the cyclist as a despatch courier, the practicability of moving bodies of troops by this means, and so following. Wheel mounted expeditions have been conducted through the Yellowstone National Park, across Long Island, from Fort Sheridan (on Lake Michigan) to Washington,

and elsewhere in the United States, while among the great armies of Continental Europe cycle corps are not rare, being more particularly in evidence at the national manoeuvres. All these things have given rise to the reasonable hope that some more practical trial might at the first opportunity be made. Nevertheless, not once during the war in Cuba, nor so far during the campaigns of the Americans in the Philippines or of the British in the Transvaal, has a ray of light been thrown upon the subject now under discussion; this notwithstanding the fact that both Major-General Miles and Lord Wolseley, commanders-in-chief respectively of the United States and English armies, have expressed their confidence in the worth of the military cycle and cyclist to the general service, and have personally promoted tests supposed to be among conditions closely approximating those of actual conflict. The conclusions based upon these premises, combined with some intimate knowledge of the limitations as well as the possibilities of the machine, incline one to the belief that if a commander expects to realize his peace-nurtured enthusiasm for the use of the bicycle, he should select his enemy and plan the territory of his campaign with strict regard to that purpose.

THE C. R. C. OF AMERICA.

OUTING has taken the opportunity a number of times within the past few years to speak approvingly of the organization and work of the Century Road Club of America. Road riding and records being practically ignored by the L. A. W., it was desirable that some body of cycling sportsmen should come forward to take cognizance of this branch of the pastime and provide means for keeping track of doings worthy of record therein. The establishment of standards by which individual performances could be judged, the chaff separated from the wheat, and the stamp of approval placed upon the meritorious, was in fact essential. To this work the Century Road Club of America, evolved from a road club of Chicago in 1892, fell heir. One of the best characteristics of this small but vital organization has been the absence of cheap notoriety hovering about its doings. Gentlemen of enthusiasm and of personal integrity have almost uniformly been its officers and promoters, and the records accepted by the Road Records Committee have, it is believed, never once been questioned. The interests of cycle touring in the United States have been well, and in no slight degree, promoted by the C. R. C. of America.

In view of these facts, which just criticism cannot gainsay, I am sorry to note the disturbances now present in the Ohio division of this organization. Dissatisfaction with some of the officers is given as the cause for rival tickets, and some talk of secession from the parent body. It puzzles most members—of whom The Prowler is one—to know just what it is all about, and it is the opinion of the great majority that such shortcomings as may exist in the Buckeye division should be borne until the next election, now not very far off, places the most speedy and effective of all remedies in their hands.

THE PROWLER.

*New American road records.

CRICKET.

THE tour of Prince Ranjitsinhji's team finished at Toronto on October 13th. The prediction that the team was by far the best that has visited this country was fully substantiated. Of the five games played three were brought to a decided finish. The opening match against the Philadelphia Colts was unfinished, and the result was somewhat of an open matter as the scores stood. There is little doubt, however, that had the New York game been finished, the result would have been decidedly in favor of the Prince's team. Unfortunately, the Prince was, owing to illness, unable to take part in this game, but the absence of A. C. MacLaren, who played the first day and was to have batted on the second, caused considerable disappointment among the spectators; so much had been heard of his excellent work that many had journeyed to Livingston with the desire of seeing him at the wicket.

In the averages A. E. Stoddart headed the batting, with an average of 58.50 runs for five innings. G. L. Jessop's performance with the ball was particularly fine; he was well in front of the other bowlers with a fine average of 24 wickets, at a cost of 5 37 per wicket.

A record of the games played follows:

September 25, 26, 27—At Elmwood, Philadelphia, Prince Ranjitsinhji's XII., 185; Philadelphia Colts' XXII., 205 and 95 for ten wickets. Drawn.

September 29, 30, October 2—At Haverford, Philadelphia, Prince Ranjitsinhji's XI., 435; Gentlemen of Philadelphia, 156 and 106. Won by an innings and 173 runs.

October 4, 5—At Livingston, Staten Island, Prince Ranjitsinhji's XI., 330; New York's XIV., 149 and 132 for ten wickets. Drawn.

October 7, 9, 10—At Manheim, Philadelphia, Prince Ranjitsinhji's XI., 363; Gentlemen of Philadelphia, 85 and 147. Won by an innings and 131 runs.

October 12, 13—At Toronto, Ontario, Prince Ranjitsinhji's XI., 267 (declared for seven wickets); Canada, 87 and 174. Won by an innings and 6 runs.

HALIFAX CUP.

The season's games for the Halifax Cup, which represents the championship of Philadelphia's best clubs, finished with the following results:

	Played.	W.	L.
Germantown.....	16	12	4
Merion.....	10	6	4
Belmont.....	10	6	4
Philadelphia.....	10	4	6
Radnor.....	10	0	10

METROPOLITAN DISTRICT LEAGUE.

The results of the season's work in the Metropolitan District League and the New York Cricket Association were as follows:

METROPOLITAN DISTRICT LEAGUE.

	Plyd.	Won.	Lost.	Drn.
Knickerbocker Team A.....	*9	8	1	1
Knickerbocker Team B.....	*9	7	2	1
Manhattan.....	10	5	3	2
New York.....	10	4	6	0
Staten Island.....	10	4	6	0
Newark.....	*8	0	10	0

* The Newark Club forfeited one game to each of the Knickerbocker teams.

NEW YORK CRICKET ASSOCIATION.

	Plyd.	Won.	Lost.	Drn.
Paterson Team A.....	10	8	0	2
Kearny.....	10	5	3	2
Brooklyn.....	10	4	4	2
Manhattan H.....	10	2	4	4
Kings Co.....	10	2	6	2
Paterson Team B.....	10	2	6	2

In the League batting averages, M. R. Cobb, of the Knickerbocker A. C., once more headed the list, with a fine average of 60.50 for nine innings. The bowling average went to J. E. Roberts of the New York club, who took twenty-two wickets at a cost of 5.40.

In the Association batting averages, A. Brown of the Brooklyn club was top of the list, with an average of 29.37 for nine innings. The bowling was won by L. Livingston, of the Kearny club, who took twenty-seven wickets at the very small cost of 2.14.

T. C. TURNER.

CRICKET ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The last match in the schedule of the California Cricket Association, for 1899, was played October 8th, on the ground, at Webster street, Alameda, between the Pacific and California Clubs. The Californias played three men short, and were all out for 113 runs, the highest scorers being A. Dickenson, 57, and E. J. Loughman, 20. Coles took 5 wickets for 33, and Casidy 2 for 21 runs. For the Pacifics, C. Simmonds batted well, making 48 runs in good style. J. J. Theobald scored 28, and C. P. Coles 27. The innings closed, with three wickets to fall, for 131 runs, the Pacifics thus winning by 18 runs. Homan took 4 wickets for 65, and Dickenson 2 for 39.

The outlook for next cricket season is good. The newest club, the California, has now the largest number of members; the Alameda and Pacific Clubs are fairly strong; and a new club (the Albion), formed in Oakland, will play next year. The Lakeport and Burns Valley Clubs, in Lake County, have had an active season, and the Country Club, of Santa Cruz, has established a cricket annex. There are also clubs at Keswick in Shasta County, Penrhyn in Placer County, at Sacramento and Grass Valley. In the southern part of the State there is the Los Angeles Cricket Club.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. A. W. Justice Buck, in the Supreme Court of Minnesota, held that

"It is not the duty of a party lawfully traveling upon a public highway upon a bicycle, when he sees a horse and carriage approaching, to stop and inquire whether such horse will become frightened, especially in the absence of apparent reason for so doing."

TOURIST. Under the recent agreement come to by the L. A. W. and the Cyclists' Touring

Club of England, Members of the L. A. W. who contemplate making a tour in Europe will be provided with membership cards of the C. T. C., and when they reach the other side will be entitled to all the advantages of a resident member. There will in addition be a resident representative of the L. A. W. in Paris during the Exhibition.



Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

OUT FOR HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER.

OUTING.

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*A Christmas Message from Ocracoke**

A Legend of Colonial Days.

BY SARA BEAUMONT KENNEDY,

Author of "A Jamestown Romance," and other Colonial Stories.



HERE the two rivers flowed together there was a wide expanse of water, for although the Trent was but an insignificant stream, yet the Neuse, even at this distance from the Sound, widened out until a mile of rippling silver lay between its banks. The town stood on a tongue of land dwindling to a point at the juncture of the streams. The triangular space of water at the apex of this point was ever a favorite anchorage with the seamen of the section.

And here, on a certain summer afternoon more than a century ago, a goodly number of fishing boats and other coasting craft rode safely at their cables, their sails close-reefed, their oars drying in the sun. The day had been intensely warm, and the on-coming evening was most welcome to the men in charge of the boats, for a fresh salt wind from down the river was whipping what clouds it could find westward, that the approaching sunset might be a pageant

of color. On the rude pier and along the beaten path at the water's hem certain of the townsfolk, in companies of two, took the delicious evening air, sitting together on anything that could be made to serve as a resting place or else strolling slowly and aimlessly to and fro.

And in their rocking cockle-shells out on the water the rough seamen smiled knowingly at one another, chuckling significantly with their tongues in their cheeks, for well was it known that those who loitered by the river at this witching hour were the courting couples of the colony. Sober married folk or those whom fate had cheated of prospective mates kept to their tasks until the day's last glimmer was gone; it was Cupid only who could tempt a man to put down his tools or quit his shop ere the belt of pines to the west had swallowed up the sun. And so it was that the old salts jested with one another over their stubby pipes as they patched their sails or mended their nets in the amber radiance.

"Look you, Derrick," cried one, stretching his brown hand shoreward, "an my eyes be true o' vision, yonder goes your son Philip with the farrier's lass. You'll soon be having a daughter-in-law, methinks."

*Ocracoke Inlet, an arm of Pamlico Sound, was the hiding place of Teach, or "Black-Beard," the pirate who ravaged the Carolina coast in Colonial times. He was captured and executed about the year 1718.



Painted for OUTING by F. W. Read.

"PHYLLIS STOOD BETWEEN THE TWO MEN WITH UPLIFTED ARM." (p. 332.)

"Aye, and a damnable bargain Lissa will be making to take him, water-shy landlubber that he is," answered the father scornfully. All the colony knew how his son's choice of a calling had angered him.

"Come, come, be not so rough on the lad. He is a fine hand at the forge; and 'tis naught against a man that he likes a roof over his head when the storms come."

The other jerked his thumb toward the sail overhead. "That ha' been roof enough for me, and it should ha' been for him or any other man o' muscle."

"Well, yon couple on the old stranded boat pleases you better mayhap!" Derrick strained his eyes in the direction indicated, and the scowl left his brow.

"'Tis Master Howard. Aye, lads, there's a man for you—sailor to the backbone! I mind the time he ran away and went to sea ten years ago. I' the truth I helped him off. Just fourteen he was, but more of a man than many a graybeard. Who is yon lassie wi' him?"

"Sure, and that question proves you go not much ashore, since he is never wi' but one lass—Miss Phyllis Disossway, daughter to the warehouse master. 'Tis trying he is to get himself spliced wi' her."

"Faith, and that is a pity; but young folk will go a-sillying. Going to the parson oftentimes spoils a man for going to sea. He is apt to fall thinking o' his wife when the wind blows, and then his heart gets into his stomach so that he e'en forgets how to swear."

"But you married, Derrick."

"Aye, aye; I'm not denying but I, too, ha' been a fool in my day," the skipper answered, glancing shoreward in search of his son, as though therein lay the proof of his words. "Mayhap I were a bigger fool than most folk, for Polly could not a-bear the sight o' the sea; and when the wind came piping—"

But his reminiscences were interrupted by a cry from one of the boats on the outskirts of the little fleet.

"A sail—a strange sail in the offing!"

Instantly every eye turned eastward down the widening river. A beautiful sight it was they beheld, a trim vessel with every sail set and bellying out to the wind, making straight for the anchorage between the currents. The setting sun had stained the waters, so

that her dark hull seemed cleaving its way through furrowed gold, while the white sails above looked all of a piece with Jason's fleece.

But instead of admiration, a subtle terror filled the faces of the watchers, and presently a whispered word spread from boat to boat.

"Black-Beard!"

"Aye, 'tis he; I know the cut o' his jib, though his black flag be hid away," said Derrick ominously. "Somewhat must be amiss wi' him that he sails thus openly into port. There is a price of many pounds upon his head."

Steadily the beautiful ship came onward; but the little boats about the shore slipped their moorings one by one and scattered like frightened fowls at the approach of a hawk, so that only a few of the larger ones remained when the newcomer dropped her anchor.

There was no welcoming hail from anyone as a boat was lowered from her deck and five men came over the side to man it. The sailors on the fishing schooners looked on sullenly, for the big gun on the stranger's deck could, in a moment, be trained upon the town or upon themselves. On shore the couples watched the unfolding of events with an interest born mainly of curiosity, for they knew not who the newcomer might be. So the boat made its way quietly to the shore, and four of the men stepped out, leaving the fifth to watch in his place. The leader, a tall, powerful fellow wrapped in a long Spanish cloak, wore a dark beard that swept his chest and masked the lower part of his face so that one might not judge what manner of man he was, except, indeed, by the fierce eyes that burned beneath his shaggy brows.

Now, it so happened that Mistress Phyllis Disossway sat upon the upturned boat so that she faced this stranger as he landed, and her placid, pleasing face, with the sunset behind it, must have touched his fancy, for a moment later he had uncovered his head and was bowing before her with a rough courtesy that was not without a certain charm.

"I pray you, Mistress, is there a leech in your village who can make shift to patch up a broken man?"

There was something so startling in the man's black looks, despite his attempt at courtliness, that Phyllis went suddenly pale and hesitated in her

speech. Whereupon Master Howard, with his legs on the other side of the narrow boat so that his back was toward the stranger, turned to see the cause of her confusion, and his surprise was great as he beheld the tall, dark man so close upon them.

"Whence come you, and who are you?" he demanded so suddenly that his voice had a touch of roughness.

"I did address this damsel, sir, not you," was the short answer.

Amos Howard got up and stepped over the end of the upturned boat so that he stood between the girl and the stranger. He was not so tall as the latter by many inches, nor so heavy by many pounds, but he faced him stoutly.

"This damsel, sir, is in my care, and I will answer for her. The leech you seek lives on the second corner yonder, where the barber's sign hangs; but ere you go to him you will answer my query as to your name and coming."

The other laughed scoutingly: "Will I, forsooth? Methinks, young man, you have over-much curiosity. 'Tis not always a quality to be desired, particularly by men of—pigmy build."

The sneer in the last words was not lost upon Howard, who was ever sensitive as to his size. "There be oft-times more in a man's face than in his stature whereof to be ashamed," he said with bold emphasis, his hand on his sword.

"Master Howard, Master Howard!" pleaded Phyllis at his elbow. But he shook her off impatiently.

"I sought no quarrel with you," said the stranger, thrusting his right hand under his cloak, "but had you looked more closely at this face, which so displeases you, you would have seen that I am not the man to turn my back on a fight. Draw your blade, sir."

But at this juncture there was the sharp grating of a keel on the pebbles, a warning cry from the sailor in the stranger's boat, and a moment later a scurry of feet along the path. The two men forgot each other as they turned to learn the cause of this commotion. It was apparent at a glance: a score of seamen from the in-lying boats had come ashore, and, armed with knives, boat-hooks and aught else they could lay hands on, were closing in on the stranger and his three followers, for the three sailors had sprung to their chief's side. In an instant they were the

center of an angry, clamoring crowd. Curses and threats rent the air. On the outskirts of the crowd Phyllis could not make out what was being said, the shouts were so confused; she saw only the strife that was opening, her lover's peril, and the fearful odds against the strangers.

Howard, however, had comprehended better than she, and wheeling about he sprang toward the tall leader with drawn sword and a hoarse cry. The thrust of his weapon would have been the signal for a general onslaught; but the blow was never struck. With a quick bound Phyllis stood between the two men with uplifted arms.

"Hold! See you not that you are twenty to four! Brave men fight not with such odds in their favor!"

The straight, lithe figure was erect, the chin lifted, the face pale, the usually placid eyes lit by an unwonted emotion. Involuntarily boat-hooks and staves dropped to the ground. The eloquence of her attitude and words thrilled through the crowd.

"Fight fairly, four to four, or open a way and let these men depart in peace."

The fine quality of her voice still held them, so that silently they broke ranks on the side toward the water. The tall stranger doffed his hat and bent before her as to a sovereign.

"You have saved many lives this day, fair maid, for at a signal from me my men on yonder ship would have turned their guns upon this harbor. I came here in peace, seeking Christian aid for this," he threw back the corner of his cloak and showed his left arm strapped helplessly across his breast. "You have done me a greater service than you know, and one day you will find that a sea rover forgets not a kindness. Guards!"

Instantly the men stood at attention; then, falling into step behind him, they passed to their boat which in a moment more shot out swiftly toward the larger vessel. In the stern the chief stood bare-headed, his gaze riveted on the girl who had thus unexpectedly and almost miraculously effected his deliverance.

But the sound of the dipping oars broke the spell upon the crowd on shore. With fierce imprecations on their own tardiness they sprang to their boats, and the pursuit began. But the

rovers had the start and were soon out of reach, on their own deck.

Howard turned to Phyllis, in his eyes the homage which men yield involuntarily to courage. "Know you what manner of man you have this day saved from a just punishment?"

She shook her head. All her exaltation was gone, and she had sunk down on the old boat trembling violently.

"Well, yonder man was Edward Teach, of Ocracoke Inlet, 'Black-Beard,' the pirate, whose misdoings are on every tongue, and upon whose head Governor Eaton has set a goodly price. What think you his Excellency will say?"

"I care not—I could not help it, they looked so few and so—so doomed!" she cried, flinging out her hands with a sudden nervous movement.

He took the hands in his own and drew her to her feet. "Well, 'twas bravely done; but you have let a bad man go free."

"And—and cheated us of the Governor's reward," put in a surly fellow who had remained on shore.

"Lost you a few paltry pounds perchance, and saved your neck instead," retorted Howard. "Heard you not what the pirate said about the guns?"

"But he would never ha' given the signal, lest the shot catch him also," was the surly answer.

"You know not whereof you prate. There had been at least a chance of escape for him from the shot, but not from our blows. The signal would have been given. Now, have you or your fellows here aught else to say of Mistress Disossway?" The falling shadows hid his features, but there was such a threatening ring in his voice that no rejoinder was made him.

The next day Phyllis's deed was on every tongue. Plenty there were to censure her for aiding the notorious outlaw to escape, but even the fault-finders commended the courage that had enabled her to step in between the brawling men. Her crippled father stroked her dark hair with an ever widening smile, and though the mother said something about "unmaidenly forwardness," yet she made the girl's favorite pudding for dinner and purposely neglected to wake her early in the morning.

The girl was sorely confused by the attention she had attracted to herself. She had dwelt now three years in the

New Berne colony between the rivers, and in all this while she had never been so sought after as in the few days following the visit of the pirates. The high and low of the town called at her door or stood to watch her pass along the street until she was embarrassed by the notice, for by nature she was exceedingly shrinking.

Never before had Amos Howard found her so attractive. Her hitherto placid face was changeful with contrasting emotions, and her soft, dark eyes had new lights and shadows in their depths that held his fancy thrall'd; so that although his ship was laden ready for its cruise to the Barbadoes, yet day after day found him lingering at Phyllis's door. Finally when he did sail it was with a light heart, for all the town knew that she had plighted him her troth, and so he carried a cargo of love dreams in his fancy. On the upturned boat by the water Phyllis stood and shaded her eyes from the morning light as his ship went dipping down the river; then turned home to her baking and spinning to wait patiently the three months that must elapse ere he should return. In that coming golden autumn time they were to be wed, and the next time he sailed south she would not stand on the shore and wave her farewell, but she would be on the ship's deck to make the long voyage with him. Often she thought of this as she turned her wheel, drawing out the threads that were to help fashion forth her wedding outfit. Her avowed betrothal gave her a sense of remoteness from her companions, so that much of her time she was left alone with her thoughts.

"Phyllis Disossway was never a merry soul at best, but now she seems ever in a dream. Methinks sweetheartings should not be so like a case of sulks," said careless Lissa Stark one day. "When Philip and I are betrothed I shall go laughing all the while."

"And thereby prove yourself but a feather-brain as you are," retorted her companion.

So the long summer passed and early autumn reddened over the fields, and Phyllis began to watch the big river as it flowed away to the sea hoping for a sail from the far-off Indies, although she knew it was yet a month ere it was due. But no news of the absentee reached her. Instead there were harassing

tidings of the wild doings of the pirate Black-Beard, who, in his dread vessel, ravaged the coast along the Sound and even carried his black flag up the rivers that came down from the inland. Many attempts were made to capture him, but his vessel was well armed, and he himself desperate and wary. Never a vessel came into the New Berne port but brought some fresh account of the doings of the lawless rover. And if these vessels had been overhauled by him, always the captain brought a message wherein the pirate made his "humble duty to Mistress Phyllis Disossway, to whom his life was forfeit should he ever cease to remember that he held the same by virtue of her courage." And once with the message there came a cask of wine, and another time a crate of tropical fruit, both of which gifts Phyllis promptly declined and turned over to those fishermen who had suffered at the pirate's hands.

"When next you meet Edward Teach," she said, haughtily, to the bringers of these gifts, "say to him that Phyllis Disossway is not a receiver of stolen goods."

And loud and long the black-bearded lips had laughed when the message reached him.

"'Tis like her, with that spirit she has. By Taurus, 'tis half a mind I have to steal the wench herself! A pretty figurehead she'd make for my ship in seasons of peace—only for me there are no seasons of peace."

October's red sandals wore themselves to shreds, and November's garments rustled faintly in the forest aisles. Out of the winds and waves of the Atlantic a storm-chased vessel, long overdue, drifted into the calmer waters of the passage between the outlying islands that skirted the entrance to the Sound. A song of joy was in the hearts of the sailors, for the voyage had been a long and rough one. Twice had the wings of the storm beaten them out of their track, and twice had they worked their toilsome way back to the opening between the islands. Now the danger was past, and the sailor in the rigging and the captain on the deck were smiling with the same thought of home—and love, counting the days ere they should furl sails.

It was sunset time. The cloud-strewn sky was a blaze of color. Low down on the western waters the sun hung waver-

ing. A faint mist floated over the sea, and the level rays of light fired it with beauty, threading all the air with rose and violet. The water gave back, shade for shade, the marvelous panorama of the heavens; and in the transfiguring light the low-lying shores seemed like the enchanted islands of the blessed.

Standing at the bow of the boat, with the dipping keel threading its way onward through the leaping waves, Howard watched the pageant until the last glint of color had been swallowed up in the deepening twilight. A score of sweet fancies tugged at his heart, so that he noticed not that the night had swooped down upon them with the thickening mist. He did not know how long he stood thus, gazing straight ahead into that dream-world wherein was needed nor sun nor moon, since the soft light of his beloved's eyes was shining there. But suddenly the reverie was broken by a sharp cry from the lookout aloft in the rigging.

"Hard to lee—boat ahead!"

Then, as the pilot obeyed and the sailors ran hither and thither, Howard shook off his lethargy and realized that it was night—night rendered doubly dark by the densest fog he had ever seen. He shouted an order over his shoulder and sprang to the rail, hoping to send a warning over the water. But already close to the ship's side was a darker blot on the night than the engulfing shadows made, and the next moment the bow of a strange vessel thrust itself forward through the mist folds. For one awful moment the collision seemed inevitable. Instinctively the men on the forward deck of the merchantman stretched out their hands in quest of something to which they might cling when the shock came. In that one moment of suspense muscles went taut and lips grew dry and parched, for life hung on the turn of a rudder. But the ship answered nobly the call upon her and tacked quickly and skillfully from under the stranger's bows. The men drew deep breaths of relief, and let go their hold on rail and rope and straining mast, and, with muttered exclamations, turned their faces sternward to catch through the mist some definite idea of the danger that had menaced them. There was but a light breeze, and in a minute more there was heard a voice out of the shadow-shape

to the rear asking the refugee's name and destination.

"The *Hesperus*, out of Barbadoes, bound for New Berne," sang out Captain Howard, and made in turn his own inquiry.

But though each man listened closely, no answer was heard. Again the captain shouted his question, and again there was an ominous silence. Then the sailors of the *Hesperus* crowded rearward to strain their eyes through the mist in eager hope of solving for themselves the mystery. They were prepared for anything except for that which came, for there was a flash and a roar, and a cannon ball hissed past the ship and dropped into the sea beyond. In the silence that followed the report a command rang over the water for them to reef sail and surrender.

"'Tis the pirate—'tis Edward Teach himself," cried Derrick, who had joined his fortunes to Howard's in this voyage.

But the crew had already instinctively grasped the truth, and every man was away to his post with the quickness of machinery. No one there but knew the peril that threatened, and there were no laggard hands on ropes or spars.

"Our one chance is to run for it, and trust the mist to help us hide," said Howard between his teeth.

The breeze had freshened, and its course was with their new tack. But the pursuer had now gotten his ship well in hand, and the chase was on in truth. The moon rose out of the east, and her silver light permeated the mist and made an illusive whiteness where before there had been but a black vastness. Down the wind came to the *Hesperus* the cries and curses of those in the rear. For half an hour they ran thus; then the shape behind began to draw nearer apace, and the cannon on its deck again belched out its deadly summons. But the mist made it hard for the gunners to gauge their distance, and so most of the missiles went wide of the mark. But by and by, as the wind blew out great lengths of vapor in the wake of the *Hesperus*, the aim from behind was more accurate, for one shot tore away the railing about the stern deck, and another fell crashing among the bales and boxes heaped on the poop.

"An we had but a gun to answer them, by the Eternal, we'd show them something beside our heels!" cried Der-

rick furiously, thinking, like Howard, of that June day when this buccaneer had gone scathless from among them.

But cannon were scarce in the colony, and the *Hesperus* was only an unarmed merchantman, so there was nothing to do but run. Thus another half hour passed, during which the two ships sped through the illuminated mist like specters of the deep.

But the black shape behind was larger and carried more sail to catch the wind, and yard by yard, and foot by foot, the distance between them was diminished, until its bow lapped past the stern of the *Hesperus*, and a call for surrender pierced the intervening shadows. In vain the little vessel tried to draw away; a grappling hook flung with accurate aim drew her under the bows of her opponent, and in a moment more the pirates were swarming over her side. But the reception they met was not one of passive submission. Swords and clubs and staves were the weapons of the merchantman sailors; but in the hands of desperate men these did effective service, and many of the invaders met death at the rail. For a few minutes the combat raged furiously, but the superior numbers and equipment of the foe could leave no doubt of the final result, and soon the little band of defenders—what was left of them—were disarmed, and stood sullenly in the presence of their captors.

"'Twould serve you right an I made the lot of you walk the plank this night," cried the deep voice of Black-Beard, as he glanced at the handful of men who had dared oppose him. Snatching a torch from one of his followers he thrust it close to the face of Howard, who stood at the head of his little band, his head bruised and bleeding, his left shoe full of blood from a wound in his leg. His strength was near to spent already, and the hot air from the torch so overcame him that he reeled backward and fell fainting to the deck.

"Take him up, men. 'Tis Howard, of New Berne, the very man for my purpose. Mind you not 'twas he would have led the attack against me in yonder cursed town? By my black flag, I would not take a king's ransom for him!" cried the bearded chief, with a demoniacal laugh that made the sailors of the *Hesperus* shiver with dread for the fate in store for their leader.

Then followed the sacking of the merchantman. For two long hours the pirates went back and forth with casks of tea and sugar and costly bales of goods. Rope coils, bolts of canvas, pantry stores, and aught else they might use, were carried onto their deck. It was past midnight ere the work was completed. Then the pirate gave command that the captive sailors should be unbound, which being done he told them he spared their lives and gave them back their ship, but on condition that they should turn tail and retrace their course to the sea, nor venture in the Sound again under three days. This, he knew, would give him ample time wherein to dispose of his prize before an alarm could be raised.

"You may now go, but I shall keep your commander," he said, with that same devilish laugh, as he turned to where the still unconscious Howard lay. "I need him as a trophy of my victory. Up with him, men, and put him yonder in our cabin; not a king's ransom, no, not a king's ransom——"

The rest of the sentence was lost to the sailors of the *Hesperus*, for he had climbed over the rail to his own vessel, and was now sounding the signal for their departure. Slowly and mournfully the sacked craft took its way again toward the rough Atlantic, the hopes and enthusiasm of the crew gone like the mist before the risen wind.

In the long, gray shadows of breaking day a heavy laden vessel crept stealthily from the Sound into the mouth of Ocracoke Inlet, and hid itself in one of its many crooked arms.

Slowly the vessel made its way to port and dropped anchor at its old moorings, while the fishermen from their small boats were shouting questions to the dispirited sailors who heaved the anchor or pulled at the ropes. There were not many answers to these questions, but by and by a single word went the rounds of the boats, and was passed on to the shore.

"Black-Beard!"

That was all the explanation necessary; the condition of the ship and the mournful looks of the sailors told the rest of the tale.

And yet not all of it, either; for to one spectator, a woman waiting at the landing in tumult of excitement, the battered ship and despoiled cargo were

as nothing to the sequel of the tragedy that Derrick told her when the crew came ashore. She had gone out to hear a tale of love; she was told a tale of death. They carried her home insensible in a bit of canvas, and the rough sailors who bore the corners wept like little children when they put her down in her father's house.

No one could tell exactly the fate of her lover, but in the minds of all there lived a dark picture of him as, with bound hands and shotted ankles, he walked to his death from the buccaneer's deck.

For two weeks Phyllis lay in her bed; then she began to creep about again. But the fever seemed still in her brain, for at times the fishermen mending their nets by the water heard her murmuring strange words to herself as she wandered past them, and often, after long silences, she would break suddenly into shrill laughter or wild weeping. With the superstition of their kind, the simple folk of her class looked at her askance, and whispered to each other behind her back, touching their foreheads with sad sighs and nods. More than ever did the young women avoid her. She was distraught, they said, and they feared her. Thus she went alone to the river shore each day, and, standing on the upturned boat, shaded her eyes with her joined hands, and gazed for hours over the rippling expanse for a phantom sail that would bring her lover to her. And when those about the wharf tried to tell her that her vigil was useless, that he for whom she waited would never come again, she turned upon them fiercely, telling them they knew not whereof they spoke, that he but lingered for a fair wind to bring him into port. And so, at last, they let her be, seeing she was happier thus. Unmolested, she went and came by sunlight or star ray, for not a rough boatman of the coast but felt the pathos of her life and answered the touching appeal her helplessness made upon his strength and sympathy. Without the form of spoken words, she became, when abroad from her home, the ward of the whole seafaring fraternity, and it would have gone ill with the man or woman who gave her a rough word. Nothing but her lover's return could break the evil spell upon her, they said wistfully, yet knowing all the while that this could never be.

Often she sat with them and their wives mending nets or weaving baskets, giving no heed to the talk that went the rounds among them, but smiling wanly at the little acts of kindness they practiced toward her, taking the animal comfort of the delicate fruit, the warm drink or the sheltered seat they gave her with the undemonstrative demeanor of a grateful dog. Many an evening of that mild Southern winter did Derrick stay out of his cabin long after the supper hour that she might not go unattended to her house, where her old parents waited for her in agony of spirit.

"For Amos's sake," the skipper said often to himself, as he went home tired and hungry after a long wait. "Poor Amos, 'tis well that he can never know that her mind is gone out like a snuffed candle."

Always when the wind blew up the river from the Sound she was on the wharf, that flickering smile upon her lips, the light of an eager expectancy quenching for a while the childish vacancy of her gaze. All day she sat on the up-turned boat, crying out joyfully at every dipping sail on the horizon, and weeping silently when it brought her not him for whom she wearied. And when the wind shifted or died away at nightfall, she went home crying through the dark, and in the cottages laughter died and eyes filled with sudden tears at sound of her bitter grief.

"Woe to me—he comes not, he comes not!"

Thus December came and began to wane, and there was no sign of her mending. It was Christmas Day, a clear, calm day, that filled the heart with peace and seemed to hold somewhere in its sunny silences the secret of man's redemption. Not a breath of air rustled the dry vines over the cottage doors, and the river flowed away to the sea with the psalm of good will murmuring deep in its tide. It was a day when work, even for the irreligious, seemed a sacrilege; and so the boats rocked idly in the harbor and the wharf was deserted. So it was that a vessel coming up out of the blue reaches to the east had stopped in front of the town ere the inhabitants were aware. The English flag fluttered from the mast, and the four sailors who came ashore from the longboat had each of them the colors of

that flag tied into his cap. From the boat these men lifted to the wharf with the utmost care a long, narrow box fashioned like a coffin, with rope handles at the sides, and a bit of canvas tacked over the top for a cover.

By this time a score of men had assembled on the shore from the cabins and cottages and stood gaping at the strangers, who merely nodded as they hoisted the box slowly from the boat. When this was accomplished, one of them, a short, stubby fellow, taking off his cap, slowly and with much ceremony, said:

"Men of New Berne, my master sends here a Christmas greeting to a lady of your town. Will you look to it that she does get it safely?" And then without waiting for an answer he sprang with his comrades into the boat, and the flashing oars carried them swiftly to the ship's side. Not until they were on board and the vessel under way again, did the gaping spectators bestir themselves about the box. But they kept aloof and eyed it suspiciously, wondering what so queer a receptacle could hold.

"Who was yonder stranger?" asked one, doubtfully.

"She flies the English flag, but the cut of her jib is of Ocracoke," said a surly man with just a half conviction in his voice.

"Aye, that is a true word, mate. Black-Beard is up to his old tricks again. Who knows but that yon cask may hold a mischief for us?"

"Nonsense, Staver. What mischief could a box like that hold for a town?"

"I know not, but I do ever mistrust a man like yonder pirate."

By this time word had gone through the neighborhood, and other men were hastening to the spot. The queer box was for a moment forgotten in talk of a pursuit, but even the most daring spirits among them knew the futility of such an effort, and after the first burst of indignation at the boldness of this entrance into their harbor, the talk all turned on the box upon the wharf.

"'Tis some devil's device. Let us cast it into the water before it work us an evil," was the cry from several throats.

They would have rushed in a mass to carry out their plan, but Derrick, feeling the mystery of it all, interposed. Stepping out of the crowd he stood

over the box and read the inscription roughly written thereon :

" Edward Teach herein sends to Phyllis Disossway full payment for the life debt he owes to her. Henceforward he and she are at one."

Aloud he read it, spelling the words out slowly. To Phyllis Disossway?—A life debt? Then suddenly they understood—the cruel pirate had sent the girl the body of her dead lover on this day of good will and peace. Could fiend of purgatory have concocted plan more hellish? The body of her lover, for whose loss she went disheveled and distraught through their streets! In a sudden fury these rough seamen, who held the girl in such pity of tenderness, tore the canvas cover from the box, and found—what, and yet not what, they expected—Amos Howard, indeed, but Amos Howard alive, not dead! A silken scarf was tied over his mouth, and his hands and feet fast bound, and yet it was all done so carefully that while he was helpless yet he was not in any pain. As his rescuers realized this a great shout rent the air, and in a trice friendly knives had cut away the bonds, and eager hands had set him on his feet. For a few minutes the shouting was so loud and joyous that nothing else was heard: but presently Derrick held up his hand for silence, and Amos told his story in a few short sentences. He had been long recovering from his wound. Teach, who had learned of his betrothal through his ravings, had spared his life and held him in custody until this day, that he might serve as a Christmas greeting to Phyllis, and so balance the pirate's debt to her for his own life.

"And Phyllis—?"

The question died on his lips, stayed by the startled looks of those about him. Appealingly he turned to Derrick, and, after a moment's hesitation, the old man told him the truth, how she had faded waiting for him, and how they feared she would never be strong of mind again. The agony of it all painted itself on Amos's face as he listened, and as soon as the tale was told he must needs have it all over again, as though the full meaning of it had not reached him. For long minutes he leaned on the skipper's shoulder, shaken with the storm of his grief. Then out of the stoniness of his sorrow there grew a hope, a resolution

that as by love she had lost her way in the dark, so by love would he lead her back to the light. Those who heard him declare his purpose thought vaguely of the pictured faces of heroes or archangels, so full of fervor and exaltation were his eyes. Then they began to whisper among themselves how best to bring about the meeting, for always their careful thought was for the girl.

But even as they talked there came suddenly out of the silence of the street beyond a voice singing aimlessly and colorlessly the refrain of an old song, and presently the drooping figure they knew so well came slowly down the open space that sloped to the water. Involuntarily, and with the same instinct of protection for her, the crowd closed about Amos and the box. At sight of so many people standing together Phyllis paused, and the dream-like look in her eyes gave place to a startled anxiety. Then when no one spoke to her she went on to the upturned boat, singing her sad little song. There she took up her old watch for the phantom sail from the distant sea, her curved hand over her eyes, her shoulders drooping pathetically.

"Oh, the pity of it, the pity!" moaned Derrick, as the tragic sorrow of it all struck anew to his heart.

But to Amos that lonely figure, standing statue-like on the old boat, was as a blur against the sky, so full of tears were his eyes.

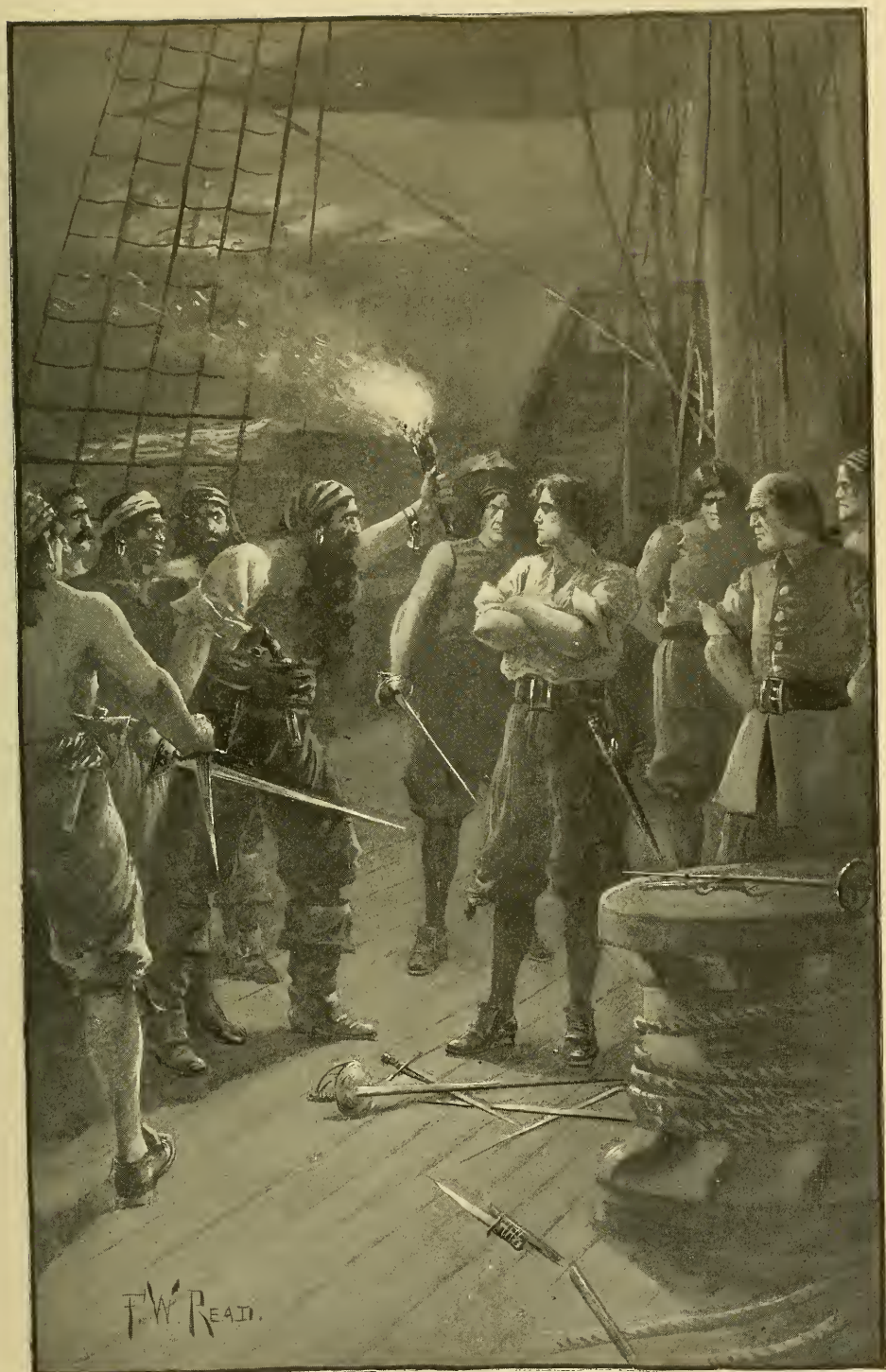
"Let me go to her," he said huskily to those in front of him.

"Nay, nay," cried Derrick, "the suddenness of the shock will kill her."

But Amos silenced him with a look. "Love will work out its own salvation," he said, and again there was on his face that light of lofty exaltation which they had seen upon it before. Silently those in front of him moved aside and he passed down the aisle thus opened for him, singing, as he went, the refrain of the song she had now begun again, a song the fishers' wives loved and which he and she had often sung together in his boat on the river :

Down to the cruel sea
My love he went from me—
Oh, but the wind is dree
Moaning for him!

Word for word, and note for note, the voices blended together, the mellowness of his making up for the tonelessness



Painted for OUTING by F. W. Read.

"BLACK-BEARD'S TRIUMPH." (p. 335.)



Painted for Oving by F. W. Read.

"SHE BECAME THE WARD OF THE WHOLE SEAFARING FRATERNITY." (p. 336.)

of hers, until on the last line she faltered and failed.

Out on the heaving deep—

It was the second verse, and he was singing alone. Her hand was at her throat, her eyes still on the leaping waves, but on her face an eager, troubled look. The parted lips seemed to ask a hundred things, though they never moved. The knot of men huddled together watched her breathlessly.

Out on the heaving deep
Pierce the wild billows sweep,
But I know God will keep
My love for me.

Softly, sweetly, his voice ran on through the verse. He was close upon her now, the crunching of his shoes among the shells and pebbles of the beach running in with his notes; but still she watched the river where it bent away to the sea. He stood still as he finished and reached up his arms.

"Phyllis!"

The hand at her throat was shaking; she drew the other across her eyes with a sound like a sob.

"Phyllis!" But still there was no answer. The men by the wharf groaned in anguish of disappointment. Presently he began to sing again:

Out of the Tempest's wrack,
Out of the storm king's track—

The hands came down from her face, the convulsed lines about her mouth relaxed; she leaned forward as she stood above him, listening intently.

Lo, God gives thee back
Thy own again.

Helplessly, beseechingly, she turned her eyes from the water to the group of men standing like so many statues around the rifled case. Instinctively heads were bared, and the next verse of the song went up in a swelling chorus:

No more from sun to sun
Slowly the sands shall run;
Praise God the watch is done,
Thy love is here.

A violent trembling had seized her and tears were dripping from her lashes. On her face was that expression the human countenance must wear when one is groping in the dark, but knows

there is light somewhere ahead. Instinctively the rough men felt some crisis was upon her, and held their peace. Only Derrick lifted his finger and pointed to the man standing below her. Then Amos spoke again:

"Phyllis, give me your hand."

Following Derrick's movement and that voice, she looked down, and for the first time saw her old lover.

Would she know him, they wondered. If not, then pray God death might come to her then, for there was no other hope.

He stood with lifted arms, smiling the old smile she had loved.

She leaned forward, gazing at him intently. Again her hands went plucking at her throat, and then were lifted helplessly to her forehead. But when he would have taken them in his own she waved him away.

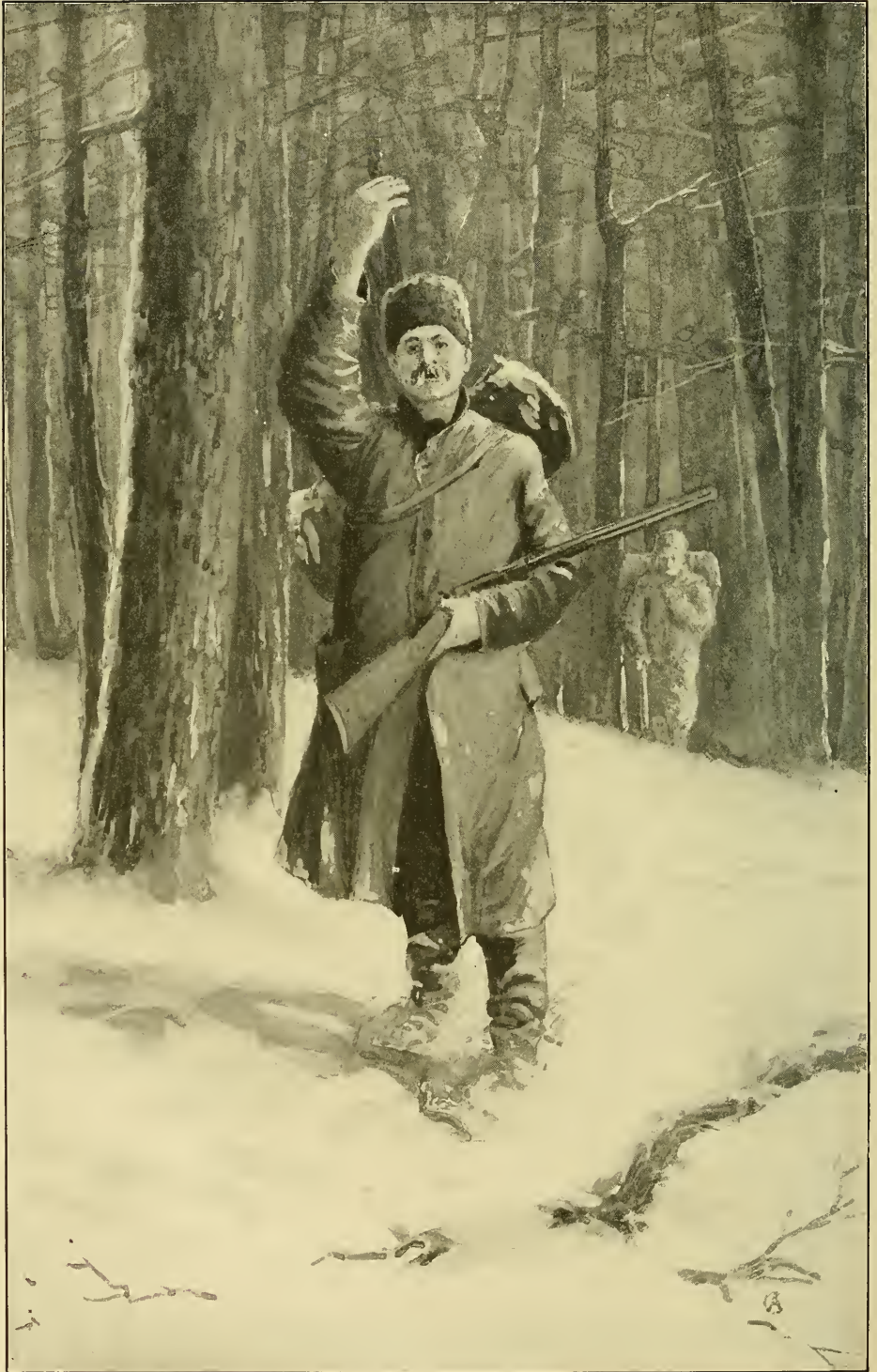
She could not remember, the men said sadly; it was all in vain. And directly they began to sing again:

God, in His palm so wide,
Measures the drifting tide—

Hoping against hope, but still smiling, Amos moved to the other end of the boat and sat down in the old place where so much of their sweethearting had been carried on, and there he waited silently. Seeing him thus a vague smile took the place of the troubled look in her eyes, and presently, as the singing went on, she stepped down from her high place and went slowly and hesitatingly toward him. He made no sign save to move a little to one side to make more room for her, as he had done so many times in the past. She was so near that her dress brushed his feet. The voices by the water died out in a quaver. For one breathless moment she hovered thus, groping, irresolute; then her swaying figure steadied, her smile widened, and she sank slowly down beside him. No word was spoken on either side. After a moment he put out his hand, and with a little sigh of content she slipped hers into it.

"Come away," whispered Derrick to his rough mates, "come away, for love ha' wrought its own sweet miracle."





Painted for OUTING by Carl Ahrens.

HAILING THE CAMP.



WINTER DEER IN EASTERN MAINE.

BY "L. C. LOCT."

IT was the first time we had visited the woods in winter, and we had started with the firm resolve to return inside of ten days with at least one deer, for we were a modest four.

The little town in the eastern part of Maine in which we found ourselves is situated at the lower end of a lake three miles long, at the upper extremity of which was our camp. Cold weather had set in early, but although it was now the latter part of December there had been but little snow.

We had scarce alighted from the train breakfastless, though 'twas nigh noon, than our first problem faced us, How to get to camp? We were just about to come to the conclusion that there was no alternative but to walk, when a farmer volunteered that he "guessed he could git us up thar" (for a consideration).

A few minutes later we were squatted on top of our baggage on a flat sledge, drawn by a dilapidated-looking horse, who persisted, and perhaps wisely, in walking the greater part of the way.

To our great relief we arrived at camp

inside of an hour, and just in time for a good, hot dinner.

Tommy proposed that in the afternoon we "get the lay of the land" about camp, and, incidentally, keep our eyes open for deer. We substituted our city clothes for those better adapted to the wintry blasts of that part of New England, and in single file started up a frozen brook which empties into the lake within a few yards of camp.

The first intimation we had that there was game in the vicinity was the numerous fox tracks on the light snow, and soon we struck a deer track. Two of us started to follow it, the others proceeding up the brook. Our preliminary tramp soon opened up to us the disadvantages under which we were to labor in hunting deer. There was about two inches of snow on the ground. The weather had been extremely cold of late, rendering the snow hard and frozen, so that when we trod on it a loud, crunching sound resulted.

We followed the deer track, however, for about two miles, and overtook the

deer twice, but each time the crackling started him before a shot was obtainable.

As the sun was dropping near the top of the hills, we returned to camp, where the others soon put in an appearance, and we compared notes, for that was all we had to compare.

It was clear that unless we either had more snow or a decided thaw, deer-hunting would be extremely difficult, if not out of the question.

I had a scheme of my own for getting a fox, and decided to carry it out the second night after our arrival. The

bright moon shining on the white surface of the snow afforded sufficient light for shooting.

The air was cold and still. The dark forest opposite creaked with snapping twigs, and I could imagine noises in the woods all around.

I waited an hour—two hours—two hours and a half. I was beginning to feel cold. My fingers were numb, and my feet felt as if asleep. I thought my scheme had failed for that night at least, when far up the brook I espied a dark something moving—I could not tell in



OUR PRIZE.

weather was favorable, the moon being full and the sky devoid of clouds. About seven o'clock in the evening I slipped out of camp, dressed in my warmest clothing, and with my rifle on my shoulder walked quietly up the bank of the stream under the shadow of the woods. I had noticed the day before a spot where the brook narrowed, and on the bank on one side was a huge boulder. For this point I made, and was soon crouched behind the rock. There was a light breeze from the north, so that a fox coming down stream could not scent me before I got a shot at him. The

what direction. It grew larger, and my heart bounded as I recognized a fox walking leisurely down the stream. In a few minutes he was abreast the rock, and I raised my rifle to my shoulder. My arms were nearly numb and I could hardly feel the trigger with my finger. Nevertheless, I managed to fire. The fox gave one jump into the air and then fell dead upon the snow.

I hurried to the spot, flung the animal over my shoulders, and proceeded on a dog-trot to camp. My companions were not a little worried at my long absence.

The next morning we found that the



"WE WORKED HARD GETTING THE GAME TO CAMP." (*p.* 346.)



"WE WERE A MODEST FOUR." (*p.* 343.)

weather had changed; a heavy snow-storm was on. Snow fell for two days, making hunting impossible.

On the third day, Tommy and I set out on snow-shoes to try our fortune once more with the deer. It was the last day of the open season, so this was to be our final chance. When we left camp the weather was overcast, but no snow had fallen since the night before. We were perhaps a mile in the woods from camp when the sun burst through the clouds, and I realized for the first time the beauty of the forest in winter. All around the branches of the firs and hemlocks were bowed toward the earth with the heavy weight of snow. Away through the woods stretched the smooth unbroken whiteness. Upon this the sun shone, transferring the trees into pyramids of diamonds and studding the carpet beneath our feet with the precious stones.

We soon found a large track, and with Tommy in the lead I followed, under trees which let showers of snow down the back of my neck, over stumps and fallen logs, quietly yet quickly, sometimes crawling on our hands and knees, sometimes standing on tip-toe peering among the trunks in search of some

sight of the nimble game. Suddenly, at the foot of a slight descent, Tommy grasped me by the arm, and pointed off at right angles to the direction in which we were traveling. There, between the branches of a fir tree, I saw a spot of red. Raising my rifle I took long, deliberate aim and fired. Then we rushed to the spot, but found only tracks, and on first search could see no blood. After ten minutes' hunting I discovered a drop, then another and another. We followed the red trail and within a short distance came upon a fine, large buck, with full-grown antlers, lying dead.

That afternoon we worked hard getting the game to camp. We placed the deer upon a sledge, but the ground was so rough and irregular that he would roll off into the deep snow every few yards. Just about dark we arrived with our prize at the little snow-covered camp, well satisfied with what the day had brought us.

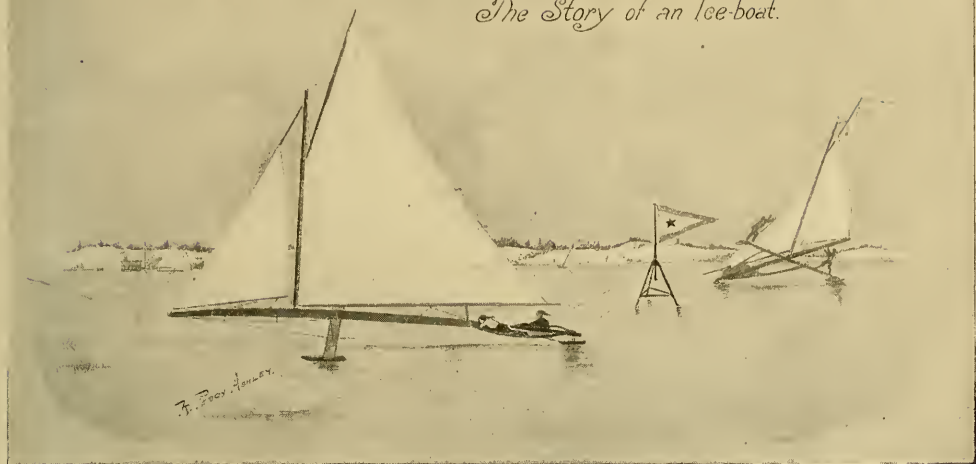
The next morning we walked on snow-shoes to the village, and sent our friend the farmer back to camp for the baggage and game. By night we were whirling toward civilization and home, having thoroughly enjoyed our winter holidays in the woods of Eastern Maine.



"WELL SATISFIED WITH WHAT THE DAY HAD BROUGHT US."

FLAGNER'S COUP

The Story of an Ice-boat.



BY H. PERCY ASHLEY.

SOME said Jim Flagner was an ice-yacht crank, but he was only pertinacious. He had been beaten twice by the cracks of Silver Lake by larger and more powerful boats, but he was undaunted to the point of obstinacy in his belief that, with right principles and a perfect balance of canvas and hull comparison, he could yet win. To think with him was to act, and the result was a medium-sized up-to-date ice-yacht from the hands of an expert. The construction comprised a long backbone of forty-one feet, with the natural spring to the basswood and with a thick curved runner-plank of butternut, set well back, with the mast stepped four feet forward of the runner strap. The mainsail was cross cut and the end of the boom ended at the middle of the steering box, and she carried a small jib. This, he felt confident, insured perfect handling and windward work. All halyards were pliable steel, set up with jigs. The mast was well stayed and trussed, and no alarm could be caused in a stiff blow. This type of ice-yacht was a revelation to the racing men at Silver Lake.

He had entered his boat, and it was the subject of a very animated and excited argument among the Race Committee of the Silver Lake Ice-Yacht Club whether or no it should be allowed in Class A in the race that was to take

place next day for the championship of the lake.

"For my part," remarked old Commodore Amley, Chairman of the committee, "I would let that cheeky young kid go in the first class, and you will find, shipmates, that he will have the conceit taken out of him with a short turn. Jim will be like a young bear, with all his troubles to come."

After a little more discussion it was moved unanimously to bring the sun over the fore-yard, and it was also decided to allow the entry of Jim's boat, the *Iceicle*, in "Class A."

The Silver Lake Ice-Yacht Club was composed of twenty-five of the leading members of the town of Greenburgh, situated at the head of the lake. The fleet of ice-boats numbered over twenty, running from 16 to 60 feet, from jib-stay to standard. The larger ones were built with two side-strips, narrow backbone, and comparatively little space between the cutting surface. With their large jibs and liberal main-booms protruding ten and twelve feet over the standard, the boats would act quite brutish in a stiff blow; but by the Silver Lake standard they were the acme of perfection.

The Silver Lake Ice-Yacht members had not seen the new *Iceicle* under sail, as Jim had made his tuning-up spins early in the morning, before the crowd

was active, and he felt perfectly certain that he could go with it in Class A, composed of 58- and 60-foot yachts—and win, too.

The morning of the race broke cold and clear, without a breath of wind. The sky at the horizon seemed to be cut out of cold blue steel, and the metallic air made the few clouds look very far away.

Oh, for wind! sighed Jim, as the yacht moved toward the club-house at a snail's pace. "I am sure we shall have all you want, sir, later in the day," remarked Jim's man, Andrew, who was stowed away in the port compartment of the saddle-cockpit.

The club-house was gay with bright bunting and the ice in its vicinity crowded with skaters and fur-clad visitors, who had driven from adjacent towns to see the struggle on the ice-bound lake. Capt. John Black had held the championship for two successive years with his powerful 58-foot side-bar sloop *Snow Bird*.

As the *Iceicle* ran up to the starting line, and was thrown, shaking, head to, in the wind's eye, a crowd of Jim's curious club-mates gathered around the craft.

"Humph," remarked the Commodore *sotto voce*; "she is very pretty as to polish and silver and plated iron work, but they are no more to that hull than a ladder. Just see that mast stepped away forward of the runner-plank, and the runners are heavy enough for a boat twice her size; besides, she has no side-bars. Then her jib isn't bigger than a good-sized pocket handkerchief. Why, Kid," he continued, turning to Jim, "you have not got enough sail to drive her slow."

The Commodore had yet to fully recognize the value of the scientific problem of the center of balance of sail area, beam, out-board weight and driving power required for an ice-yacht to be a true racer. There are not many of the kid-glove sailormen who are competent to solve these most difficult problems.

It was decided to start the race at eight bells for Class A, the course to be a triangular one, each leg being three miles in length, to be sailed over twice; total distance, eighteen miles.

As the time for the start approached, the wind had increased to a light sailing breeze, but what caused Jim's heart to

bound with joy was a rugged fringe of clouds piling up on the horizon. Just before the start Jim bent a watch tackle to his pliable steel peak halyard. It caused a smile to run over the committee's faces. The Commodore jokingly remarked to the timekeeper that "Jim, the Kid, and his man had not strength to sway up the peak halyard." This caused a general laugh at Jim's expense.

The positions of the four contestants were drawn for, the *Snow Bird* getting No. 1 (the windward and most desirable), *Snow Flake* No. 2, *Avalanche* No. 3, while the *Iceicle* got No. 4, being the leeward, and the poorest of the lot.

At 11:45 the four yachts were shoved smartly in line, headed in the wind's eye.

"Are you all ready?" called the Chairman. Crack! reverberated the sharp report of the pistol at 12:00, as the boats were shoved a rap full and were sailed close-hauled on the port tack, headed for flag stake No. 1.

With the light wind and large sail area, the *Snow Bird* swept ahead of the fleet, closely followed by *Snow Flake*. The *Avalanche* blanketed the *Iceicle* in great shape.

It was a cut-and-dried thing that the *Avalanche* should hang to Jim and bother the *Iceicle* on her windward quarter, while the *Snow Bird* and *Snow Flake* could divide the race between them.

The four yachts held the same relative positions for the first leg, the first two yachts splitting tacks and the *Avalanche* harassing the *Iceicle* at every tack.

The next leg was a beam wind and then a dead run to the home line.

By the end of the second leg Captain Black was two and one-half miles ahead of Jim. A vicious puff caused the *Iceicle* to rear slightly, giving fair warning of the coming blow.

On the third leg the *Iceicle* overhauled the two leading yachts. On they flew in the momentarily increasing gale, *Snow Bird* still leading, but rearing somewhat, while the *Iceicle*, with her small balanced sail area, moved steadily on, her windward shoe scarcely three inches above the ice.

The yachts rushed onward, the runners sending out showers of spray ice and humming like animated hives of bees. The *Snow Bird* plunged and

reared, getting more and more brutal in the increasing gale.

It was neck-and-neck at the second round of the first mark. *Snow Flake* at this point parted her throat halyard block, and dropped out of the race. *Avalanche* was far in the rear.

With a scream through the wire rigging, the snow squall pounced upon them. "Give that peak jib drift," shouted Jim to his man Andrew.

The head of the sail flopped wildly, and with the small jib she still had true balance of duck, and tore over the second leg, with the gale on her beam, at the rate of over a mile a minute.

A cry of terror rang out from the *Snow Flake*. "Hang on for your lives, crew! Good God, give me ice room!"

The *Snow Bird* had taken the bit in her mouth and bolted.

With the increased speed of the *Icele*, she was just able to keep three boat lengths ahead of her larger rival. The *Snow Bird* reared sharply in the air and the two runner-board men were lifted fourteen feet from the frozen surface. The lee shoe did not cut the ice, and as she flew sideways as well as ahead, the situation was appalling. Luckily the

extreme lee end of the *Snow Bird's* runner-board struck shell ice, jumping her sharply in the wind's eye and about, nearly throwing the crew from the yacht.

The fury of the squall had passed and the *Icele* was a half-mile ahead at the second flag stake, with a slashing sailing breeze over her stern.

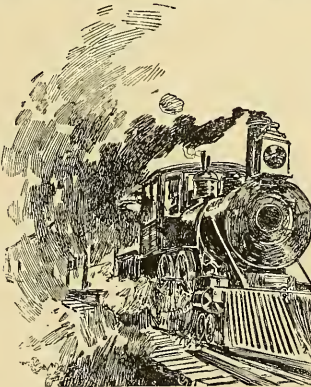
On the boats flew, on the finishing leg, the *Icele* wearing, dropping her peak and gybing, while the *Snow Flake* lost by being compelled, every few seconds, to come about at each turn.

Like a pair of frightened sea-gulls, in long, graceful, undulating curves, snake fashion, they flew to the home line with a dead free wind. As the *Icele* rushed over the finish line, her rival, nearly double her size, was over two miles astern, and Jim Flagner, with his peerless sloop *Icele*, had won the coveted championship and the silver loving cup of the Silver Lake Ice-Yacht Club.

A cheer went up, which was echoed and re-echoed by the hills, for the plucky owner of the *Icele* and his daring struggle against overwhelming racing odds. Science had beaten mere brute force, as it always will.

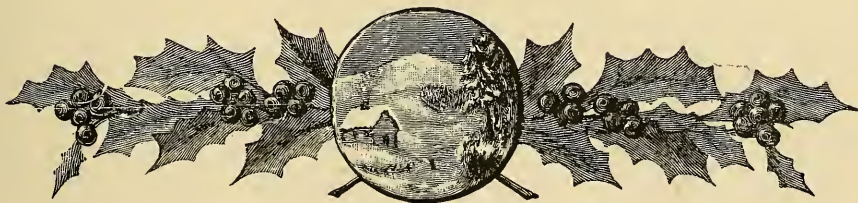
HOMeward BOUND AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

Like a living thing the straight
rails sing
A high, exulting strain;
The coaches reel o'er the shin-
ing steel
As we thunder across the plain.
Through night, through day,
we leap away
With rattle and crash and
roar,
And our pulses leap as we home-
ward sweep,
And Christmas comes once
more.



The smoke flung back on the
shining track,
Like a banner floats and furls;
With a leap and bound, like an
unleashed hound,
The engine forward hurls.
Beside us fly the field and sky
And the woods with echoed
roar,
And our hearts beat fast as the
miles sweep past,
For Christmas comes once
more!

DOROTHY DEANE.





A RABBIT CHASE ON ICE.

BY HERMAN RAVE.

ALL night it rained and froze. I could hear through the slightly-opened windows, the steady drip, drip, drip, and the low, clattering sound of the swaying branches, like the rattle of glass-pendants on a chandelier. Toward morning the rain ceased and it turned very cold.

When the sun rose there was fairy-land spread out before me. But it meant that every step would be full of peril, and to reach town, by any usual means, almost impossible.

Such a scene! Every tree a shimmering apparition of indescribable beauty, every blade of grass, every weed scintillating with many-faceted ice-diamonds; even the ugly old fences became beautiful with crystalline pendants, and the level fields, as far as eye could reach, one vast glare of shining, blinding whiteness.

The landscape was a symphony in white, gray and black, with touches of most delicate gold and blue and russet. A soft, pearly mist floated toward the southwest, and our orchard hung on the hillside like a cloud, strangely beautiful with its filigree of twigs in silver and black. It seemed to hover so lightly over the icy ground, that one would not have been a bit astonished had it risen and drifted away.

The whole seemed as unreal as a dream.

No one but myself appeared to be abroad, and, as I walked out to the gate, not a sound was to be heard but the crackling of ice particles under my feet. Every step meant the risk of a fall, and how to get down the hill to the creek, and up again on the other side, was a problem. To walk it seemed impossible, and to drive a smooth-shod horse over that glassy, icy road, altogether out of the question. The fields were equally as impracticable as the road, so I stood and wondered, and pondered, holding on to the gate to keep from slipping. I wanted to go to town, but I forgot all about it a few minutes later.

The low, mellow note of a horn sounded through the stillness of the morning. It came from across the beech woods,

where the pike curves away to the northeast and skirts willow thickets and briary patches. Some one was out hunting, and hunting with a pack of hounds, for I could hear their baying and my nerves tingled to the music.

The sound of the baying came nearer and nearer, and the chase, if such it was, headed my way. But how in the world did the hunters get over the icy surface?

For a few moments I stood and listened. Then I saw a number of hounds bouncing over a rail fence, and the dark figures of men following not far behind, issuing out of the woods.

Down toward the creek headed the pack—one, two, three, four, five beauties—and now I could see what they were after. It was a rabbit, forced from its form in the briary thicket, and running for dear life along the creek bottom. And the men—why, they were on skates! On skates! It was the very idea! Why had I not thought of it before? I made a dash for the house, fell two or three times, jolted every bone in my body, but the steel runners were under my feet in a jiffy; and out to the gate, into the road, I flew, just as the hounds swept past, yelping and baying, sliding and slipping, falling and running, the men, five of them, close behind, each carrying a gun and sailing up the hill with the impetus gathered on the descent beyond the creek. As they came they called to me to come on and join the chase. So away we went, down the road, after the hounds and rabbit, the steel under us hissing and singing with the speed.

How the rabbit and the pack managed to run I hardly know, but they did, and every once in a while we could see bunny, a small dark ball, slipping along swiftly, just ahead of the leading hound.

Straight along the road he went, for a quarter of a mile, then swerved, dodged through the fence and took to the fields, the pack losing time and falling over one another in the efforts to scale the top rail. We caught up with the dogs and tumbled over the fence awkwardly,



Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

"THERE WAS A TANGLE OF HOUNDS AND MEN." (p. 352.)

for skates are not made to climb fences with, and there was a tangle of hounds and men, trying to get on their feet; but the hounds won, and on they dashed again, first slowly, then gathering impetus and surety of motion.

The rabbit had gained nearly an eighth of a mile. Away we went after the pack, laughing, shouting, yelling like mad. Talk of snow-shoeing after big game. Why, the poor things can't run in the deep snow, and the hunter himself makes comparatively slow speed, while we were racing after our quarry at a terrific gait, with all the excitement of climbing over fences and through weed-patches or other obstructions with guns in hand, sometimes going down with a bone-breaking thump, and sliding and whirling along on our backs for yards before we could regain our feet. Riding to hounds and fox was not "in it."

The ice flew in sparkles from the steel as we swept over a level meadow, then wheeled into a cornfield, gliding along more carefully and watching the guns as we crossed the rows or followed them. It seemed as if surely some one would get a bad fall at the pace.

"Wow! Wow—oo—ou—oo," sang the hounds as they slid and tumbled and ran, but bunny gained on us in spite of efforts and baying. Past a woods he raced, but could not turn into it or double on account of the smooth, gliddery surface, and straight on hallooed the chase, over a half of mile of level ground, blinding white with the sunshine upon it, and then the country dropped down toward a creek.

We saw the incline, but there was no stopping, no halting, no turning at the gait we were racing. Master Rabbit struck it first, and away he went as if shot out of a cannon, the hounds close behind. Down went the leader! down went the next! until they all sailed along in a bunch, pawing and kicking, yelping and struggling against fate, down over the smooth surface toward the bank and the stream, some ten feet below, and there they pitched out of sight; but we knew they were safe, for we heard them almost immediately again baying in pursuit.

But we also had struck the incline and while we could, guns were unbreeched and cartridges taken out, for there was no telling what sort of a tumble there might be to the bottom.

With a shout we started down abreast, feet close together, swifter and swifter, swifter and swifter, until the very breath seemed to be snatched away before it could be inhaled. The keen air stung and prickled our faces like tiny needles. There was not a sound heard but the whizzing of the skates, nothing seen but the glistening ice-path ahead! It was a tremendous pace. It seemed minutes, it was seconds. There was the edge of the bank!

"Look out!"

Every one bent knees for the jump. Then came an indescribable sensation of falling, flying, and sliding, a rattle and clank of gun-barrels, skates and ice, and six men struggled to their feet, some grunting and rubbing themselves, but nobody badly hurt.

Zigzagging, swaying along with even motion, we gained the crest. Then the rabbit led us a short dash, straight through a sedge-grown field, the brittle, frozen, ice-covered grass shivering into showers of brilliants about our feet.

Out of this we wheeled into a clear, glassy field. Bunny was turning, and we could see him flying away at his best speed—a last effort—into a woods on the left, the hounds not more than fifteen yards behind, bunched and yelping furiously. After them we glided, dodging branches, skirting thickets, tripping over twigs, some one falling every now and then to shouts of laughter. There was no time to wonder at the ice-covered splendor of the great gray trees, for we were losing ground, stumbling through this difficult terrain; but the chase was nearly over, the game tired, and as we emerged from the woods it was plain to be seen that the hounds were gaining rapidly.

We made the steel ring over the level, shouting, as we flew to be in at the death; but the rabbit missed a leap across a ditch, rolled back, and the hounds were upon him.

The sport was over, the horn sang out a mellow note of triumph, far and wide, over that wonderful, vast skating rink, and with rhythmical strokes we sped toward home, certain that we had enjoyed a most novel and rare sport, such as may not fall to our share again within a lifetime. But next day we were without doubt the stiffest, sorest, most demoralized crowd in creation, and—the ice was melting.



PAGODA—EDEN GARDENS.

INDIAN SKETCHES—CALCUTTA.

BY PAUL EVE STEVENSON,

Author of "Up to the Hills in India."

WE arrived in India in a more or less remarkable manner, my wife and I, having come direct from New York in a sailing ship around the Cape of Good Hope. Our first glimpse of anything terrestrial after more than four months at sea was a cluster of palm trees at the Sunderbunds, which form the mouths of the Ganges River. An hour or so before, one of the splendid Hooghly towboats had taken hold of us; before long we caught sight of the tall pillar of the Sangar lighthouse, and as the sun went down our anchor was let go in a most beautiful little bight just inside of Sangar light.

The Hooghly River is generally considered the most treacherous and dangerous navigable stream in the world, and unremitting vigilance on the part of the engineers in charge is necessary to keep the channels from closing up. During certain seasons, hourly observations as to the condition of the river are taken from Calcutta to the sea, immense

steam dredgers are continually at work, and the slightest shifting of a sand bar is accurately reported. On the way up the river we noticed large rowboats stationed at frequent intervals, in which men were taking soundings and bearings, and any alteration in the river bed is instantly telegraphed to Calcutta and to Sangar. The system of pilotage, too, is very fine, and an extremely long apprenticeship is required before a man is allowed to take a vessel up or down the river.

At noon we reached the city and landed under a blistering sun, albeit this was the so-called cold season, the middle of November.

Our first impressions on arriving at the Great Eastern Hotel were anything but pleasant. My wife was exceedingly tired after the heat and exertions of the forenoon, yet we were compelled to mount two enormously long flights of stairs, and were then shown into a great, sombre room, so gloomy that it was with difficulty that we could see across



BATHING GHAT IN THE RIVER HOOGHLY.



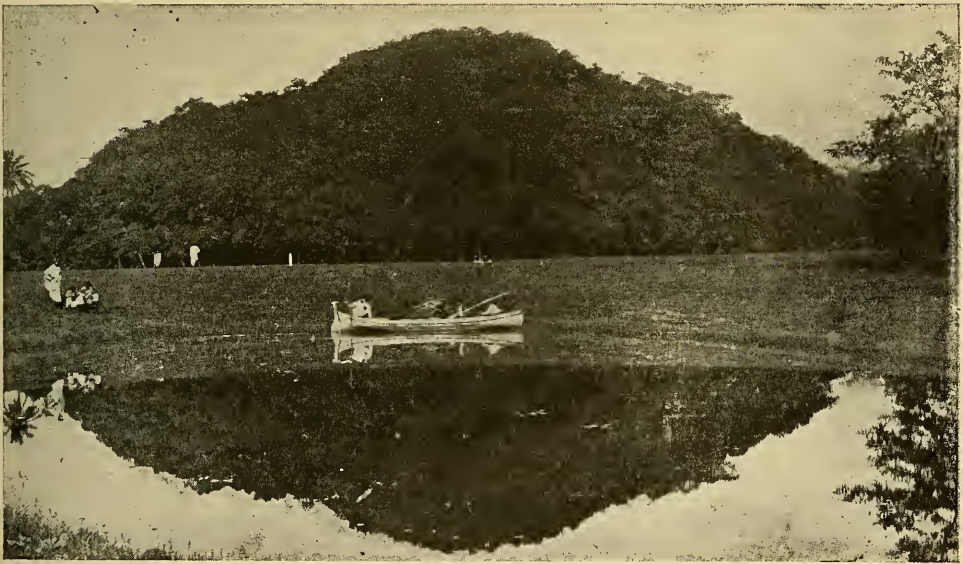
THE PRIVATE TEMPLE OF BUDDREE DASS.

the chamber; and as we were contemplating the dismal prospect, a bustling of naked feet was heard in the entry-way, and to our consternation a throng of natives burst into our room without the least warning, each clamoring in hideously grotesque English to be engaged as our servant.

We were cornered and completely at the mercy of the miscreants, till a neat-looking man elbowed his way through the crowd, and in quite respectable English told us that *he* was our servant and that we had better clear the room of the rest. I told him that we would be under eternal obligations to him if he could accomplish this; and after some little difficulty he succeeded in driving

was of spotless muslin and his feet were of course bare. His countenance showed intelligence, and he was possessed of the most remarkable activity, which afterward stood us in good stead.

In all parts of the East it is customary for private servants to wait on their masters at meals, and indeed perform the offices of chambermaid and valet as well, so that the largest hotels in India employ only a handful of servants, chiefly in the culinary department. Our first meal in public in India was tiffin (luncheon), and looking over the menu my eye caught the words "Pilsener Beer." Months having passed since we had tasted any, we immediately ordered two bottles, ignorant of the fact



THE GREAT BANYAN TREE IN THE BOTANICAL GARDENS.

them out, the men scowling at him and no doubt blasting him with Hindoostan anathemas.

Our boy (all servants are "boys" in India, whether youthful or otherwise) was a good-looking Mohammedan rejoicing in the name of Mahomet Surreif, and we conjectured that his age might be thirty-five. His garb comprised a jacket and skirt in one piece, tight-fitting above the waist and reaching below the knee, split up the sides so as to allow of free movement. Under this he wore a pair of close-fitting trousers buttoned very snugly around the ankles, while his head was adorned with a wonderfully twisted puggery. His whole raiment

that Pilsener is put up only in quarts in India, so that when the beer finally came, and an immense bottle was placed before each of us, it was very embarrassing, for, with a lot of strangers at the table, the bottles looked as big as demijohns. Fortunately, though, English people do not, as a rule, stare at strangers as though they were museum relics, and we felt better when a number of private bottles of Scotch whiskey were placed before many of the guests. What is tiffin to an Englishman without his Scotch and soda?

Surreif attended assiduously to our wants, telling us what the best native dishes were and the hottest or

sweetest chutneys. And the curries! No one has ever tasted a curry as it should be, until he has eaten it in the East. The fearful compound set before us in America and called curry is no more what a real one is like than is the soggy dollop of rice one gets in New York hotels like the same light, dry vegetable in the Southern States. To begin with, it takes a long time to make a curry unless you use the prepared powder, which many East Indian cooks scorn. Then the manner of eating it is altogether different. First, a dish of rice is handed to you (the equal of which I have never seen even in South Carolina) and you help yourself bountifully; next comes any sort of curry that may be on hand, mutton, vegetable, chicken or prawn; they are all good, and you must take nearly as much of it as of rice. Then comes a sort of dried fish together with a curious wafer, both very thin and brittle, which you break up over the curry; and last of all the chutney, of which there are fully fifteen varieties, is passed to you and a heaping tablespoonful piled on the hillock in front of you. The whole mass is then mixed thoroughly together and eaten invariably with a dessert spoon and a fork. Some people prefer Major Gray's chutney and others Col. Skinner's; but, to my way of thinking, both are inferior to the Bengal chutney and the sweet Lucknow. I hope I will be pardoned for going thus into detail, but only a few people in this country know what a real curry is like or how it is eaten.

After tiffin, Surreif told us that it is customary for servants to have from about two till four-thirty to themselves; so he withdrew backwards from our presence with ceremonious salaams, touching his forehead with the palm of his hand as he bent over. Before he went, I asked him what his charges were, and he astounded us by saying that his rates were one rupee a day! Fancy paying a first-class servant twenty-seven cents a day, he clothing and feeding himself besides! Consider, too, that he was our guide, waiter at table, chambermaid, errand boy, and valet!

Later on in the day we went for a stroll through the streets. When one first visits Calcutta and walks about through the city, what he sees is so new and interesting that it seems as though he were dropped into another planet.

At seven-thirty that evening we sought the dining-room. The scene as we entered was one not easily forgotten. The room itself, some eighty by forty feet, with an immensely high ceiling, was brilliantly lighted, and, seated at a long table flanked on both sides by a row of smaller ones, were seated a large company of diners, the women resplendent in low-cut gowns, and the men, as well, in evening dress; while moving silently among the guests, their bare feet giving forth no sound on the marble floor, were fully one hundred khitmutgars, as waiters are called in Hindoostan, each serving his master and ministering solely to his wants. They were dressed in a wonderful variety of costumes and their heads were covered with gorgeous puggeries of the most striking colors, contributing not a little to the making of a very remarkable picture. Indeed, could the scene have been accurately depicted on canvas as to coloring, I doubt whether people who had never been to India would believe that it was a truthful reproduction. The skill displayed by these natives in moving about was most remarkable. Surreif particularly was the very personification of activity, and the manner in which he would skip about the crowded room and dodge between other people's servants, with perhaps a plate of soup in each hand, required an amount of dexterity to be acquired only by these lean and sinuous Asiatics.

This entire scene, enacted every evening in the dining-room of the Great Eastern Hotel, is one of the most remarkable sights to be met with in India and remains fixed in the mind when many other incidents have faded from the memory.

In one respect Calcutta is lamentably weak, and that is as regards respectable-looking conveyances in which to drive about. There are plenty of one-horse victorias to be had at a phenomenally low price, but they are shockingly decrepit.

At five in the afternoon, when the blessed trap we had ordered came round to the door of the hotel and we caught sight of it, I shuddered at the thought of careering through the streets of Calcutta in this ponderous relic of by-gone days. Tawdry the whole affair certainly was. Two gaunt representatives of the equine race, that looked as though they had been through a famine, stood droop-

ing in front of the big vehicle, slowly wagging their ears, so that I had to look twice at them to make sure they weren't mules.

The syces, or footmen, too, who were to ornament the affair by perching themselves up behind, one on each side, were very downcast and seedy in appearance.

By dint of hard labor we climbed into the body of the strange vehicle, as high as the back of an elephant; one of the syces folded up the flight of steps by which we had mounted, banged the door to, and off we clattered. A crowd had gathered to watch the departure, and I feared they would break into a cheer as we drove off, but they fortunately refrained.

On the outskirts of Calcutta, toward the south, is an immense flat piece of ground called the Maidan. It is as level and smooth as a billiard table and gridironed by beautifully kept walks and drives. The area is about two square miles, and it extends from the river bank to Chowringbee, the European residential quarter of the city.

In the middle, between the intersecting roads, lie great squares of soft, green turf, thick and short as velvet, and an ideal place for an early morning's canter on horseback. Hundreds take advantage of this privilege, and the Maidan is crowded with equestrians between six and eight.

The whole place has been called, and very appropriately, the "lungs of Calcutta," for it is the great playground and breathing place of the city, where thousands of natives, as well as Europeans, congregate in the afternoon to watch the parade of vehicles that pass by in an unbroken string from five o'clock till dusk.

The favorite drive extends right along the banks of the Hooghly, where one hundred great sailing ships on an average lie moored six abreast to huge can buoys, discharging and receiving cargo.

Every afternoon, as long as we were in Calcutta, we took this drive, never tiring of the beautiful panorama. Probably there is no more wonderful or interesting place in the world to the stranger than this, its fascination and attractiveness owing chiefly to the brilliancy of the uniforms and trappings worn by the servants, and, indeed, by their masters as well, not to mention the purely Oriental character-

istics of the whole scene. Besides, the great variety of the vehicles is such that the eye does not have time to grow weary. First, there comes along a two-wheeled dray, drawn by two pitifully lean bullocks, the drivers, as usual, prodding them with their iron-pointed whips or savagely twisting their tails. Next comes a shambling old tica-gharri, resembling a gigantic dry-goods box, painted yellow, with shutters for the sides and back. Dragging it painfully along is an unfortunate horse, so surprisingly thin that, like Dickens' cab horse, he must surely have fallen to pieces if taken out of the shafts. The driver sits on top of this box, clad only in a waist cloth, with sometimes a yard or so of dirty muslin thrown over his shoulders and the inevitable pugger of the same enveloping his head.

Then you suddenly hear a rattling and clanking of silver chains and a maharajah dashes by with a flash of hues.

The maharajahs are generally very fat, and while driving recline languidly among the cushions, attired in fantastic suits consisting of a green satin jacket, a yellow, silk-embroidered waistcoat, and pink satin trousers drawn over pudgy little legs. This is no flight of fancy, as anyone knows who has been in India.

All the maharajahs own magnificent stables; in fact, I doubt if the horses of some of them can anywhere be equaled; and as they always drive at a furious, not to say reckless, pace, it shows the horses off to the best advantage. The coachmen, too, are usually gotten up in almost as regardless a manner as their masters, with yellow puggeries and flowered vests, while the syces are equally conspicuous, standing just over the after axle on either side. Fastened to the waist each footman wears a peculiar ornament that always attracts notice. It is the beautiful spiral horn of the koodoo, silver-tipped at the upper end, while from the lower part droops a white, bushy yak's tail. It is a singularly attractive object; and I believe they are often utilized in keeping off flies, just as the big peacock fans are in our Southern States.

As soon as darkness comes there is a general congregation in the Eden Gardens, lying between Maidan and the city, in which there are some beautiful specimens of tropical plants and trees,

particularly sago palms, which enchant the eye with their graceful leaves. There is, besides, an excellent example of Burmese architecture in the form of a beautiful pagoda, whose sharp angles, visible through the vivid green foliage, lend an additional charm of beauty to the place; while, standing motionless in a lagoon, half concealed by immense ferns and water plants, one can see a number of awkward adjutants in their customary hump-backed attitudes.

No visitor to Calcutta ought to leave the Zoological Gardens out of his schedule. Aside from the splendid collection of animals the grounds themselves are very well worth seeing, for they are laid out in an exceedingly beautiful manner.

Close to the Zoological Gardens, which lie out beyond the Maidan, is "Belvidere," the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. It is a very imposing mansion, and we were fortunate in being able to attend a ball given by Sir Charles and Lady Elliot.

The scene was a most brilliant one, and its attractiveness was much enhanced by the presence of the Maharajah and Maharain of Cooch Behar.

This is the only Indian Prince who has been thoroughly Europeanized, both he and the Maharain having visited England more than once. She looked exceedingly handsome in a white satin ball gown sparkling with jewels.

There were also present at the ball a number of the officers from Fort William and from H. M. S. Marathon, lying in the Hooghly, the scarlet uniforms of the army officers pleasantly relieving

the dead black of the men's evening clothes.

The great hall of Belvidere was filled with trophies of the chase, gathered from all quarters of the globe by Sir Charles Elliot, who is a celebrated sportsman. From the walls, the massive heads of Cape buffalos look down at you from beside those of the gemsbok and koodoo, while one entire end of the hall was given over to the antlers of countless other specimens of deer. The floor, though, was the principal glory of

the apartment, for it was simply covered with the skins of lions, tigers, leopards, and bears, aggregating a magnificent collection.

The chief glory of Calcutta lies in the Botanical Gardens, lying on the Howrah side of the Hooghly, and some three or four miles down the stream. There are two or three ways of reaching them, the easiest being by carriage. The road leads across the famous pontoon bridge, built at a cost of considerably more than one million dollars; but so enormous has been the traffic over it that by charging only one anna toll—about a cent and a half—the bridge paid for itself in a very



THE MAHARAJAH OF COOCH BEHAR.

short time, and is now free.

After crossing the bridge, the road lies through the villages of Howrah and Seebpore. This part of the drive is generally very disagreeable, for the villages are aggregations of sun-baked huts, reeking with squalor and foul odors, and the population is very dense. The road stretches along between these rows of hovels for a couple of miles, and by the time we had passed them we were

all but stifled with the villainous smell of ghee, a sort of rancid butter with which the natives saturate their food when cooking it. It would be hard to conceive of anything more nauseous than melting ghee, and to make it the more emphatic, the hour chosen by most people for visiting the gardens (about four in the afternoon) is the time when the ghee is just beginning to assert itself in the preparation of the natives' evening meal. On account of this odor many prefer to drive down the Calcutta side of the river until they are opposite the gardens, and then, embarking at Nemuck Mahal Ghât, cross over to the other side.

When we had entered the Botanical Gardens, though, we were more than repaid for the disagreeable drive. The first thing that astonishes one is their size, for the grounds cover 272 acres, and there is a frontage on the river of exactly a mile. Great flat stretches of the most vivid green turf spread out from the gates of the gardens hundreds of yards away, sprinkled with small tropical plants and dotted with lakes, in which flourish the rarest and most beautiful water lilies and other aquatic growths. There are four objects of particular interest to the casual visitor in these gardens—the fernery, the palmetum, the Banyan tree, and the orchid house. The first mentioned is an enormous octagonal building, made of cast-iron lattice-work, covered with wire netting, to which is attached a thin thatch of grass to exclude the sun's rays. Within, in the cool, damp shade, abound a great profusion of the smaller kinds of

palms and countless varieties of ferns and climbing vines, which entirely cover the walls and roof; and as there is not a single potted plant in the whole conservatory, there is none of the stiffness and unnatural aspect inseparable from an aggregation of earthen tubs and jars. Instead, the ferns and vines are planted so as to spring from large rockeries, and to come suddenly upon this beautiful retreat, with its refreshing shade and cool temperature, after the blazing sun of India, is one of the most delightful transitions imaginable.

The palmetum is an extensive piece of ground devoted to the culture of palm trees which are planted in wonderful variety. I have never seen anything like this exhibition of palm trees and it was extremely beautiful. Huge clusters of bamboo with feather-duster tops were also very plentiful here, while the surface of the lagoons in the vicinity were almost covered with the gigantic *Victoria Regia*, the largest of known leaves, some of them two feet across.

Not being particularly well up on orchids, I did not enjoy that col-

lection as much as some other parts of the gardens; but we were charmed with the immense variety of the plants, and the display of blossoms was particularly gorgeous. Even a New York florist must have been astonished at this sight.

Of all the rare specimens in the gardens, though, the most remarkable is the Banyan tree, the second largest in India. In spite of its great size it is very young, being not over one hundred years of age, and it is safe to



THE MAHARAIN OF COOCH BEHAR.

assume that at the end of its fifth century it will be the largest of its kind in the world. At the present time the girth of its trunk is 42 feet, while the circumference of its branches exceeds 850 feet! Imagine a tree shading a piece of ground nearly one hundred yards in diameter! From this remarkable tree descend 230 aerial roots, and it has been found necessary to prop some of the larger ones with stout posts, lest they break of their own weight.

Weeks, indeed months, could be profitably spent by the botanist in these gardens, ranked among the finest in the world, for 37,000 different species of plants are scattered throughout the grounds, and there is the additional advantage to the enthusiast of being able to study the plants in their natural surroundings, and not inclosed in stuffy hot-houses, as is necessary in our climate. The gardens were founded in 1768 by the Honorable East India Company, under the direction of General Kyd, of the Bengal Engineers, and, according to Sir Joseph Hooker, one of the greatest botanists that ever lived, they have contributed more useful and ornamental tropical plants to the public and private gardens of the world than any other similar institution.

Government House, the residence of Lord and Lady Curzon, the Viceroy, during the cold season is naturally of great interest, for it is here that the business connected with the Supreme Government of India is carried on; and the great mansion is also the scene of magnificent balls and entertainments, given by the Viceroy and his wife throughout the season, which lasts from December 15th to about the middle of March, when the Viceregal Court is moved to Simla, lying in the Western Himalayas, about 1,200 miles northwest of Calcutta.

These state balls probably exceed in splendor and display anything of the kind in the world. There are generally half a dozen maharajahs present with their suites, who, in gorgeous raiment and with breasts enveloped in ropes of pearls and other precious gems, and enormous solitaire rubies glittering in the folds of their puggies, lend an air of Eastern barbaric splendor to these occasions that cannot anywhere be equaled. Two very rich native princes were present at one of these balls, given

while we were in Calcutta, the value of whose pearls worn on this occasion was estimated at two million pounds sterling! In this is not included any of the more valuable stones, such as sapphires, diamonds and rubies, and the Indian maharajahs own the finest rubies in the world. Nothing can induce them to part with these gems, though fabulous sums have been offered for the largest of them by various European governments.

But to return to Government House. It was built by the Marquis of Wellesley, Governor-General, in 1804, at a cost of thirteen lakhs of rupees, which, at the valuation of silver in those days, represented an outlay of not far from one million dollars. The general idea of the design was taken from Keddlestone Hall in Derbyshire, the seat of Lord Scarsdale.

The building is very imposing and may be described as consisting of a large, square, central portion, at each corner of which is an immense wing, so that the area covered by the entire structure is very considerable. On the north side is the state entrance, approached by a splendid flight of stairs of great width; and it was our good fortune to witness the arrival of the Maharajah of Mysore on an official visit to the Viceroy, who received him at this state entrance. A velvet carpet was stretched from the door of the mansion to the street, fully a hundred yards away, and bordering this on both sides were double lines of native infantry, between which his highness passed, the troops at the same time presenting arms. All possible formality is observed on such occasions, as it is necessary for England to impress the lower classes of natives with the idea of limitless wealth and power.

The ground floor of the executive mansion consists of three rooms only—a dining-room, the throne-room, and a superb marble hall, divided by two rows of columns. Above these, on the next floor, are the ball-rooms, with floors of polished teak, while the wings are apportioned into suites for the Viceroy and his guests. There are some fine historical pictures in the mansion, chief among which is a colossal full-length painting of the Queen-Empress in coronation robes, by Sir George Hayter; another, of George the Third and Queen Charlotte, painted, it is thought, by Hudson,

the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and one of Louis Quinze and his Queen, by De La Roche, captured from a French ship, as were also some very handsome chandeliers.

After these come a number of portraits of former Governors General, all full length. Opposite the south entrance is a fine brass cannon, captured in the Sikh war, and also two brass howitzers, curiously adorned with tigers' heads, taken at Seringapatam; while over against the north entrance is an interesting collection of firearms captured from the Chinese, presented by a former Viceroy, the Earl of Ellenborough.

By a lucky chance we happened to be in Calcutta for the races, and we witnessed the one for the Viceroy Cup, in which all the interest of the whole racing season concentrates. It corresponds to the Derby in England, the Melbourne Cup in Australia, and the Suburban in America. The trophy itself was exhibited in the jeweler's window in Calcutta, a massive vase, not particularly handsome, and far inferior to the workmanship of our silversmiths.

A prodigious amount of interest centers in the Viceroy Cup, and the city was apparently given almost entirely over to discussions as to the prospects of the various horses entered. So, on race day we had an early tiffin and at one o'clock started for the race-course at the further end of the Maidan. We found the roads thronged with thousands of Europeans and natives, all hurrying to the scene of conflict, the surprising part about it being the profound interest the natives seemed to take in the affair. Every rickety old tica-gharri that passed us was crammed full of a chattering mob of blacks, who not only filled the interior to suffocation, but overflowed to the roof, where two or three excited creatures on each gharri yelled at others in similar positions, all the jaded horses urged to a run for the honor of arriving first at the race-course.

When we reached the grounds, which we did half an hour ahead of time, we went at once to our seats in the grand stand not far from the Viceregal box, and fell to observing the manners and customs of an Indian race-track. By the time the first race was called the place was packed with humanity, and from our elevated position the appearance of the crowd was gorgeous with

the prismatic colors of the natives' attire, the top hats and black coats of the Englishmen looking very sombre and funereal in comparison.

In the neighborhood of the grand stand, only the Europeans and native princes and baboos were allowed, the lower classes being massed together within the central inclosure inside the track. There was a great deal of apathy in the crowd regarding the first two races, owing to the fact that the arrival of the Viceroy and suite was momentarily expected, and everything was in an unsettled state.

Presently, during the interval between the second and third races, a great agitation seized the crowd, and, looking in the direction indicated, we perceived the escort of the Governor-General just appearing through the gateway. His Excellency's carriage followed in a moment, drawn by six horses, preceded and followed by a detachment of native household cavalry in magnificent liveries of crimson and gold, displaying to great advantage the superb physique of the men.

The cavalcade advanced at a sharp trot, and drew up suddenly with a flourish in front of the grand stand. The Jockey Club Stewards immediately formed a double line extending from the carriage to the grand stand; and then, as he alighted, we saw for the first time the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, Viceroy and Governor-General of India, ruler of the richest and most jealously guarded colony of the British Empire.

As soon as the Viceroy had descended from the carriage, the band commenced the national anthem, at the conclusion of which the Viceroy proceeded up between the lines of Stewards to his private box, every man in the vicinity remaining uncovered until the Viceregal party was seated.

The place was overrun with maharajahs, who took an immense amount of interest in the betting, which was not surprising, considering that more than half of the horses entered belonged to Indian princes; the honors for firsts being divided between the Maharajahs of Patiala and Cooch Behar, though an English horse, Metallic, won the coveted cup, much to the discomfiture of the Prince of Patiala, who was sure of the race. The only native Princess present, in fact, the only one in the whole of

India who mixes in society, was the Maharain of Cooch Behar, looking exceedingly refined, with a most graceful carriage and charming manners. She was dressed in lavender satin trimmed with turquoise velvet, and wore an exquisite Duchesse lace scarf over her head and shoulders.

We made the mistake of waiting till the last race was over, and outside of the inclosure we became involved in the most tremendous mob of natives I ever saw, and the disturbance and disorder were appalling. Smart Stanhope gigs were interlocked with disreputable native vehicles, while every now and then, on the periphery of this seething, writhing mass, we would observe two gharries rapidly approaching each other from opposite directions and neither willing to give way for the other. Crash! they would come together, leaving two or more wheels lying in the road, while the vicinity would be instantly strewn with the occupants of the vehicles, yelling like demons. At length, after half an hour, we had become sufficiently extricated by the help of policemen to proceed on our way back to the city, a more or less alarming experience, for every few minutes we were grazed by the wheels of tottering gharries at a full run, filled with shrieking blacks, excited into a frenzy by the events of the afternoon, doubtless aided by something stronger. At any rate, we were glad to reach the hotel sound in limb and body, and well pleased at being the spectators of so remarkable an exhibition as we had enjoyed this afternoon.

Our servant, Surreif, fulfilled our expectations, and proved almost indispensable in an infinite variety of ways, while he possessed the most wonderful activity, which, in so languid and torrid a climate as that of India, was phenomenal. It was chiefly noticeable when he had any errand to perform. For instance, we always came in from our drive at about seven in the evening, leaving Surreif outside quarreling with the driver about the price (we soon discarded the ponderous chariot for the one-horse traps), for he would not allow us to be cheated. In a moment, though, he would overtake us, and with "gie' key, please," would scale the lofty flights of stairs four at a time, like some great bug, or a rubber ball that has overcome

gravity and is bounding upstairs of its own energy. By the time we reached our rooms he had lighted the gas, and we could see him, away in some corner, industriously brushing my evening clothes or something of that sort.

His contempt for the Hindoo he made no attempt to conceal; and when we were driving about looking at the sights, should we criticise some custom or other, he always looked down at us from his seat beside the driver and, in the most patronizing way, remarked, "Oh, but Sahib, he Hindoo!"

Not far from the present site of the Calcutta Post-Office stood the famous Black Hole of sorrowful memory. It played a conspicuous part in the chief historical event of the city—the sacking of the town in 1756 by Suráj-ud-Daulá, then Nawáb or ruler of Bengal—and was not connected in any way with the dreadful mutiny of 1857-'59, as seems to be the general impression. When the Nawáb advanced upon the city, almost all the Europeans in Calcutta fled down the river in boats to the mouth of the Hooghly, those who remained being compelled, after a spiritless resistance, to surrender themselves to the mercies of the native princes. For some little time it was a question of dispute as to what should be done with the prisoners, who numbered 146 persons; but at length the decision was reached that they should be confined in a certain guard-room, a small apartment not twenty feet square, without windows, and dependent upon two little gratings for fresh air. Into this, then, nearly one hundred and fifty unfortunate persons were driven at the point of the sword, on one of the hottest nights in a Calcutta June, and there left to survive or perish as the case might be.

In the morning, when the door was opened, twenty-three fainting wretches were dragged out alive, one hundred and twenty-three having succumbed through the night. The sufferings of the poor creatures must have been frightful, for each person had a little more than two square feet of floorspace in a room practically devoid of atmospheric circulation, with a temperature probably exceeding 100 degrees at the coolest part of the night. Wheeler, the Indian historian, considers it probable that Suráj-ud-Daulá was not directly responsible for this slaughter, but his



GOVERNMENT HOUSE—THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF LORD AND LADY CURZON.

absolute indifference to what had happened makes it still more probable that he would not have interfered with the order of his subordinate officers.

A small metal plate inserted into the flag-stones of a passage-way adjacent to the Calcutta Post-Office announces to the visitor that this was the spot where

the guard-room stood in former years.

By many people Calcutta is looked upon as being a stupid and dull town, but surely that must be the fault of the people themselves. We were in the city for four or five weeks, and they were the most thoroughly enjoyable ones I ever remember.



SHIPS AT MOORING—HOOGHLY RIVER.

A WINTER RAMBLE WITH A CAMERA



BY HERBERT W. GLEASON.

(With illustrations from photographs by the author.)

EVERY lake has its north shore, and so have numerous bays along the seaboard, but *the* North Shore—spelt with capitals and pronounced with reverence—means only the north shore of Lake Superior. Its summer-time glories have made it famous—not, indeed, among the horde of summer-resort seekers, who ignore any locality which is not easy of access and abundantly supplied with modern hostelries, but among those who delight in the untamed moods of nature and who revel in the luxuries of camp-fire and balsam couch. The steamer trip from Duluth to Port Arthur and around Isle Royal—200 miles, less than one-third the direct shore line—unfolds a scenic panorama which, for genuine beauty, is hardly to be surpassed on the continent; while the treasures which the North Shore affords in

the way of fern and flower, of finny folk and furry, of mineral curiosity and geological story, of piny breezes and ozonic atmosphere, make it a region dearly cherished by those who have once visited it. Ask your enthusiastic friend, the trout fisherman, if he has never cast his fly where rolls the Nipigon. If not, tell him that his best trout stories remain to be discounted. Ask your tearful friend, the hay fever victim, if he has never tried the virtues of a summer residence on the North Shore. If not, tell him that there lies Paradise.

But the North Shore in winter is a somewhat different place. Old Boreas then reigns in undisputed might, save as the lake refuses, in its vast expanse, to be bound by his icy chains. Bleak is the word for the North Shore at such a time—bleak, yet beautiful.



GULL ROCKS FROM THE SOUTH.



THE WINTER FOREST.

For there is a beauty in the aspect of the lake shore in winter which is none the less real, though of a different type, than the beauty of the summer. . The

agate beaches sparkle with a brilliancy unknown to summer days; the rocky headlands are encased in a crystalline glory—the heritage of the last “north-



THE LOGGING TRAIN.



THE SHELIVING ROCKS.—“BLEAK YET BEAUTIFUL.” (*p.* 364.)

easter”—which reflects and refracts the sunbeams in dazzling fashion; and from every twig or shrub or tree which has been near enough to the shore to catch the icy spray flung up by the waves, there hangs a cluster of glistening gems. The lake itself, chilly though its breath may be, is an object of fascinating interest with its ever-changing moods. It does not freeze, even in Duluth Bay,

until after the first of February, and then only on the occurrence of a succession of perfectly still and very cold days. Nor does it lose in interest through this freezing process. How the ice groans and thunders under the mighty pressure of the frost! What massive clouds of steaming vapor rise from the yet unfrozen surface, often assuming fantastic shapes, and giving an appearance as if the lake



A LOGGING ROAD THROUGH “THE FOREST PRIMEVAL.”

were actually boiling ! Out in the larger reaches of water the lake never freezes, however intense the cold. Its great depth and uniform temperature, added to its quick responsiveness to the least stirring of air, prevent the formation of ice.

But about the ramble. It was a bright midwinter morning when I took the early freight on the Duluth and Iron Range Railroad and went down the shore as far as Knife River. Now, Knife River is not so historic as the Tiber or the Thames ; it is not even so famous (or infamous) as the Chicago River ; hence it must be located for the

rambles on its way through the forest in a very jolly, care-free fashion, bustling among the boulders, lapping the base of bold bluff or rocky ledge, now tumbling over itself in delicious cascades, and now smoothing itself out into little sheltered pools where the speckled trout love to hide. (Ah, those trout ! If only St. Izaak's eager disciples would let them alone for a few years, how big they might become !) Useless little stream, indeed ? Would that it might ever remain so.

I had visited Knife River, as one of Nature's most sacred shrines, in previous years, but always in the summer



KNIFE ISLAND—26° BELOW ZERO.

readers of this article. It is a typical North Shore stream, rising in the heart of the pine forest, and finding its way, after a very devious course of a score of miles or more, to the lake shore at a point some twenty miles from Duluth. Knife River is one of those "little rivers" whose virtues Dr. Henry Van Dyke has so charmingly and so justly set forth. (What further need has it of reputation ?) Not that the good Doctor has ever visited its classic banks, but that it belongs in the same elect class with the Ampersand, the Restigouche, the Beaverkill, and the other streams which he describes as "not too great for intimacy." It is a providentially useless river—from a commercial standpoint. It turns no mill-wheel, it waters no farm, it floats no logs, it freshens no desert, it slakes no city's thirst. It just

time. Now I was to see it in its winter glory. It was about nine o'clock when the train reached the mouth of the river. Camera in hand, I first roamed for a while along the shore, taking views of familiar places—Knife Island, a beautiful spot, almost the only island along the North Shore for a hundred miles ; Camp Point, where Phyllis and I pitched our tent in the shelter of a clump of birches one summer ten years ago and spent three Elysian weeks ; the beaches where we found so many beautiful agates ; the shelving rocks where we used to watch the huge breakers dash themselves in the time of storm ; the humble winter quarters of the lake fishermen, etc. Then I followed the river back into the forest, walking on its frozen bosom and listening to its gurgle "like the Tokay of an anchorite's dream."

And was there not beauty in the forest? True, the heavy timber which once reached down almost to the water's edge has long since been cut away from the immediate shore line; but a second growth of young pines, balsam and spruce, with numerous varieties of hardwood trees, has come to a vigorous estate. Here and there, too, stands a solitary gigantic pine which has been spared by the lumberman's axe, serving as a conspicuous landmark and suggesting the glory of former days. Occasionally one will find in close association several kinds of trees, old and young, evergreen and hardwood, an arboreal "happy family." And note yon cluster of balsams, against their Gothic spires sharply outlined against the sky. One cannot help feeling reverential in such a presence. How brilliantly, too, their drooping branches contrast (and yet harmonize) with the snow! There are effects of light and shade, exquisite tones and ethereal tints in the winter forest, which summer, with all its resources, cannot equal. "Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?" Not unless you have wandered in the winter forest and beheld, not only the snow's warm embrace, its soft curves and its graceful decorations, but its yet more secret treasures of hue and radiance and purity. "The beautiful" which falls in our smoke-palled cities is often a travesty on the adjective; you must go to the evergreen forest if you would realize how purely white the snow can be. It is so white in places that it is blue. I have seen the sunlight streaming through a thick canopy of maple leaves and leaving a purple glow on the ground beneath, and I have seen the snow take on a yet rarer hue as it has received the sunlight through the interlacing branches of spruce and fir.

My river walk took me past many points of interest and pleasant association. There was the deep pool where once I caught a lusty trout—the biggest fish, a native said, which he had ever seen taken out of the river. Soon I came to the ledge over which the river leaps in a series of cascades, and near by the patch of tangled woods where Phyllis once got bewildered and lost her way. Around that bend in the river, one September morning, I came face to face with a family of deer—the most beautiful sight I ever saw in woodland. There was the old dismantled lumber

camp, still picturesque, and on yonder rocky bank a mink friend of mine once had his home.

After a while I left the river and followed a logging road still further back into the woods. It was an ideal winter's day, and every step of the way was an exhilaration—almost an exaltation. I was particularly pleased with the abundance of bird life. Several large ravens flew overhead, probably making a pilgrimage from the lake shore to the lumber camps. Noticing a flock of pine grosbeaks in flight above the tree-tops, I whistled to them, and at once they wheeled and settled down in a maple close beside the road, where they sat for some moments, preening their feathers and eying me with unconcealed curiosity. Woodpeckers were numerous, both the downy and hairy varieties, and occasionally I was favored with a glimpse of the rare Arctic three-toed woodpecker—he with the bright yellow crown. Still greater I thought my privilege when I heard the ringing drum of the pileated woodpecker, and soon a pair of these superb birds came in sight. Nearly twenty years had passed since I had last seen Sir Pileated, down in the Maine woods, but I had not forgotten his noble form and his flaming scarlet crest. Spite of his nobility, Sir Pileated sticks to his trade—that of a carpenter—and if you chance to hear him when he is at work building a nesting hole, you will be ready to wager he is splitting boards or ripping up shingles. Nuthatches, both of the white-breasted and red-breasted species, were quite common, pursuing their self-contained way up and down the tree-trunks and among the branches, and uttering an occasional "quank, quank," to keep one another's courage up. Chickadees abounded, of course. Approaching one flock as they were skipping about among the spruces, calling "tsip, tsip," to one another, or occasionally breaking out into a hearty "chick-a-day-day-day," I gave a clear whistle of two notes (a descending third), in imitation of their spring "pe-to" call. Instantly, one little black-capped fellow flew up into a shrub close by, and as I repeated the whistle he came nearer, until he was actually less than a foot from my face, all the while eying me in the most persistent fashion, as if he were determined to find out what kind of a chickadee that was who whistled

so out of season. It was a bit of confidence which I duly appreciated. Ah, chickadee—

"The Providence that is most large
Takes hearts like thine in special charge."

There were many indications, also, of other life. Rabbit and squirrel foot-prints were noted now and then, and once I thought I detected a fox's track. But the tracks of deer were everywhere, many of them so fresh that I must have seen one or more of the graceful creatures had I only passed that way a few hours earlier. In some of their favorite run-ways the snow had been fairly trodden down beneath their feet. I hoped to find the track of a moose, but was disappointed.

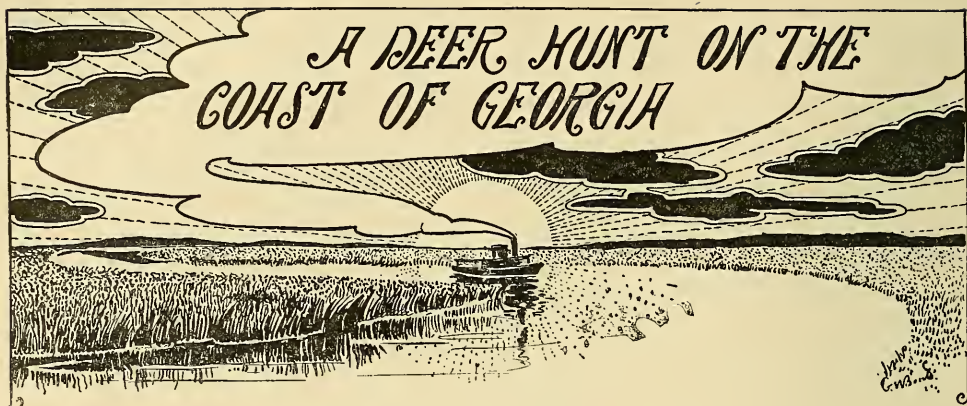
Some three miles from the shore I came at length to the heavy timber, the pine forest primeval, only just beginning to be invaded by the woodman's axe. Here was the climax of my ramble. Such magnificent pine-trees I had never seen before. In close ranks they stood, towering to the height of a hundred and fifty feet, their branches interlocking so that the sunlight reached the ground only in flecks and patches. It was a majestic sight—one to remember and think about for a long time to come.

There is something peculiarly solemn about a forest of virgin pine. Not that there is necessarily anything solemn about the pine-tree itself—though that is a common sentiment—but one cannot escape the feeling, in looking upon such a forest, that it is doomed to destruction and that it is only a question of a few years when every one of these noble trees will be laid low. "Mori-turi salutamus," they seem to say. Yet with this feeling there arises another, likewise instinctive, of respect and gratitude; for there is no tree which gives up so largely of its life for human service as the pine.

I lingered long among the pines, held by their fascination, studying them, drinking in their resinous atmosphere, listening to their whispering voices and taking to heart the message they had to give. It was a holy hour, filled with thoughts and emotions which may not be recorded here. Enough to say that I took up my return journey with a soberer step, as if I had been in communion with some of the choice spirits of earth, or rather, indeed, as if I were leaving one of the holiest temples of the Most High. And was not such the fact?



THE HARVEST OF THE AXE.



BY C. WAYNE CUNNINGHAM.

I HAVE done a great deal of deer-hunting in the South, but have never had the pleasure to enjoy that favorite pastime in the North, so am in no position to compare the two. Moreover, my Southern hunts have been confined to a beautiful sea-island on the Georgia coast. The island to which I refer, is one of the chain which extends the length of that coast. It is owned in its entirety by one gentleman, and its game is therefore protected against the public, and has consequently become very numerous.

At either end of the island is a beautiful little sound, some four or five miles in width, separating it from the adjoining islands, while a river, which empties into another of these sounds, separates it from the mainland. Being on an island the deer are confined and very seldom get away, except when put into the surf at one end by the dogs, when they can occasionally swim to the next island. This is very rare, however.

Such is the place where we fourteen had been invited, by a most hospitable host, to enjoy four days of rare sport. The boat which took us down from the city was not very capacious in cabin accommodations, but quite spacious outside, where we sat enjoying the weather of a fine Southern winter day.

When we got across the sound, and in full sight of the wharf, one of the three deer-drivers, as was his wont, started blowing his bugle. This was to let the colored people on the island know that we were coming, and to be on hand at the wharf. The bugler claimed that the reason he blows his bugle is not so much to warn the colored people of our

approach, as the deer. Drawing himself up in a proud manner he would say, "Boss, when I blow dis horn I can hear dem deer say, 'Dere come Chas. Grant.'"

We arrived at the wharf, and were there greeted by several of the island negroes, and a few of the pack, which had sauntered down on the wharf, seeming to know that a few days of hunting was before them, and giving vent to their delight in such noises as only a pack of deer-hounds can make. No welcome could have been finer to a crowd like ours than seeing these hounds and hearing their familiar voices.

There was old Dick Shed, the stalwart, beaming-faced negro, who is kindness personified; and by his side was Daddy Bob, the short and dumpy, whose "whiskey-cough" is well known to all those who have ever hunted on St. Catharine's Island.

After we had been escorted up to the "Big House" (as the darkies call it) by these celebrities, we arranged ourselves in our comfortable rooms, and then gathered downstairs in the dining-room with the table chairs drawn in a large semi-circle about the big open fire. Of course the first night we had no venison. After dinner, when the table was again drawn back and the chairs were drawn around the fire and the post-prandial cigars lighted, we fell to joking and singing or whatever best pleased us. Occasionally our congenial circle would be broken to make room for Charles, who would come in, from time to time, with a log to keep the fire going.

After an hour or so of this congenial chatting about the fire, Daddy Bob's

"whiskey-cough" was heard out in the pantry. This simply meant that he, Dick and Charles were waiting for their evening tip before retiring to the quarters. The door was opened and there stood the privileged three. For students of human nature, there is a fit subject in viewing these three just about to receive their tip. In Dick's grin there is more real good nature and lack of conceit than is often seen; while Charles, on the contrary, shows in his manner that he has been to town too often to maintain that extremely natural disposition common to a good old "'fore de war" country ducky, such as Dick. Daddy Bob's manner on such occasions is very amusing. He tries to retain his dignified bearing, but after the drink is well down he cannot restrain an expression of entire satisfaction in the shape of an "Ah!"

The first audible sign of life next morning was the sound of Charles and his bugle in the hall below, closely followed by his appearance, with a big armful of light wood, in the bedrooms. "Git up, Boss, and you Mas' Charlie. I can hear dem deer jist talk in de woods now; git up, gentlemen, git up."

The drives are sometimes of two or three square miles in area, and again only a couple of hundred yards long by so many wide. In the large drives are generally found the larger bucks, but very often in the smaller ones you can get out three or four very large bucks.

Breakfast finished, we got our cartridges and guns together and went out into the yard, where the dogs and two wagons were waiting, while Charles, Dick and Daddy Bob fell to a discussion as to what drive we should first take. First, all three disagreed; then, after much expounding on Charles's part and assenting on Dick's, it was decided that we should take one of the drives near the house to start with.

It was a fine clear day, and as we took our seats in the big wagon and drag it was with a feeling of freedom which only a hunter can enjoy. We had a short ride through the pine barren which lies between the house and the beach. Presently the "Boss" motioned back to us from the drag to be quiet, as we were nearing the drive.

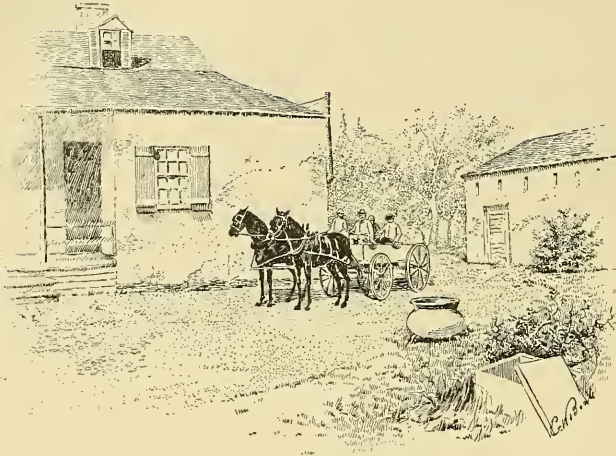
When the place was reached which we were to drive, the operation of stringing the standers commenced. "Mas' Charlie, you stan' right dere, near dat big pine, and keep yo' eye dis way, and don' let him git by if you see him. You whistle to show de next stander where you is, so he won't shoot you."

Finally, after Charles had placed all the standers, he blew several short blasts on his horn, which was a signal to Dick and Daddy Bob to put in the dogs. The "Boss," who was the last stander, before taking his stand, hitched the wagon back of the road, well under cover.

Soon after Charles' horn had sounded



LUNCH IN THE PINE BARRENS.



AN EARLY START.

Dick and Daddy Bob were heard 'way off in the distance clapping their hands and shouting in short, kitching whoops. They were then "putting the dogs in."

Now the sport had begun and all of us were on the sharp lookout lest a "sneak deer" should be startled by the noise and pounce out upon one of us.

Soon a complaining cry is heard from Violin, which signifies that she is eager to let loose in full cry after a big buck, or, perhaps, has had a whiff of some cold trail and cannot restrain herself. Then Apollo's somewhat deeper voice is heard amid the encouragement of Dick and Daddy Bob's whooping. Again for a while not a sound is heard,

which by no means lessens our alertness. Now Violin's occurs more frequently and Apollo's and Flute's and Kaiser's and Nellie's. Now Drum's deep voice is heard — no mistake this time. They are on a hot trail, for when that venerable veteran gives tongue there is something near by.

What music is more beautiful than the sound of a pack in full cry in a big pine barren on a clear, cold day? How it echoes back and forth and fills the whole air with sound! The pack comes within two hundred yards of us. No telling but that any moment a big buck

might dash out of that thicket of scrub oak or yonder bunch of palmetto. Charles has evidently gotten a glimpse of antlers. "It is a buck. Look out, Boss! look out! look out!" Bang! bang! the Boss has gotten a shot. The buck has caught sight of the Boss, and wheeled, and is now running down the line. Bang! further down the line.

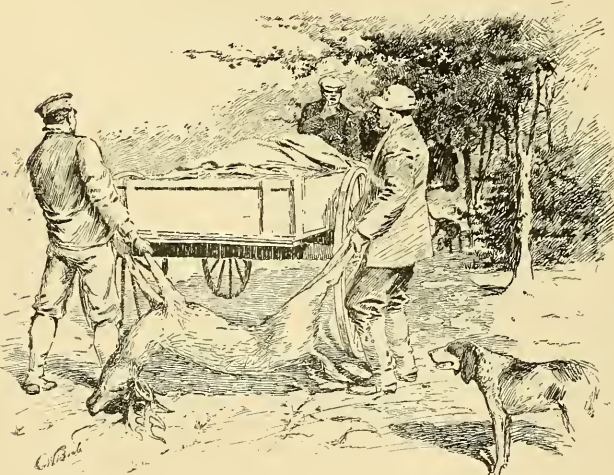
Now the pack comes in hot pursuit, with tails erect and noses close to the ground. Here comes Charles from the far end of the drive, down the road, to see what has been done. His duty has been to stop the dogs if the deer gets by without showing any signs of being hit, or to let the dogs go on if he has been hit.

"Miss um, Massa Charlie?" he asks.

"Yes, but he was hit when he came home; let the dogs go on."

After a few moments the cry of the dogs died away and then three long blasts were heard from the Boss's horn 'way up the road. This meant that the drive was over. It was a signal for all to gather at the wagon. Here many questions were asked by all as to who got shots and who didn't, and who hit and who didn't, and such.

Soon Charlie is spied through the trees, and dangling by the side of Mary's



THE SPOILS OF THE CHASE.



EXPECTATION.

forelegs are seen two slender legs of a tan color.

When he rode up to the wagon in all his glory, he was heard to say, "Dick, dis is a wishous buck, but de Boss fix um."

It was pronounced the Boss's deer by Charles, as his shot was the first and had taken effect.

The buck was summarily put in the wagon, and we then started out for another drive.

After the next drive, which was accompanied with equal success, we, being more or less hungry, took our midday lunch. In the afternoon we took two more drives, and added to our bag another buck and a fine doe.

I have often heard it said that hounding deer is not thoroughly sportsmanlike. If you have ever taken such a

hunt as I have described, where the deer has many more than even chances with the hunter, I think you will agree with me it is thoroughly sportsmanlike, and certainly a sport rife with pleasure and excitement.

After our four days' hunt and we were again installed in the boat on our way home; there were hanging from the awning pole on deck seventeen fine saddles of venison. We were thoroughly pleased with our trip—many thanks to our kind host—and were right in our prediction that after the first night roast beef, for dinner, would be supplanted by venison. When we had gotten clear of the wharf, Charles started on his bugle, and between breaths he was heard to say, "I can hear dem deer sayin' now, 'Tank God, Charles Grant done lef dis place.'"

ROUNDEL.

I COUNT him out—the tyrant small,
The wingèd god with childish pout,
Before whose aim the mighty fall—

I count him out.

Wee victor in full many a bout,
Kings among men are in thy thrall—
I cannot put thee, Love, to rout !

Some shafts are sped beyond recall,
Some rankle deeply—never doubt !
But henceforth, arrows, bow and all—

I count him out.

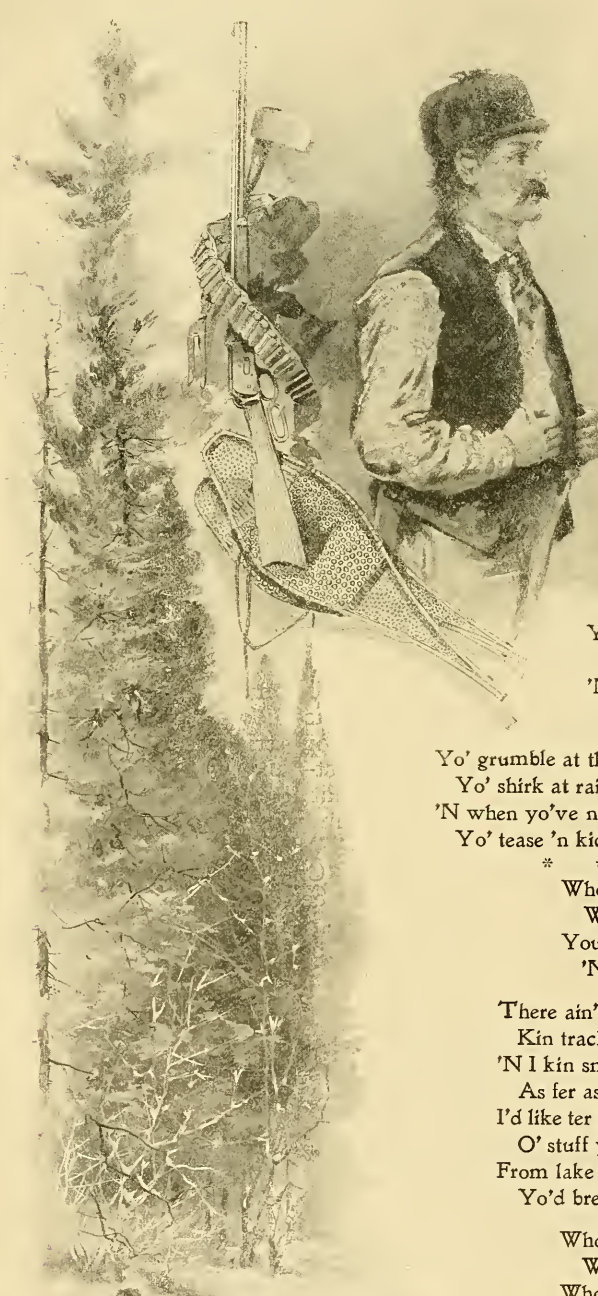
HELEN FAIRBAIRN



The Wail of the Guide.

BY

FREDERIC
COLBURN
CLARKE.

A detailed illustration of a hunter in a forest. The hunter is shown in profile, facing right, wearing a dark cap, a light-colored shirt with a patterned vest, and light-colored trousers. He is holding a long rifle vertically in his right hand. The background consists of tall, thin evergreen trees and a misty or snowy atmosphere.

Yo' city chaps comes ter th' woods
With yo' new-fangled guns,
'N 'low yo' prime ter shoot th' hide
Off anything 'et runs:—

Yo' grumble at the grub I cook,
Yo' shirk at rain 'r fog,
'N when yo've nathin' else ter do
Yo' tease 'n kick my dog.

* * *

Who cleans yo' guns 'n tends th' camp?
Who built that 'ere canoe?
You think yo'd larn them tricks in books,
'N maybe larn me, too.

There ain't no guide in seven States
Kin track a moose like me,
'N I kin smell a caribou
As fer as yo' kin see;
I'd like ter see yo' tote th' load
O' stuff yo' make me pack,
From lake ter lake along th' run—
Yo'd break yo' dog-goned back.

Who keeps yo' out o' traps 'n snares?
Who calls yo' moose 'n deer?
Who showed yo' whar ter find a b'ar
That day yo' run so queer?—
Don't guy yo' country guide, my friend,
Tho' he don't know yo' creed—
Thar's heaps o' things a man kin larn
As well as larn ter read.



YOKE FELLOWS AT THE PLOUGH.

A BICYCLE TOUR IN THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT—MADEIRA.

BY WILLIAM JAMESON REID.

(Concluded from December.)

FROM the vale of Eceari we ascended into the mountains of Quira, one of the least frequented and not often visited parts of the island. Of roads there were none, and progress awheel became a delight not unalloyed with pain, in being obliged to pick a tortuous passage through a narrow mule-path littered with countless obstructions rolled down from the mountain-sides. But the toils of the road were fully requited by the majestic panorama constantly unfolding to view. Here the rocks are still shaggy with oaks and cork-trees, interlaced with wild vines. They are broken eccentrically into white and ruddy pinnacles and scars of granite, clothed with brush-wood, and so precipitous that they are forsaken even by the agile mountain goats. Myriads of birds in dazzling plumage make these fastnesses their home and beguile the lazy dawdle with unceasing melody.

The hills fell around us in startling cliffs, or in long slopes studded with great trees upon the greensward. We could count trout by hundreds in the river by our side. Hawks were in the air above our heads, and eagles above the brows of the boldest of the mountains. We lunched under the shade of a spreading fig-tree growing wild by the water-side; and oleanders in full flower grew ten and twelve feet high along the banks.

While we dozed and smoked thus during the noontide heat, a pair of ancients joined us by the cool brook. They wore sheepskins, and their greasy black hair fell low on their backs. Their faces were corrugated with wrinkles, and in their eyes was an expression of plaintive hardness, the outcome of their gentle pastoral life. This honest couple of Madeiran Strephons laid down their guns and lay along the grass with us for an hour or two, and drawing forth a

wine-skin, shining like burnished rose-wood with the precious liquid which it contained, made us regret that moment when the promptings of necessity urged us forward.

As we were on the point of leaving, one of them remounted his mule, and acquainting us with the fact that he would lead us by the easiest route to Icarra climbed the side of the mountain by a prodigiously steep trail. Our guide was a tough old septuagenarian and a retired brigand to boot, and although he held his head high as he spoke, as if brigandage was the most distinguished of professions, the effect of this blunt statement on our nerves was somewhat trying. When he discovered that I had a taste for out-of-the-way places and unhackneyed things, he said that he would take me to a friend in the village of Icarra, and this was our easiest way thither. Although by action he gave us no reason to doubt the reformation in his character or to distrust the peaceableness of his intentions, we were right glad when the last summit had been left behind, and for miles we coasted down the gentle descent into the quaint valley below.

We found Icarra to be a miserable little village lost in a deep grove, which obscured it from view until one had been brought to everyday consciousness by stumbling into the moat lying before its walls of sun-dried brick. The native houses are dull hovels enough—all of one story, offering their backs to the public thoroughfare, the front entrance being through a stoutly walled courtyard, where the pigs, poultry and children innumerable mingle on terms of the most even-handed democracy of spirit. Among these poor huts rose other more elaborate structures painted pink and blue, erecting themselves proudly like cavaliers in a group of tattered beggars. These were the dwellings of the great men, among whom was the friend of our guide, a low-browed, sinister-looking rascal, who eyed us with evident mistrust and gazed enviously at our belongings, doubtless wishing that he was back in his brigandish days once more.

Although we had come to secure much-needed rest, the population of the village imagined that our arrival was prompted by the idea to exhibit ourselves as a traveling circus. It has been

said that the average Madeiran native is the most inquisitive person in the world; whether this be right or not, in our own case there was certainly little rest for the weary. Notwithstanding the pressing invitation of our brigand host we preferred to pass the night in the ramshackle inn, filled with yawning cracks, through which the wind played with undesirable force, to be superseded by a violent rainstorm, which exposed us to the indignity of being immersed in a domestic bog.

As this domicile was a type of those to be found in all parts of Madeira a description of it may not be amiss. The wall of the long reception room was snowy white, it being an article of domestic faith to keep it so by lavish use of whitewash, which serves the utilitarian purpose of hiding many a shortcoming. A number of spits for the roasting of lambs, larks or wild boar hung against the wall, while on a ledge running around the entire length of the abode was a row of water-jars in every gradation of size. Some cheeses lay on a wooden shelf cannily slung over the hearthstone. Five or six circular straw sieves, tufted with bits of red and yellow cloth, dangled from the rafters in imposing array. These sieves were utilized to sift the flour ground by the donkey in the corner, and as we subsequently learned such are a popular and useful wedding present in Madeira.

Save the above articles, the room was empty of movables—always, however, excepting the donkey and his machine. Nothing takes the fancy more in Madeira than the omnipresent pot-bellied little ass which, with a hood over its eyes to protect it from giddiness, goes round and round, crushing the grain between two millstones, to which it is attached by a rotating beam of wood. The patience and diminutiveness of the creature are alike remarkable. As there is an ass to every house it is the custom to appoint a man to look after all the "millers" of the community during their hours of relaxation. At a certain time in the day, therefore, one may see the little donkeys capering out of the houses, with many a bray of satisfaction and greeting to each other, all frolicking in a troop toward the pasture ground of the community. During playtime they are as full of spirit and antics as they are methodically in-

dustrious when harnessed to the mill. In the morning, however, the ass-herd reappears among them to recall them to their toil. Sometimes he pipes them homeward, and they trot along, kicking playfully at each other as if they liked the music. But when the village is reached, each little ass in a sobered manner steps over the threshold of its master's house, and, with tail between its legs and drooping ears, listlessly submits to its fate, like a schoolboy about to be catechized by a dame.

But to recur to our entertainer in Icarra. He was a tall, sinewy gentleman of the pastoral order, wearing, among other interesting garments, a donkey-skin vest embroidered with variegated silk. A demijohn of wine, crushed from his own grapes, was in a twinkling brought in and set on the ground between our legs, while several of the *élite* of the neighborhood gathered around, like Sioux braves at a council fire, to help us drink it, and make philosophical and erudite remarks on the potent qualities of our "witch steeds."

None of these illustrious wights could understand why a stranger, of his own free will, should come among them. "You have the whole world to choose from, and you come to Madeira!" However, they could not but take it as a compliment, and so we became very friendly over the wine; and when we parted, the ex-brigand, with the mirth of fifty clowns in his large, down-trending nose and his expansive mouth, said to me, as he held my hand between his two brown palms, "On your return, my friend, to Madeira and Icarra, I beg you to seek me in the churchyard, and there scatter a few flowers on my grave."

From Icarra our wayfaring took the form of a triumphal procession, and as we scrambled along during the day it was needful to enter sundry other houses and drink wine. Our brigand friend, who had volunteered to see us through the journey, had a wide circle of friends, some of them queer fishes; and so there was much hob-nobbing round the fires of olive-twigs heaped in the middle of the rooms, and during the day we carried on a bureau of general occult information that would have ensured the fortune of a rising seer. The Madeirans are, indeed, unconscionable tipplers. They go nowhere without a gourd of

wine braced to their shoulders. Strangers who meet in the byways stop and drink to each other, and even the young girls who gave us "good-day" in the course of our saunterings were eager to stand a while, take a pull or two at our flasks, and discuss the quality of the vintage. The quantity of wine our guide could consume in a day was astounding; and he never impugned the cellar of our host in the evening by retiring sober to bed.

The twilight was beginning to prevail when we coasted down a long descent of two miles into Camacha, at the imminent peril of breaking our necks and likewise those of any unfortunate persons who might be in the road. As it was, at one moment we seemed on the point of ending our terrestrial careers, when, rounding a sharp bend, we descried a donkey trotting peacefully along ahead and occupying the entire road, excepting a narrow foot-path on the right. Juan, with visions of sudden launching into eternity, hallooed with all the strenuousness of a lost spirit, but his muleship was not to be so easily discommoded. He trotted amiably along, looking neither to the right nor left, and satisfied with himself and the world in general. I was just able in the daze, caused by sundry attempts to catch breath, to see Juan shoot through the narrow path at the right; and, closing my eyes, and expecting that the next moment would find me in another sphere, I followed blindly. If ever there was a scared donkey it was that one. As we brushed by his drooping head he performed the most remarkable acrobatic feat of turning over on his back in mingled fright and astonishment, and, doubtless thinking that he had seen the skeletons of two of his departed compatriots, bolted through the woods with a celerity remarkable for one of his years and sobriety. His frightened braying echoed in our ears during the entire descent, and from the speed at which he started on his wild career he is doubtless running yet.

Our accommodation for the night in Camacha was so typical of what we met with in other places that a few words about it may be welcome. We arrived at dusk, and stumbled up the uneven streets of the village, attended by a motley following that increased at every moment. "Oh, you must not mind,"

observed our guide, when I demurred at this conspicuousness. "It is a mark of respect for us," and he held his grizzled old head high as he spoke. I do not think that the mistress of the establishment whom we requisitioned for a lodging was very happy to see us. Like our guide, her husband was a brigand, but

neglected the wildest flights of hyperbole) the light of suspicion in her eye although not quenched was visibly lowered.

One mortally annoying peculiarity of Madeira is the heartless way in which you are left to hunger until the fashionable feasting hour arrives. Though you



"WE COASTED DOWN INTO CAMACHA." (p. 377.)

unfortunately for her peace of mind he was not as yet entitled to the honor of subscribing an "ex" before his name; and although she had nothing to fear from the villagers, she was undecided as to whether in some way we were not bent on his capture. Juan, however, with the self-possession of a man of the world, took matters into his own hands; bade the lady get together what edible luxuries she could for the evening repast, and give us a good bed, and quenched her alarms by the information that her husband's roadside courtesies were nothing to us so long as they did not interfere with our own progress. The ex brigand completed the effect by deftly making her to understand that she ought to be proud to receive a distinguished traveler; for, according to his logical reasoning, how could a man who underwent fatigues for no definite object be other than *distinguished*. With this little dose of flattery (he had not

reach your host's house at two o'clock in the afternoon, there will be nothing for you to eat until nine or ten. Certainly, the wine will flow, but not every one can find comfort in wine. Here at Balao, for instance, we spent several famishing hours amidst our hostess's various babies. They, the cats, the pigs, and poultry all found amusement about the floor of the room; and the mule in the corner contributed the music of his welcome to the other hubbub. Now and then a villager would look in, mumble forth a scarcely audible "How do you do? There's nothing much the matter with me," and speed away as if fearful that further prolongation of his presence would cause him to be consumed.

But although supper was tardy in its appearance, it was a solace to famished vagabond wayfarers. We had soup of sour milk, macaroni, lamb-chops moistened with lemon juice, cold trout and

cheese; but hardly had we time to revel in these delights when the lady rose with a bow, offered me the rush light that illuminated the feast, and wished us good repose. But good repose was out of the question, chiefly from the sudden home-coming of the brigand, who stepped between the sheets unwashed and tainted with an odor in which garlic predominated to an unusual degree. He was a large-limbed, dusky ogre, with only one eye and several scars across his face, and doubtless was not overjoyed at our presence. Evidently we had misjudged the friendliness of his intention; at least we were led to believe so by the affectionate disposition which he showed to cling closer than the fondest brother during the night, interspersing slumber with sundry gurglings, gruntings and snortings which would warrant the assertion that he snored abominably. Likewise he seemed the general stamping-ground for all the

Early in the morning we were up and a wheel again, our route for nearly all the day wandering in and out through a narrow valley, beneath a natural arbor formed by interlacing branches of trees and clambering vines overspreading the road in an emerald dome. At every step the scene became more solemn and impressive; all was still around us, and not a sound broke the universal silence, except the soft scrudge of our wheels over the yielding moss, and now and then the voice of one of us; but the entrancement of languidly dozing along and sleeping the sleep of fantastic day-dreaming gave little encouragement to garrulity.

Rounding a sharp bend in the road during the morning, we came upon a party of shepherds gathered about a fire, and not totally ignoring the good things of life, as a fowl in process of broiling gave ample testimony. A strapping youth, of nineteen or twenty,



A SUMMER SLEIGH.

fleas in Madeira, judging by the persistency with which he maintained an involuntary scratching. Would to heaven that they had been common settled fleas and not nomads, for, scenting new pastures on our elysian persons, they entered upon a journey of exploration that was not altogether pleasant to us.

and who evidently thought himself no small personage, invited Juan to engage in a bout of wrestling. At this suggestion there was a general clapping of hands and grunts of approval, and Juan, being nothing remiss, winked confidently at me, as if to say, that he would teach these barbarians a thing or two.

The contest was of short duration, for Juan, although slighter in build, was more than a match for his adversary in skill and agility, and the whilom champion was obliged to suffer the indignity of being felled three times before the eyes of his companions. During the trying operation he received some pretty severe handling, but what was more remarkable, he never lost his temper, and, in proof that there was no hard feeling, seized the choicest morsels and temptingly offered them to us in his grimy hands.

Our experience on this night at the village of Raste was a curious contrast to that of the night before. Here our society was mostly masculine. The good man of the house was glad to the core to have us under his roof, and invited his neighbors to come and envy him his good fortune. That we should not be delinquent in courtesy, we contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion by riding round in a monotonous circle for several hours to the general mystification and edification.

The evening's celebration was rather protracted. I cannot tell how much wine we drank, but I recall the passive reproach in the faces of the women during our bacchanalian indulgence, the heavy way in which at length they rose, gave their arms to their hilarious better halves, or rather lesser halves,

and closed the revel by loudly intimated good-nights. The only drawback to the occasion was the unusual conviviality of our host, who at frequent intervals, carried away by maudlin emotion, would seize me, kiss me on both cheeks, our beards rubbing together in friendly unison, as if I had been his dearest friend just escaped from the jaws of death. While I was glad to find his friendship was so thorough I gladly could have spared the kissing operation. It would not have been so bad had these welcomes been from rosy lips of the weaker sex, but his beard was the growth of years.

Leaving Raste we descended abruptly from the mountains again to the seashore and for hours wheeled along the soft sand, pondering unspeakable things, listening to the crooning plaint of the dancing blue waves, and showered by the fine spray tossed from the madly rushing breakers as they crashed on the beach. During the afternoon heavy banks of lowering clouds, presaging a storm of unusual violence, quickened our pace. For several hours longer we rose and fell over undulating sand-dunes, and, just as day faded into the arms of night and the first spiteful drop of rain struck on our cheeks, we toiled into Funchal, and our wayfaring through the paradise of Madeira was ended to our infinite regret.





GUNNING FOR SNIPE IN JAMAICA

BY BRUX.

HERETO the West Indies have not been accredited by the roaming sportsman as a field for sport, yet the beautiful island of Jamaica may be excepted, as, although, unlike Trinidad, it cannot boast of deer shooting, yet wild ducks, teal, pigeons, doves and snipe, in the season, afford very good gunning. Duck, teal and snipe are protected from March 1st to August 31st; pigeons and doves may be shot from August 1st to February 28th.

My friend Jack and I were indulging in a post-prandial cigar, when he asked after my good old pointer Juno, a liver-and-white bitch, thoroughly broken, and over whom we had both done a good deal of shooting.

In response to my call of "Hold up, Juno, good dog," she came bounding into the room, wagging her tail in ecstasy.

"The dog looks in good form," says Jack; "suppose we try a little snipe-shooting; there are any amount of them at Kirk Hall in that piece of old canes. I rode through there yesterday and put up about twenty wisps. They seem to have just arrived; suppose we try them to-morrow."

"Say 6 A. M. All right; I am willing. I will be there. I had a note from Will saying teal were down in goodly number on Harmony Pond, and he will preserve them for next week; in the mean-

time we will try your snipe. Juno may be a little more anxious than she used to be, but she is just as keen of scent as ever."

"All right, Brux, old fellow. Meet me at the logwood fence at Friendship line, 6 A. M. sharp. Good night."

With thermometer at seventy degrees, exactly at five o'clock I heard a rap at the door. "Is that you, Jim?"

"Yes, massa; alright."

"Jim, I will be up directly."

Thirty minutes after, I was sipping a cup of hot coffee, and ten minutes later was wheeling away behind Milton in the four-wheeler, my faithful Juno sitting up between my legs and looking fit for anything.

At a quarter to six, sure enough, I saw Jack sitting on the logwood fence, our trysting place, and looking quite fresh.

He welcomed me with a "Good morning, old fellow; beautiful morning. We had a shower last night, and the birds will lie well; they have divided up, and you will have better fun at single birds. Of course you are aware they do not fly in wisps for more than two or three days after arrival, but I prefer them single when I am fortunate enough to have such a good dog as Juno."

Out of the buggy Juno jumped. Jack and myself both loaded up, I placing two cartridges, No. 8 shot, in my twelve bore.

"The wind is from the north. Brux, you take that side, as the birds will fly from me to you—always against the wind, you know."

"No, no! Since I am not as good a snipe-shot as you are, let me take south," I insisted. After a little argument this was agreed to. "Now hold up Juno." And a few minutes after she was as rigid as marble, with one fore foot and one hind foot lifted.

"Steady! Now, Jack, that's your bird mark!" Bang! and Jack scored a miss.

"Better luck next time. Steady! Now, Jack, mark!" Bang! goes Jack, and another miss is scored.

"Why, Jack, they are as thick as peas. Look at the dog. She hasn't even dropped to charge. Steady, good dog!"

She looks at me so intelligently, and with a slight wag of her tail, was again rigid, a perfect picture; again does Jack pull off another miss. "Down charge."

"I seem a little off, Brux," he said.

"You have not had a chance yet."

"Hold up, good dog," and another point was the result.

"Steady now," and up got a fine bird with the usual "quirk," and as soon as his zigzag was over, crack! from one of our smokeless cartridges, a twirl in the air, and my first bird was killed.

"Well done," says Jack; "beautifully killed. I thought you said you could not shoot snipe."

Jim, who is not far behind, also exclaims: "You got him, sah!" and goes forward to pick up the bird. I stop him just in time, as Juno again points; again head-over-heels, down comes the bird with both wings broken. I am certainly getting confidence.

Jim is rather an awkward negro, with crossed eyes; or, as I tell him, he looks with his right eye into his left pocket, and *vice versa*. But in picking up the bird, he flushes another that gets up from almost under his feet. The "quirk" frightens him; I call out "Mark," and Jack grasses his first bird.

"Well done," says I, and Jack looks very pleased with the bird in his hand. "They seem fat," he adds, as he places it in the palm of his hand, and it seems to wobble about a little.

I turn round and find Jim up to his old tricks, pulling out a few feathers from the back. "Now, Jim, don't tear them to pieces."

"No, sah, but dem are fat, sah."

We mop our brows, take a nip of punch, with just enough spirit to prevent the acid and sugar from having an ill effect, and we start again. The fun becomes fast and furious, I make two misses, and then score with a right and left. Jack goes on steadily. The punch seems to have steadied his nerves, and bang from Jack's black powder follows in quick succession, and I begin to think I am getting left, when up gets a bird from under my feet, and another to my left, and again I score a right and left. Up two more get before I am loaded, and as I move off I bag two more. Then comes the hot corner, and after walking across ten acres of land we feel that we have ourselves gotten a little warm.

We sit down, have a "wee draw of the pipe," and another nip of punch, but before resuming we count the bags. Jack has got six brace and I have seven and a half brace, of longbills, the true English snipe.

"Now," says Jack, "we will walk back across the higher portion of the field, and you must take the north." "All right, if you will have it." "What are those?" says Jack.

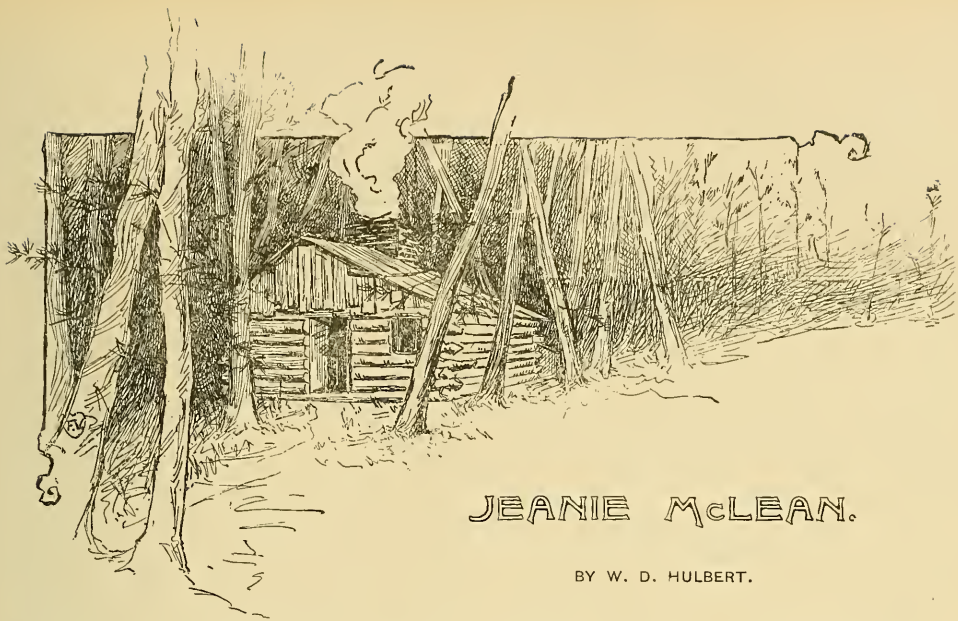
Two golden plover pass overhead and crack! from my left barrel (full choke), and down they both came.

Jack lays a longbill low, and we keep it up alternately, when bang, bang from Jack's black powder, and two more are accounted for. Then we both begin in earnest, and as it is now about 9:30 A.M., we begin to feel "peckish." Jack says breakfast will be ready at ten, and we will get to the end of the field by that time; but we have no time to talk, while our guns keep up a brilliant rattle of tenor and bass from smokeless and black powder for the whole half hour, and at last we come to the end of the field.

After pulling ourselves together a bit we count the birds. Sixteen brace of snipe and a pair of golden plover had fallen to my gun, and Jack had twelve brace of snipe. He, however, said they were bigger than mine.

"Get into my trap, Jack, and we will go together. Jim will draw the other trap. Come, Juno."

What a breakfast we did eat! Jack would have some of the snipe on toast cooked with the trail in, and they were just lovely. Yes; Jamaica is a great island for snipe!



JEANIE MCLEAN.

BY W. D. HULBERT.

I WISH you could have seen her as I saw her that early winter afternoon, coming through the cedar swamp, with a shotgun over her shoulder and half a dozen partridges hanging from a cord tied round her waist. She was tall and straight and splendidly built, and she walked the rough, frozen floor of the forest with an ease and grace such as you never or seldom see in a ball-room. And her eyes were bright, her lips were red, and there was magnificent health and strength and freedom in every look and motion. She must have been twenty-three or four years of age, and I should think that she stood nearly five feet ten in her moccasins. She wore a rough, heavy jacket, and a skirt that hung six inches from the ground; and on her head was an otter-skin cap, skilfully made and wonderfully becoming. Her black hair and eyes, dark skin, and high cheek-bones told of Indian blood, but there was something else in her face, something that seemed to challenge one's respect as well as his admiration. When I heard her name, I decided that it was Scotch. She had the air of a Scotch lassie, too, and but for her distinctly characteristic Northwestern Woods attire, she might have passed for one of the heroines of the Western Isles of Scotland whom Black has immortalized. She was a veritable Princess of Thule of the Michigan woods.

The meeting was decidedly unex-

pected, out there in the woods of the Great Tahquamenon Swamp, and I suppose that my mouth was open as well as my eyes and that I looked like a fool, for she smiled in an exceedingly amused yet altogether pleasant way, as if to help me out of my embarrassment. Fortunately, just at the opportune moment Charley Johnson came up behind me, and I was spared the trouble of speaking.

"Hello, Jeanie," said he.

"Hello, Charley," she replied, and they looked each other in the eyes with a frank pleasure that was a delight to see.

Charley and I were looking lands. My firm had sent me up to Northern Michigan to inspect their timber holdings, and as it was new work to me and Charley was recommended as an expert, I had hired him to go with me. We had just finished our first day of running lines and counting trees, and were about to start for McLean's homestead, somewhere along the bank of the Tahquamenon River, where Charley said that we could stay overnight. He had been in very high spirits for the last hour or two, and I had begun to suspect that he was looking forward to something more than a good supper and a night's lodging. Possibly Mr. McLean had a family, and it was evident from the frankness and warmth of his greeting Jeanie McLean that Charley was by no means a stranger in that family circle. I had never heard him give the slightest hint to that effect, but then in affairs of the

heart, if such there were, men of Charley's mental composition are reticent to the verge of sensitiveness.

Charley, by the way, was a six-footer and an ideal woodsman, erect, broad-shouldered, and strong as a moose. He was thirty years old, and for half his life he had followed the woods as a seaman follows the sea. His father and mother had come from the northern shores of the Baltic, and Charley's hair was yellow and wavy, his mustache was fairly golden, and his eyes were as blue as a Viking's.

"Jeanie," said he, "this is Mr. Raymond. Mr. Raymond, Miss Jeanie McLean."

We shook hands, and I discovered that Jeanie had a grip of which the stroke-oar in our college boat-crew might have been proud.

Charley took the shotgun and slanted it over his own shoulder, and we set out for the homestead.

"How's the old man?" he asked.

"Dad's sick with a fever," said Jeanie. "That's why I'm out hunting this afternoon."

Charley laughed.

"Just as if you weren't out hunting most of the time," said he, and then I dropped behind and left them to themselves. All the way home I heard their voices just ahead of me, and now and then a peal of laughter rang out through the quiet woods. The Great Tahquamenon Swamp is not exactly the Garden of Eden, and the difference is particularly noticeable in a November twilight at the end of a hard day's work; but I think it answered the purpose for my yellow-haired Scandinavian land-looker and the half-breed girl, tramping over the frozen moss, with the stars peeping through the cedars and the keen, cold breath of the north setting the blood a-dancing.

For my part, I was very glad to reach the clearing, and to see the lamp-light shining from the windows of the log house that stood on the river bank. I wasn't used to the swamp and the pine ridges. McLean was in bed, but his Indian wife was bustling about, and had a big kettle of venison stew on the stove. After supper Charley and Jeanie played checkers for an hour or two, while I sat by the stove and speculated and built castles in the air till I found myself dozing off into dreamland.

Two tiny bedrooms were partitioned off at the end of the house, one for McLean and his wife and one for his daughter. There was a bunk for Charley and me in one corner of the living-room, and before nine o'clock we took off our coats and our rubbers and German socks, pulled the blankets over our heads and went to sleep. I was wakened by the rattle of the stove-lids. The women were getting breakfast, and Charley was sitting on the edge of the bunk, buckling his rubbers. He was entertaining Jeanie with a very lively account of my exploits as a land-looker, which had already brought down on my head a good deal of good-natured ridicule, and was begging her to take my place that day and help him run lines.

Her mother interrupted him with, "Run down to the river, Jeanie, and get some fresh water for breakfast."

Charley was on his feet in an instant, and they went out together. They were gone long enough to make several trips to the river, and to do a good deal of talking between times; but neither of them looked very happy when they came back, and I concluded that true love had struck a snag.

Breakfast consisted of Jeanie's partridges, fried potatoes, coffee, and a small mountain of buckwheat cakes, each one as large as a dinner-plate and of a somewhat greenish complexion. As soon as it was over, Charley and I started out again. But I was not to do any land-looking that day, nor for many a long day to come. Three or four inches of snow had fallen during the night, just enough to cover the ground so that one could not see what he was stepping on, and we had hardly left the clearing when I put my foot into a hole between a couple of roots and sprained my ankle. Charley helped me back to the house, and he and Mrs. McLean fixed me up as well as they could.

"I'll go out alone," said he, when it became evident that I could do no more walking. "You aren't much use, anyhow," he added, with a grin.

I objected, and so did Mrs. McLean. I was a greenhorn in the woods, but I knew enough to be certain that a man who went land-looking alone was risking his life.

"I've looked lands by myself hundreds of times," said he.

"Yes," said Mrs. McLean, "and you'll try it once too often."

He would have stayed if Jeanie had asked him, but she had nothing to say, and would not even look at him.

"I'm going," said he, in a tone that said plainly enough that there was no use in talking about it any longer.

"Have you a revolver?" I asked.

"No," said Charley, contemptuously; "a revolver's no good in the woods."

"Take one of our guns," said Mrs. McLean; but he declared that there was not an animal in the Tahquamenon Swamp that would dare to touch him, and what was the use of lugging a gun around all day? And so he went off without a companion, without a weapon of any kind, and, as we found out later, without even a jack-knife in his pocket.

The morning passed more quickly than I had feared. Mrs. McLean was talkative and—for a while—entertaining. Then she helped me into the other room for a visit with her husband, who was still confined to his bed. The old Scotchman had been a sailor before he took to the woods, and had traveled all over the world: so we swapped stories for several hours.

Jeanie was very quiet. About the middle of the forenoon she brought me a large, heavy jack-knife.

"Is this yours, Mr. Raymond?" she asked. "I found it under the bunk when I was sweeping."

"It's Charley's," said I. "It must have slipped out of his pocket when he was asleep."

She said nothing, but she looked decidedly sober, and I noticed that she put the knife away very carefully.

In the afternoon she went out hunting again, and just after dark she came back with three more partridges. Her cap and jacket were sprinkled with snow, and her cheeks were glowing, in spite of her Indian blood. She had recovered her spirits and was more radiant than ever, but a disappointed look came into her face when she glanced around the room. Charley had not come.

And Charley did not come. We sat up for him until far into the night, but no matter how often Jeanie and Mrs. McLean went to the door and looked out across the clearing, there was nothing to greet them but the wind and the falling snow. So at last we put a light in the window and went to bed. There

would be work to do on the morrow.

When I got up next morning my ankle was better and I thought that I could travel, but in a few minutes it began to swell again. As I stepped across the floor from the bunk to the breakfast table I turned my foot a trifle, and that finished me. I might as well have tried to fly as to take a tramp through the woods. Then McLean got out of bed and dressed, but he was too weak to do anything, and he soon had to lie down again. Jeanie was the only one who was fit for duty. I gave her the descriptions of the lands that Charley had intended to visit first, and she was off before daylight, confident that she would find him.

"Oh," she cried, as she picked up her shotgun and went out, "I'm glad I'm so strong!"

But when she came back at nightfall she looked as if nothing would ever make her glad again. She had not found Charley, nor seen any trace of him. The snow had covered his tracks completely, and all that she had been able to do was to keep as near as possible to the course that he had intended to take, calling at the top of her voice, and occasionally firing her gun. If he was alive and within hearing he would answer. But he had not answered, or, if he had, she had not heard him. She had been all over the lands, the descriptions of which I had given her, and she was ready to give up in despair.

"I heard a wolf howling, too," said she, as she finished her story; and then, young giantess though she was, she dropped down on her knees, put her face in her mother's lap, and cried. After supper she walked restlessly up and down the room for a while, then went and stood beside her father's bed.

"Dad," said she, "I'm going out again. Maybe he's dying this minute."

"Jeanie, my girl," he replied, "you must rest to-night. Some one will have to go to McAndrew's camp to-morrow for help, and there's nobody to do it but you."

"I'll go now," she cried; "why didn't we think of it before?"

But her father caught her hands and held her.

"Not to-night," said he. "You never could make it in the dark. Wait till morning, and then you can take the

canoe and go down the river. McAndrew's boys will find him. Don't you be afraid."

The old man was lying, for he believed in his heart that Charley was dead. Any one of a hundred accidents might have befallen him, and McLean knew that if the snow kept on falling there could be small chance of finding even his body. But Jeanie was a little comforted, and presently she went to bed.

Two hours before sunrise she was up and ready to start for the lumber-camp, ten miles away by the windings of the river, but at the door she stopped, hesitated a moment, and went back to her father.

"Dad," said she, with a little quaver in her voice, "where are the bear-traps set?"

One was up the river and another down, and a third was two miles away to the southeast, in the edge of a burning.

"And where's the other one?" she demanded.

McLean glanced at me anxiously, and said that it was set on the quarter-line near the east side of section seven. Jeanie looked relieved.

"That wasn't in the descriptions you gave me yesterday," she said, turning to me.

"No," said I, "but we have a forty up there. It's the southeast of northeast. Charley was going to look the others first, but he may have changed his mind."

A look of dread, almost of horror, came into McLean's face. Jeanie turned white, but she said not a word, and after a moment she took a small three-cornered file from a cupboard and went out. I watched her from the window, and instead of going down the river, she crossed the clearing and struck into the woods towards the northwest, a bee-line for section seven. I have often wondered whether she let herself think of what might be waiting for her at the end of her five-mile tramp. I have heard stories of a human skeleton found in the woods of the Tahquamenon Swamp, with a huge steel trap fast to the leg-bone. About ten o'clock, as I still sat by the window and watched for her, I heard a noise in the direction of the river, and there she was, just stepping into a dugout canoe. I called Mrs. McLean, but before she could reach the landing-place Jeanie had shoved off and

was paddling down-stream with all her might.

* * *

When Charley left the house he started for the nearest of our lands, just as I had supposed that he would, but before he had fairly got to work he changed his mind. There were a few scattered forties up in sections six and seven, lying at some distance from the rest, and without very much pine on them; and he decided to look at them first and leave the bulk of the timber till the next day, in the hope that I would be able to go with him to examine it.

He had not been out more than two hours when he stepped into old man McLean's bear-trap, where it lay on the quarter-line, almost hidden by the newly fallen snow; the steel jaws flew up and caught him around the ankle, and he was securely chained to a large, heavy log.

For a few minutes he did not realize that it probably meant death, a lingering, solitary death of hunger and cold. The trap did not even hurt him very much through his thick woolen clothing, and there must surely be a way of getting out of it. He tried to force the springs down and let the jaws fall apart, but they were too stiff for that, and he had not really expected to succeed.

McLean must have set the trap with a lever, and Charley looked around to see if he had left it within reach. It was leaning against a tree only a rod away, but it might as well have been a mile, and he was not sure that it would have helped him if he had had it. Next he unbuckled his rubber, loosened his socks, and tried to work his foot out of them, but with no better success. The ankle-bones were too large, and the jaws were pinching harder all the time.

He decided that he would have to pull the staple and walk home with the trap on his foot, and, lying down on his back, he braced his feet against the log, grasped the chain with both hands, and heaved on it till his muscles cracked. He might as well have attempted to tear up a big tree by the roots. McLean had made ready for a bear, and there was no use in a man's trying to pull himself loose. Even this did not frighten Charley very much, for he thought that he could at least dig the staple out with his knife, but when he put his hand in



Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

"THE MEETING WAS DECIDEDLY UNEXPECTED." (p. 381.)

his pocket the knife was gone. For the first time he realized what had happened, and the cold sweat came out on his forehead and he fell to trembling. He sat down on the log, and for a few minutes he lost his nerve completely.

But by and by he braced up again. He could keep himself alive for a day or two at least, perhaps for several days, and help might possibly come. He thought that Jeanie might look for him, even if no one else did. The worst of it was that she would probably go to the other lands first. Mrs. McLean had given him some bread and meat for his lunch, and he determined to make it last as long as possible, but he knew that there was more danger of freezing than of starving to death. If it had been a month later in the season the first night might have finished him.

All that day and the next Charley sat still on his log and waited, shouting every few minutes at the top of his voice. It was tough, even in the daytime, but the night that came between was far worse. Before it was over, he made up his mind that the earth had stopped revolving, and that the sun was never coming back again to the Great Tahquamenon Swamp. He was damp as well as cold, for the heat of his body melted the snow that fell upon his back and shoulders, and the moisture gradually struck through his clothing. Toward morning he slept a little while and woke up thoroughly chilled, colder than he had ever been before in all his life. He rose and tried to warm himself by exercise, but there was not much that he could do with the trap fast to his foot, and every movement hurt his leg cruelly. He ate some of his food and felt a little better for it, but the second day was far harder and longer than the first had been.

Several times during the morning he heard Jeanie's shotgun. He was sure that it was hers and that she was searching for him, for anyone who was merely hunting would not have fired at such regular intervals. Besides, he had heard that gun often enough to recognize its voice. Once he fancied that he could hear her calling, faint and far away, and he stood up and let out a whoop that would have been a credit to a Comanche. He shouted and yelled and fairly screamed, but she never heard him. The wind was blow-

ing from her to him, and must have carried the sound the wrong way. That was the nearest she came, and the next shots were farther off. Charley was almost beside himself for a while as he heard the firing die away in the distance, but before long he pulled himself together again. It was a comfort to know that Jeanie was looking for him, and perhaps next day she would come within reach of his voice. He thought he could hold out a day or two longer, unless the weather turned a good deal colder. Meanwhile there was just a chance that some stray trapper or land-looker might pass that way, and he kept on shouting till his throat was nearly worn out.

A little before sunset he heard something that silenced him, not a girl's voice this time, nor a man's, but a wolf's. For an hour or two he sat quietly on his log and listened. A single wolf was not likely to attack him, and there had not been a full pack in the Tahquamenon Swamp for many years. Still, it was just as well not to attract his attention. The woods were perfectly silent, save for that occasional long-drawn howl. They were awfully, fearfully silent, and the stillness seemed pressing all the life and courage out of him. It was growing dark and getting colder; he was weak with hunger, and his leg pained him fearfully. By and by the north wind began to blow, and he could feel the strength oozing out of him as it struck through his clothing and rubbed its icy hands over his body. He was not so sure whether he could live through another night or not.

Then he thought he heard a slight noise, as if someone was wading very slowly and cautiously through the light snow. He could see nothing, for the long winter twilight was deepening into night, but the sound kept coming nearer. Once or twice it stopped, and then came on again, more deliberately than ever. It was worse than ghostly, for it was real and yet unknown—something that might spring upon him the next moment and set its teeth in his throat, and tear out his eyes with its claws. Somehow, the wild animals of which he had spoken so contemptuously the day before seemed very different, now that he was chained down to a log in the darkness, without a weapon, and with even his strength going. As for a

revolver, he would have given his left hand for a six-shooter and plenty of cartridges. Perhaps the wolf had found two or three companions, and was stalking him. Or perhaps it was a bear, or a Canada lynx. A lynx would fight like a devil sometimes. He was all unstrung, and a fit of terror seized him. He could hardly keep from screaming. And the next moment he could hardly keep from laughing, for he had caught sight of the thing that had frightened him. It was a porcupine, nearly buried in the snow. But he did not laugh, and he did not stir, for a new idea had struck him. The porky was plowing its way straight toward him, and as likely as not it would be close upon him before its stupid little eyes discovered that he was a man and not a stump. Perhaps it would help to keep him alive till Jeanie came. He sat perfectly still, and the porcupine came on until it was almost within reach. Then it stopped, raised itself on its hind legs, stared at him for a minute, and very deliberately turned away. Charley forgot his chains and made a jump for it, fell forward on his face, just touched the porcupine's tail with one hand, and lost it. The jerk of the trap on his wounded foot was too much for him, and he fainted.

When Jeanie came down the quarter-line in the gray of the morning, following the blazes on the trees, she heard a man sobbing like a lost child. Charley never knew how long he lay unconscious in the snow, but when he came to himself it was dark, starry night, and very cold. His left hand was stuck full of porcupine quills, and the sharp pain of jerking them out helped to revive him. He ate the last of his food, and that strengthened him a little. In one of his pockets he found a few matches. There was nothing else within reach that would burn, but he struck them, one after another, holding them between his hands until the blaze died out, and they sent a momentary thrill of warmth through his chilled body. After that there was nothing to do but sit on the log, swing his arms, and try with might and main to keep from falling asleep.

It was like a long, long nightmare. At dawn he fell into a doze in spite of himself, and he dreamed that he was a small boy again, and had run away from his mother, and got lost in the woods. Night came, it grew very cold

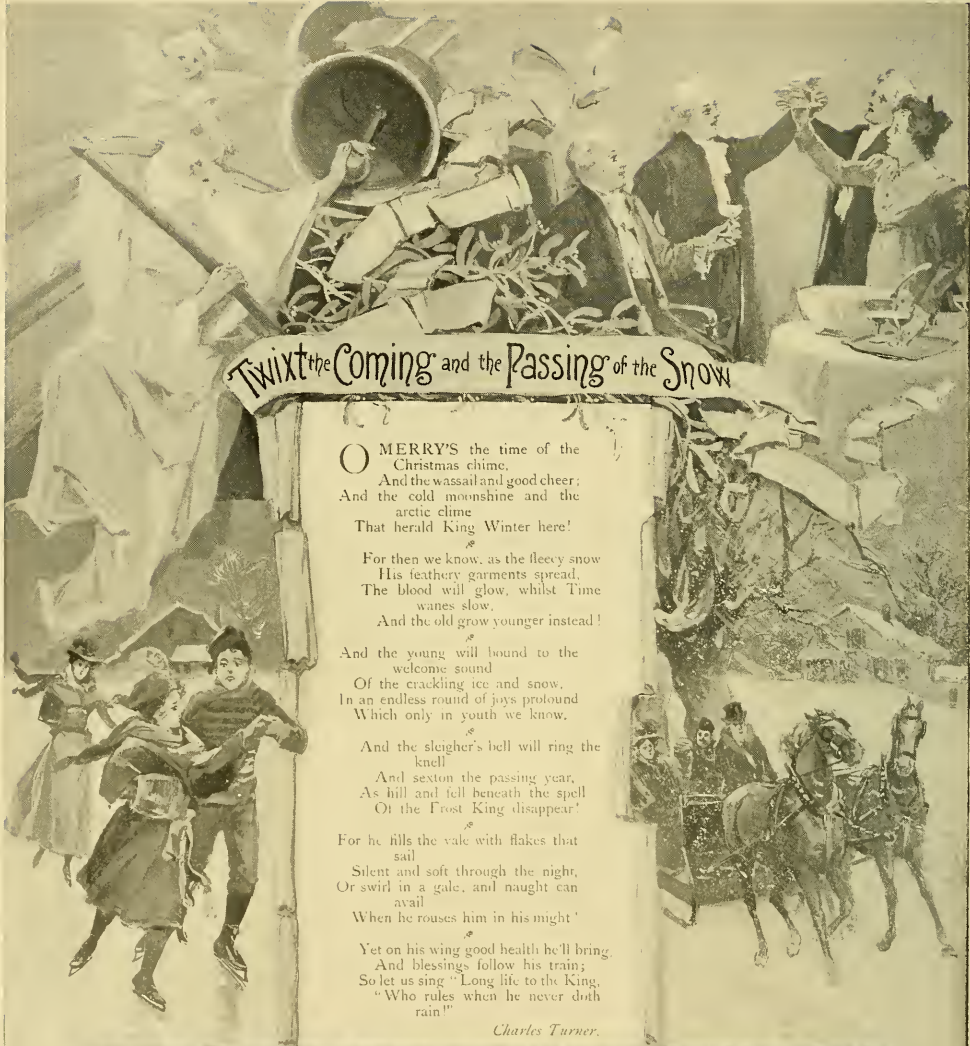
and dark, and something, he couldn't tell what, was hurting his foot. A wolf howled, and he began to cry. He saw the wolf coming through the trees; it leaped upon him and caught him by the shoulders, and he screamed. And just as it was about to devour him he woke, and there was Jeanie kneeling in the snow beside him. Her arms were around him, her tears were falling on his face, and—yes, she was kissing him. She gave him a swallow of brandy, cut the trap from his foot with her file and helped him up onto the log again. Then she gathered birch bark and wood and started a fire, while he munched cold venison and told her over and over how he had been dreaming, and that not even freezing to death in a bear-trap could make him cry as long as he was awake. Jeanie laughed and said she believed he was awake all the time, and was only trying to make excuses.

"And what were you doing about that time?" asked Charley.

But Jeanie was busy with the fire and she did not answer.

When he was partially thawed out they started for the river, half a mile away, Charley hobbling along on one leg, with one hand on Jeanie's shoulder and the other on a heavy stick. He was very weak, and by and by he struck his wounded foot against a hidden log and fainted again. She had to carry him the last twenty rods. How she ever managed it I don't know, for Charley weighs a hundred and sixty at the very least, but she did. She laid him on the bank and made him as comfortable as she could, and then she came back to the farm for a canoe, paddled down stream to where she had left him, and brought him home.

His strength came back in a day or two, but his foot was still in pretty bad shape and needed the attention of a surgeon. So one morning he and I paddled up the river to a railway station, where we took a train for Sault Ste. Marie. Charley whistled "The Girl I Left Behind Me" as we pushed off from the landing-place, and he told Jeanie he was coming back the next week. I found letters at the Soo calling me home to New York, and I never saw anything more either of him or of Miss Jeanie McLean, but I have no doubt that he kept his word—he was a fool if he didn't.



Twixt the Coming and the Passing of the Snow

O MERRY'S the time of the
Christmas chime,
And the wassail and good cheer;
And the cold moonshine and the
arctic clime
That herald King Winter here!

For then we know, as the fleecy snow
His feathery garments spread,
The blood will glow, whilst Time
waned slow,
And the old grow younger instead!

And the young will bound to the
welcome sound
Of the crackling ice and snow,
In an endless round of joys profound
Which only in youth we know,

And the sleigher's bell will ring the
knell
And sexton the passing year,
As hill and fell beneath the spell
On the Frost King disappear!

For he fills the vale with flakes that
sail
Silent and soft through the night,
Or swirl in a gale, and naught can
avail
When he rouses him in his might!

Yet on his wing good health he'll bring
And blessings follow his train;
So let us sing "Long life to the King,
"Who rules when he never doth
rain!"

Charles Turner.



FISH AND FISHING IN FLORIDA WATERS.

BY WILLIAM C. HARRIS.



WITHOUT the use or strain of a metaphor, the State of Florida may be, not inaptly, described as amphibious. Lakes, ponds and streams abound in the interior, and frequently recurring sea inlets or passes carry the tide far from the shores to blend with the flowing river waters.

With such an extent of habitat in a semi-tropical climate, fish life is naturally vigorous and the species abundant, possessing superior game-like qualities; but the charm of an angling experience on Florida waters, fluvial and lacustrine, is the luxuriant environment and the climatic salubrity, permitting, indeed inviting, the rod to be used at a season when the game fishes of the Northern States lie, death-like, in their ice-bound hibernations.

The fly-fisher in Florida can roam and wade at will the winter season through, and the bait-fisher can catch fish, or loll and slumber in an open boat, amid summer surroundings, through all the frost months of the year.

With such a delightful vista before him an angler must indeed be poor, both in pocket and in enthusiasm, if he fail to yearn for specific information as to the fish and the "how, when and where" to catch them in these waters of abundance. With this fact in view, we will make a tour of the coasts of the State and of the interior, stopping here and there to give a personal experience as to details and opportunities. But first as to the fish.

The game fishes of Florida have a worldwide reputation. Anglers from distant countries, particularly from England, visit the State to battle with that lordly leaper, the silver king or tarpon, who eclipses in valor and size the great mahaseer of India's waters, which, for many years, was the champion big fish on an English rod.

The barracuda surpasses in fierceness of onslaught his fresh-water congener of similar shape and reputation—the pike. He is found almost everywhere along the coasts and is taken on a trolling line.

The Spanish mackerel, beautiful in coloration and form, can be caught in large numbers at the mouth of the passes, either with natural bait or a large artificial fly. The pompano, the choicest and highest-priced of all salt-water fishes, is found feeding in many localities on the small crustacea of the shallows or in the pockets made along the beaches by an incoming tide; and at such places takes freely a small bait of clam, or, when coming into the mouths of the inlets or passes, a small artificial fly will be found effective. The spotted sea trout may be taken at similar places and on the same lures.

The lady fish, a cousin of the tarpon, but of lesser size, full of small bones, but game to the core, is found everywhere, along the west coast particularly; and the bone-fish, with the high record of being the greatest game fish of its size in American waters, reaches its superlative vigor in Biscayne Bay, on the southeast coast.

The channel bass or red drum, with its characteristic spot on the peduncle, or fleshy part of the tail, is found nearly everywhere; and casting a mullet bait into the surf for these fish, running from five to forty pounds, is doubtless the most exciting as well as exhausting of all angling methods. Wading out waist-deep into a tumbling surf, which at times overleaps the angler's head, with a forty-pounder on the hook, fighting both breakers and fish is hard work, and an hour's experience suffices and exhausts the most muscular rodster. Senator Matt Quay is an enthusiastic red-drum angler, and visits Brigantine Beach, on the New Jersey coast, where, singular as it may be, these fish reach a weight of sixty pounds on their migrations north in the month of August. Forty pounds seems to be nearly the maximum weight of the red drum of the Gulf waters.

The sheepshead and the spotted sea trout may be said to be ubiquitous. Fiddler crab is a choice lure for them, but the sheepshead of Florida do not give the attractive fight of their Northern ilk. They bear down, jiggling fiercely, and seldom make long and strong surges; nor do they nibble gingerly at the bait like the fish of the North, but take it fiercely with a rush.

The mangrove snappers, gray and red spotted, are active when hooked. A three-pounder on a ten-ounce rod will fight wildly until death comes. They are often caught at the mouth of the passes, particularly in the channel ways of the outlets of the many lakes or ponds that lie adjacent to the beaches. The fiddler crab is a good bait for them, although in the narrow and shallow outlets of the ponds they will take a gaudy and large fly with avidity.

Some of the species of groupers grow to a large size and they are vigorous and wary fighters. They, as well as the snappers, are apt to seek the protection, when hooked, of the mangrove roots or shelving rocks of cochina, and a strong rod and tackle must do its best work in restraining them.

The city of Jacksonville, from which the railroad system of the State diverges, presents the first objective point to the angler of the North. Here he will find but little sport for his rod. The St. John's River, immediately adjacent to the city, yields only a catfish that grows to a very large size. It is a brother of the great Mississippi catfish, and we have known of one of them being caught on a trolling fly sunken about a foot below the surface of the St. John's River. It was game and weighed eight pounds.

Taking a steamboat that plies daily between Jacksonville and the mouth of the St. John's, we reach the town of Mayport, distant about twenty-five miles. The sheepshead fishing at this point is very fine, and the fish are of an average weight much greater than those caught farther south. One of fourteen pounds is of authenticated record, while the average of the larger sheepshead of the Gulf coast does not exceed five pounds. If the angling tourist happens to be at Mayport in the early days of December, he will be apt to get a fresh shad, planked in the Gloucester style, the fish being cooked with its fins flop-

ping, as it were. Such was our delight a few years ago, and the repast was acutely enjoyed, as this fish was unknown to our Northern table except in the early spring months. In the month of April and all through the summer, large scores are made at Mayport of the species of fish that are caught during the winter farther south, not excepting the tarpon, which averages very large in weight and is quite abundant.

Pablo Beach, distant from Jacksonville about seventeen miles by rail, is noted for exceptional fishing and as a favorite summer resort of the residents of Jacksonville. During the hot months the shores and groves at this point are dotted with tents, one of which was occupied for a number of years by General Spinner, the Treasurer of the United States during the internecine war. He was an ardent hook-and-line bait-fisher, and his curious and world-renowned signature to the notes issued by the Government was said to have followed the squirming lines of a gyrating eel during the progress of capture by the General. At Pablo Beach the channel bass caught in the surf range from twenty to twenty-five pounds; and sheepshead, groupers, gaff-topsail catfish, whiting (barb), are taken abundantly with rod and reel at an old wreck half a mile up the coast.

St. Augustine, with its beauty of climate and palatial hotels, was, forty years ago, when I first visited it, an excellent point from which to "go a-fishing." At that time a steamboat of primitive build and management conveyed the tourist from Jacksonville to Toco, where only a rough pine-board hostelry existed; and thence ran a wheezy old stage over about twelve miles of a porous sand road to St. Augustine, along a route through a dense pine wood, where deer were seen in herds and free from timidity. The hotels at St. Augustine were at that time very economical, the highest charges being \$1.50 per day. The orange trees shaded the windows of the guests, and juicy fruit could be plucked at will without leaving the room. All this has, however, vastly changed, and the saddest part of it is that the quality of the fishing has kept company. At the early period named sharkfishing was followed for a living by the Minorcan fishermen, and paid handsomely these mulatto-

colored descendants of the Minorca Islanders, who were the first settlers at St. Augustine. The best fishing is now in the surf of Anastasia Island for channel bass, although the sheepshead and other fish are taken in and near the outlet of the Matanzas River.

The fishing near New Smyrna (reached by rail from Jacksonville) and at Mosquito Inlet is very fine. At Pacetti's (Ponce Park), a few miles from New Smyrna, and on the Halifax River, channel bass (called redfish locally), sheepshead, mangrove snappers and the groupers are caught in quantities through the winter months; and when the spring opens the river swarms with cavalli, sea trout, lady or bony fish (called skip-jacks locally), and other varieties.

From New Smyrna by rail the distance to Miami, on Biscayne Bay, the terminus of the road, is two hundred and forty-two miles, and there is no section of the route that fails to attract the angling tourist. All the usual salt-water fish are found in the inlets and bays; and when Rockledge, Jupiter, St. Lucie or Palm Beach is reached, a stay at either point will be fruitful in returns. The salt-water fishing at the inlets of Indian River—Fort Capron and Jupiter—affords excellent sport for variety and quantity. Cavalli, pompano, bluefish, sea trout, lady fish, sergeant fish, mangrove snappers and channel bass are caught; the pompano, in proportion to its size, fighting harder than any of them. Artificial baits, such as the squid or spoon, phantom minnow or fly, casting or trolling, are used, and are successful with all species, not excepting the mangrove snapper. At Jupiter Inlet the pompano abounded a few years ago, and doubtless do so now. They appear in large shoals, jumping out of the water when disturbed by a passing boat, or from other causes. They are fished for with a light rod and fine water gear, and when hooked they fight hard and die game. Large cavalli (a close cousin to the pompano, but not a good table fish) are taken up to eighteen pounds in weight. As in all other fishing sections, the fish bite best on an incoming tide. The foregoing conditions exist in all the waters south to Key West, where the angler should stop a few days and visit the fishing boats and their docks. There is no place in the world where one can study live

fishes so satisfactorily as at Key West. Professor Evermann, the ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission, states: "Fishing boats are lying at the fish wharves at all times, and in their wells may be seen specimens of numerous species, many of them of brilliant coloration; and, by the aid of a water glass, one may spend hours observing and studying a multitude of fishes and other interesting forms as they disport themselves in the clear waters beneath the boat."

On the Gulf coast, from Key West to Tampa, the transportation is by water, and the angler who wishes to explore and enjoy the fishing should charter a boat at Key West. A thirty-foot sharpie will answer all purposes, as it is roomy and draws very little water. In this craft he can visit every inlet, bay and island as far as Pensacola, seeking protection from impending storms by keeping close inshore, where harbors meet him every few miles.

The first objective point, after leaving Key West, will be the Ten Thousand Islands, where every fish known as a habitant of the Gulf coast of Florida can be caught. The next stopping place will probably be at Marco. Here he will find good accommodation on shore, with tropical scenery that embraces all the luxuriance of foliage and forest growth typical of this land of flowers. If he wishes tarpon, they will be found in the river that skirts the northern side of the town; and from a beach lined with a cocoanut grove a mile in length he can cast a mullet-line to the channel bass, or, from under the shadow of the mangrove trees, still-fish for the alert and game snappers and groupers.

Leaving Marco, his next point will be Punta Rassa, where he will find scores of companion anglers on the wharf, or stepping into the boats of their guides for a visit to the adjacent fishing grounds for small (?) fish, or the swift waters of the Pass for the tarpon, or perhaps taking the steamboat for Fort Myers, where still-fishing for tarpon continues to be a favorite sport with a few anglers, who do not incline to trolling for this great game fish.

Punta Gorda, the terminus of the railroad from Jacksonville, is about forty miles north of Punta Rassa, and is a great gathering point for sportsmen tourists. All the Gulf fishes abound in

adjacent waters, and every facility for catching them is within reach.

The city of Tampa, with the two arms of the great bay embracing it on the east and west, is thought by many sportsmen to be the best central point on the Gulf coast from which to shoot and fish. Certainly the deep water of the bay yields all the native fishes, and the arms afford excellent fly-fishing for sea trout and other varieties. This was a favorite resting-place of W. C. Prime, the author of "I Go A-Fishing," and he was the pioneer of fly-fishermen in this section.

Sarasota Bay, about seventy-two miles south of Tampa, is an ideal spot for the fly-fisherman. Billy Bowlegs and Philippi Creeks, easily reached by sailboat, can be waded and fly-fished with comfort and success. Rovalli (snook, locally), channel bass, skipjacks or lady fish, sea trout, cavalli, are taken on the lower stream, and black bass in the upper reaches.

Pages could be covered by descriptions of the grand fishing waters of the Gulf coast, but space allotted to the subject forbids. Suffice it to state that at Homosassa, Tarpon Springs, Isola Bella, near Cedar Keys, and at all the intermediate points between that town and Pensacola, the usual species of Gulf fishes can be taken in quantities to suit the most fastidious or exacting rodster.

There are but few places in the interior of the State where hotels have been opened that fail to yield excellent fishing for the large-mouthed black bass and the smaller fresh water fishes, such as the sunfishes, including the war-mouth, strawberry bass, which are generally known by the local name of "brim." There is no better point for black bass than Kissimme. Lake Tohopekaliga is the favorite water, and from it a bass weighing $23\frac{3}{4}$ pounds is reported as having been caught. The supply of fish in this lake is simply wonderful, and they will take a fly readily if it is allowed to sink a few inches below the surface.

The fishing in the upper St. John's River is very fine for black bass. Lake Monroe, which is practically the head of navigation, yields bountifully to the rod. Near Winter Park are lakes Osceola, Maitland, Mizell and Virginia, which are reported as "being full" of black bass, garfish and alligators. In

Volusia County, particularly near Ormond, excellent fresh-water fishing may be had. The Tomoka River, three miles distant, and the Halifax, near by, not only give good fishing for black bass and other fresh-water fishes, but salt-water species, the cavalli, sheepshead, channel bass and other varieties, are caught in numbers. The numerous lakes around Winter Haven give excellent fishing, particularly Silver Lake. Lake Ariana, near Auburndale, is one of a large group of lakes, and is the deepest and clearest. A little stream feeds the lake from a smaller one, and, owing to the extreme purity of the water, the black bass in this lake are exceptionally game, that is, for large-mouths. There is a water surface near Eagle Lake station, which covers seven square miles, and in it abound black bass, perch, gar, etc. The fishing is very fine. In the western part of the State there are many excellent waters, particularly at Marianna and Cantonment.

The angling tourist will find in Jacksonville a full supply of coarse tackle for ordinary bait-fishing in the waters of the State; but if he intends to fly-fish or essay the acrobatic tarpon, or to surf-fish for the channel bass, it would be well for him to outfit at home, and we suggest articles as follows:

Two split bamboo fly-rods of best make, respectively weighing 10 and 7 oz.; a minnow casting rod, length $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet, weight 5 oz.; a natural cane bamboo rod, 8 feet 6 inches, weight about 12 oz.; a tarpon rod, length 6 feet; a click fly-reel, holding fifty yards; a compensating quadruple multiplying reel for minnow casting; a steel pivot striped-bass reel or Silver King, holding not less than 200 yards of 18-thread Cuttyhunk line. For flies use an assortment tied on Nos. 6 to 3.0, leaders either 3 or 6 feet long, hooks ranging from Nos. 1.0 to 5.0 tied on long snells of twisted gut. If you take longer hooks—7.0 to 9.0—use those with eyes. A lot of manganese pliable wire will be useful for short leaders and snells when fishing for Spanish mackerel; it will not crack or corrode in contact with salt water. For further details consult a reliable fishing-tackle dealer, who is ordinarily the angler's best friend and adviser. He knows or should know just what is needed, and it is to his interest to be honest.

AMONG THE DOVES IN CALIFORNIA WITH A SHOTGUN.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

GAME is no longer valued by the thump it makes on the ground; while those who return from shooting at the dove in flight to water, with the weight of the bag less than that of the cartridges with which they proudly started, are convinced that the proverbial innocence of the dove is all imaginary. Improvements in guns have developed in the bird such a surprising ability to take care of itself that scarcely anyone is to-day ashamed to hunt it. Some of the most difficult shooting to be found with the shotgun is on this bird when it leaves a tall tree, dipping downward as it goes; while to stand under a tree and make a double shot on a pair of them, catching one as it comes in to alight and the other as it goes out at the other side, is one of the finest bits of practice one can have.

In California, although we have plenty of other and larger game, the dove ranks high as one of the game birds, and probably there is no Eastern State where it makes as fine shooting as here. We do not go after doves among the stubbles or long weeds, seeking a rising shot, though they rise far enough and fly swiftly enough to make a double shot on a pair thus springing from the ground, a shot that no one need be ashamed of. Flight shooting is so much more difficult that rising shots seem child's play.

It is in the countries having a dry summer, with water-holes plenty enough, yet not too plentiful, and reasonably near good feeding grounds and sufficient shade, that the dove makes the best shooting. These three are the prime factors, and when well combined they often make an evening flight of doves such as is never dreamed of in any of the wet countries. And they have a velocity, a twist and a finish about their style of flight that are seen only in the land of dry summers when the birds are moving for water. And where these are well combined marvelous flights of doves are yet seen in many places, in spite of settlement that has long since driven out all other game.

At two o'clock one afternoon the Southern Pacific train landed seven of

us at the station of San Fernando, and in a few minutes we were in one of the adjoining orchards. The valley of San Fernando contains about one hundred and fifty thousand acres, mostly covered with immense wheat fields, and girdled with rugged mountains. In some places, such as the tract around the old Mission where we stopped, several thousand acres are in orchard and vineyard. In the deep shade of the orange, lemon and olive, the birds were sitting by dozens enjoying the cool breeze that swept through the trees from the distant sea. Sometimes fifteen or twenty would be almost together under a tree like a flock of quails. Wherever there was a spot of water from the leakage of an irrigating hydrant, doves could be seen drinking along the edge, with some in flight to and from it. In the corral of the old Mission were dozens around the water-trough and the puddle its leakage made on the ground.

But this was not the shooting for which we had come, for the birds in flight were not yet numerous enough, and while a good rising shot could sometimes be had, it was rare. The birds were wild and rose out of shot, and though they came around the corrals and associated in a friendly way with the cattle and horses, they knew right well the sheen of a gun, and had a strong suspicion of everything with two legs. It was far better to await the flight to water in the evening, when a single hour was liable to call for all the cartridges one could comfortably carry. Therefore we spent an hour or so inspecting raisin-grapes and prunes, with pears, peaches and nectarines, that were in great abundance; and then about four o'clock some of the party took a stand near the irrigating hydrants that were at the head of every forty-acre field, while the rest spread out on San Fernando Creek, in which the water runs all summer for some distance above ground.

I went to an orchard of orange trees about three years old, just large enough to hide behind without stooping, while the well-cultivated ground was so free

from weeds or grass that I would have no trouble in finding fallen birds, a very important point often overlooked in many kinds of shooting.

I could have gotten probably very much better shooting on the stubbles and over the patches of sunflowers on the uncultivated ground, but without a good retriever one will have plenty of work, and lost time as well as lost birds, on such ground.

Orchards were round about me on every side and thousands of birds were in them. These places are the summer home of the dove, and the evergreen shades of the lemon, olive and orange they especially love. Here their cooing resounds from early spring, and here they breed in spite of all the civilization around them. Sometimes there are a dozen nests in a tree, and in early summer the young ones learning to fly whisk and flutter about the houses and yards on downy wings, too feeble to make the whistling sound of the older bird. These orchards they love as much as the live oaks of the hills or the sycamores and willows of the water-courses, which they also frequent in great numbers. But the gentle cooing of summer was gone, and the birds were now strong on whistling wing, and seemed to know that the time to look out for the man with the gun had come.

Scarcely was I in position when my first bird came in straight as a bullet. I was about a hundred yards from a hedgerow of eucalyptus trees some sixty feet high, the next best thing to a hill to get under the lee of, if you want hard instead of easy shots. Birds were so plentiful that we cared nothing for easy shots and rather avoided them. I was so much out of practice from shooting nothing but a rifle of late that almost any shooting would be hard, but I followed my usual rule and stood where they would dip and twist the best.

The first bird I shot at cleared the hedgerow and came downward with a lurch and a twist rather alarming, and as I raised the gun he flew away to the right with a dip of some fifteen degrees toward the ground from the line of his swift flight. The motion of a quail's wings often makes its flight seem swifter than it really is. On the other hand, the motion of a dove's wing is often so deliberate as to make its speed appear less than it actually is. I was

not quick enough to catch the bird on the quarter, and its first twist would have left the shot above it if I had. Fully five feet ahead of it I held as it whistled past me, and had the luck, so common, of pulling just as it shot downward from its course. Through the haze of the smokeless powder I could see that not a feather quivered, and before I could turn the second barrel upon the dove, it went, in a whirl of gray, around an orange tree in the next row. I had made the common mistake of forgetting that I was somewhat out of practice and allowed the bird to get too nearly on a line with me. Such shots should be taken on the quarter; if for no other reason, to land the birds near to you. It is only when in good practice that one can allow them to pass that point with much assurance of getting more than a tail feather, as the distance necessary to hold ahead becomes surprisingly great.

Far and near other guns began to ring over the land; doves were spinning over the lines of trees and over the open fields as gayly as if winged with the wind, and here and there one or two went whirling over, while the rest shot ahead as if little alarmed. While I was watching them, *s-s-s-s-t* came a dove, scarcely a foot above the end of my gun, resting in the dense top of a young orange tree behind which I was standing out of sight. The quickness of early years seemed to come back with a rush as I wheeled and landed the bird almost in the top of a tree in the next row behind me.

The birds, in pairs, in threes and in small bunches, were scudding about and preparing for the evening flight for the water-holes. But I had little time to look, for over the row of tall eucalyptus trees came a pair of doves directly toward me and at a speed that left no time for play. Holding two feet or more ahead of the nearer one as it came in on the quarter I sent it whirling over with the first barrel; then as I turned the gun on the other one it was not there, but well past me, speeding down the wind at a pace that left no hope of hitting it. Shooting almost entirely with the rifle for a year or so, had made me wholly too slow with the shotgun on such game.

Bang, pop, rattle-te-bang went gun after gun around me. Here I could see a dove whirl out of its straight line of flight, and there a lot sheer at the

report of a gun, or some one run to pick up something; and while I was watching them the whistling wings of a pair of doves right over my head made me turn around just about the time they were comfortably out of reach behind me. Three more followed them over the hedgerow, the first of which turned over in a cloud of feathers as it passed the quarter, while the other two dipped and twisted with a rush that I was too slow to catch, and away they went unshot at. Two more followed almost before I was fairly loaded, descending over the row of trees with still more of a dip and twist than the last; and again the first one went over as it passed the quarter, dropping almost upon the last fallen bird, while the other was again a trifle too quick for me, and at the report of my second barrel only a tail feather came fluttering down from its swift course.

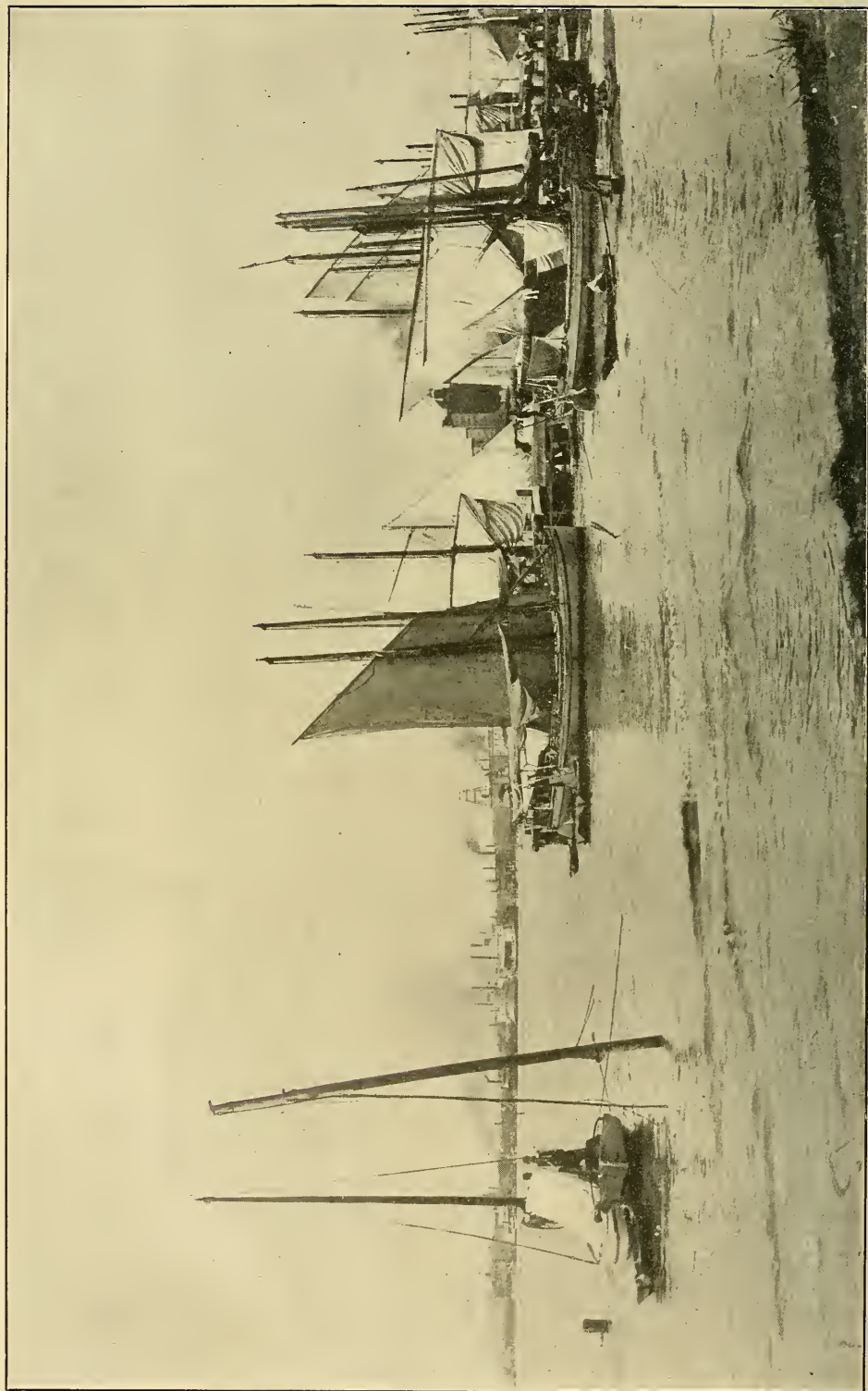
Faster came the rattle of guns up and down the line, and faster streamed the doves in all directions across the land. As is usual in such cases, every one seemed to have better shooting than I. But I had little cause for complaint, for hardly had I returned to my tree after picking up the last two birds than half a dozen rose over the row of trees ahead, shooting up as they came into sight, and dipping downward with a quick twist as they came over and settled down to their course. Over went the first as it reached the quarter, and bang went the second barrel at the last one of the others as it passed me on the other side. But again I was too slow with the gun, and away it went with the rest, darting upward, and speeding like the wind.

In this way I soon shot ten doves in succession with the first barrel, and missed ten in as quick succession with the second—a very peculiar record, and one that I had never before made. As I was not shooting for count, I concluded I would see what was the matter. If I could no longer hit anything that passed the quarter, it was time to know it. So, when the next ones came, I let them come alongside before firing. They came in great shape, dashing down over the row of eucalyptus, and whisking low over the tops of the orange trees. Six feet, as it seemed, ahead of the leader, I turned the gun and pulled the trigger. Do doves shoot down in-

tentionally? They do it so often that it certainly seems so, and this time anyone would have sworn that it was with malice aforethought, for never did a bird shoot downward from the line of flight with a quicker twist at the exact moment I pulled the trigger. No mortal could have caught that bird, and scarcely anyone could have recovered in time from his surprise to do better than I did with the second barrel, namely, nothing.

Scarcely had I loaded when a couple more were on hand. They seemed flying slowly and easily, but what a delusion I found it as I raised the gun! They shot swiftly upward instead of downward, as so many do, and before I could resist the impulse I fired where I had first raised the gun. Not a feather floated on the air, and I was not at all consoled by catching one of them at a long shot with the second barrel as they wheeled. I found what I knew long before, but had forgotten, that one must be in the best of trim for these rapid flyers, and that playing too exclusively with the rifle on game will make one too slow for doves.

As the lofty hills of Simi were turning blue and the granite peaks of the Tejunga range began to glow under the sinking sun, the number of doves increased by the minute. The main line of flight was along San Fernando Creek, where four of our party were stationed. But the largest rush of birds was in the corral of the old Mission, and to the water in this inclosure they were pouring from all directions. Down out of the sky they came, with others apparently rising out of the horizon; around the corner of the old church they whirled with a velocity that gave you a crick in the neck to turn quickly enough to follow them, while others came, swift and straight as flights of arrows, from the fields and orchards. Along the creek, however, were birds enough to keep any gun hot, and there was the center of the uproar. Up and down this there was a steady whistle of wings until the shadows of the mountains stretched across the broad valley, while the constant rattle of guns sounded much like the fire-crackers on the eve of Chinese New Year's. When we had all the birds together, there were 236 for the seven guns, and on the same ground the next day there were apparently more birds than before.



TWILIGHT 'WAY DOWN SOUTH.—THE OYSTER FLEET BELOW NEW ORLEANS.



PLEASURE YACHTING 'WAY DOWN SOUTH.

BY LORILLARD DUDLEY SAMPSELL.

"And the health-seeker findeth there
The wine of life in the pleasant air."

"**W**AY down south " roll the blue waters of a jocund sounding sea called the Gulf of Mexico, praised in song and story as the Mediterranean of the Western continent. Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb; nature likewise has placed this great body of water, with its cooling influence upon the adjacent land, where otherwise might have been an arid, scorched and useless plain, and has made what tropic land the continent has vastly more inhabitable. Beautiful in reality are the bordering States, as all the world knows, "the land of flowers," "the land of perpetual sunshine," "the land of orange blossoms," or what you will. Few there are aware of the added zest, and how much more enchanting are the variety of attractions and the exceeding novelty afforded by a cruise along these lovely shores. Tinged with a spirit of romance, perfumed by day by the reoccurring zephyrs from far-away tropic isles, cooled by the refreshing and equally sure northerly land breeze by night, 'tis little wonder those who have been fortunate enough to voyage along this arm of old ocean speak of it in the highest terms; and when it is considered that this is no stern and rock-bound coast, that there are no perceptible tides nor treacherous currents to guard against, that fierce storms are rare, except at two well-defined periods

of the year, the equinoxes (about March 21st and September 23d), and that the winds, as a general thing, are soft and mild to brisk, those familiar with its nooks and corners will be pardoned for declaring them the safest and best waters on the globe for the pleasure of the amateur sailor.

Curving parallel to the green shores of the States of Mississippi and Louisiana, barely within sight upon the horizon, there is a string of low-lying islands. Behind this "nature's breakwater," and separated thereby from the gulf proper, is Mississippi Sound, an ideal place for boating, much frequented by the habitués of the adjacent coast resorts, and forming with Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne and Mobile Bay, the cruising ground of Mobile and New Orleans yacht sailors; the latter city being the Southern center of yachting, that essentially outdoor sport and most healthful and pleasant of all recreative pastimes.

The western end of Mississippi Sound extends well into the State of Louisiana, and there forms a sort of bay, which is called Lake Borgne. West of Lake Borgne, and connected by a narrow strait called the Rigolets, is Lake Pontchartrain.

At West End, a suburb of New Orleans, situated on the south bank of Lake Pontchartrain, is located the Southern Yacht Club, the second oldest organization of the kind in the country. It was formed by a few enthusiasts in 1849, has grown steadily and is now one

of our leading clubs. It has a membership of over 300, and has enrolled quite a large fleet of pleasure craft.

On one of this fleet we went out on a jolly roving commission over these sunny Southern seas.

The moving spirit, and the senior in years as well as affairs nautical, a characteristic Southern yachtsman, was playfully dubbed "Old Sport." This was not from any gambling proclivities of the seemingly prematurely gray and grizzled salt, but because of his love for the water and his wonderful skill and endurance either upon or in it. For twenty years he has spent his leisure hours upon the wave, and many there are who have, literally speaking, "learnt the ropes" from him, and at the same time added lustre to the eye, tone to the system, and suppleness and strength to the body just as he has. The second member of the party was the whole-souled and genial owner of the yacht, whom we shall name "The Commodore." Then comes one called the "Cincinnati Sailor," and that fitted his case exactly; not that he hailed from the Queen City, but because he was not well versed in nautical ways, and that term being a phrase of familiar banter. Another member was the frisky and effervescent "O. B. Joyful," who, with the assistance of the good-natured Old Sport, was the life of the party.

All told we were indeed a congenial company. A fellow-feeling made us wondrous kind; the cruise was taking us away from the madding crowd, afforded rare possibilities for fun and frolic and fresh air, was a long, lingering, free and easy holiday, and one capable of adding new life to every man jack of us.

Our yacht, the *Ellen N.*, was 45 feet on the water-line, 60 feet on deck, 17 feet beam, and drew $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet of water. She was a schooner, that is the popular and best rig (two masts) for an all-round family boat, the divisions of the sails making them safer and easier handled with less men than a sloop (one mast) with its tremendous and heavy mainsail. And then, if it should come on to blow, instead of heaving to and reefing, all that is required is to lower away something and keep on with reduced canvas as long as sailing is expedient.

We stepped aboard our trim and tidy boat, anchored off the Southern Yacht

Club-house, at five o'clock. Our hearts were as light as those of a troop of children just let loose from school. Each member was assigned a locker, and was soon busily overhauling and stowing away his own particular duffle. Guns, fishing rods, and an endless assortment of tackle were displayed in taking attitudes round about the cabin, and seamen's sou'westers, oil coats and Havre shirts were laid conveniently away in case of wet weather. As we bedecked ourselves out in go-as-you-please manner and inspected the sinews of war, we were truly in a splendid mood.

At this juncture Mr. "O. B. Joyful," who, being the most active member of the party, had finished his toilet first, gave his jaunty, sailor-knot necktie a dainty and finishing adjustment with thumb and forefinger of the left hand; and having settled a rather respectable-looking hat down upon his locks with both palms, he smiled to himself, threw his head back with a "just-my-fit" air, and jocularly opened a conversation that was just about as profound and wise as are those of the average party of pleasure-seekers enjoying complete surcease from business cares.

"Well, gentlemen," began O. B. J., "here we are, all hunky-dory aboard, and our bonny embodiment of buoyant grace is impatiently championing her bit, as 'twere, waiting for the word to be off;" and in sing-song voice he added: "O, let your hearts be light and free, for soon we'll lightly bounding be o'er the briny blue billowy. How's that——?" "Whose *hat*?" sarcastically interrupted the Old Sport; "it is safe to wager that it don't belong to you."

"Now, fellows," interposed the Commodore, "you are all pretty well at home here; don't anybody stand on ceremony, and all I have to say is, if you don't see what you want, hunt for it."

The sails were soon set, the Commodore took his place at the wheel, and we "Heave, ho, Heave hoed," on the windlass until we had pulled up to the anchor, when at the cry "Cables up and down, Commodore," the Commodore quickly gave the command, "Break 'er out; up with the jib, and yank that mud hook inboard; lively there." The sails ceased their flapping and bellied to leeward, the booms followed to the left, the yacht fled away on the star-

board tack, and as we slid away, "boom" went a *bon-voyage* gun from the clubhouse, and "bang" went our parting salute bomb as an echo, and we were off. Sheets were trimmed, and sheets, halyards, and other ropes coiled down and made tidy, when the Commodore, casting his critical eye aloft, sang out, "A couple of you who signed the articles with your marks as able-bodied seamen, trice up the peak of that fore-gaff, and two more of you give her some more centreboard; move lively there, now, and we'll put up those kites directly." We were off!

The nose-pole of the *Ellen N.* was pointed directly for the mouth of the Tchefuncta River, twenty-two miles to the north. The wind was light, about southeast, and we sailed along lazily with every stitch of canvas set, and had soon settled down into comfortable positions prepared to enjoy the beauties of the declining day. The sun had set, blazing red, in all the regal beauty peculiar to southern latitudes, and the after-glow on the southwestern horizon presented one of those peerless displays of color, a veritable sailor's delight, a red sunset.

The twilight hour found us mostly silent and observant of the splendors of sea and sky. Then came the dusk, that time in the country when all nature sinks to rest; but now upon the broad expanse of the dark and silent waters the solemnity is infinitely more impressive and grand to him who loves the moods of Nature for herself. As the light of day fades, the reposeful waste of waters becomes darker in color, grows colder looking, seems farther below, and, if possible, becomes more quiet and monotonous still. There is hush and softness in the wind. The graceful contour of the reaching and rigid sails and the gentle ripple of the waters from the rudder showed that the wind was still constant and that we were moving; and the faint but perceptible pressure on the cheek when brought to the proper angle, or the cooling of that side of the lip-dampened and upheld finger told the practiced sailor that the wind was yet from the southeast. 'Twas but the dying breath of the "day breeze" now giving way to the night or "land breeze." One puff more, and it was gone.

"Whew! Good-bye," said the Old Sport, breaking the silence with a long-

blown breath and making a "shooing" motion with the arms in the direction of the fallen wind, "but be sure and be back in the morning."

As the yacht lost all perceptible motion and the sails swung inboard and lifeless, we roused ourselves from our reverie. The Commodore left the steering wheel to shift for itself, and the crew occupied the next half hour in lunching, star-gazing, and importuning and propitiating the patron saint of the wind, which consisted in "whistling for a breeze," "scratching the mast," or in repeating the superstitious Spanish sailor's supplication, "Blow, San Antonio, blow!"

Sure enough, in the next few moments a phenomenon true to the teaching of physical geography took place—the night breeze came blowing from the opposite direction to which the day breeze had gone. Ever so light at first, the sheets were trimmed, the great sails filed over to the opposite side, the breeze came on, and the yacht picked up her heels and skipped merrily along, being close-hauled on the port tack. The anchor was cast just to the eastward of the mouth of the Tchefuncta River, and all hands turned in.

We were up early the next morning, had breakfast, and taking the two yawls the party proceeded on an exploring and sketching expedition up the river. The Tchefuncta vies with the St. John's River, Florida, in beauty. An excursion in a steamer across the lake and up this narrow stream's bewooded, tangled and overhung shores is a very popular day's outing from New Orleans. Our row between its umbrageous banks presented an ever-changing vista of scenic grandeur. It has a typical semi-tropic growth, the tall, wide-spreading live-oak with the pendant Spanish moss predominating. The foliage overhead was alive with bird-life; fish ever and anon flashed their white and glistening sides to the sun; alligators and turtles sported in the water or basked on logs in the midday sun, and solemn and silent cranes were passed standing like sentinels along the farther shore. The seclusion reminded one of the catastrophe of *Ophelia*, many a spot on the river's placid and shallow shores meriting the lines:

"There is a willow grown aslant a brook
That shows his hoar head in the glassy stream."

Half past eleven, the dinner hour,



"THE HAUNT OF DEER AND WILD TURKEY."

found us back aboard the yacht, and at one o'clock we said adieu to the romantic river and sailed down the lake shore to Mandeville. This is one of the most popular, north shore pine-woods resorts. We went ashore, paid a call or two, and at half-past three o'clock sail was made

and the yacht headed for the north draw of the Queen and Crescent Railroad bridge. Sailing down through a breezy afternoon, with a free sheet and every inch of sail pulling its pound, we approached the bridge only to find the draw closed for repairs. The yacht was



UP THE TCHEFUNCTA RIVER.

luffed up, and we started to beat down close-hauled for the opening at the other end of the bridge. At dusk we passed through the south draw, just in advance of a fleet of working schooners and sloops, that every afternoon sail in company from New Orleans to the eastward.

The *Ellen N.* was put wing-and-wing, or dead, before the wind, and sailed on, with the red and white lanterns on the bridge, the green and red sailing-lights of the boats astern, and the fixed red light of Pointe-aux-Herbes' lighthouse on the starboard quarter looking cheerful in the distance. We steered a little to the south to keep off a shallow place called the "middle ground," and within the next two hours were abreast of the lighthouse at the western entrance of the Rigolets. The Rigolets, *i. e.*, passage, is a narrow strip of water connecting Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne, and is nine miles long, from one-half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and ninety feet

deep in some places. Near its western end stands Fort Pike, old and deserted, but bringing up many memories of the past. In olden times, before the railroads were built, a fine line of steamers plied between New Orleans and Mobile. When a boat neared this point on the route, everybody was on deck to take a look at the historic old Fort Pike.

At about nine o'clock, when half-way through the Rigolets, the wind became very feeble, and then entirely deserted us. The tide was running against the

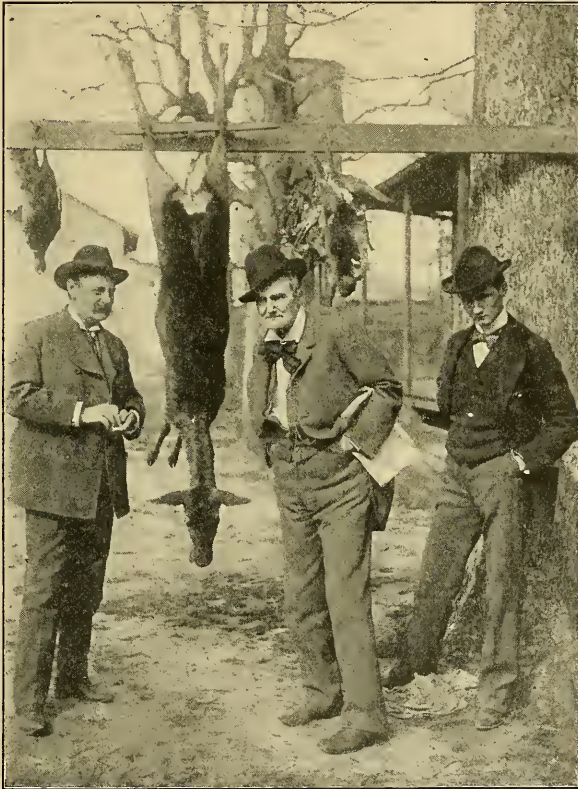
yacht, and as we were in no hurry it was thought best to come to anchor for the night. Accordingly, the anchor was dropped overboard, the sails were furled, the anchor light hung up and all hands turned in.

Sail was made an hour before sun-up the next morning, and we bowled along on our voyage with a spanking southeast breeze that was good for seven or eight knots an hour. We sailed by the mouth of a narrow pass, the entrance of Lake Catherine, extending down to the south

from the Rigolets, and also upon the same side passed an opening where the Little Rigolets, as it is called, branches off from the main stream. Almost opposite, upon the north shore, is West Pearl River, whose muddy waters spread a way from its mouth in a perfect arch; the line between the discolored river water and the dark blue of the Rigolets is distinctly defined, there being apparently no blending of the two waters.

Our objective point this morning was

the Rigolets Rod, Reel and Gun Club-house, near the south end of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad bridge. We anchored off the club-house and took breakfast with several of the club's hospitable members, whom we joined in a day's sport. There are a dozen or more of the fishing and hunting clubs of New Orleans' sportsmen located in this vicinity. Game is plentiful, and all kinds of fishing in both fresh and salt water are afforded by lake, lagoon, river and bayou. As far to the south as the



"RIP" THE HUNTER IN LOUISIANA.

eye can see is salt marsh, the breeding-ground of innumerable waterfowl, and a few miles to the north are the haunts of deer, bear and wild turkey. In the game list, in addition, the product of sea, marsh, forest and prairie, are wild duck, geese, marsh-hens, rails, woodcock, snipe, grouse, quail, ricebirds and *papabottes*. In fish, all embraced in the category—good, gamy and edible; pompano, sheepshead, green and speckled trout, Spanish mackerel, red fish, red snappers, croakers and flounders, are abundant; and the tarpon, king of all game fish, are taken. Oysters, shrimps and crabs are as numerous as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa.

That morning a *pirogue* (a boat hewn from the trunk of a tree) and the two small boats from the *Ellen N.*, after being supplied with shrimp bait, were rowed away, and ere the sun beamed upon the water, had arrived at some choice and favorite fishing grounds. The Commodore, the Cincinnati sailor, and one of our hosts were in one boat and crossed the Rigolets to the east, headed in the direction of Pearl River proper, and bound for Little Lake. Theirs was a besetting vision of sheepshead, redfish, bass and perch. The Old Sport, than whom it is hard to find a more enthusiastic or expert brother of the angle, set off in the *pirogue*, with a negro paddler, across to the north and west, and went to Double Bayou. Trout—there's magic in the name!—he deemed the only worthy quest. O. B. Joyful and two more brothers Izaak manned the third boat, resolved to cast their lines in quiet places among the reeds, waterlilies and duckweed.

The first boat-load crossed over and fished for a while among the stumps of an old trestle work, the remains of a former railroad bridge that extends out from the north shore of the Rigolets for an eighth of a mile. The water there is thirty or forty feet deep, and the current so strong that boats have to be made fast to the spiling, and four and five-ounce sinkers are required on the fish lines. This is the favorite haunt of sheepshead and redfish, which feed on the barnacles that encrust the old spiling.

The Old Sport found it a good day for bites in Double Bayou. Casting ahead from his seat in the bow of the *pirogue*, the paddler in the stern, with paddle

plied upon one side only, slowly and noiselessly propelled the craft ahead, as straight as an arrow if need be, from place to place along the overhanging bushes of the shady banks. Before he had gone far numerous fish had snapped at his live and early morning bait, and in two hours' time he had pulled three dozen green trout out from among the water grasses.

Of the three boat-loads the one that went to fish along the Rigolets was the one that had *the* tale to tell, when *al.* had returned for dinner at one o'clock. They rowed steadily along the reedy edge of the Rigolets some half a mile, intending to stop and try their luck here and there in any particularly inviting clump of reeds that in places extend out twenty or thirty feet in the quiet water along the bank. Their boat had just been "staked down" for the first time, and all its occupants had not yet finished adjusting their tackle, when the man in the bow seat uttered the protest: "We have made a mistake, there is not enough water here to catch a crab in!" He cast his line from him with the last word. The hook must have fallen right in front of a fish's nose, for the line had not reached the bottom, when with a whir and a whiz the bobber and about twenty feet of line were jerked into the reeds. For a quarter of a minute the swift fish zigzagged in and out among the reeds, tightly winding the line around their stalks; then he was still. The fisherman that had hooked him said that he had lost it, as he could not feel it pull any more. The others did not think likewise, and one of them picked up an oar and pushed the boat into the thin reeds, and then caught hold of the reeds and pulled the boat forward so as to untie the line, and another commenced to cut down the reeds around which the line was tangled, while the first reeled it up as it was freed. The latter advised his companions to cut the line, as whatever it was had surely gotten away. They persevered, however, until one of them, spying the exhausted fish, placed the landing net under it and lifted a ten-pounder into the boat. It was a sheepshead and proved to be one of the largest ever caught in those waters.

For a quarter of an hour they had been considering a proposition to return to the club, and were just taking a few

parting casts; in fact, one of the party was just about to stow away his rod, but thinking better of it, he turned his back upon the last patch of reeds, and in sheer desperation made a mighty throw of his line a hundred feet or so out into deep water. His hook just had time to touch the water, and he had not fully recovered his balance after the exertion of casting, when a six-foot tarpon snapped up the bait. It made one lunge and a Herculean leap and sprang up fully its own length above the water. As ever, the largest fish of the day always gets away. King Tarpon gave a wicked toss of his head, which shook the hook from his mouth, and then he dropped back into his element.

Early morning of the third day of our cruise found us taking leave of our hospitable entertainers of Rabbit Island. After a day furlled, the sails of the *Ellen N.* went up with the rising of the sun, and spread abroad their snowy whiteness, as beautiful as the outstretched pinions of some white-winged dove of peace. Before the anchor was tripped one of the crew blew a blast on a conch shell as a signal for the bridge-tenders to open the draw. This use of the conch in lieu of a horn is one of the characteristics of the Rigolets bridges. At all hours of the day or night its merry music may be suddenly heard as some far-off boat signals its approach "whistling down the wind." It sounds not unlike a huntsman's horn, and if one be half asleep or dozing on a quiet night,

the distant boatman's blowing might set one dreaming of the hunting-field.

In response to our signal the great bridge swung lazily open, with such softness and snail-like slowness as to make one think of the poet who declared he could almost see the grass grow. The bridge swings from the center, there being a passageway on each side, and the motive power is furnished by men. In the center of the drawbridge the three bridgemen could be seen trotting round and round a turnstile, each pushing away at a beam for dear life, and looking like children playing "Ring-around-a-rosy" from the distance. The ponderous structure swung away from either end of the trestle with measured precision. If it did not move as slow and precise as the melting of a chunk of ice, the abject slowness suggested that a barrel of lubricating oil might accelerate matters somewhat. Or better still, a steam engine would be the thing to make it get a move on and keep pace with passing commerce.

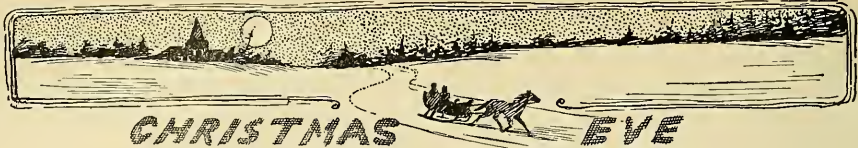
We were, perhaps, a little impatient to be off this morning, as we desired to reach the end of Pearl River Island at the mouth of the Rigolets, to make a few casts for fish from deck before the sun got too high.

Once through the bridge we had but a few minutes' sail to the spot where we anchored, amid a small fleet of little boats, whose occupants were already vigorously plying hook and line.

(*To be continued.*)



OUR OBJECTIVE POINT.



CHRISTMAS EVE

I.

Though fierce the winter storm-winds shout
 And hurl their shafts in elfish glee,
 And pile the snowdrifts high without,
 Yet here shall Christmas merry be !
 The holly glistens on the wall,
 The flames leap up the chimney wide,
 And mistletoe from rafters tall
 Breathes forth the spell of Christmas-tide
 As midway o'er the fire-lit space
 Fair Doris stands with troubled air,
 And all a captive Psyche's grace.
 The bough has caught her
 shining hair,
 And youthful cheeks
 with summer's
 rose are vying,
 Though round
 the eaves
 the wintry
 winds are
 sighing.

II.

Anon across the polished floor
 There comes the sound of dainty feet,
 And music's strains the senses lure
 And hands in lingering claspings meet.
 A whispered word—a startled glance,
 An answer shy—half joy, half pain,
 And in the mazes of the dance
 The same old story told again.
 What though the world in winter's grasp be
 lying,
 'Tis summer here, where youth and love are
 sighing.

III.

Around the Yule log's cheery blaze
 The wiser heads with zest sustain
 The genial sports of other days,
 And live their triumphs o'er again.
 Again the glorious "tally-ho !"
 In fancy bursts upon their ears,
 And fox and hounds and huntsmen go
 Across the vista of the years.
 A Nimrod's fire still burns within,
 Though winter's snow is on each brow,
 And he—the mighty "whipper-in"—
 Stands silent-voiced beside them
 now.

The hunt is o'er—time's
 steady pace
 is gaining,
 As Christmas
 lights and
 Christmas fires
 are
 waning.

IV.

* * * * *

From out the oaken-paneled walls,
 Fair, pictured faces calmly gaze
 On darkened and deserted halls,
 So lately lit by beauty's rays.
 And through the storm, a weird, wild
 chorus singing,
 From yonder tower the Christmas bells
 are ringing.

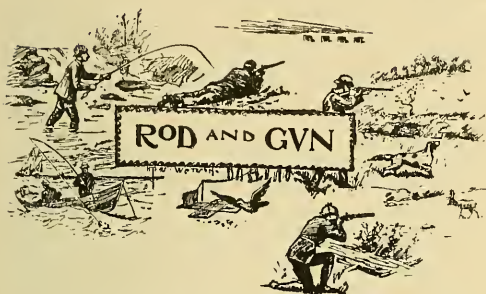
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BEATRICE HARLOWE.

OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.



WARE THE BROWN TROUT FOR STOCK.

THE fact that three of the great railway trunk lines, with general offices in the City of New York, have systematically planted fish in the waters along their routes, is the best assurance to anglers that the fishing will improve with each season. With more practical experience and knowledge as to the best fish to be planted and the most suitable waters for them, the passenger departments of these three roads will accomplish more for the benefit of the angling fraternity and in economic results to the people at large than arises from the not altogether commendable and promiscuous methods of the State Fish Commissions. The efforts of these roads have been mainly in the line of planting the different species of trout—the native brook trout (red spotted), the rainbow, and the German or brown trout, also having red spots, but of greater size and less number than those on our native trout.

The planting of the German trout has been found greatly injurious to trout waters. They grow to a large size and feed upon the native trout; in fact, after a few years, in every water where the big "Dutchman" is placed the brook beauty is annihilated. Private angling clubs all over the country are ridding their waters of the brown trout by every means available and greatly regret the planting of this large species, which may aptly be called the hog of trout waters. Unfortunately the passenger departments of the railroads alluded to were at first attracted by the speedy growth and great size of the brown trout as an advertising specialty, but the angler soon discriminated between the "six-pound trout" caught

in a near-by water and the pound trout not advertised, although gifted with more lordly game and delicate table qualities than his big brother, with huge red spots and overcoat of scales.

FREE FISH FOR STOCK.

The State Fish Commissions furnish free fish under apparently stringent printed regulations as to the condition of the waters to be stocked, which must be adapted to the welfare of the fish and be free to the public, an excellent protection against misuse of the State property; but it is seldom more than a paper regulation, which is frequently violated with each returning season for distribution of fish from the State hatcheries. A written application to the Commissions is alone required, when a sworn statement should be insisted upon, particularly as to the sources, flow, tributaries, temperature of the waters and the natural supply of food for the intended plant of fishes. This error of omission on the part of the Commissions leads to violation of the law, which explicitly states that fish are not to be furnished for stocking private waters. For instance, an angling club or individual owns the riparian rights and strictly enforces them for a few miles on both sides of a tributary, say that of the Hackensack River; that tributary is one of the sources of the river, but along its entire route it is posted against trespass and guarded by wardens paid by the riparian owners. It is not open to the rods of the public, although the fish have free range to the lower and free waters, but every observant angler knows that, as soon as the snow water runs off in the early spring, the trout, impelled by spawning instinct, leave the lower streams and slowly, but surely, make their way to their spawning beds. Again, a riparian owner can, by building dams or placing obstructions in the stream, so that a depth here and there of five to ten feet is obtained, corral his trout on his own property all the year round, for these fish fall back only to get deep water in which to find warmth during the winter months and to escape the danger of ice formations during their semi or complete hibernating period. If caught in or compelled to pass the winters in comparatively shallow

waters, trout and black bass have been found hibernating in hollow logs along the shores and in crevices formed by large rocks in the deeper portion of the stream.

WINTER FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

Now is the time for the angler of a correct turn of mind to live over again the exploits of the past season, and his meditations usually result in a forceful determination to repeat, and possibly enlarge, the delightful experience of his last summer outing. If he is built on what is considered by many the proper angling lines—"it is not all of fishing to fish"—he is not apt to enthuse over catching fish when the ice-days come in and the captured quarry is frozen of fins and body at the moment it is lifted from the water. Such an angler delights in his pastime only when a balmy spring opens up and beautifies the environment of the sport. But there are others, who are like a fishing enthusiast known to us, that hurls a stone twenty feet from the shore on the newly formed ice, and fishes through the hole the stone has made, by standing on the bank, frostbitten and shivering, but complacently handling his twenty-foot rod with a tiny tom-cod dangling at the hook end of the line. Anglers so tempered may now be found on every lake within easy reaching distance of their homes. They seldom travel far, these winter rodders, to indulge in sport, for it is found almost at their doorsteps.

Every milldam, pond or lake, if of any depth, will yield more plentifully than in the summer season, at which period fish wander and forage for food to the outer limits of range. In winter, where a depth of fifteen or more feet of water exists, the fish gather in the deepest holes and are hunger-stricken, taking anything with an edible smell about it that may be offered them. The most enjoyable and health-giving method in favor with fishers through the ice consists of a score or more of "tilt-ups" (overhanging lure-holders placed at each hole) stuck in the ice about one hundred or more feet apart, and the fisherman scurries on skates from hole to hole as he sees the "tilt-ups" tilt to the bite of the fish. This vigorous exercise modifies the icy blasts of the wind, and the wide range from tilt-up to tilt-up insures a greater catch of fish, necessitating a keen eye and a corresponding agility of movement. Another and less enjoyable but far more comfortable method is to build a board shanty, or use a tent, where, housed from the wind and cold, the fisherman cuts a hole in the ice and waits, tiger-like, with the deadly spear uplifted for the approach of the quarry. Anglers living in the city of New York or in its vicinity will find great results from ice-fishing in Greenwood Lake, distant forty-two miles. The barded pickerel (unlike the pike with no spots upon them) are caught in numbers and of greater size than in the spring months, and occasionally a black bass may be lured of more than ordinary weight. But more anon and in detail of fishing through the ice in OUTING of February.

THE PROFIT OF GAME PRESERVATION.

The heart of the sportsman rejoices as he hears the good news of mighty sport from districts in which it appeared, not long ago, that fin, fur and feather would be exterminated. It is true, there are yet whole districts, once re-

plete with opportunities for full enjoyment of life afield, which nature lavishly provides, still given over to barrenness. Where once the spring was welcomed as the harbinger of merry days with the shotgun, and the autumn was welcomed by hunters with rifle on the trail, there is, in many parts, now silence and desolation. Yet the good work is ever moving on.

What the sporting instinct, unaided, failed to secure, self-interest has helped to achieve. The railroad, the hotel-keeper and the farmer have found it very much to their material interest to protect the game and thus insure the attendance each year of the devotees of rod and gun.

The State of Maine, so much patronized these years by big-game hunters and fishermen, is a pertinent one to illustrate our point, for when the summer guests have thinned out, there comes on yet another crop of hardy and generous sportsmen, who fill the inns of the remote districts and yield a golden harvest in once desolate places where deer (and guides) abound.

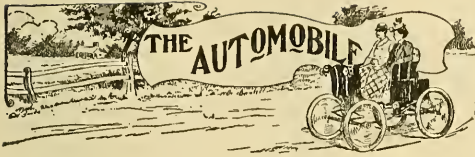
It is reported, for instance, that in the past short season for deer ending December 15th, 15,000 head of game have fallen to the Nimrods, drawn from all parts of the United States. It is scarcely necessary to begin to calculate how many hundreds of thousands of dollars this fine harvest has set running—the railroads, the manufacturer of arms and ammunition, the bootmaker, the tailor, the teamster, the packer, and the guide—in fact, "the tinker, the tailor and the candle-stick maker," to quote an old nursery rhyme, have all been made busy, merry and joyous, by the judicious application of the laws of nature, which have been rigidly enforced for the preservation of game. OUTING's pages have ever been open to preach these doctrines, alike beneficial to localities and individuals, whether they be participants in the sport or participants in the dollars its followers freely spend.

MARKET HUNTERS.

The market hunter, that demon of destruction who has cleared off whole States, has received a setback in California, the authorities of Sacramento having prohibited the exportation of game out of the county. The restaurateurs of San Francisco may languish, but the true sportsman will rejoice, and the district will enjoy its own again. Depredators from far away, whose only object is destruction, for their own profit, of that which should enrich and be enjoyed by the whole community, have no rights which with justice they can claim.

LOCAL RIGHT.

The question of the right of a locality to protect its game against incursions of irresponsible and miscellaneous shooters has often been tested, but ever maintained. In a recent case in Illinois, Judge Kohlsaas laid down some principles that might well be more widely known. The appellant did not, indeed, in this case deny the State's right to compel a non-resident to take out a license. His contention was that, being a member of a sporting club owning land in the State, he was a resident, but the decision covered a wider field. Judge Kohlsaas held that to hunt or kill game was a privilege granted by the sovereign authority, that property in game lies in the State, and that the State has the right to say when, how, and by whom it may be killed.



HISTORICAL OUTLINE OF SELF-PROPELLED MECHANISMS. PURPOSE AND SCOPE OF THIS DEPARTMENT.

AFTER following with special interest every useful development of the motor vehicle in this and other countries during the past five years, OUTING perceives that the time is now at hand when the successful adaptation of the automobile to purposes of pleasure-life may be confidently declared. No reasonable doubt of this ultimate result has existed for two or three years past; in fact the index finger of an embryonic but vital-growing industry has been pointing unmistakably in this direction for nearly a decade.

Previous to 1897 and 1899, however, inventors and manufacturers of self-propelled carriages, as a rule, either refused outright to recognize the popular interest and enthusiasm centered about these new forms of independent transportation, or else they severely limited their disclosures to statements of theory or fact, or to promises of future performance, not easily interpreted by the laymind, and at times even puzzling to those equally skilled in another branch of the same art. In the light of the chaos of failure and success—the former greatly predominating—which has characterized all stages of automobile development, it is to be seriously questioned if the policy of reticence so uniformly adopted and rigorously followed by the leaders in the mechanical industry has not been of the utmost benefit to all concerned—most of all to the anxiously waiting public.

It is entirely safe to say that in the slow and tedious process of bringing out the present small number of successful working types, fully twenty times as many models have been constructed at great cost, tried with patience, and discarded with confidence in the nearness-to-hand of something better. The problems presented have been first of all for the laboratory, then for the factory to solve. The great public's part would have been at best limited to untechnical suggestion and monetary support; the former was abundantly supplied—the latter was, happily, in a great measure unwanted. Thus the part of rare wisdom, hopefully acted by far-sighted tradesmen, enabled an expeditious succession of experiments to proceed without interruption or interference. As a result there has been saved for use or reference every promising fact or feature, and popular faith has not been weakened through investments in disappointing models.

The past eighteen months have wrought a far-reaching change in all things associated with the automobile. Within that time the curtain has been lifted very largely from the lab-

oratories and factories of the new industry, and public inspection and criticism, as well as purchase of product, invited. Crudeness and inaccuracy of design are mostly wanting, though the aspect of awkwardness or clumsiness at times obtains. As it were in a night, faults which the bicycle was years in overcoming have been left behind; and refinements of ornamentation, comfort and convenience, common to finest horse-drawn equipages, in the corresponding models and styles discerned. Skill and genius long and well applied have dowered them with actual practicability; and though final results in economy and efficiency of motive forces are as yet but fairly approximated, opportunity and occasion for wide spheres of use are afforded. For these the recreative instinct has long been waiting; by means of them the pleasure-searching, tour-making, speed-loving sense finds another avenue for its rational expression. OUTING is therefore glad to give space in its Records Department—the only contemporaneous history of an amateur sport—to worthy developments and happenings in the great coming world of the automobile, and will cheerfully lend thereto the force of its publicity.

SUMMARIES OF SUCCESSFUL TYPES.

Articles on the general subject of the motor vehicle now and hereafter appearing in this magazine contemplate the employment of the theories and facts of the mechanical industry in so far only as is deemed necessary for knowledge and mastery of the various types, and for the understanding and enjoyment of all the pleasure possibilities they hold. Three very broad divisions to-day exist in automobile transportation, as follows: (1) passenger vehicles for pleasure or business service; (2) self-propelling bicycles and tricycles; (3) heavy vehicles for exclusively commercial purposes, commonly called autotrucks. The last class is named only that the summaries of types may be here complete, calling for no further consideration in this department. Classification, from this point on, is according to nature of motive powers: successful models of passenger vehicles being at present propelled by: (1) electricity (storage battery systems); (2) hydrocarbons (explosion engines); (3) steam (boiler and cylinders).

Besides these there are promises of some favorable, perhaps ultimately superior, results from compressed and liquid air motors, though adaptation of these newer forces to the purpose achieved by the first-named three is not yet apparent. Carbonic acid gas, gunpowder and other powers are simply in the catalogue of far-away and doubtful possibilities. Each time-proven type has at the present time special advantages and disadvantages. To the credit of electricity we find: (a) absolute cleanliness; (b) absence of noise, smoke and odor; (c) simplicity and ease of management; (d) no attention required to power supply until exhaustion of batteries. Offsetting limitations are these: (w) restriction of movement to areas of sure electric supply; (x) length of time required for proper re-charging of batteries; (y) rapid exhaustion of stored power under severe operating conditions; (z) excessive total weight of mechanism of this type. Advantages of hydro-

carbon systems: (a) independence of fixed power supply; (b) practicability of quick replenishment of fuel and power; (c) comparative lightness of weight. Accompanying drawbacks: (y) presence of more or less noise and of some odor; (z) liability of heating motive parts and necessity for cooling devices. The pro and con of the steam machine are fairly well summed up when it is said that this type is naturally the most mechanically exact and perfected of all, but that its employment calls for the essential presence of boiler, valves, exhausts and so following, as well as requiring comparatively more attention for engineering and guidance.

The facts which enter into a tabulation of the advantages and disadvantages of motor vehicle types are so many and so diverse in character as to render it impossible to strike an average between them, or even to formulate satisfactory premises for point-and-point comparisons. In fact, the practical difficulty of arranging acceptable standards for the judging of performance has somewhat handicapped the competitive sport, and the problem has yet to be in a great measure solved. The tendency in the industry is to develop and perfect each promising type with little or no reference to any other; and to aim for economy and efficiency of motive force and simplicity of construction and of operation, while eliminating or reducing to a minimum features now admittedly unfavorable to widest use. The next two or three years will show considerable progress in these directions inasmuch that electricity, the hydrocarbons and steam may reasonably be considered permanent sources of propelling power for automobiles.

No note was made in the preceding paragraph of comparative first costs, or of the various expenses of operation. These omissions were intentional, for the reason that such details have no essential place in the primary question of practicability, concerning principally the taste and purchasing capacity of the public. Furthermore, the numerous data necessarily considered under the headings of "costs" and "expenses of operation" require a separate article for their comprehensive treatment.

LANDMARKS OF PERFORMANCE.

During 1899 the automobile was favored with more special opportunities to prove its adaptability, power, speed and endurance, and, in fact, its all-around worth, than were afforded in all the years before. In Europe, especially in France and Belgium, tournaments and road competitions have been held at frequent intervals since 1895, but in this country a complete list of public tests would be but a short one. On November 28, 1895, the *Times-Herald* contest was brought off at Chicago, followed in May, 1896, by the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* race up the Hudson River from New York to Irvington, both of which were won by the Duryea type of gasoline-propelled carriage. 1897 and 1898 gave nothing of special record value in this connection. By the beginning of 1899, however, the vast multiplication of types gave rise to new rivalries, and the motor bicycle and tricycle for track racing and pacing purposes appeared. The season's sport opened as usual in France. As early as January 26th the Perigord challenge road race was run from Paris to Rouen

and back, a total distance of 132½ miles. Girardot, one of the four starters, was the first to reach the turning point, which he did in 2h. 18m., finishing in the lead in 4h. 26m. for the entire distance, an average of nearly thirty miles per hour, not allowing for twenty minutes' necessary stops. The winner's machine was a Panhard-Levassor petroleum vehicle, weighing 1,600 pounds, driven by an eight horse-power four-cylinder motor. The same machine finished well up in the list in the Paris-Amsterdam road race.

The sport in the United States did not begin until late summer. On September 4th a five-cornered contest for 25 miles between teams of motor cycle riders was held at Manhattan Beach cycle track, the competing teams being Fournier and D'Outrelon, Waller and Steenson, Stinson and Stafford, Ragan and Caldwell, and Judge and Miller. This last pair were mounted upon a Jaillu machine (French), fitted with a De Dion motor, the rest upon Orient machines (U. S. A.). Miller and Judge finished first in 39:58, Stinson and Stafford second in 41:17 2-5, and Caldwell and Ragan third in 42:30 3-5. The following are the times made in this contest, being American records for motor cycles from two miles to the finish:

Miles.	Time.	Miles.	Time.
1.....	1:36 2-5	13.....	20:21 1-5
2.....	3:07 3-5	14.....	22:00 3-1
3.....	4:40 1-5	15.....	23:37
4.....	5:14 4-5	16.....	25:13 4-5
5.....	7:45 4-5	17.....	26:52 2-5
6.....	9:19 3-5	18.....	28:28 3-5
7.....	10:55	19.....	30:06 2-5
8.....	12:27	20.....	31:43 1-5
9.....	13:59 4-5	21.....	33:20 1-5
10.....	15:33 4-5	22.....	34:56 4-5
11.....	17:06	23.....	36:36
12.....	18:43	24.....	38:17 3-5
		25.....	39:58

The "Tour de France," a 1,428-mile contest promoted by *Le Matin*, of Paris, run in October, was won by René de Knyff, who covered the entire distance in 44h. 44m. 9s., his best time being from Cobourg to Paris, 192 kilometers in 188 minutes. His mount was a Panhard-Levassor 16 horse-power vehicle. Girardot was second in 49h. 30m., and Chasseloup-Laubat third in 49h. 36m. Charron, the previous long-distance champion of France, was obliged to abandon the race on account of unexpected trouble with his vehicle.

Other triumphs of the automobile, such as the speed contest of the Winton hydro-carbon motor from Cleveland, O., to New York, the ascent of Mount Washington by the Stanley steam wagon, and so following, will receive attention in the next article of this series.

AUTOMOBILE NEWS NOTES.

Eighty-five motor-driven carriages entered Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, in October last. An exhibition of automobiles and bicycles will be held at Madison Square Garden, Borough of Manhattan, during the week beginning Monday, January 22d, 1900.

Several American railway lines are experimenting with motor-driven inspection cars.

Uniformity of rules for the government of automobiles are being formulated by the cantons of Switzerland.

Self-propelling fire apparatus is the promise of the near future in the leading cities of the United States, one now being in use in Boston.



IN the interregnum betwixt high summer and winter Lakewood holds a unique position. Its situation on the belt line of two zones of temperature insures that whatever may be the deterrent conditions in the North, and however premature it may be to go to the extreme South, there will be suitable conditions within its borders. Lakewood is indeed an oasis on which those who toiled through the heat and burden of the summer may meet with perfect assurance and try conclusions yet once again ere the stern hand of a Northern winter bars the road to outdoor sports. So it has come to pass that every year the gathering of the clans at Lakewood has become more marked, and we have to look upon its fall tournament as the sifting-out place in the final settlement of the year's scores.

This year has been no exception to its predecessors in this respect, except that, to use a commonplace, it has been "more so," for this year the greater number of the prominent players have gathered at it to play their trying-out games and bid good bye to tee and green for many a day.

No year that has gone before has seen such a gathering, and never before has the glorious uncertainty of golf been more sharply defined. In proof of the former, it is only necessary to say that among the contestants were such doughty champions as H. M. Harriman, Findlay S. Douglas, W. J. Travis, F. W. Menzies, I. T. Burden, James A. Tyng, A. T. Dwight, J. G. Thorpe and A. A. Robbins, and in proof of the latter, that Harriman, who carried all before him, from the Garden City contests in the spring to the championship at Chicago, not only failed to qualify in the first sixteen, but also failed to win even the Consolation Cup, and that Douglas, who failed to maintain his championship and missed other honors, but always by the closest margin, carried everything before him at Lakewood in a manner that more than justifies the estimate of his friends that he is, accidents notwithstanding, entitled to the premier rank in golf.

Yet another seeming anomaly was made apparent in the defeat of W. J. Travis, whose perseverance and brilliance for two years have made his name a synonym for success. Covered with trophies won on a hundred fields against the best players of the two years, he must, we think, notwithstanding his eclipse at Lakewood, be placed high on the roll of honor, and no player ever worked harder for or more deserved the niche which he has attained.

The details of the Lakewood tournament, played December 1st, 2d and 3d, reduced to mere figures, read tame beside the brilliant spectacle they were in actual performance, yet

to those who read with discrimination and with a golfer's memory, they are rich in lessons.

The sixteen who qualified in the medal play round were:

W. J. Travis, Oakland—												
Out.....	3	5	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	—40		
In.....	5	6	5	4	6	4	3	5	4	—42	—82	
C. S. Ransom, Albany Country—												
Out.....	5	5	6	5	4	4	4	5	3	—44		
In.....	5	5	6	5	4	7	4	4	4	—44	—85	
Findlay S. Douglas, Fairfield—												
Out.....	5	6	5	4	6	5	5	4	5	—45		
In.....	6	6	5	4	5	5	3	4	3	—41	—86	
F. W. Menzies, St. Andrew's—												
Out.....	4	4	6	4	5	5	5	3	7	—43		
In.....	5	6	6	4	7	3	4	4	4	—43	—86	
John Morehead, Jr., Pittsburg—												
Out.....	6	5	6	4	5	5	5	4	5	—45		
In.....	5	5	6	5	6	4	3	4	4	—42	—87	
F. P. Kimball, Lakewood—												
Out.....	5	4	4	4	6	5	5	3	4	—41		
In.....	7	6	6	4	7	4	4	4	4	—46	—87	
R. C. Watson, Jr., Westbrook—												
Out.....	4	6	4	5	5	7	3	4	4	—44		
In.....	5	6	6	4	4	4	7	4	4	—44	—88	
A. E. Hedstrom, Buffalo—												
Out.....	4	6	5	4	4	5	5	4	5	—42		
In.....	7	6	6	5	6	4	3	4	4	—46	—88	
A. T. Dwight, Yale—												
Out.....	6	4	5	5	7	6	5	3	5	—46		
In.....	5	6	5	4	5	5	4	5	4	—43	—89	
I. T. Burden, Jr., Newport—												
Out.....	5	5	6	5	4	5	5	3	5	—43		
In.....	5	7	6	5	6	4	4	4	4	—40	—89	
Arden M. Robbins, St. Andrew's—												
Out.....	4	6	5	6	4	6	5	4	5	—45		
In.....	5	6	5	7	4	3	4	5	4	—44	—89	
James A. Tyng, Morris County—												
Out.....	4	6	6	5	6	5	6	3	5	—44		
In.....	5	7	6	5	6	4	4	5	4	—46	—90	
L. T. Pratt, Nassau Country—												
Out.....	5	4	4	5	5	6	6	3	7	—45		
In.....	6	5	5	6	6	4	4	5	5	—46	—9x	
J. Gordon Douglas, Oakland—												
Out.....	4	5	7	5	6	4	5	6	4	—45		
In.....	5	5	6	7	6	4	3	5	4	—45	—9x	
P. A. Proal, Ardsley—												
Out.....	5	5	5	6	5	5	6	3	6	—46		
In.....	6	7	5	7	4	3	4	4	5	—45	—9x	
C. M. Hamilton, Baltusrol—												
Out.....	5	6	4	4	6	6	4	5	4	—45		
In.....	5	7	6	4	6	5	5	3	4	—46	—9x	

The second day, Friday, was medal play, and in the first round

J. Gordon Douglas, Oakland, beat Charles S. Ransom, Albany Country, 4 up and 2 to play; James A. Tyng, Morris County, beat L. T. Pratt, Nassau Country, 5 up and 4 to play; R. C. Watson, Jr., Westbrook, beat Paul A. Proal, Ardsley, 7 up and 5 to play; Findlay S. Douglas, Fairfield, beat C. M. Hamilton, Baltusrol, 1 up; F. W. Menzies, St. Andrew's, beat I. T. Burden, Jr., Newport, 3 up and 1 to play; John Morehead, Jr., Pittsburg, beat Amos T. Dwight, Yale, 2 up and 1 to play; F. P. Kimball, Lakewood, beat A. E. Hedstrom, Buffalo, 4 up and 2 to play; A. M. Robbins, St. Andrew's, beat Walter J. Travis, Oakland, 2 up and 1 to play.

In the second round Gordon Douglas beat Tyng, 3 up and 1 to play; Findlay Douglas beat Watson, 1 up (20 holes); Menzies beat Morehead, 5 up and 4 to play; Kimball beat Robbins, 1 up.

On Saturday Findlay S. Douglas beat Gordon Douglas and Kimball beat Menzies. The cards were:

Findlay Douglas.....	4	6	4	5	4	5	5	3	3	—39		
Gordon Douglas.....	4	7	6	5	5	6	5	5	3	—40		
Findlay Douglas.....	5	6	6	5	4	2	4	4	4	—41	—80	
Gordon Douglas.....	6	6	4	4	6	*	*	*	*	—26	—75	

*Byes not played.												
Kimball.....	4	5	6	4	5	5	6	4	6	—44		
Menzies.....	6	5	5	5	5	5	3	6	4	—45		
Kimball.....	5	7	6	4	4	4	4	4	4	—42	—86	
Menzies.....	6	6	4	4	6	4	5	4	5	—45	—90	

This left Douglas and Menzies in the finals, and in the result Douglas won easily, as the following figures testify, 6 up and 5 to go.

Douglas.....	4	6	5	4	6	4	4	5	—42			
Kimball.....	5	6	3	6	6	5	5	5	—46			
Douglas.....	6	6	5	5	*	*	*	*	—22	—64		
Kimball.....	5	7	7	6	*	*	*	*	—25	—7x		

*Byes not played. ALBION.



THE ESTABLISHMENT OF JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIPS.

THE new season opens with brighter prospects for athletics than have been in view for many seasons.

Never have the officers of the Amateur Athletic Union taken a step which is likely to prove so beneficial to the inducement of athletics among the younger classes and the novices as their decision to introduce into their championship programme "junior championships." Great credit is due to Secretary Sullivan, of the Amateur Athletic Union, at whose suggestion this change was first brought up. The officers of the association have adopted the new plan of junior championships with the object of reviving interest in the small clubs and schools. Many a man who earns his junior championship will be so encouraged by his success that he will keep up his training with the hope of doing something in the senior event; whereas, if it were not for these junior contests he would give up all hope of entering where he would stand little chance among the well-known cracks. He must be encouraged to train, and the junior championships will undoubtedly work wonderful results in this direction. The new plan is to hold the senior and junior championships on the same day. The junior events will be held in the morning, and the winners in these classes can, if they wish, compete in senior events in the afternoon. No man who has ever won a championship event is eligible for the junior competitions.

"ROUNDERS" IN ATHLETIC CONTESTS.

The action of the annual meeting of the Amateur Athletic Union, held November 20th, was far-reaching in formulating amendments intended to restrict the aggregation into one or more clubs of prominent athletes wherever they may have first appeared. The deterrent effect of this policy, which had become notorious in one or two of the wealthier and more active clubs, has become marked. That its effect must be baneful to the general progress of athleticism was generally recognized. That it was lawful, there is no gainsaying. The restrictions imposed upon contestants hereafter may or may not be ultimately successful; they appear on the surface to be likely to be in the main effective. If they are not, there is undoubtedly so widespread an intention to prevent "rounders," that future and more stringent regulations are assured.

The main points of the reform are (1) that no athlete shall (without first obtaining consent) be allowed to compete from any club in case he has within one year competed as a member of any club in the union, nor (2) shall he be eligible to compete as a member of any club in the territory unless he shall have resided within the territory at least four months previously.

The prospect of this beneficent legislation taking immediate effect, however, is to some extent postponed by a provision that it shall not apply to any undergraduate who shall have been elected to membership of any club prior to November 20, 1899, so long as he remains an undergraduate. However, the spirit of the new laws is right, and the official recognition of the evil valuable.

ANOTHER RESTRICTION.

Another restriction tending to purity in athletics is the removal of the clause in the constitution which permitted amateurs to play professionals in baseball, basket-ball or football. But here again the peculiar circumstances of college sports compelled a modification, and the reform was only possible on the understanding that the union would recognize as amateurs all the men endorsed by the Intercollegiate A. A. A. whether they had played against professionals or not. The time is not ripe for more than this. It is the official recognition of the right path to follow that we must rejoice in; the rest will follow in due season.

INTERCOLLEGIATE CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP.

The first annual championship meeting of the Intercollegiate Cross-country Association was held at Morris Park, N. Y., November 18th. Representatives of Cornell, Yale, Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Princeton participated. Unfortunately Harvard declined, owing to the short time allowed for training long-distance runners. We hope, however, next year to see Harvard take her place among the other candidates for championship honors at this meeting.

The course was laid over the regular steeplechase ground, inside the race track; and in the five circuits, a distance of six and one-third miles was covered. There were eight jumps to a circuit, including a water and two Liverpools. The three-foot hedge in front of the water jump was removed, which left it a comparatively easy obstacle of about ten feet.

Just before the men lined up a drizzling rain set in which lasted for about the first ten minutes of the race. This did not tend to make the going any too pleasant, and the performance of J. F. Cregan, of Princeton, who won the individual honors, was, therefore, all the more creditable, for he lowered the previous record for the course by more than a minute, covering the distance in the excellent time of 34 minutes 5 2-5 seconds.

Team honors went to Cornell, which certainly had in the field a first class cross-country quartet. Their point score was 24; Yale came second with a score of 32, Pennsylvania third, 50, and Columbia fourth, with 77 points to their credit.

At the start, Berry and Sweet, of Cornell, set the pace and continued in the lead up to the completion of the first round, with Cregan and Grant some fifteen yards behind. Sweet led at the second lap, but Cregan had come up to second place, and Grant and Berry were close behind. This order continued throughout the third lap. Toward the end of this lap Cregan and Grant had left Berry and had overtaken Sweet. From this on, the race for first honors lay between Cregan and Grant. In the last half mile Cregan began to draw away from Grant, and running the last three hundred yards in

beautiful style won from the Pennsylvanians by a good hundred and fifty yards. Grant finished a hundred yards ahead of Sweet. Smith, of Yale, had worked his way up to fourth place.

One of the most exciting features of the race was the finish for place between Berry and Torrance, of Cornell, and Waldron, of Yale; fifty yards from the finish all three were abreast, but the Cornell men outran their opponent on a fine spurt. The following is a summary of the order of finish and the times:

Position.	Name and College.	Time.
1.	John F. Cregan, Princeton.....	34 05 2-5
2.	Alexander Grant, U. of P.....	34 40
3.	A. J. Sweet, Cornell.....	35 12
4.	H. P. Smith, Yale.....	35 32 1-5
5.	A. O. Berry, Cornell.....	35 59
6.	C. C. Torrance, Cornell.....	35 59 1-5
7.	W. D. Waldron, Yale.....	36 00
8.	J. M. Perry, Princeton.....	36 14
9.	P. Strong, Yale.....	36 14 1-5
10.	E. P. Strowger, Cornell.....	36 36
11.	J. B. Baillie, U. of P.....	36 43
12.	J. P. Adams, Yale.....	36 47
13.	B. G. Teel, Yale.....	36 51
14.	G. A. Chittenden, Yale.....	36 56
15.	G. A. Chamberlain, Princeton.....	37 15
16.	E. R. Bushnell, U. of P.....	37 18
17.	J. C. Caldwell, Columbia.....	37 26
18.	G. G. Parkhurst, Yale.....	37 28 1-5
19.	G. C. Atkins, Columbia.....	37 29
20.	L. S. Thurston, Columbia.....	37 59
21.	W. G. Stuart, U. of P.....	38 05
22.	H. D. Mosenthal, Columbia.....	38 11
23.	L. Juliard, Cornell.....	39 28
24.	J. A. Standin, U. of P.....	39 58
25.	J. C. Davis, Cornell.....	40 02
26.	S. G. Climenson, U. of P.....	40 25
27.	E. A. Mechling, U. of P.....	41 30

A. A. U. TEN-MILE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The ten-mile championship of the A. A. U. was run off under the auspices of the Knickerbocker A. C. at their indoor meeting, held at Madison Square Garden, November 30th.

The increased interest in long-distance running was clearly shown by the fact that no less than twenty-eight starters came out for the long-distance championship.

G. W. Orton, who has become famous as a long-distance and steeplechase man, won the championship with ease, notwithstanding the fact that he had as companions such well-tried men as "Dick" Grant, McGirr and Kennedy. Orton went to the front at the start and was closely followed all through the race by Grant. In the last lap Orton set out in splendid form, and came to the tape fifteen yards in front of Grant, having covered the ten miles in 57min. 28sec. McGirr was third, about a lap behind.

The feature which was next in importance to the long run was the remarkable sprinting of A. F. Duffey, of Georgetown University. He equaled the record in the sixty-yard handicap, and, although giving long starts, finished a dead heat in the final. In the run-off the handicap man beat him by six inches.

A summary of the events follows:

Ten-mile run, A. A. U. championship—Won by George W. Orton, Toronto Lacrosse and A. A.; Dick Grant, Cambridgeport Gymnasium and A. A.; 2; T. J. McGirr, New York A. C.; 3; R. W. Kennedy, Star A. C.; 4; C. L. Brady, Xavier A. A.; 5; C. Maher, Stamford, 6. Time, 57min. 28s.

60-yard run, novice—Final heat won by W. Delgado, New York City; A. Weygand, Jr., Union Settlement A. C.; 2; D. C. Harvey, Pearl River A. A.; 3. Time, 7s.

440-yard run, for schoolboys, scratch—Won by F. A. Breslin, St. Bartholomew A. C.; H. E. Taylor, Ballin High.; 2; I. I. Levine, Morris High.; 3. Time, 60 3-5s.

880-yard run, handicap—Won by H. Arnold, Union Settlement A. C.; 48yds.; A. Mackenzie, Jr., Shamrock

Harriers, 55yds.; 2; G. T. Fitzgerald, Star A. C., 36yds., 3. Time, 21m. 5 2-5s.

Putting 16 pound shot, handicap—Won by Dr. Robert P. Froehlich, unattached, 10ft., with an actual put of 35ft. 2 1/2 in.; L. E. Fuerbach, West Side Y. M. C. A., 7ft.; 2; R. J. Sheridan, Pastime A. C., 6 1/2 ft.; 3.

Running high jump, handicap—Won by S. S. Jones, New York University, 2 1/2 in., with an actual jump of 6ft.; W. L. Drummond, Pastime A. C., 6in.; 2; J. Krakauer, Alliance A. C., 8in.; 3.

One-mile run, handicap—Won by A. Mackenzie, Jr., Shamrock Harriers, 100yds.; W. H. Christie, Fourth Regiment A. A., 85yds.; 2; D. J. Donovan, Xavier A. A., 80yds.; 3. Time, 4m. 40 3-5s.

60-yard dash, handicap—Final heat a dead heat between A. F. Duffey, Georgetown University, scratch, and W. S. Edwards, unattached, 13ft.; John C. Doyle, Brooklyn A. C., 16ft.; 3. Time, 6 2-5s. Edwards won the run-off for first prize in 6 2-5s.

440-yard dash, handicap—Final heat won by H. Arnold, Union Settlement A. C., 28yds.; G. Meckel, Union Settlement A. C., 35yds.; 2; F. J. Falk, West Side Y. M. C. A., 32yds.; 3. Time, 53s.

Throwing 56-pound weight for height, scratch—Won by D. O'Connell, New West Side A. C., with 12ft. 6in.; J. McCarthy, Pastime A. C.; 2; R. J. Sheridan, Pastime A. C.; 3.

NEW ENGLAND CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP.

The annual New England ten-mile cross-country championship was held under the auspices of the Cambridgeport Gymnasium Association, Nov. 30th. D. C. Hale, of Brown University, won, in 56 minutes and 18 3-5 seconds.

Hale had the race well in hand throughout, and finished two hundred and fifty yards in the lead. Sullivan was a hundred yards in front of Clifford, who was three hundred yards ahead of A. L. Blakemore; A. McDonald was well in the rear. The order and times of the first three men were as follows:

1. D. C. Hale, Brown University, 56m. 18 3-5s.
2. B. Sullivan, Highland A. C., 56m. 45s.
3. W. Clifford, Worcester, 56m. 58s.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUN—YALE-CORNELL.

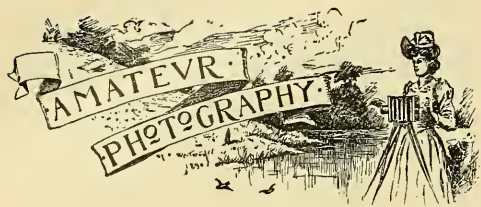
The first dual cross-country contest between Yale and Cornell was held at Ithaca, N. Y., December 2d. The course was laid over country east of Ithaca and a distance of six and three-quarter miles was covered. The day was almost perfect for cross-country work, but the going was a little heavy owing to recent rains. The teams consisted of five men each, and by the system of scoring adopted, the first man home scored ten points. The Cornell team won by a score of 36 points to 19, thus proving that they are, as a team, capable of keeping up to the excellent work exhibited by them in the Intercollegiate championships. Captain Sweet, of the Cornell team, made the best time, finishing in 38 minutes 36 seconds, a hundred yards ahead.

The Cornell men finished in good condition, but some of the Yale team were badly used up. The country was more hilly than they are accustomed to. Captain Adams, of Yale, was taken with cramps early in the race, but managed to finish.

The following is the order of finish:

Score.	Runner.	Team.	Time.
10.....	Sweet.....	Cornell.....	38:36
9.....	Smith.....	Yale.....	38:54
8.....	Torrance.....	Cornell.....	40:15
7.....	Finch.....	Cornell.....	40:21
6.....	Berry.....	Cornell.....	40:31
5.....	Strowger.....	Cornell.....	40:33
4.....	Waldron.....	Yale.....	40:38
3.....	Teel.....	Yale.....	43:21
2.....	Butts.....	Yale.....	45:55
1.....	Adams.....	Yale.....	50:57

VIGILANT.



MAGIC PHOTOGRAPHS.

The magic photograph is almost as old as photography itself, and yet there are many, especially the younger photographers, that do not know how much fun may be got from it during the Christmas times.

Here is one method that will afford amusement for a whole evening: Print on any good silver paper from a lot of portrait negatives, both male and female. Without toning, fix and wash well, and then immerse in a solution of mercuric chloride, corrosive sublimate, till the image disappears, and dry. Before fixing, it is necessary to privately mark the prints, so that the male shall be known from the female. Then make something like a book the leaves of which are of white blotting paper, and before going to the party see that they are moistened with a solution of hyposulphite of soda.

Thus equipped, when the time comes, assume the roll of a seventh son of a seventh son, and offer to show those present the he or she that is to be. Produce the prints, holding them like a pack of cards, and let each draw one, taking care that the males draw from the female, and *vice versa*. Perhaps it is better to let only one draw at a time, so as to prevent fingering the cards. Then, opening the book, ask the holder of the card to place it between the leaves, and to place his or her hand on it while you say any rigmarole that occurs to you, taking care that it is long enough to give the hypo time to reproduce the image. This will be of a sepia color, and to those who do not know the trick a source of both wonder and amusement.

ORTHOCHROMATIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

The most timely article in recent photographic literature is that on this subject in the *Photo-Miniature*. I have long wondered why it is that photographers continue to employ an admittedly imperfect plate when one that is very much more perfect is offered at the same price. The ordinary plate does not reach much above the F line of the spectrum, the blue-green; and the luminosity of the colors above that, is represented only by the white light reflected from them; while the orthochromatics of several makers at least, reach quite up to the B or the red.

It is true that for the best results with those plates they should be employed in conjunction with a color-screen; but surely that is no reason why the next best, which, without it, is very much better than what can be got on an ordinary plate, should not be secured.

I shall return to the subject in a future record, and, in the meantime, recommend my readers to study the article in *Miniature*.

ANOTHER NEW METHOD OF COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY.

British photographers have been for some time in a state of expectancy regarding a new method of color photography, or, more correctly, a new method of coloring photographs, which, as usual, was to put all its predecessors in the shade; and equally, as usual, when seen in the light of the patent specification, the performance falls short, very far short, of the promise.

Vicol is the name by which the new printing paper is to be known, and it seems to belong to the bromide or velox family, the difference between it and its kind being the fact that by the application of two colorless solutions the prints may be colored to various shades of blue and red. The following extract from the patent specification will show the nature of the invention, and that tinting rather than coloring, in the ordinary acceptance, is the actual result:

"Boil one ounce of litmus in six ounces of water till it is dissolved, and when cold filter. This is to be added to the sensitive emulsion with which the paper or other surface is to be coated, in about the proportion of forty to sixty, the depth of the tints subsequently obtained depending on the proportion of litmus solution to emulsion. The emulsion is to be applied and the photograph produced in any of the ordinary ways; and the whole or any part thereof may at once be changed to red or blue, the former by a five per cent. solution of citric acid, the latter by a solution of the same strength of caustic soda, applied by a camel-hair brush or other suitable means."

THREE-COLOR PROJECTION.

The specification of Friese Green's English patent for his novel method of color projection from one negative and one positive, has been published; and if it be all that he claims, it will be one of the wonders of the time.

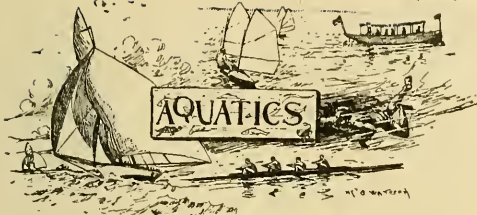
Briefly, a suitable orthochromatic plate is exposed in an ordinary camera through an ordinary lens. Before or behind the lens is caused to revolve a transparent disk, divided into three colored sectors, red, green and blue-violet, the sectors being arranged in size so as to give uniformity in photographic action, the green, according to the statement, being half the size of the red, and the blue-violet very much less than the green. Mr. Green prefers to make the disk in the form of a cell, divided by rubber radial lines, and filled with suitable solutions, but it is evident that it may be made of suitable colored glass. The disk is caused to revolve by a cord, pulley and crank, or by a suitable coiled spring.

The negative thus produced is said to be a suitable colored record, and a positive printed from it in the ordinary way, when shown in the lantern, with a similar disk before or behind the lens, will appear on the screen in all the colors of nature.

Of all the various three-color methods, this is surely the simplest, and if it answers the purpose, as I see no reason to doubt, and such disks become articles on sale, as they then surely will, the days of uncolored slides will soon be things of the past.

DR. JOHN NICOL.

AQUATICS.



YACHTING.

AN interesting class next season will be the new one-design cutters being built by the Herreshoffs. Four are already well advanced, it is reported, their owners being W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., H. P. Whitney, August Belmont and E. D. Morgan. Their dimensions are given as 104 feet long over all, 70 feet on the load water-line, 19 feet 6 inches beam and 14 feet draught.

Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan on November 17th transferred to the New York Yacht Club the property on the north side of West Forty-fourth street, 370 feet east of Sixth avenue, with plot 75 feet by 100.5 feet, for a nominal consideration. The stamps on the deed show the value of the property to be \$148,000. This is the site on which the new club-house is being built. There has been much delay on the structure, owing to strikes and the failure of contractors to fulfill their agreements. It is hoped, however, that the house will be opened before the next yachting season begins.

Mr. Dixon Kemp, yachting editor of the London *Field*, an author of several able yachting books and a designer of many fine pleasure craft, died in London on November 21st at the age of 60. He came to this country in Mr. Ashbury's schooner *Cambria*, and reported the international race for his paper. He established the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain in 1875, and two years later he founded *Lloyd's Yacht Register*, an invaluable publication. In 1873 he published "Yacht and Boat Sailing." He was also the author of "Yacht Designing," a scientific volume of great popularity, "An Exposition of Yacht Sailing Rules," published last year, and he left passing through the press a "Handbook for Yachtsmen." He was an associate of the Institute of Naval Architects, and for many years was Secretary of the Yacht Racing Association. He was the recipient some time ago of a handsome testimonial in cash from his many admirers. He died in harness. Although one of the best authorities on British yachting the cable despatch which told of his death gave him name as Dixon Kent. Such is fame!

There will be no race this year for the *Canadian's* Cup, the time for challenging having expired. The cup, after being held for duty by the United States Customs officials, was exhibited at Rochester, and finally forwarded to the Chicago Yacht Club, which now holds it. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club met on November 11th, but, contrary to expectation, took no action with regard to the Cup. They elected the following Sailing Committee: F. J. Campbell, W. H. Parsons, G. A. Macrae, Æmilus Jarvis, J. S. McMurray, F. M. Gray and J. W. Rutherford.

At the annual meeting at Chicago, on November 11th, of the Lake Michigan Y. A., the following officers were elected: President, W. R. Crawford, Chicago Y. C.; Vice-President, Alex. Mather, Milwaukee Y. C.; Secretary, H. P. Finney, Chicago Y. C.; Treasurer, W. S. Bougher, Columbia Y. C.

The Jamaica Bay Yacht Club has elected the following officers: Commodore, H. F. Hewlett; Vice-Commodore, Ben. F. Daley; Rear-Commodore, Oscar M. Lipton; Fleet Captain, L. R. Jaeger; Treasurer, M. H. Cristopher; Recording Secretary, Charles P. Daley; Financial Secretary, A. C. Cristopher. The club's affairs are prosperous.

Lake Geneva has been chosen for the next annual regatta of the Inland Lakes Yachting Association, the date of the regatta being fixed for the last two weeks in August.

The Knickerbocker Yacht Club has purchased the grounds at College Point which it has leased for several years. The price was \$6,200, which was raised by subscription.

The Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound has abolished the "girth rule" of measurement and adopted the load water-line length and sail area rule for all classes. Time allowance was also abolished in all regular races in regular classes. In view of the increasing popularity of the yawl rig, separate and distinct classes were made for 43-foot, 36-foot and 30-foot yawls. One-gun starts were also decided on. Mr. C. T. Pierce presided at the meeting, which was held at the Manhattan Hotel on November 3d.

The Eastern Yacht Club has established a perpetual challenge cup for competition by the New York, Seawanhaka-Corinthian, Larchmont, Atlantic and Eastern Yacht clubs, open to single-masted vessels with or without centerboards, with a water-line of not less than 39 feet or more than 46 feet in racing trim, without crews aboard; the half sum of this water-line length, plus the square root of the sail area, shall not exceed 51 feet. The ballast shall not exceed 55 per cent. of the actual displacement in racing trim without crew aboard, and shall not be less than 22,000 lbs., including inside and outside ballast, with bolts and fastenings and metal in fins or centerboards. The load water-line plane shall not exceed 80 per cent. of its circumscribing parallelogram. The frames, beams, planking or plating, shall not be constructed of any materials other than wood, iron or steel. All challenges shall be in writing, and received before January 1st of the year of the proposed race by the club holding the cup. In case there shall be more than one challenge for the cup, the challenging yachts shall sail a series of races, the winner being accepted as the challenger for the year. The races between challenger and defender shall be to windward or to leeward and return, and an equilateral triangular course not less than 24 nautical miles, without time allowance, in the waters of the club holding the cup and under its management and rules.

The *Shamrock* left New York on November 2d in tow of *Erin*. She passed Fayal, Azores, on November 10th, and arrived at Gourock on

Sunday, November 19th. She made the passage in fifteen days seven hours. She was towed the greater part of the way. She was laid up for the winter at Greenock. She will be raced next season against *Meteor II.* and Mr. C. D. Rose's new Watson cutter. Sir Thomas Lipton denies the report that he will challenge in 1901 with a schooner designed by Mr. Watson. Mr. Fife will design *Shamrock No. 2*, with which Sir Thomas will challenge in 1901. She will be a 90-foot cutter. The New York Yacht Club has elected Sir Thomas an honorary member, his name being proposed by Commodore Morgan and seconded by Vice-Commodore Ledyard; Secretary of War Root and Capt. Robley D. Evans were also elected members of the club. Resolutions thanking Commodore Morgan, C. Oliver Iselin, W. Butler Duncan, were passed, and loving cups were voted to them for their defense of the cup.

At the time I write no definite plans have been made for sending *Columbia* abroad on a cup-hunting trip. Mr. and Mrs. Iselin are now in England. It is now understood that Mr. William Clark, of Paisley, has purchased *Valkyrie III.*, and will race her next season. If Commodore Morgan and Mr. Iselin determine to let *Columbia* sail for England, there would be a lot of interesting sport. As it is, the coming season will not have the exciting fillip of a race for the *America's* Cup, and our yachtsmen will have to depend on their own resources.

A. J. KENEALY.

ICE YACHTING.

Howard S. Folger, of the Kingston I. C. Y. Club, of Canada, who owned the *Breeze*, and is known as one of the best racing men in Canada, has had built by George E. Buckhout, of Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, the Herres-

hoff of ice-yacht builders, one of the finest ice yachts in existence to-day, carrying about 400 square feet of canvas. The new boat will be named *Snowcloud*, and will be raced this winter. This is the first purely up-to-date Hudson River racing ice yacht that has ever been raced in Canada, and her advent is looked forward to with the greatest interest. Neither money nor brains have been spared, and Mr. Buckhout has simply outdone himself on a finished and well-nigh perfect piece of expert work.

Speaking of the Hudson River type of boat, the West realizes their worth, for at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., they have purchased the following well-known ice yachts from the New Hamburg and Hudson River Clubs on the Hudson: *Avalanche*, *Zero*, *Magic* and *Quickstep*. The West is looking with longing eyes at the yacht challenge pennant of America, now held by Mr. John A. Roosevelt, of the Hudson River Ice Yacht Club, who won it last winter with his *Ice*, carrying 735 square feet of duck.

The newest style of ice yacht is a rig known as a jib-headed mainsail boat. It has proved very fast in light winds. Several of these boats are now completed. The *Nansen*, owned by Senator Newbold, and built by Buckhout, gave a good account of herself on the Hudson last season. The rig, to be more explicit, is simply a leg-o'-mutton mainsail with a spit-fire jib. The jib stay leading halfway up the mast and ending at the tip of the bowsprit. There is hardly a lake in the West and East but will build from the OUTING \$60 boat. Already I have received numerous communications regarding the \$60 ice yacht. It fills the long-felt want of Captain Chas. G. Davis' *Lark*, on which he struggled so long for reduction of price and simplicity of construction. H. PERCY ASHLEY.

ROWING.

HARVARD'S NEW BOAT-HOUSE.

AT Harvard during the past few years a great deal has been done to encourage the interest in rowing, and the hard work of coaches and graduates has brought its reward. The rowing men of the future are to be far more fortunate than their predecessors, for, through the generosity of the members of the Harvard Club of New York, a sum of twenty-seven thousand dollars has been subscribed for the building of a new boat-house.

The new boat-house, which is now in the course of construction, will be located a short distance above the Boylston street bridge, on the Brighton side of the Charles River. This is nearer to the college than the old location, and also has the advantage of being close to the house of the Weld Club, so that in future all rowing interest will be located in close proximity, a great advantage.

The new house is 139 feet long and 85 feet wide. The main floor is to be used for storage of boats and shells, a large workshop and a rowing tank; on the second story there will be a gymnasium and rowing machines, with ample accommodation for dressing-rooms, lockers and baths; special rooms are also provided on this

floor for the University crew and the coaches, and a piazza 55 feet long on the river front. The house will be ready for occupation about March 1st, and will, when completed, be one of the best-appointed boat-houses in the country.

The new house is so large that both the University crews and the Newell Club will be accommodated there.

CORNELL'S BOAT-HOUSE.

Harvard is not to be alone in additional facilities for the boat-house next season, for the Cornell Athletic Association have completed plans for a large addition to the present boat-house which will involve an expenditure of at least five thousand dollars. The large increase in freshmen candidates, in addition to the regular University candidates, has made a much larger floor space a necessity. The bathing facilities, which are at present by no means good, will be very much improved, and new shower-baths will be added and more locker room provided. The addition will also provide for more storage-room for shells. The Navy are to have at least two new ones this spring—one for the University and one for the Freshman crew. In all probability these new shells will, as usual, be built under the supervision of Coach Courtney in the Navy's workshop. VIGILANT.



CYCLE-RACING RETROSPECTS AND PROSPECTS.

GLANCING back over the season of amateur track and road competition, which passes into history as these lines are written, the impress of the six months is bold, and in various respects different in nature from all preceding. Ushered into being apparently in hopelessness of reasonable encouragement from either the L. A. W. or the N. C. A., whose efforts seem to have been directed more to each other's undoing than to the good of cycling; with public appreciation sensibly dulled by two disappointing years, with old-time amateur favorites all but gone and new accessions to the ranks unknown or untried, the outlook was far from pleasant or satisfying even to the most steadfast friends and patrons of the sport. The initial events were few, scattered and unpromising; and tournaments regarded as fixtures since the early 80's, notably those at Springfield, Mass.; Buffalo, N. Y.; Columbus, O.; Peoria, Ill., and St. Louis, Mo., were doubtful for 1899, and the first-named was actually abandoned late in the spring.

Such conditions ruled until they were reversed by the unannounced appearance upon Eastern tracks of a number of new riders of first-rate capabilities, while at the same time enthusiasm for really meritorious competition manifested itself in nearly all sections of the country.

The holding of the international championships at Montreal in August had more to do with this result than would at first appear. Interest in the sport of cycling for the world was thus centered on this continent for the first time since 1893, and nearness to the homes of prominent riders of the United States was favorable.

True international character was lent to this meeting by the presence of a party of European amateurs, including Summersgill and Cherry, of England, and Taillandier, of France, the first-named of whom won the one-mile amateur championship of the world, the most coveted of all.

The L. A. W. national tournament followed almost immediately at Boston, and served to supplement and sustain the interest displayed at Montreal.

The revival in the amateur wing of cycling, to which reference has just been made, was of surprising vitality and power, bringing back into form a number of the more prominent men of one, two and three years ago—among them Fearing, Hausman, Collett, Rutz, Earl, Schofield and La Due. It made possible, moreover, the development of new talent, bringing Ryan and Duer to the fore, with a host of new world's records both in competition and against

time, sufficient to mark the year as one of excellent individual performance. Up to the end of August no important meeting promoted in New England, or in the Middle or Mid-Western States, lacked an abundance of worthy amateur talent, and the pastime reflected a genuine prosperity. The wrangling between the L. A. W. and the N. C. A. for the control of racing affairs in the United States still continued, and served to divide the men into two opposing camps, but it was shorn of the most serious results, such as would have followed a less buoyant season.

The third week in September saw the season for track competition practically closed, and nearly all of the successful amateur racing men at their customary employments.

Perhaps more than ever before, genuine amateurism has widely prevailed, and the day of the professed amateur with no visible occupation has passed. To Ryan, Moran, Duer, Kramer and Ingraham have come the chief honors of the year.

NEW RECORDS BY SCORES.

Competition times made by Everett E. Ryan, of Waltham, Mass., were the feature of the summer's sport in New England. Although this rider's last important engagement was lost to him and most of his records taken by another, he must still be considered as chief of his class for 1899. The middle-distance feature of the N. C. A. championship meet above noted was a three-cornered paced race of twenty miles between Ryan, Duer and Earl. The first-named was on an unaccustomed track, and the event itself partook largely of the nature of competition, for which he evidences no special fitness. Duer is a young Buffalonian whose work has heretofore been but fairly good, while Earl is a Brooklyn man, all but in the first class. The latter dropped out early in the game, and Ryan and Duer maintained a terrific struggle to the end. Duer won by less than 20 yards, having altered the amateur record table in nearly all particulars for and below twenty miles. Not here content, he continued on to the end of the hour, doing 34 miles 400 yards, displacing Nelson's former record of 31 miles 460 yards, made at the I. C. A. Montreal meet in August. The following table shows the records as they now stand:

Miles.	Leader.	Time.	Former Record.
1.....	Duer	1:49 3-5	1:50
2.....	Duer	3:27 4 5	3:27
3.....	Duer	5:09 3-5	5:18
4.....	Duer	6:49 4-5	7:08 2-5
5.....	Duer	8:29 2-5	9:00 1-5
6.....	Duer	10:10 2-5	10:57 2-5
7.....	Duer	11:51 3-5	12:44 3-5
8.....	Duer	13:33 1-5	14:35 1-5
9.....	Duer	15:13	16:25 1-5
10.....	Duer	16:52	18:13
11.....	Duer	18:31	20:01 1-5
12.....	Duer	20:09 4-5	21:47 2-5
13.....	Duer	21:49	23:31 4-5
14.....	Duer	23:20 4-5	25:23
15.....	Ryan	25:12 2 5	27:05 1-5
16.....	Ryan	27:02 1 5	30:04 4-5
17.....	Duer	28:48 4 5	31:55
18.....	Duer	30:30 4-5	33:53 1-5
19.....	Duer	32:17 4-5	36:02 3-5
20.....	Duer	34:02 4-5	37:55 2-5

THE PROWLER.

FOOTBALL.



IN THE EAST.

REVIEW OF THE EASTERN FOOTBALL SEASON
OF 1899.



THE football season of 1899, that section of it whose games were played in the East, furnished what appear on the surface as the most baffling and inconsistent returns that lovers of the game have yet had to reconcile. But we must look deeper under the surface, and take into consideration the dates on which the most glaring inconsistencies were recorded. The four leading universities in football undoubtedly train their teams to show their best form in the games between themselves, which are always played at the end of the season; and those which are placed earlier in the schedule are intended chiefly to provide hard practice for their men. Cornell's victory over Princeton and Columbia's defeat of Yale, therefore, must both be accepted with some reserve, as Columbia and Cornell were conclusively proved later in the season to be in a class below the leaders.

In this regard, Pennsylvania's case is most noteworthy, for her eleven was beaten twice and played one tie game before her important games arrived, but she finally whipped her men into shape until they were able to mercilessly smother the Cornell aspirants for premier honors on the gridiron. At the end of the season, it is safe to assume that any one of the four leaders if pitted against them would show form a whole class better than any of their rivals, with the possible exception of the Carlisle Indians, whose consistent improvement during the last few seasons has carried them up to a position close behind the leaders, and made them dangerous rivals, even late in the season.

Grouping the most prominent elevens of the Eastern colleges, therefore, we find still in a class by themselves, Princeton, Harvard, Yale and the University of Pennsylvania; second, the Carlisle Indians alone; then Lafayette, Cornell, Columbia and Brown grouped together. West Point, Annapolis, Wesleyan, Williams, Dartmouth and Pennsylvania State College should be grouped next in order; while Amherst and Lehigh bring up the rear, neither having won a game nor even scored a single point against any of the other college teams rated in this list. It is impossible to consider the Western college elevens in such a general rating as this, for there are so many formidable teams in the West, whose strength as compared with that of the leading Eastern elevens is unknown, that such an estimate would be very untrustworthy.

However, we do know that the University of

Chicago team is stronger than our second-class elevens here, for both Brown and Cornell were beaten in Chicago, while the University of Pennsylvania was tied on her own grounds, but the Quakers were not then in their best form. These scores would leave it reasonable to suppose that Chicago, under neutral conditions, would be found half-way between our leading Eastern teams and those of the second class. The University of Wisconsin was also beaten in the East by Yale in a game that was close enough to convince Easterners that their Western rivals are not far behind the championship-class here.

A comparison of the leaders makes it very difficult to select any one team as the champions for the year. Harvard has the only eleven which has escaped defeat, but her tie game with Yale, who was outplayed and beaten a week later by Princeton, hurts her chance for the championship. Unquestionably, Princeton would be entitled to the honor had she not been beaten early in the season by Cornell. But then Cornell's defeats by Lafayette (whom Princeton had beaten easily) and Pennsylvania easily upset the value of that Princeton game; and the Tigers have really the strongest claim to the championship, so far as there is any, this season. Harvard must be placed a close second, with Yale in third place, and the Quakers a very uncertain quantity. Their final game against Cornell was probably as strong as that put up by any other team this season, but their earlier work was distinctly weak. All four of the leading teams, however, are so evenly matched this season that there would be only small odds on any of them when opposed to any of the others at top form.

Yale's defense, depending largely on McBride and Brown, was the feature of the season; and she managed to tie Harvard and come very close to beating Princeton by simply punting the ball so far into her opponents' territory that it was very difficult for them to score by running plays. It was exceptional for any team to get possession of the ball within striking distance of Yale's goal; and when they had carried it half the length of the field it was much easier to stop them down close under the goal, the backs being tired out. Harvard and Princeton both showed clever attacking qualities, but much weaker punting than Yale's. Both displayed excellent defense against running attacks, too, and it is difficult to see how either could have scored on the other, except through fumbles or blocked kicks, had they come together at the end of the season. Put McBride behind either the Harvard or Princeton line, and either would have scored an easy victory over Yale.

The rise of Columbia was too sudden to be true, and her setback at the end of the season, added to the wretched Cornell game, should not be allowed to discourage the Columbia football enthusiasts. Beating Yale in the middle of the season spoiled Columbia's chances of greatness this season, instead of making them. Her men lost a little of their fire and dash after that, and there was a noticeable tendency to expect victory as a matter of course, instead of working for it as before. The Indian medicine

should have a good effect, and next fall we may expect fully as strong a team, Coach Sanford's services being already secured. Lafayette's rise, too, although following several years of persistent improvement, has been a little unexpected, but another season may see her in the championship class, instead of knocking at the doors with Cornell, as she is now.

Perhaps the most satisfactory feature in the development of the play this season, and one that is witnessed with the utmost satisfaction by OUTING, is the progress made in goal-kicking from the field. Hudson's brilliant work showed no falling off this year, and in his last game of the season, that against Columbia, the clever little Indian quarter-back dropped another goal from the field. But it remained for the Yale-Princeton game at New Haven to demonstrate most plainly the practical advantage—nay, necessity—of a good drop-kicker on a winning team. Coach Bull's efforts had produced in Sharpe a goal-kicker of the first class, and with Poe's sensational play the greatest game of the year was won twice by field goals.

What a costly lesson was this for Harvard! Again and again she had splendid chances to kick goals from the field against Yale, but the score remained 0 to 0 at the end, because she had no drop-kicker who could get the ball through her opponents' posts. Hallowell missed a try under similar conditions to those which Poe had encountered.

Again and again during the season just ended have the attacks of one eleven been stopped within a few yards of the opponents' goal, and in most of these cases field goals could have been kicked by a fair drop-kicker. At last the coaches are coming to realize the value of the play, and drop-kickers are being developed at the different colleges. Sawin, at Harvard, was constantly coached for this play, but unfortunately he had been taken out when the Crimson needed him most against Yale. Hutchinson, at Princeton, had a good deal of practice for drop-kicking, but he, too, had been hurt before the Tigers needed his services most at New Haven. Sharpe was the only drop-kicker on Yale's team, and Young on Cornell's. As any single player is always liable to be taken out of the game for injury or exhaustion, it is of the utmost importance that more than one drop-kicker should be included in every first-class eleven. When there is only one, his services are sure to be needed near the end of the game, and that is when he is most likely to have been taken out. What better way, then, for a young player to earn a place on a 'varsity team than to practice drop-kicking while still in preparatory school!

The value of the kicking department of a football team cannot be overestimated. Only last month we called attention to the number of games that had been lost and won by poor goal-kicking after touchdowns, and now we have a still more glaring instance of this. Yale lost to Princeton this year simply because she failed to kick a goal from her only touchdown; otherwise the score would have been a tie at 11 to 11. Add this instance to those of the Pennsylvania-Chicago, Cornell-Lafayette, Michigan-Pennsylvania and Dartmouth-Williams games already referred to, and consider what has been won and lost by poor goal-kicking from touch-

downs, a play that does not require unusual skill or qualifications from any special player.

So far as punting is concerned, Yale's tie with Harvard and the narrow margin of her defeat by Princeton are both due to McBride's wonderful ability at this line of play. And punting is much more of a team play than it seems at first sight. Only one man is needed, to be sure, to actually kick the ball, but no matter how long are his kicks, they count for nothing unless his ends get down the field and keep the opponents from carrying the ball back again. In short, the ground gained on a punt is not the distance that the ball flies, but the space between the spots on which the ball is downed before and after the kick is made.

AN "ALL-AMERICAN" TEAM.

The title of "All-American," as applied to the teams nowadays selected from among the best players in the Eastern colleges, is distinctly a misnomer, for American football has spread so widely throughout the country that it is impossible for anyone to judge of the relative merits of all the leading players throughout the land. Among the college teams of the Middle West there are scores of really brilliant football players, while even on the Pacific Coast and in the South, where the game is still younger, there are promising candidates for such honors as those bestowed on the men selected to compose an "all-star" team. Westerners, for instance, believe that O'Dea, the great kicking full-back of Wisconsin University, is the best man for this position in the country; but if we put him on an "All-American" team, then must the claims be considered of lots of other strong Western players. No, it were better to confine such a team to the Eastern universities and call it an "All-Eastern" team, and let the Western critics select their own stars.

In the all-star team which has been selected by OUTING this season, it will be noticed that the captains of all four of the big elevens have been given places; this is not because they were captains, but because their play was consistently the best shown this year in their respective positions. Totally irrespective of what colleges they come from, an effort has been made to select the star players of the year for each position; and the result is that four Princeton men, two Yale men, two Harvard men, two Pennsylvania men, and one Indian have been chosen to complete the team. There are so many other strong half-backs, however, that it is unusually difficult to select the best, as each man has had to show his strength under different conditions, with different interference for him and different styles of running. But no team is complete without a goodly supply of substitute backs in these days of much pounding and exhausting work for those behind the line, so that the make-up of an all-star team must necessarily contain many valuable substitute half-backs.

Here is the team as selected for 1899:

<i>All-American.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Second Team.</i>
Poe (Princeton).....	right end ..	Hallowell (Harvard)
Hillebrand (Prin.)....	right tackle...	Wheelock (Indians)
Edwards (Prin.).....	right guard....	Burden (Harvard)
Overfield (Penn.).....	center.....	Burnett (Harvard)
Hare (Penn.).....	left guard.....	Brown (Yale)
Donald (Harvard)....	left tackle.....	Pell (Princeton)

<i>All-American.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Second Team.</i>
Campbell (Harvard).....	left end.....	Palmer (Princeton)
Hudson (Indians).....	quarter-back.....	Young (Cornell)
Reiter (Princeton).....	right half-back.....	Morley (Columbia)
Sharpe (Yale).....	left half-back.....	Walbridge (Cornell)
McBride (Yale).....	full-back.....	Bray (Latayette)

Taussig (Cornell) should rank nearly even with Hallowell for substitute right end; Lawrence (Harvard) and Stillman (Yale) with Wheelock for substitute right tackle; Booth (Princeton) and Pierson (Cornell) with Burnett for substitute center; Daly (Harvard) and Hutchinson (Princeton) with Young for substitute quarter-back; Richardson (Brown) with Morley for substitute right half-back; Sawin (Harvard) with Walbridge for substitute left half-back, and Wheeler (Princeton) with Bray for substitute full-back.

Special attention has been given to the kicking department of this team, and in one or two instances the kicking ability of the candidates has influenced their choice. Here, Pennsylvania, for instance, receives the position of left guard over Brown, of Yale, because of his ability at both punting and place-kicking. Hudson, too, is placed at quarter because of his drop-kicking, which should add many valuable points to the score of any team he plays on. With the men as placed here, there should be no lack of good kicking material. With McBride, Sharpe, Hudson, and Hare, to punt, Hare for place-kicking, and Hudson, Sharpe and Poe (whose abilities in this line, though uncultivated, must not be overlooked) for drop-kicking, it would be difficult to select a stronger team for kicking.

There can be little question in the selection of the ends. Poe is undoubtedly the strongest man in this position the football world has seen since Frank Hinkley's time, if not before. With coolness, endurance, speed, and a marvelous ability to follow the ball, he lacks only weight to make an ideal end; and it is doubtful now if lighter men are not necessary for this position, on account of the awful wear and tear of the constant kicking game that uses up the heavier men so soon. Campbell is bigger and heavier and almost as fast, and he deserves the place at the other end over Palmer, his most dangerous rival.

At the tackles, Hillebrand is unquestionably entitled to his position, and Donald is probably the strongest of the tackles on the left side of the line. Hare was shifted around a good deal during the season, but he is probably the strongest guard in the country, all things considered, running, kicking and blocking, while Edwards unquestionably deserves the other position. In the centre, Overfield gets the coveted place because of his last game against Cornell, without which it would be difficult to select him, and hardly more easy to decide between Burnett, Pierson and Booth for this spot in the line.

Behind the line, Hudson unquestionably was shown to be the greatest quarter-back of the year, and McBride the best full-back. The Yale man has not a single rival in the East at any rate, when one considers his marvelous punting and his line-bucking abilities together. Daly was a disappointment this season at quarter, while Fincke dropped the ball too often, and Hutchinson lacked experience, although full of promise. Hudson, on the other hand, played almost a perfect game at quarter for the Indians, and even without his wonderful goal-kicking would probably get the place. With these added in, it would be difficult to find another quarter in the East this season to

class with him, unless it possibly be Young, of Cornell.

It is next to impossible to select the strongest half-backs, for there are so many to choose from, but Sharpe and Reiter, the stars behind the Yale and Princeton lines, would probably prove the most effective. Both are fast around the ends, particularly Reiter, while Sharp's plunging abilities must not be underestimated. Sawin, of Harvard; Walbridge, of Cornell; Richardson, of Brown, and Morley, of Columbia, must all be rated close behind the men selected for the half-back positions; but Reiter and Sharpe would probably gain the most ground, particularly if such good substitutes were ready to take their places, and they were allowed to let themselves out for all the gains that were possible. J. PARMLY PARET.

IMPORTANT GAMES IN THE EAST.

HARVARD, O; YALE, O.

Harvard and Yale played their annual game at Cambridge, November 18th, and although it ended in a tie, it was virtually a victory for Yale. The failure of the Cambridge eleven to score was due chiefly to poor judgment in constantly using the same plays and the same backs, after both had outworn their usefulness. Once Harvard got the ball to within a few feet of the Yale goal, but the New Haven defence was invulnerable at this point, and Ellis, tired by many previous efforts in getting the ball down so near, was unable to get through on the third attempt. Twice also field goals were tried, but the first was a difficult place-kick that went wide of its mark, and the second attempt was made only a minute or two before the end of the game, and few were surprised at Hallowell's failure to kick the goal.

McBride's punting outclassed that of his adversaries, and it was through the constant use of this play that Yale staved off defeat. The Yale defence was fairly strong but her running attack woefully weak. She repeatedly held Harvard for downs, after having had to give a good deal of ground, and then kicked the ball out of danger again. On every exchange of punts, McBride was a heavy gainer, and he made up in this way what his team lost by their lack of running plays. Yale soon found it impossible to advance the ball by regular methods, and her players confined themselves largely to keeping Harvard from scoring, in which they were successful.

The players lined up in the following order:

<i>Harvard.</i>	<i>Positions.</i>	<i>Yale.</i>
Hallowell.....	right-end-left.....	Hubbell
Lawrence.....	right-tackle-left.....	Francis
Burden (Captain).....	right-guard-left.....	Brown
Burnett.....	center.....	Hale
Sargent.....	left-guard-right.....	Oicott
Donald.....	left-tackle-right.....	Stillman
Campbell.....	left-end-right.....	Gibson
Daly.....	quarter-back.....	Fincke
Kendall.....	right-half-back-left.....	Sharpe
Sawin.....	left-half-back-right.....	Richards
Ellis.....	full-back.....	(Captain) McBride

Harvard substituted Eaton for Donald at left tackle, Ristine for Campbell at left end, Warren for Kendall at right half-back, Parker for Sawin at left half-back, and Reid for Ellis at full-back. Yale substituted Snitzer for Gibson at right end, Chadwick for Sharpe at left half-back, and Keane for Richards at right half-back.

Referee, W. A. McClung, of Lehigh; Umpire, Paul J. Dashiell, of Annapolis.

Yale kicked off to Daly, who immediately returned the kick with interest, and the play started on Yale's forty-five-yard line. McBride punted, and on the next line-up Sawin got around Yale's end for thirty-five yards. A few short dashes and the ball went back to Yale for holding. Again McBride punted, but again his ends could not get down fast enough, and the ball was carried back part of the distance. After Harvard's next kick, Yale first tried her running plays, but was stopped before she had taken the ball ten yards; and after that kicking was resorted to almost every time the ball fell into Yale's hands.

A long punting duel followed, with the advantage always in favor of McBride, but Harvard's ends were so much faster that they prevented Hallowell's punts from being carried back, and Daly usually ran back ten or fifteen yards of McBride's distance. Finally the Yale captain kicked out of bounds at Harvard's forty-five-yard line, and then the Crimson set her running attack in motion once more. Two double passes netted twenty yards, and Ellis was banged into the center several times in succession until the ball was carried down to Yale's three-yard line. Harvard failed to advance the ball, Yale winning it on downs. Sharpe immediately punted the ball out of danger, and Daly was interfered with as he was trying to make a fair catch on Yale's thirty-five-yard line. A ten-yard penalty was allowed for the interference, and Burnett tried a place-kick for goal from the field, missing it by many yards. Another series of punts was followed by a few runs, and the first half was over without score.

The second half opened with more kicking, all in Yale's favor, and when she finally got possession of the ball in Harvard's territory, she put in fresh half-backs, and started her only successful running attack. The ball was pushed ahead for a while, but when its progress was stopped by Harvard's defence, McBride deliberately surrendered enough of the distance gained to hold the ball under the rule that permits the option of gaining five or losing twenty yards in three attempts. Once again he resorted to this method to hold the ball, and it became plain that Yale was playing for a tie. Finally, Harvard got the ball on a fumble, and the kicking exchange was begun again, as the Crimson was too far away to score by a running attack.

McBride fumbled one of the Harvard punts, and this carried the scene of action into Yale's territory. The scrimmage was swept along by several good runs, and finally reached Yale's twenty-five-yard line, when another fumble spoiled the Harvard chances. Reid returned McBride's punt, and the Yale backs fumbled it, the ball falling into possession of the Crimson only fifteen yards away from her opponent's goal, but with less than two minutes left in which to score. Two players were stopped, and then, as a last resort, Hallowell dropped back to try for a goal from the field from Yale's twenty-two yard line. His drop-kick sailed out of line and missed the posts by about two yards. The Yale men had broken through and he was somewhat hurried in order to get the ball away safely, but the last chance had slipped away, and the time-keeper's whistle stopped the game.

COLUMBIA, 22 ; DARTMOUTH, 0.

Columbia's erratic team recovered marvelously after their bad slump in the Cornell game, and put up another encouraging game against Dartmouth, at Manhattan Field, New York, November 18th. The New Englanders, who held Harvard down to 11 points only one week before, were thoroughly outclassed at almost every point but punting. With Wilson, the regular quarter-back still on the "hospital list," and Longacre, Columbia's crack guard, being saved on account of his bad hand, the success of the home team was somewhat of a surprise. Weeks and Morley were the stars of the play, but Wright's splendid work at center, and that of Slocovitch's at end, were very valuable. The time of play was forty-five minutes.

PRINCETON, 6 ; WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON, 0.

The result of the last practice game of the Princeton Tigers, against Washington and Jefferson, a comparatively unknown team, at Princeton, November 18th, proved a big disappointment. Washington and Jefferson's comparatively light team not only held the Tigers frequently, but at one time, in the first half, they actually assumed the aggressive. With forty-five minutes in which to score, Princeton was able to make only one touchdown.

The first half went through without score, though Princeton had the ball on the visitors' five-yard line when time was up. In the second half, Princeton several times had the ball down close to the visitors' goal, only to lose it on downs or off-side play. Finally, a double pass from almost the center of the field gave Hutchinson a chance to run to the opponents' five-yard line, and the ball was soon pushed over for a touchdown.

PRINCETON, 11 ; YALE, 10.



The final championship game of the "big three," that between Princeton and Yale, at New Haven, November 25th, was, so old football lovers, who had seen them all, agreed, the most sensational since that of 1885, when the famous "Tillie" Lamar won for Princeton.

Princeton outplayed Yale in her running game, and only for a short time in the second half was the home team able to make any progress by carrying the ball. In punting, however, McBride outclassed Wheeler, his kicks averaging ten to fifteen yards further than those of the Princetonian. The Princeton ends, however, never failed to hold the full length of the Princeton punts, while the Princeton backs frequently carried the ball back for good distances, which should be subtracted from McBride's kicking gains.

In defence the Princeton line was invulnerable, while Yale held the Tigers only at intervals, chiefly in the second half. The physical condition of the home players was considerably better than that of the visitors; and toward the end the Princeton eleven included eight substitutes and only three of the original team, while Yale substituted only two fresh players during the game. A blocked kick caused the only touchdown scored against the Tigers, the ball rolling over her goal-line and McBride falling

on it Princeton's touchdown was due to straight football of the best order, however. A long end-run by Reiter in the first half, with excellent interference, carried the ball to within a few yards of Yale's goal line, and two short plunges and another end-run took it over. Both touchdowns were made at a bad angle for goaling, but Princeton showed the good judgment to punt out and kick an easy goal, while Yale tried at a difficult angle across a bad wind and missed, this failure to add the extra point ultimately losing the game.

The sensational features of the play, however, were the two goals from the field. In the first half Sharpe, a pupil of Coach Bull, kicked a wonderful goal from Princeton's forty-five yard line, with a favoring wind behind the



A. POE, PRINCETON,
END RUSH.

ball; and this score, it seemed, for a long time, had won the game. With Hutchinson, the only drop-kicker on the Princeton team, off the field on account of injury, and no substitute that could be called in, the Tigers found themselves twenty-five yards away from Yale's goal and only one minute of playing time left. As a last resort, little Poe dropped back and kicked a perfect goal. As Poe was never known before to even practice drop-kicking, and as this score won the game for Princeton, the play caused a most sensational ending to a sensational game.

The team lined up in the following order:

Princeton.	Positions.	Yale.
Poe.....	right-end-left ..	Hubbell
Hillebrand.....	right-tackle-left ..	Francis
Edwards (Captain).....	right-guard-left.....	Brown
Booth.....	center.....	Hale
Craig.....	left-guard-right.....	Olcott
Pell.....	left-tackle-right.....	Stillman
Palmer.....	left-end-right.....	Snitzer
Hutchinson.....	quarter-back.....	Fincke
Reiter.....	right-half-back-left.....	Sharpe
McCord.....	left-half-back-right.....	Keene
Wheeler.....	full-back.....	(Captain) McBride

Princeton substituted Lloyd for Hillebrand at right tackle, Bannard for Booth at center, Miller for Craig at left guard, Roper for Palmer at left end, Burke for Hutchinson at quarter-back, McClave for Reiter at right half-back, Lathrop for McCord at left half-back, and Mattis for Wheeler at full-back. Yale substituted Gould for Snitzer at right end, and Richards for Keane at right half-back.

Referee, Edgar N. Wrightington, of Harvard. Umpire, Paul J. Dashiell, of Annapolis.

Yale had a strong wind behind her in the first half, and every kick was returned with

heavy interest. Fincke caught Wheeler's kick-off, and passed the ball to McBride, who returned it to Princeton's 30-yard line, a clear gain of twenty-five yards. After two or three plunges, Wheeler punted back and Palmer fell on the ball when Sharpe fumbled it. In the center of the field it passed from one side to the other and back again; then, after a 10-yard penalty for Yale's off-side play, Reiter got around Snitzer's end, and behind splendid interference carried the ball to Yale's five-yard line. Two plunges into the line were stopped, but then Reiter was sent around the left end again for a touchdown, from which Wheeler kicked a goal.

Soon after the kick-off, Wheeler fumbled a long punt only eight yards outside of his goal, and the ball went to Yale. Princeton's defence was like a stone wall, however, and the Tigers got the ball on downs. It was kicked out of danger, and again Yale was held on downs, but a punting duel soon brought it back close to Princeton's goal. Here Brown blocked a punt for Yale, and McBride fell on the ball for a touchdown, but the goal was missed. The next exchange of punts again brought the play into the Tigers' territory, and twice Yale kicked over the Princeton goal-line for a touchback. Finally, when the Blue backs were unable to carry the ball ahead, Sharpe dropped back, and kicked a beautiful goal from Princeton's 45-yard line. Time for the half was called soon after.

Soon after the second half opened, Sharpe tried for another goal from Princeton's 50-yard line, but he kicked against the wind this time instead of with it, and did not even come close to the posts. From his own 15-yard line, with the wind behind him, Wheeler punted over Yale's goal-line. Twice after that Princeton's punts rolled over Yale's line, so strong was the wind behind Wheeler. Finally Princeton began her running attack again on Yale's 45-yard line, and carried the ball twenty-five yards, only to lose it on downs.

McBride's poor kick out of bounds with a few short dashes brought the ball to Yale's forty-yard line again, and Hutchinson dropped back for a goal try, but the Yale men got through on him so fast he ran with it instead, and lost the ball on downs. The Tigers got it back immediately on downs, and carried it down toward the Yale goal, only to lose it for off-side plays. Finally, another exchange of punts, which favored Wheeler because of the wind, gave Princeton a last chance to score; and quick plunges and an end-run carried the ball to Yale's twenty-five-yard line, where the Yale defence stopped its progress. Then, with less than one minute of playing time left, a consultation was held, and Poe dropped back and kicked a perfect goal from Yale's thirty-five-yard line, and the game was over.

WESLEYAN, 11; WILLIAMS, 5.

The New England Triangular League championship season ended at Middletown, November 25th, with a victory for Wesleyan. The league this season included Amherst, Williams, and Wesleyan in place of Dartmouth, the three games being played on successive Saturdays in November. The first two resulted in easy defeat for Amherst by both of her rivals, the



SOME CAPTAINS OF 1899.

Wilson, Columbia.

W. H. Simons, Vanderbilt,

Smith, West Point.
W. H. Edwards, Princeton.
M. Wheelock, Carlisle.

M. L. McBride, Yale.

H. T. Summersgill,
Univ. of Virginia.

scores being 40 points for Wesleyan and 38 for Williams, and the Wesleyan-Williams game decided the league championship. It furnished a close and exciting contest, too, the elevens being very evenly matched. Wesleyan's defensive work, however, was stronger than that of the visitors, and she repeatedly held Williams for downs. Williams made her only score by a clever goal from the field by Dolph in the first half, and no other scoring was done in this half. No fewer than four times did Wesleyan get the ball close to the visitors' goal-line and then lose it on downs. But in the second half, the brilliant running of Inglis permitted the home players to score twice and win the game. The full time of 70 minutes was played.

CARLISLE INDIANS, 45; COLUMBIA, 0.

The Columbia team went to pieces in New York on Thanksgiving Day against the Carlisle Indians, just as they had done against Cornell on Election Day, and were hopelessly smothered by one of the biggest scores of the season. On comparative results of earlier games, Co-



HUDSON OF CARLISLE.

lumbia looked to be nearly, if not quite, as strong as the Indians. The Indians, however, outclassed the home team from the start, and seldom has faster play or more compact interference been seen. The Carlisle team had improved materially since their game against Princeton, while Columbia had gone off badly since they had played Dartmouth. The result was the Blue-and-White players were seldom able to break up the Indians' interference, and their ends were repeatedly turned for long runs, while Carlisle's line-bucking was productive of short gains with great regularity. On the other hand, the visitors' defence was perfect, and never once did Columbia threaten their goal. Hudson kicked one of his clever goals from the field, but missed other chances to score on the same play. The full 70-minute game was played.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, 29; CORNELL, 0.

Cornell proved to be very easy for the University of Pennsylvania eleven, at Philadel-

phia, on Thanksgiving Day, and the season ended with another inconsistent and unexpected result. Not once during the game did Cornell advance the ball five yards by running, and the Quaker defence proved to be a great revelation, having improved wonderfully since "Pennsy's" previous game. On the other hand, Pennsylvania's backs went crashing through Cornell's line at regular intervals, McCracken being the most effective, but the others contributing their share. The guards-back formations, with many new variations, were used with great effect, and only one or two end-runs were used by the Quakers throughout the game. Coach Woodruff had shifted Coombs and Outland to the ends to stop Walbridge's great end-runs, and that great half-back was unable to get around the home team's ends once. There was very little punting during the game. In the first half, Pennsylvania ran up a score of eleven points, and in the second half, she added three more touchdowns to her total. Never once was the home team's goal seriously threatened. For Pennsylvania, McCracken, Hare and Gardiner did the best work, while Alexander, Starbuck and Taussig were the most effective for the visitors.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, 17; BROWN, 6.

Brown's eleven journeyed out to Chicago and met the University of Chicago team there on Thanksgiving Day, being beaten by two touchdowns and a field goal against one touchdown. In the first half, the play was all in favor of the Westerners, who ran up their full score before the whistle blew. In the second half, the tables were completely reversed, the play being all in favor of Brown, whose attack was repeatedly under Chicago's goal. The Westerners showed excellent defence, however, and got the ball several times on downs when they had to kick it out of danger from behind their own goal, but finally Brown managed to force Richardson across the line for one touchdown before the game ended. Richardson's star playing was the feature of the game, while Chicago's defence at the critical points of the game earned her line a lot of praise. Hanvill outkicked Bates until he was hurt, and then the visitors had the best of the punting.

NEW ENGLAND INTERSCHOLASTIC GAMES.

The final game in the Massachusetts Interscholastic League was played in Boston on Thanksgiving Day between the English High School and Boston Latin School teams, the former winning by 23 to 0. This victory gave the English High School team the League championship, with a clean record of five victories and no defeats. The record shows that only six points were scored against them, the Brookline High School team crossing their goal-line for one touchdown; while their totals of points scored footed up 148 points for the five games played. The Brookline High School finished second in the league season, having won two games, lost one, and played two tie games; while the Cambridge Manual Training School team won one game, lost one, and played three ties. This was the twelfth season for the League, and the fourth in which the English High School has won the championship, the previous years of success for this team being 1893, 1895 and 1897.

The annual game between the Andover and Lawrenceville preparatory academies was played at Andover, Mass., November 17th, and won by Andover by 30 to 11. The feature of the game was the goal from the field kicked by Dewitt, Lawrenceville's right tackle.

U. S. MILITARY CADETS, 17; U. S. NAVAL CADETS, 5.

The first time that the West Point and Annapolis Cadets have been allowed to come together in football for several years, owing to the opposition of previous administrations at Washington, was at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving Day, when the former won. Admission to the game was secured by invitation only, the management being in the hands of the University of Pennsylvania, and the distribution of tickets being made through the army and naval officials at Washington. The Annapolis cadets were strong favorites before the game, owing to their better scores against Princeton and Pennsylvania State College; but the West Pointers had made much improvement during their last week of preparation, and completely outplayed the Navy, winning by three touchdowns against one, and that one scored within a minute or two of the end of the game. West Point's attack and defense were both stronger than those of the Naval Cadets, and they not only advanced the ball rapidly, but also stopped the Annapolis backs when their own goal was in danger. In punting, too, Jackson had the better of the duel with Wade. After the Army had rolled up three touchdowns and kicked two of the goals, the Navy got the ball on West Point's fifteen-yard line for holding, and carried it down close to the opponent's goal, when they were stopped for downs. West Point again had to give up the ball for off-side play, and the Annapolis rushed it over for their only score of the game.

THE HARVARD-PRINCETON-YALE FRESHMAN GAMES.

The annual games between the freshmen teams from Harvard, Princeton, and Yale this season, resulted in a double defeat for Yale. As Harvard's score was very much larger against Yale than was Princeton's, it must be inferred that her 1903 team is the strongest of the three. At New Haven, November 18th, the Princetonians beat Yale by 19 to 6, but they were materially assisted by Hodgman, Levick and Losey, all of the Princeton varsity squad, and among the regular substitutes for the Tiger eleven. Yale was outplayed throughout, but not outclassed. At Cambridge, November 25th, the Yale freshmen met their second defeat at the hands of Harvard, by 54 to 0, and this time they were thoroughly outclassed as well as outplayed.

NEW YORK INTERSCHOLASTIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Six school teams entered for the Interscholastic Championship of the New York schools, representing De La Salle, Berkeley, Trinity, Columbia Grammar, Cutler and Dwight. The schedule was arranged so there were four preliminary games and a final. De La Salle finally captured the championship in the final game from Trinity, by 11 to 5, after an exciting

game, Trinity making a splendid effort to retain the championship laurels she had won last season. The scores of the champion games were as follows:

October 26—De La Salle, 40; Berkeley, 0.
October 27—Trinity, 18; Columbia Grammar, 0.
October 31—Cutler, 18; Dwight, 0.
November 7—De La Salle, 17; Cutler, 0.
November 15—De La Salle, 11; Trinity, 5.

The St. Paul School team won the championship of the Long Island Interscholastic League by beating the Brooklyn High School in the final game, 23 to 0, at Garden City, L. I.

OTHER IMPORTANT GAMES.

- Nov. 11—Williams, 38; Amherst, 0; at Williamstown, Mass.
“ U. S. Naval Cadets, 35; Trinity, 0; at Annapolis, Md.
“ New York University, 6; Rutgers, 5; at New York.
“ Brown, 39; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 0; at Providence, R. I.
“ Wesleyan, 16; Holy Cross, 0; at Middletown, Conn.
“ Union, 0; Hamilton, 0; at Schenectady, N. Y.
Nov. 17—University of Pennsylvania, 47; Pennsylvania State College, 0; at Philadelphia, Pa.
Nov. 18—Lafayette, 12; Bucknell, 0; at Easton, Pa.
“ Wesleyan, 40; Amherst, 0; at Amherst, Mass.
“ Williams, 26; Rensselaer, 10; at Williamstown, Mass.
“ New York University, 18; Stevens, 0; at New York.
“ Brown, 18; Boston College, 0; at Providence, R. I.
“ U. S. Naval Cadets, 23; Lehigh, 0; at Annapolis, Md.
“ U. S. Military Cadets, 12; Syracuse, 6; at West Point, N. Y.
Nov. 25—Hamilton, 17; New York University, 0; at New York.
“ Lafayette, 35; Lehigh, 0; at South Bethlehem, Pa.
“ Carlisle Indians, 81; Oberlin, 0; at Carlisle, Pa.
“ Brown, 16; Dartmouth, 5; at Providence, R. I.
“ University of Pennsylvania Freshmen, 19; Cornell Freshmen, 17; at Philadelphia, Pa.

J. PARMLEY PARET.

MIDDLE WEST.



The football season in the Middle West has ended with Chicago holding the championship, they having defeated Wisconsin in a specially arranged post-season game, played December 9th, by the score of 17 to 0.

Chicago and Wisconsin have taken a strong lead of all the Middle West elevens and developed teams that compare more than favorably with those of the East, as the games played with Eastern teams indicate. Michigan has by no means come up to expectations. There was every reason to think that Michigan would close up, for in addition to the number of old men who returned to take their places on the team, Michigan had much

very good new material from which to pick. The early work was discouraging, but the way the eleven handled Pennsylvania encouraged the idea that Michigan would be more than troublesome for Wisconsin when they would come together on Thanksgiving Day.

Kennedy has been the star of the Chicago team, though he was loudly berated for his generalship in the Pennsylvania game. But without any stars, except Kennedy, Chicago has developed a team that played in unison; all the finer points of play, and the apparently insignificant points that before the game seem to count for little, but in the heat of battle may turn a defeat into a victory, were well taken advantage of. It is lamentable that Chicago will cast a cloud over its team by playing men whom it has no right to play. It has been the duty, apparently, of this department to criticize severely the action of Chicago in this regard; and it is a matter of regret that the desire for a winning team overcame good judgment and caused the playing of Wellington in some of the early games, when it was known openly that he was not attending classes and had registered simply to play football. His being laid out of the game was largely due to the sentiment that was aroused in the football squad, the players not wishing to be placed under a cloud on his account. The record of the team shows that Wellington was never needed.

Wisconsin's game has depended largely on O'Dea's kicking, something pretty good to rely on, by the way, and the team has been developed with the idea of getting the most out of his specialty. But taking the members of the eleven, individually, one cannot help but believe that most any other kind of a game might have been developed. Cochems and Juneau compose the best pair of end rushers in the Middle West, and it would be a difficult matter to select from Middle-West teams two better tacklers than Blair and Curtis. Rodgers has played a great guard, and both Comstock and Chamberlain have done great work in the center of the line, there apparently being little choice between the two. Wisconsin's back-field has been reputed to be weak, but just where the weakness is, it is difficult to specify. Wilmarth, Wisconsin's star in the Yale game (barring O'Dea), has played a beautiful quarter, and both Beele and Larsen have been great ground-gainers.

One feature of the season has been Illinois, which up to this season had held a place alongside of Chicago, Michigan and Wisconsin. Illinois started in discouragingly, and up to a week previous to Thanksgiving had scored but two touchdowns, one each against a team of very minor standing. On Thanksgiving Iowa, which played Chicago 5 to 5 earlier in the season, simply massacred Illinois by a score of 58 to 0, the largest score that has ever been made against Illinois. According to the season's record Illinois has been thrown into a class even below the minor colleges of the Middle West.

Minnesota and Northwestern have both shown considerable improvement at the close of the season over their record last year, and most of the minor teams have consistent records.

CHICAGO, 40; NORTHWESTERN, 0.



Chicago simply ran away with Northwestern and exhausted their own men by running them so long and often with the ball November 11th. Once only during the contest did Chicago lose the ball on downs, and only five times did Northwestern make their distance.

WISCONSIN, 23; ILLINOIS, 0.

During the first half of the game, which was played at Milwaukee, neither side came very close to making a touchdown, Illinois' defense showing up pretty strong. Wisconsin scored in the first half, O'Dea getting a chance for a place kick from the Wisconsin 50-yard line, this being one of the features of the game. In the second half Illinois could not stand the pace, and were slaughtered. O'Dea did much punting, and Cochems and Juneau were playing their ends so well and so speedily that they were down on the punts, either to down the man in his tracks who handled it, or fall on the ball, which Illinois fumbled frequently. Johnson, of Illinois, played a strong defensive game, carried the ball well and punted fairly, though, of course, not in O'Dea's class.

BELOIT, 5; MINNESOTA, 5.

At Minneapolis, Beloit and Minnesota played to a tie score, although Beloit had the best of the contest straight through. Beloit's offensive playing was far above that of Minnesota, and only Glover's excellent punting and Minnesota's desperate playing when scores were threatened prevented Beloit's winning.

WISCONSIN, 19; MINNESOTA, 0.

At Minneapolis, November 18th, Minnesota, while unable to score, gave Wisconsin something of a scare. The first half developed no scores on either side, Minnesota exhibiting a strong defense. Wisconsin recorded 19 points in the second half, but had very poor success in penetrating the line or circling the end.

NORTHWESTERN, 11; INDIANA, 6.

Over-confidence on the part of Indiana and desperation on the part of Northwestern lost the game for Indiana and won it for Northwestern at Chicago November 18th. Indeed, Northwestern showed a remarkable reversal of form and more than met the fast game of Indiana.

MICHIGAN, 28; CASE, 6.

On their home grounds, Michigan had something of a scare, the first half ending 6 to 5, in favor of Case. In less than seven minutes of play, Sullivan, Case's right half, circled Michigan's right end, Snow's position being played by H. White, make a forty-five-yard run and a touchdown. In the second half, Michigan braced and had no great trouble in piling up a score of 28 to 6.

PURDUE, 5; ILLINOIS, 0.

A place kick from the field in the middle of the last half won the contest for Purdue, Nov. 22d. Both teams played the kicking game, Johnson having the better of the punting. The

defense of both teams was greatly superior to their offensive play. Fumbles were frequent.

NORTHWESTERN, 29; PURDUE, 0.

Too many hard games and a surplus of confidence made Purdue very easy for Northwestern.

CHICAGO, 29; MINNESOTA, 0.

While Minnesota cut out Chicago's end runs they were not able to solve the mass plays and close formations. Minnesota's tackling was very poor.

WISCONSIN, 17; MICHIGAN, 5.

The Thanksgiving contest which was played in Chicago, while it was a battle royal, still was disappointing because of the failure of Michigan to come up to expectations. O'Dea's kicking figured largely in the scoring, being practically responsible for ten of Wisconsin's seventeen points. During most of the play Michigan was on the defensive, and Wisconsin developed unexpected strength when in possession of the ball. The left-end play of Cochems did not compare with that of Snow, and Michigan's best gains were made around Cochems. Man for man, the Wisconsin line had the best of it, excepting as above stated, Chamberlain outplaying Cunningham several degrees at center.

IOWA, 58; ILLINOIS, 0.

Illinois ended a most disastrous season by being outplayed, outgeneraled, humbled and disgraced by Iowa. In all points of play, Iowa outclassed Illinois.

CHICAGO, 17; BROWN, 6.

In a dazzling contest the Middle West gave the East another practical example of how the game is played. Only twice in the first half did Brown menace the Chicago goal. At no time was Brown able to make gains through the Chicago line, while on the other hand Chicago, as well as sending their backs around the ends for good gains, penetrated the line with regularity. Richardson's work in Brown's back field was one of the game's features.

OTHER GAMES.

- Nov. 11—Knox, 34; Eureka, 0; at Eureka, Ill.
 " Nebraska, 12; Leake, 6; at Des Moines, Ia.
 " Iowa, 16; Grinnell, 0; at Iowa City, Ia.
 " Minnesota, 15; Beloit, 5; at Minneapolis, Minn.
 Nov. 18—Purdue, 10; Notre Dame, 10; at Lafayette, Ind.
 " De Pauw, 17; Rose Polytechnic, 0; at Greencastle, Ind.
 " Iowa, 33; Knox, 0; at Galesburg, Ill.
 " Grinnell, 6; Ames, 0; at Ames, Ia.
 " Rush, 38; Lake Forest, 0; at Chicago, Ill.
 " Missouri, 33; Washington, 11; at St. Louis, Mo.
 " Kansas, 36; Nebraska, 20; at Lincoln, Neb.
 Nov. 25—Wisconsin, 58; Lawrence, 0; at Madison, Wis.
 " Michigan, 24; Kalamazoo, 0; at Ann Arbor, Mich.
 Nov. 30—Indiana, 17; Purdue, 5; at Lafayette, Ind.
 " Rush, 6; Wesleyan, 5; at Bloomington, Ill.
 " Beloit, 6; Knox, 6; at Galesburg, Ill.
 " Kansas, 34; Wisconsin, 6; at Kansas City, Mo.

HARRY F. KENDALL.

IN THE SOUTH.

VIRGINIA VS. GEORGETOWN, 0-0; NOV. 18TH.

The brilliancy of the play on both sides gave intense satisfaction. Georgetown had constantly improved under the direction of Coach

Church, and he endeavored to have his men on edge for this—Georgetown's greatest game. Virginia had prepared for a hard contest. Georgetown excelled in weight and was stronger on pushing-line plays, but her defense was not so good as that of the lighter Virginians. The offensive play of Virginia was strong—in fact, irresistible, until Gerstle was injured, when Virginia was left with only Coleman at full to represent the Varsity back field; after this, the Virginians settled down to defensive work and, by the most brilliant tackling ever seen in the South, prevented Devlin from making any of his sensational runs, and, again and again, stopped big Cummings in his ground gaining.

Georgetown did most of the ground gaining in the last half, and kept the ball in Virginia's territory most of the time. On two occasions they seemed in hailing distance of the goal-line, but Virginia held for downs and Coleman kicked out of danger. Captain Long, at centre, was the first man down on kicks. Cummings, at guard, played a fast game.

VIRGINIA VS. BLACKSBURG, 28-0; NOV. 11.

Blacksburg had shown up strongly in her games with Southern Colleges, and came to Virginia without a defeat. The Blacksburg line played strongly and Virginia found it impossible to gain except on end plays, by which Virginia was able to run up a large score. Heffner, Blacksburg's best half back, was injured early in the game.

UNIV. OF GEORGIA VS. AUBURN, 6-11; NOV. 18TH.

This game terminated in the spectators crowding the field and interfering with the play, which was drawn out to darkness, when the game, unfinished, terminated in Auburn's favor. Auburn was clearly superior to Georgia. In straight-line plunging Georgia showed great improvement over her previous games, but as a team, they are yet far from mature.

The Sewanee football team has monopolized interest in southern football for November, not only by having a great team, playing a consistent game at all times, but also by undertaking a tour of the South, involving twenty-seven hundred miles of travel, playing five games with teams considered in her class, winning them all—all in five days—and playing the last game with more dash and spirit than the first.

RECENT SCORES.

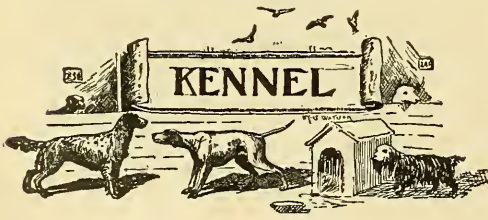
Virginia vs. Georgetown.....	0-0
Virginia vs. Blacksburg.....	28-0
Sewanee vs. University of Texas.....	12-0
Sewanee vs. Texas A. and M.....	10-0
Sewanee vs. Tulane.....	23-0
Sewanee vs. Louisiana State University.....	34-0
Sewanee vs. University of Mississippi.....	12-0
Georgia vs. Auburn.....	6-11
University of Texas vs. Texas A. and M.....	6-0
University of Texas vs. San Antonio.....	21-0
University of Texas vs. Dallas.....	17-5
Auburn vs. Clemson.....	34-0
Virginia vs. Leigh, at Richmond, Va.....	10-0
Sewanee vs. Auburn, at Montgomery, Ala.....	11-10
Georgia vs. North Carolina, at Atlanta, Ga.....	0-5
Sewanee vs. University of Carolina.....	5-0
University of Mississippi vs. Tulane.....	15-0
Central College, Ky., vs. Central University.....	32-16
University of Texas vs. La. State.....	30-0
Univ. of Tennessee vs. Univ. of Kentucky.....	41-0

W. A. LAMBETH.

[On the next page we present our usual comparative general table.]

Football Season of 1899	Princeton	Harvard	Yale	U. of Penna.	Indians	Lafayette	Cornell	Columbia	Brown	West Point	Annapolis	Wesleyan	Williams	Dartmouth	Penna. State	Amherst	Lehigh	Games				Points	
																		PLAYED	WON	DRAWN	LOST	WON	LOST
Princeton	-		11		12	12	0	11	18	23	5				12		17	10	9	0	1	121	21
Harvard		-	*0	16	22				11	18		20	29	11		41		9	8	1	0	168	10
Yale	10	*0	-					0		24				12	42	23		7	4	1	2	111	16
U. of Penna.		0		-	5	0	29		*6			17			47		20	8	4	1	3	124	50
Indians	0	10		16	-			45										4	2	0	2	71	39
Lafayette	0			6		-	6				5						+52	6	5	0	1	69	17
Cornell	5			0		5	-	29					12				6	6	4	0	2	57	35
Columbia	0		5		0		0	-		16				22		18		7	4	0	3	61	85
Brown	6	0		*6					-					16				4	1	1	2	28	40
West Point	0	0	0					0		-	17			6	0			7	2	0	5	23	94
Annapolis	0					0				5	-				6		23	5	2	0	3	34	27
Wesleyan		0		6								-	11	11		40		5	3	0	2	68	42
Williams		0					0					5	-	12		38		5	2	0	3	53	62
Dartmouth		0	0					0	5	2		0	10	-				7	0	0	7	17	80
Penna. State	0		0	0						6	0				-			5	1	0	4	6	107
Amherst		0	0					0				0	0			-		5	0	0	5	0	160
Lehigh	0			0		+0	0				0						-	6	0	0	6	0	118
Points Lost	21	10	16	50	39	17	35	85	40	94	27	42	62	90	107	160	118	106	51	4	51	1013	1013

* Tie Games. + Lafayette and Lehigh played two games (scores 17-0 and 35-0). The scores being added together here. Yale also beat Wisconsin, 6-0; Pennsylvania tied Chicago, 5-5, and beat Michigan, 11-10; Cornell lost to Chicago, 6-17, and Brown lost to Chicago, 6-17.



THE PHILADELPHIA DOG SHOW.

IT is with pleasure that we congratulate the Philadelphia Dog Show Association on the holding of their first annual dog show.

The whole show from start to finish was a decided success. Exhibitors, spectators and all who were concerned joined in unanimous praise of the excellent way in which the exhibition was conducted.

It looked very much as though Mr. Marcel Viti had given himself a hard beat to windward when, some few months ago, he set about to give Philadelphia a real bench show, for on several previous occasions bench shows had fallen decidedly flat in the Quaker City. Mr. Viti was not long before he had many of the most prominent social and business men in the city actively interested. The Show Committee was composed of the following:

Clement B. Newbold, Edward Moore Robinson, Alexander Van Rensselaer, Louis A. Biddle, Marcel A. Viti, S. Boyd Carrigan, John C. Groome, Edward D. Toland, Clarence R. Lewis, James W. Paul, Jr., Robert Toland, John W. Geary, Francis Edward Bond, Mitchell Harrison, Isaac W. Kemble, Henry Jarrett, Sidney W. Keith, George R. Packard.

The Horticultural Hall was secured, and the services of that well-known manager, James Mortimer. With such a combination of conditions it is not so surprising that the helmsman steered his craft across the line a decided winner. In the run home he caught the breeze in splendid style.

The exhibition was held, November 22d-25th. In the sporting classes, which are of most interest to us, the entries for setters and pointers were not as large as we would have liked to have seen them, but some good dogs were benched. The spaniels brought out larger classes and some fine dogs. Foxhounds and greyhounds were small classes, but the beagles brought out about fifty entries. The better this dog becomes known the more popular he becomes.

The principal winners in the sporting classes were:

Greyhounds—Open: 1st, Pembroke Kennels [Gem's Beauty]; 2d, B. F. Lewis, Jr. [Maid Marian]; 3d and Res., Terra Cotta Kennels [Hattie M. and Dictator]; C. W. S. Lieber [Ailsa Craig].



DIMBOOLAA.

DIABUTSU.

POM-POM.

MRS. AMY C. GILLIG'S FRENCH BULLDOGS.

Foxhounds—English—Open: 1st, 2d, 3d, V. H. C.; H. C. and C. C. E. Mather [Gallopín, Playful, President; Parody, Pilgrim and Prospect]. American—Open: 1st, A. J. Taylor [Heberton]; 2d, N. T. Harris, [Carmen].

Beagles—Open—dogs: 1st and 2d, The Hempstead Beagles [Bachelor and Florist]; 3d, The Wharton Beagles [Leader III.]; 3d Rock Ridge Kennels [Hectorwood]; V. H. C., Windholme Kennels [War Cry]. Winners—Dogs: 1st, The Hempstead Beagles [Bachelor]; Res., Windholme Kennels [Dalesman]. Open—bitches: 1st, Rock Ridge Kennels [Lucy L.]; 2d, Windholme Kennels [Oronsay Matron]; 3d, J. H. Santee [Francis]. Winners—bitches: 1st, Windholme Kennels [Fate]; Res., Rock Ridge Kennels [Lucy L.].

Pointers—Open—Dogs under fifty-five pounds: 1st, George Raper [Heather Malt]; 2d, Walton Ferguson, Jr. [King William]; 3d, L. J. Miller [Don Glenn]. Fifty-five pounds and over—dogs: 1st, Robert Leslie [King of Lynn]; 2d, Walton Ferguson, Jr. [Westfield Lad]. Open—Under fifty pounds—bitches: 1st and 2d, Walton Ferguson, Jr. [Lad's Lal and Lad's Lily]; 3d, R. E. Westlake [Westlake's Startle]. Fifty pounds and over—bitches: 1st, F. J. Lenoir [Kent's Kate]; 2d, B. F. Lewis [Daisy Bell]; 3d, R. E. Westlake [Belle Westlake]. Winners—bitches: 1st, F. J. Lenoir [Kent's Kate]; Res., B. F. Lewis [Daisy Bell].

English Setters—Open—dogs: 1st, Dr. J. E. Hair [Highland Fleet]; 2d, C. J. Gaylor [Gilhooley]; 3d, John Brett [Orangeman]. Winners—dogs: 1st, Dr. J. E. Hair [Highland Fleet]; Res., John Brett [Orangeman]. Open—bitches: 1st, Joseph Lewis [Wincobank Symbol]; Winners—bitches: 1st, G. M. Woods [Nina W.]; Res., Joseph Lewis [Wincobank Symbol].

Irish Setters—Open—dogs: 1st, J. S. Wall [Lord Lismore]; 2d, J. M. Bullock [Rockwood II.]; 3d, P. F. O'Neill [Hunter]. Open—bitches: 1st, Joseph Lewis [Red Rose III.]; 2d, J. M. Bullock [Kildare Hope]; 3d, J. P. Worrell [Georgianna]. Winners: 1st, J. S. Wall [Lord Lismore]; Res., Joseph Lewis [Red Rose III.].

Gordon Setters—Open: 1st and 2d, J. B. Blossom [Heather Bruce and Doc]; 3d, J. W. Graham [Lady Gordon's Rose]. Winners: 1st and Res., J. B. Blossom [Heather Bruce and Beaumont jr.].

Field Spaniels—Open—black—dogs: 1st, M. A. Viti [Royd Monarch]; 2d, Henry Jarrett [The Rook]. Other than black—dogs: 1st and 2d, R. P. Keasbey [Saybrook Popcorn and Saybrook Judge]. Winners—dogs: 1st, R. P. Keasbey [Saybrook Popcorn]; Res., M. A. Viti [Royd Monarch]. Open—black—bitches: 1st and 2d, M. A. Viti [Bridford Morda and Annoyance]. Other than black—Open—bitches: 1st, R. P. Keasbey [Saybrook Zaza]; 2d, Mrs. D. W. Evans [Waterlily]. Winners—bitches: 1st, M. A. Viti [Bridford Morda].

Cocker Spaniels—Open—black—dogs: 1st, Brookside Kennels [Photo]; 2d, George Dunn [Black Knight of Woodstock]; 3d, E. W. Fiske [Reveille]. Open—Other than black—dogs: 1st, W. T. Payne [Mohican]; 2d, Mepal Kennels [Braeside Bob]; 3d, George Douglas [Red Mack]. Winners—dogs: 1st, Brookside Kennels

[Photo]; Res., W. T. Payne [Romany Rye]. Open—black—bitches: 1st, Mepal Kennels [Mepal's Opa!]; 2d, George Douglas [Topsy Fink]. Open—Other than black—bitches: 1st, W. T. Payne [Blue Bells II.]; 2d, E. W. Fiske [Dorothy Parsons]; 3d, S. W. Mallory [Nellie Blaisdell]. Winners—bitches: 1st, Mepal Kennels [Mepal's Opa!]; Res., W. T. Payne [Blue Bells II.].

Among the well-known dogs who won in other classes were Dr. C. A. Lougest's mastiff, Black Peter, Mr. J. P. Morgan's collies, Ornament and Ormskirk Connie, Miss L. Alger's black poodle, Negress, George Raper's bulldog, Ivel Rustic, and W. C. Codman's Glenwood Queen, F. F. Dole's bull-terrier, Woodcote Wonder, the Saints' Rest Kennel's Boston terrier, Princess, J. L. Arden's airedale, Clonmel Marvel, and G. N. Phelps's French bulldog, Rico.

AMERICAN PET DOGS.

The third annual show of the American Pet Dog Club has passed into history as one of the most enjoyable bench exhibitions held in New York. The only trouble seemed to be that the excellent schedule provided had been so well responded to by entries, that more room was needed. Last year the show was held at Sherry's old rooms. It was seen then that more provision must be made for the next exhibition, so the committee arranged this year for the Metropolitan Opera House, but still the growth of entries was so extensive that there was hardly enough floor space left to view the fine specimens. This must be most gratifying to Superintendent S. C. Hodge and the other members of the committee; and should this steady increase of entries keep up it will not be long before a building such as Madison Square Garden will be necessary to accommodate the pet dogs.

The officers of the Pet Dog Club are all women: Mrs. Walter Stanton, president; Mrs. C. F. Spaulding, Mrs. G. W. Carr and Mrs. W. Green, vice-presidents; Mrs. Horace Stokes, treasurer; and Mrs. R. K. Pritchard, secretary. The show appeals to the fair sex, who are lovers of canine pets, and it is not surprising that it has become one of the social events of the New York season.

•Outside of a little crowding, the whole show went off without a hitch. It not only brought together almost all the best toys in the country, but quite a few specimens whose weight placed them a little above toy range, and this brings to my mind that some of these classes seem entirely out of place at a "pet dog" show. I am ready to admit that all dogs are more or less pets, and that it is somewhat hard to draw the line, but such dogs as greyhounds, field spaniels and Irish water spaniels seem to be over the line.

Another attractive feature of the exhibition was the conjunction of the Collie Club, of America, who were holding their first annual show. This brought out some sixty of the finest dogs of that breed, and swelled the entire entry list to over seven hundred.

Space will not permit the covering of the

nels' Bay View Robbin. Bitches—First, W. T. Payne's Bluebell II.

Field Spaniels.—Open, dogs [black]—First, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Endcliffe Bishop. Bitches—First, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Endcliffe Myrtle.

Open, [other than black]—First, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Banner Hazel.

Scotch Terriers.—Open, dogs—First, Newcastle Kennels' Ashley Crack. Bitches—First, Robert Irvine's Betsy Ross.

Pomeranians.—Open, dogs and bitches [black]—First, Lakewood Pomeranian's Chappie.

Open, dogs [white]—First, Lakewood Pomeranian's Lakewood Prim.

Open, dogs and bitches [brown]—First, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Nubian Rebel.

Open, dogs and bitches [blue]—First, Lakewood Pomeranian's Lakewood Blue Boy.

Open, dogs and bitches [any other color]—First, Lakewood Pomeranian's Lakewood Chote.

Pugs.—Open, dogs and bitches—First, T. A. Howard's Wallis.

Skye Terriers.—Open, dogs and bitches—First, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Banner Prince Royal.

Black and Tan Terriers.—Open, dogs and bitches [over 7 pounds]—First, H. T. Foote's Brunswick Duchess.

Open, dogs and bitches [not exceeding 7 pounds]—First, Gem City Kennels' Little Wonder.

Yorkshire Terriers.—Open, bitches—First, Miss Lillian C. Moeran's Ashton Marvel. Dogs—First, Mrs. Lewis' Gem.

Italian Greyhounds.—Open, dogs and bitches—First, T. A. Howard's Byron's Countess.

French Bulldogs.—Open and winners, dogs—First, George N. Phelps's Rico; bitches, first, Mrs. Amy C. Gillig's Antoinette.

Airedale Terriers.—Open, dogs—First, J. Lorillard Arden's Clonmel Marvel. Bitches—First, J. Lorillard Arden's Clonmel Sensation.

Irish Terriers.—Open, dogs—First, M. Bruckheimer's Masterpiece; bitches, first, Meadows Kennels' Lorton Belle.

Blenheim Spaniel.—Open—First, Mrs. I. A. Pitt's Little Swell.

Dachshunde.—Open, dogs—First, Dr. Motschenbacher's Young Phenomenon. Bitches—Dr. Motschenbacher's Peperl.

Japanese Spaniel.—Open—First, Mrs. F. Senn's Senn-Senn. Bitches—Mrs. W. Harrison's Kieto Tottie.

Maltese Terriers.—Open, dogs—First, Mrs. Horace Stokes's Bijou; bitches, same owner's Villamont Coquette.

King Charles Spaniels.—Open—First, Mrs. Senn's Perseverance.

Ruby Spaniels.—Open—First, Miss Claire Louise Darling's Duke (dog) and Lily Langtry (bitch). Prince Charles Spaniels.—First, M. Johnson's Nellie.

Skye Terriers.—First, Miss B. Riley's Lassie.

Collies.—Open, dogs—First, J. Pierpont Morgan's Ornamet. Bitches—First, J. Pierpont Morgan's Ormskirk Connie.

Canadian or Western Dogs.—First, Verona Kennels' Old Hall Admiral. Bitches.—First, Verona Kennels' Champion Heather Mint.

Other than sable or sable and white, dogs and bitches.—First, C. G. Taylor's Beacon Right away.



RUFFUN. DOT. COQUETTE. BIJOU.
MRS. HORACE STOKES' MALTESE TERRIERS.

classes with a full summary of winners. We can only give those that achieved highest honors in their breed and the open class.

Greyhounds.—Coursing class, dogs and bitches (in training)—First, F. Denton's Brannock.

Open, dogs and bitches.—First, Pembroke Kennels' Gem Beauty.

Beagles.—Open, dogs—First, Hempstead Kennels' Primate. Bitches—First, Hempstead Kennels' Tragedy.

Winners.—First prize, ribbon, Hempstead Kennels' Tragedy.

Boston Terriers.—Open, dogs—First, James T. Gilligan's Roxie. Bitches—First, Saints' Rest Kennels' Princess.

Winners, bitches.—First, Saints' Rest Kennels' Princess.

Poodles.—Corded, open, dogs and bitches—First, Mrs. Grebe's Flora I.

Corded, winners, dogs and bitches.—First, Mrs. Grebe's Moskan.

Curly, open, dogs.—First, Mrs. M. D. Andrews' Marquis. Bitches—First, Miss Lucile Alger's Negresse.

Bulldogs.—Open, dogs—First, George Raper's Ivel Rustic. Bitches—First, E. K. Austin's True Type.

Bull Terriers.—Open, dogs—First, Frank F. Dole's Woodcote Wonder. Bitches—First, John Bennett's Sunshine.

Fox Terriers.—Smooth, open, dogs—First, G. M. Carnochan's Claude Duval. Bitches—First, Norfolk Kennels' Ch. Norfolk Handicraft.

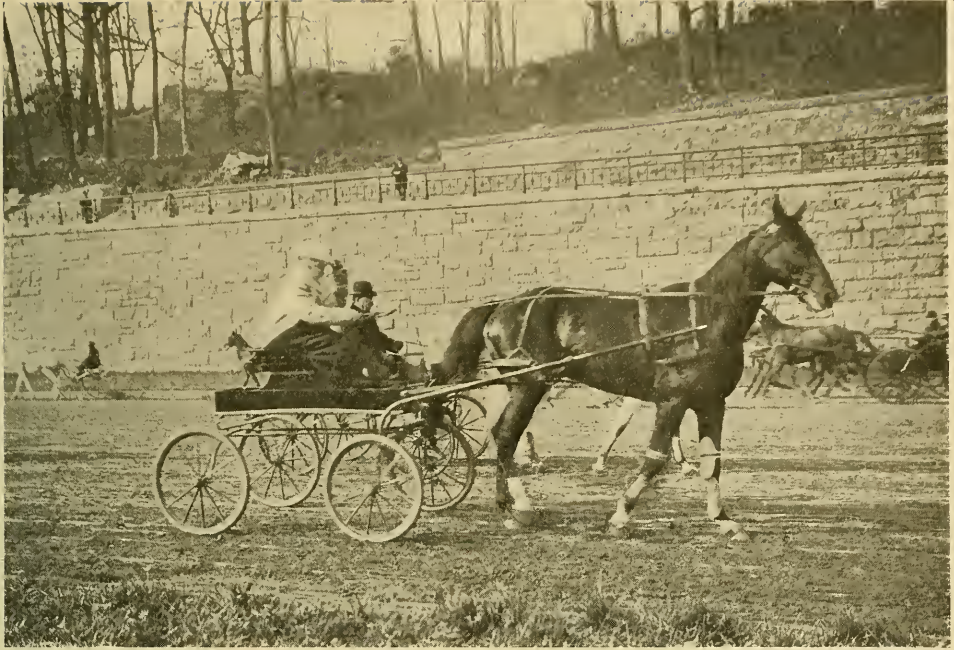
Wire haired, open, dogs—First, G. M. Carnochan's Thornfield Knockout. Bitches—C. W. Keyes' Hillcrest Solace.

Cocker Spaniels.—Dogs, open [black]—First, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Ono. Bitches—First, Mepal Kennels' Mepal's Opal.

Open, dogs [other than black]—First, Bay View Ken-



BOSTON TERRIER,
PRINCESS.
SAINTS' REST KENNELS.



MRS. H. D. GILL AND THE SPEEDWAY CUP-WINNER JACK.

THE LIGHT-HARNESS HORSE.

AT THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW OF AMERICA.



SOCIETY of the appreciative sort, society which has money, is dignified, aristocratic and liberal, society which believes that the greatest value of wealth is that it procures pleasure and furnishes opportunity for cheerful amusement, has again accorded to the great national exhibition of horses its infinite approval. The National Horse Show of 1899 has given us ocular manifestation that the sentiment inherent in mankind to admire a handsome horse is just as strong as it ever was. The attendance throughout the entire week was greater than that in any previous year, although the weather was anything but favorable.

A feature of this season's show which deserves special comment, and which will, I believe, accentuate interest in later exhibitions, was the evident disposition of owners to hold the reins over their horses in most of the driving classes. I do not object to professionalism in its place, but I do believe that its elimination from all roadster classes will increase interest and extend the usefulness of horse shows, making them more popular with the highest type of sportsmen.

Never were the boxes filled with greater nor more refined beauty, nor was there ever a more magnificent display of fitting and expensive

gowns; but many observers will agree with me that there was emphatic evidence that the women, as well as the men, had come to pay homage to the horse, rather than to vie with him as an attraction. Humanity in the boxes, as well as those who crowded the rail and sought out the individual exhibits in their apartments down-stairs, paid careful attention to their catalogues as each new class was called, and gave unstinted applause to popular choices selected by the judges. As a natural and very satisfactory result, there was much less criticism of decisions than heretofore.

The trotting-bred horse, graceful in action and in repose, his aristocracy of birth evidenced by his good manners, was plainly the popular choice, and he received generous applause whenever he entered the ring. Whenever opportunity afforded for him to prove his superiority over other breeds, by being shown in classes against them, he was, by common consent, crowned king of the equine race.

I can recall but one or two immaterial instances in the trotting classes when the awards made by the judges failed to meet with popular approval.

In class 2, champion prize for trotting stallions, Dare Devil, 2:09½, the black horse by Mambrido King—Mercedes, by Chimes, exhibited by Messrs. C. J. and Harry Hamlin, of Buffalo, had a walkover.

Class 4, for trotting stallions, four years old or over, kept for service, to be judged by their individuality, pedigrees, and show-ring qualities, brought out a grand lot of horses. Advertiser, 2:15¼, the grandly bred son of Electioneer

—Lulu Wilkes, exhibited by Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy, of New York, was very appropriately selected for the blue ribbon. Second prize went to Medio, 2:14 $\frac{3}{4}$, a strongly made bay horse by Pilot Medium—Lady Epicure, exhibited by Mr. H. R. Murray, Canastota, N. Y. Alcantar, by Alcantara—Cleopatra, exhibited by Mr. E. F. Brownell, Burlington, Vt., was awarded third prize; and The Earl, 2:17, a chestnut four-year-old, by Mambrino King—Princess Royal, exhibited by Messrs. C. J. and Harry Hamlin, was highly commended.

In class 5, for three-year-old stallions, there was but one entry, that of Messrs. C. J. and Harry Hamlin, The Corker, by Rex Americanus—Lady Bountiful. It was really too bad that this class did not have a good list of entries, as The Corker was good enough to win over a high-class lot. As it was, he was awarded the blue ribbon, which demonstrated that the judges thought highly of him.

A fine lot of youngsters answered to the trumpet call in class 8, for colts and fillies foaled in 1898. Baron Born, the brown colt by Baron Wilkes—Rosewood, owned by Mr. William Pollock, of New York City, clearly outclassed his field, and when the judges selected him for the winner of the first prize, their decision was applauded by everybody. Baron Born possessed all the qualities which go to make a show horse—size, strength, clean limbs, perfect head and neck, and grand action. The exhibit of Messrs. C. J. and Harry Hamlin, Viceroy, a black colt by Mambrino King—Princess Royal, was awarded second; and Lucinda Hamlin, a bay filly, by Mambrino King—Belle Hamlin, exhibited by the same firm, secured third prize, while Leone Archer, a bay filly by George W. Archer—Leonette, exhibited by Mr. H. R. Murray, Canastota, N. Y., was highly commended.

Class 9, for trotting brood-mares, brought out a field of great individuals. The famous old mare, Belle Hamlin, 2:12 $\frac{3}{4}$, by Almont, Jr.,—Tay, exhibited by Messrs. C. J. and Harry Hamlin, was followed into the ring by her offsprings, Lucinda Hamlin, a yearling by Mambrino King, and a weanling by Dare Devil. The grand old mare, although twenty years old, carried herself with the grace and agility of a maiden just "coming out." When the blue ribbon was given to her it was approved by general applause. Amanda, a very handsome bay mare by Electioneer—Lady Amanda, exhibited by Gen. Benjamin F. Tracy, New York, won second; and Pansy, a black mare by Berlin—Lady Hubbard, exhibited by Mr. H. N. Bain, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., was awarded third prize.

Class 10 was for stallions with a record of 2:20 or better. There was no chance to beat Dare Devil, 2:09 $\frac{1}{2}$, by Mambrino King. He was selected by the public almost the moment the horses entered the ring, and the judges were not long in giving him the blue ribbon. Medio, 2:14 $\frac{3}{4}$, showed well in this class, and won second; while Burlingame, 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$, the brown horse by Guy Wilkes, exhibited by Mrs. Conrad H. Kössel, of Washingtonville, N. Y., was awarded third prize.

Class 11, for mares or geldings four years or over, with records of 2:30 or better, brought together a very fine lot of roadsters. Emoleta,

2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Sealskin Wilkes—Rosedale, exhibited by Col. Lawrence Kip, was awarded the blue ribbon; Water Maid, 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Waterloo, same exhibitor, won second prize; Altomont, 2:21 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Almont—Birthday, exhibited by Mr. James W. Cooke, Philadelphia, won third prize, and Bella Bells, 2:21 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Bow Bells, was highly commended.

In class 12, for mares or geldings three years old and under four, Arrol, a bay filly by Dexter Prince—Marionette, by Palo Alto, exhibited by Mr. James W. Cooke, Philadelphia, was awarded first prize. Hattie B., a brown filly by Director—Alice Wilkes, was placed second, and Mary Emma Lee, a black filly by Monterey, third.

Class 13 was for horses four years old and over, and Col. Lawrence Kip's bay mare Melody, by Ponchion, and Harmony, by Gambarel, won first and second prizes respectively. Altomont, exhibited by Mr. James W. Cooke, won third, and Sparklet, exhibited by Mr. W. M. V. Hoffman, was highly commended.

In class 14, for road teams, Water Maid, a bay mare by Waterloo—Michigan Mattie, and Gambrella (formerly Nellie Winship), a bay mare by Gambrel—Nellie Mc, made a showing which captivated everybody. They were entitled to first prize, and it met with general approval when it was awarded to them. They were exhibited by Col. Lawrence Kip, of New York City. Willetta, a bay mare by Red Wilkes—Alma, and Bella Bells, a bay mare by Bow Bells—Fantasma, exhibited by Messrs. Tichenor & Co., Chicago, won second; and Sparklet, a bay mare by Sprague Goldust, and May K., a bay mare by Walkill, exhibited by Mr. W. M. V. Hoffman, New York, won third prize. Wert, 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$, the brown gelding by Warlock, and B. C., 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$, the brown gelding by Bourbonage, exhibited by Mr. P. C. Knox, Pittsburg, Pa., were highly commended. The latter team is the one for which Mr. Knox paid \$9,500.

Class 15, for horse and best-appointed road rig, was one which created much interest. The blue went to Sparklet, exhibited by Mr. W. M. V. Hoffman. It could not have been otherwise awarded. Altomont, exhibited by Mr. James W. Cooke, won second, and Messrs. Tichenor & Co.'s Bella Bells, third.

Class 16, for pair of horses and best-appointed road rig, was equally interesting. After devoting more than the ordinary time to crucial examination of horses and rigs, the blue was given to Col. Lawrence Kip's Water Maid and Gambrella, second prize to Messrs. Tichenor & Co.'s Bella Bells and Willetta, and third to Mr. W. M. V. Hoffman's May K. and Sparklet.

Class 17 was the champion prize for single horses, and was handily won by Mr. W. M. V. Hoffman's Sparklet.

Class 113—Novice class for roadsters, for mares or geldings, to road wagon, amateurs to drive. Mr. W. M. V. Hoffman won with Sparklet over a good field. Messrs. Tichenor & Co.'s Bella Bells won second prize, and Messrs. Hamlin's Regal Chimes won third.

Class 114—For stallions, mares or geldings, trotting or partly trotting-bred, for road purposes, was won by Messrs. Tichenor & Co.'s Bella Bells. Mr. H. R. Murray's Medio won second, Mr. H. N. Bain's Addie Lee II. third prize.

THE NEW YORK SPEEDWAY.

"Pleasure, my boy, pleasure of the most supreme type, is what prompts man to pay long prices for horses to drive on the Speedway." This was the reply I got to a query which I had propounded to one of New York's prominent financiers, who is almost a daily visitor to the great driveway. I think he might have added that it furnished to the American type of man an opportunity to gratify his inherited desire for excitement; that the light harness horse and the famous New York Speedway made it possible for a clever man and a good horse to win the plaudits of the thousands who go out to see the contests, the combination furnishing an opportunity for the most healthful of recreation, while making it possible for one to gratify that praiseworthy ambition to "keep in front."

On November 26th I stood at the half-mile post, near Washington Bridge, as did several thousands of others, watching the almost continuous panorama of racing turnouts. The scene is one worthy of the brush of the greatest artist. The rocks on the one side, rising almost perpendicularly to a height of more than a hundred feet; those two grand examples of engineering feats—Washington and High bridges, with their contrasting beauty; the sleepy Harlem River on the other side, and between, the greatest of all straightaway speeding courses in the world, lined on each curb with excited, elated humanity, and occupied in the center by hundreds of horsemen of the most renowned type, the representative financiers of America, driving horses whose names are known in every household in this country, because of their prominence on the racing turf.

Frequenters of Speedway Park have had the satisfaction of seeing contests between pretty nearly all of the great racehorses of the past few years: John R. Gentry, 2:00½; Robert J., 2:01½ (these two holding the world's team record at 2:08 for pacers; Bumps, 2:04 (wagon record, 2:03¾); Dariel, 2:07¼; Kentucky Union, 2:07¼; Quadriga, 2:08¾; Bessie Bonehill, 2:05½; Louise Mac, 2:09¼; Lucille, 2:09¼; Alves, 2:09½; King Egbert, 2:09¾; Ada P, 2:09¼; James L., 2:09¼; David B., 2:09¼; Magnolia, 2:09¼; Sunland Belle, 2:08¼; Bonnatella, 2:10; Prince Alert, 2:05¾; Bullmont, 2:09¾; Jewell, 2:09½; Blaze Boy, 2:10¼; Charity, 2:10¼; Little Edgar, 2:10¼—that was second to Tommy Britton this year in 2:08; Excel, 2:10¾; J. B. D., 2:10¾; Precision, 2:10¾; Iago, 2:11; Ambidexter, 2:11¼; Jack, 2:12½; Octavia, 2:11¼; Woodford C., 2:12½; Nibbs, 2:13¼; Bertie R., 2:12¼, the famous European "ringer"; the crack Philadelphia trotter, Jacksonian, 2:13¼; Poor Jonathan, 2:15, another Quaker City flyer; Egarita, 2:14¼; Neva Wilkes, 2:14¼; Glenmere Boy, 2:14¼; West Wilkes, 2:13½; Claybourne, 2:11¼; Sir Eld, 2:14¼; Cobwebs, 2:12; Sirock, 2:14½; George Carney, 2:13¼; Alrich, 2:12½; Miss Maxie, 2:11¼, besides a score of others with fast records, to say nothing of the fully two hundred more having slow records or none at all, that have shown speed to wagon which justifies placing them in the first class.

The Speedway is the playground for such well-known gentlemen as Messrs. Nathan Straus, A. B. Gwathmey, F. N. Lawrence, A. S. Brakes, J. C. Boynton, David Bonner, J. A. Blaurock, Edgar

Bronk, M. C. Bouvier, M. C. Boynton, R. F. Cutting, S. B. Clark, J. F. Cockerill, Fred Dietz, A. C. Fiske, R. A. Fairbairn, Dr. H. D. Gill, A. Gar-side, H. J. Grant, Fred. Gerken, E. H. Harri-man, F. H. Kerker, A. L. Kerker, Dr. H. H. Kane, J. G. Moore, M. J. Murphy, Jr.; Daniel Odell, Frank Work, Bernard Zahn, and many others of equal prominence; and it furnishes recreative pleasure to thousands who daily watch the sport from the curb.

The horses are known to nearly every habitué of the Speedway, and as some of them come down the road at speed you will hear the announcement all along the line: "Here come Cobwebs and David B.; there's a brush for you; look at them come; that's a horse race, sure enough." And then, as the horses near the finish, and each driver increases the tension and probably uses the whip, and one of them pulls away from the other, a cheer goes up for the winner; and then there is a buzz of comment all the way down the line until another contest of more than ordinary importance attracts their attention.

On the 26th of November, fully 3,000 people stood along the sides of the Speedway and they were repaid for their long trip by seeing a number of the great ones parade up and down. Kentucky Union, 2:07¼, one of Mr. Richard Croker's new trotters, was an object of interest as she was slowly jogged from Dyckman street to Washington Bridge and back by the Buffalo amateur, Mr. A. E. Persen. A great many people seem to forget that Kentucky Union has been driven to wagon before and is said to be as clever as any roadster in the world hitched that way. Mr. James Hanley and the well-known trainer, B. J. Demarest, were out behind the fast team of trotters, Little Edgar, 2:10¼, and Excel, 2:10¾. Mr. Anton Schwartz drove the big chestnut mare Lily Glenn, 2:17¼, and the black gelding Wyoming, 2:18¼, in a team; and they showed a lot of speed, conquering everything they were started against until a challenge to Mr. A. M. Rose, with the sensational pacing team, Sir Eld, 2:14¼, and Island Belle, 2:16¼, brought them to grief. The Rose team defeated everything they met, showing rare form. Mr. J. A. Blaurock's noted Speedway trotter, Kingwood, measured strides with a number of the best ones, and was victorious in each event, although he was handicapped by being hitched to a heavy high-wheel cart.

Mr. David Tuers, from Montclair, N. J., had his mare, Theresa B., 2:16¼, by Alice Wilkes, and she beat some of the high-class ones, notably Dr. J. T. Moore's Speedway Cup winner, McMillan, 2:17¼. As an evidence of how good Theresa B. must have been, McMillan later showed the way to David B., 2:09¼, from Dyckman street to Washington Bridge, fully three-quarters of a mile. The chestnut pacer, King Tom, owned and driven by Mr. Christopher Hackett, furnished plenty of inspiration for onlookers, and merited their applause when he finished in front of West Wilkes, 2:13½, and Eola, 2:11, in a sensational brush down the latter half of the Speedway. Mr. Charles Weiland's Ada P., 2:09¼, showed very high racing quality, beating that fast mare, Flossie B., 2:20¼, and several others. Dr. H. H. Kane, who had recently secured the pacer,

Honest John, led several parties to the bridge.

Thanksgiving Day brought out another holiday crowd of both sightseers and racers. Cobwebs and his owner always excite interest, and many of those who frequent Speedway Park feel amply repaid if they see these two come down the road at a good stiff gait, whether it be in a race or not. No other horse on the Speedway trots like Cobwebs. He seemingly knows nothing but trot, and when he is extended the top line of his body, from head to tail, is apparently on a level. He trots almost entirely on his own courage, and seldom is it necessary for his driver to let him hear the swish of the whip. On Thanksgiving morning, however, Cobwebs was hitched to a two-man wagon, and a son of Mr. Richard Croker was sitting by the side of Mr. Straus. With this two-told handicap, Cobwebs should not have been asked to beat anybody, but when David B., 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$, came rushing up behind him Mr. Straus shook up Cobwebs, and a race was on. For a quarter of a mile the game old fellow kept in front, and then the weight told on him, and his colors were lowered. Nobody believes, however, that, on even terms, David B. can beat Cobwebs.

Mr. J. A. Blaurock's Kingwood beat Mr. John F. Cockerill's Swift, 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, in a heart-breaking finish. Jacksonian, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, the Philadelphia trotter, beat several of the best ones, including Swift and Lottie, 2:29 $\frac{1}{2}$. Dr. H. H. Kane's chestnut stallion William E., 2:22 $\frac{1}{2}$, showed the way to several of the good ones, but met his Waterloo when he challenged the big gray mare Elmira. The latter is a "green" one, but she shows great road qualities, although I do not like her long, sweeping stride for a roadster.

December 3d was an ideal day, and the Speedway was crowded in the morning. Fully five thousand persons watched the contests. The course was rather heavy in the earlier hours, and only got in good condition after noon. Cobwebs and David B. were among the first to arrive, both hitched to light racing shells, and everybody looked for a race between them, but Mr. Straus was afraid his old favorite might sustain an injury in the slippery going, and Cobwebs was jogged home by his caretaker while his owner mingled with the crowd on the sidewalk. Mr. George A. Coleman came on a little later with the big bay gelding Baylight, 2:33 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Starlight-Emeline, by Goldsmith's Volunteer. Mr. Coleman weighs 255 pounds, and the wagon he rides in is much heavier than the usual speeding wagon. As he turned Baylight with David B., 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$, few persons anticipated a race, but that was what followed, and Baylight clearly outfooted David B., trotting away from him with perfect ease. Dr. Gill's Jack was very much in evidence, beating everything he started against. The pacing team, Sir Eld and Island Belle, beat King Tom in a rattling brush, and when the latter broke and ran, Mr. Rose shook the team up and rushed by King Tom, even though he was running at top speed. It was a sensational display of speed on the part of the team. After beating everything she was started against, Mr. M. C. Boynton's gray mare Brunehild, 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$, caused a flurry by trying to run away, after a shaft had broken on the wagon to which she was hitched. Mr. Boynton, however, stopped her without assistance.

THE GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING CLUB OF MILWAUKEE.

The Gentlemen's Driving Club of Milwaukee, Wis., was organized in 1898. While its first year was fairly successful and met all anticipations, the past season has been one of extreme pleasure, and members have become imbued with the spirit of contest to so great an extent that the racing sentiment seems to have been inoculated into every human being in Milwaukee. During 1899 matinées were held once a week with but two exceptions. The membership has grown, and now numbers ninety-six. It could easily have been doubled but for the desire to have in the club no element of discord and none but the highest class people in the city. In 1900 the club hopes to lease a site and build a new half-mile track, stables, grand stand and club-house. Every horse starting in the matinée contests during 1899 was owned and driven by members of the club, making every performance purely amateur. The championship prize was won by Mr. John Callahan's Bourbon Sneak, that animal winning more races than any other and also securing the fastest record, 1:05. Senator Mitchell, owned by Mr. F. C. G. Brand, won second prize, and Clay Van, owned by Mr. W. H. Ellis, won third prize. Bourbon Sneak started nine times, winning six times and finishing second three times. Senator Mitchell started nine times, was first five times, twice second and twice third, getting a half-mile record of 1:06. Clay Van started ten times, won four races, was twice second and three times third.

CLEVELAND DRIVING CLUB.



The Cleveland Driving Club is recognized as one of the strongest and most enterprising organizations of its kind in existence. It was organized in 1895, and during its life has proven conclusively that matinée racing is a sport of such rare attractions as will create lasting enthusiasm and bring the best element of society to its support. The keenest of rivalry has sprung up among Cleveland gentlemen who own light harness horses. The record of the club is a remarkable one. In 1895, the year the club was organized, fourteen matinées were held. That year there were 155 heats trotted and paced, 85 of which were slower than 2:30. During the past season fifteen matinées were held, at which 272 heats were trotted and paced, and only 10 of these were slower than 2:30. During the past season there were four heats in 2:10 or better, 31 in 2:15 or better, and 114 in 2:20 or better. Temper, owned and driven by Mr. W. M. Cummer, went the fastest mile to wagon—2:09 $\frac{1}{2}$. Elloree trotted a mile in 2:10 $\frac{1}{2}$, Askey in 2:10 $\frac{3}{4}$, Faustina in 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$, Fannie Foley in 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$, Rose Turner in 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, Peter Swift in 2:14 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Iago in 2:15. Sunland Belle, driven by Mr. H. K. Devereux, paced a mile to wagon in 2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$; Col. Bill, driven by his owner, Mr. C. R. Moody, paced a mile in 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Carrie Onward, driven by her owner, paced a mile in 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$. Mr. H. K. Devereux drove in 56 races during the season, winning 27 times; was second 14 times, third 10 times, and unplaced 5 times. Mr. C. R. Moody drove in 27 races, won 12, was second 8 times, third 2 times, and unplaced 5 times.

The following table for 1899 shows the time for each matinée :

	Number Heats.	Fastest Heat.	Slowest Heat.	Average Time.
June 3.....	8	2:17½	2:28½	2:23 22-100
June 10.....	8	2:14¾	2:32¾	2:22 42-100
June 17.....	11	2:15	2:38¾	2:23¾
June 24.....	15	2:14½	2:33	2:21 4-5
July 1.....	15	2:13¾	2:31	2:19 93-100
July 17.....	15	2:13¾	2:31½	2:21½
Aug. 5.....	16	2:10	2:31	2:19 54-100
Aug. 12.....	17	2:08½	2:25¾	2:17¾
Aug. 19.....	15	2:10¾	2:23½	2:18 11-100
Aug. 28.....	19	2:12	2:29	2:20 87-100
Sept. 2.....	15	2:10¾	2:24½	2:15 59-100
Sept. 9.....	21	2:10½	2:29¾	2:20 15-100
Sept. 16.....	18	2:07½	2:23¾	2:17 3-5
Sept. 23.....	15	2:09½	2:27¾	2:18 9-10
Oct. 2.....	14	2:18	2:28¾	2:22 1-10

Average time for season, 2:20 1-10.

Sunland Belle, by winning eight races, secures for her owner, Mr. J. H. Outhwaite, the club's challenge cup and the championship for the year for the greatest number of races won. Mr. Outhwaite and Mr. C. R. Moody each receives a championship ribbon for the greatest number of races won by a stable, each stable having won twelve races. The Reed championship trotting cup was won by Mr. M. A. Bradley's chestnut mare Lena Wilson. The Reed championship pacing cup was won by Mr. H. J. Trinkner's Rosencranz. The championship cup for trotters securing the fastest record was won by Mr. W. M. Cummer's chestnut mare Temper, 2:09½, and the championship cup for pacers securing the fastest record was won by Mr. J. H. Outhwaite's Sunland Belle, 2:07½.

BUFFALO'S SNOW PATH.

Buffalo horsemen are preparing for great sport this winter over their famous snow-path. The racing among gentlemen over the renowned winter speedway of Buffalo has always been of a high order, and has furnished healthy amusement to thousands beside those who took active part in the exhilarating sport. Every fine day when the broad boulevard is covered with snow entices great crowds to witness the spirited contests. Buffalo has really set the pace in winter-racing rigs, and to-day the sleigh drawn by speed horses is but a shell "as light as a feather and as swift as the wind." Horsemen of Buffalo are looking forward this season to a period of sport surpassing anything in previous history, because of the acquisition to their ranks of a large number of gentlemen comparatively new to the sport. The number of extremely fast horses has been largely increased. There are now owned in Buffalo no less than a dozen horses with records faster than 2:15 that will be seen in the winter contests, and this means brilliant battles, "eyelash finishes," and efforts which will call forth enthusiastic applause. For two years Mascot, 2:04, that strong-hearted old fighter, who has been winning races for seven or eight years and is still a campaigner of such gameness and vigor as to make bettors consider him whenever he starts, has been king of the Buffalo snow-path, but by so narrow a margin that his owner, Mr. Oliver Cabana, has had to drive with the skill of a professional to keep the old war-horse in front.

A GREAT CHICAGO STABLE.

Mr. C. K. G. Billings, the Chicago horseman, whose great admiration for the light harness

horse has prompted him to spend a small fortune in the organization of a stable of sensational campaigners, recently brought six horses to New York to enjoy the famous Speedway. The weather conditions were unfavorable, and during his stay in the city Mr. Billings found less than a half-dozen opportunities to enjoy speeding on the riverside driveway. Beside, it was evident to everybody that Mr. Billings brought Bumps, 2:03¾, the champion wagon pacer of the world, in anticipation of securing an opportunity to try conclusions with Robert J., 2:01½, and Daniel, 2:07¼, the crack New York pacers, and he must have been somewhat disappointed when he failed to get a contest with either. While he did not himself proclaim the fact, it was generally understood that he brought that sensational trotter, Lucille, 2:09¾, with a view to getting on a race with the champion Speedway trotter Cobwebs, 2:12. In this wish he would, beyond a doubt, have been accommodated had the weather remained satisfactory, but as it was, the Billings stable returns home with only the satisfaction of having shown New Yorkers the fastest authenticated quarter of a mile paced over the Speedway, Bumps having gone that distance to wagon in 28¾ seconds. Some idea of the regard Mr. Billings has for the light harness horse may be gained from the fact that his stable, shipped from Chicago, contained six horses, nearly a dozen wagons, several carts, fully a dozen sets of harness, boots, blankets and other necessary paraphernalia, six grooms and a superintendent. It is estimated that each time he drove on the Speedway it cost him nearly \$1,000 for his pleasure. Of the New York Speedway Mr. Billings says: "It is simply incomparable with any other driveway in the world." The Billings stable will return to New York in the spring.

THE HORSE WILL NEVER PASS.

"The Passing of the Horse" has been made the subject of very considerable solicitude on the part of those writers who seem to be devoting their energy and talent to "booming" the motor carriage. The anxiety expressed because of the possible extinction of the horse kind, on account of the early ending of his days of usefulness, would appeal to the sentiment of a mummified Egyptian. I have no notion of the kind of narcotic these writers use which produces such clean-cut despondent bluishness, but the absurdity of their deductions must be painfully apparent to them when they read of the brilliant success of the recent horse shows and the widespread and fast-increasing interest in that truly American type of horse, the trotter. The horse, the one animal to which man has pinned his faith ever since Noah unloaded from the Ark the pair which have propagated a most wonderful and useful quadruped race, is more popular to-day than ever before in his history, and he has performed more acts upon which are founded both government and patriotism than these silly pencils could ever be capable of. He is the one animal that responds faithfully to man's moods—a friend true, tried and lasting—and he will pass only when man has evolved into a being incapable of sentiment and unable to realize the meaning of pastime or to enjoy pleasure.

Baron Wilkes, 2:18, by George Wilkes, from the campaigner's view, is the greatest sire of the year. He has eleven new performers, with records from 2:30 to 2:11½, and eleven with reduced records, ranging from the 2:24¼ of Baron Bell to the wagon record of 2:03¼ of the iron horse Bumps. Included in his list of newcomers is the great filly Extasy, that took a two-year-old pacing race record of 2:10½ and this year, as a three year-old, takes a trotting record of 2:11½. Baronwood reduces his record from 2:26¼ to 2:14½. Grand Baron from 2:18¼ to 2:12¼, Royal Baron from 2:23¼ to 2:10¼, and Tesla from 2:23¼ to 2:12¼. Of those which reduced their records five are new 2:15 performers. The sons of Baron Wilkes are sustaining the reputation of the great Wilkes family, and are reproducing in an even more pronounced type the characteristics which long ago made that family popular. Oakland Baron, 2:09¼, one of the greatest money-winners of his day, and now only eight years old, is the sire of the new performer Lucy May (2), 2:22½, and he has a number of others full of promise. Earl Baltic, another son of Baron Wilkes, has two new performers, Baljean, 2:21¼, and Bethel, p., 2:18¼. Alfonso, 2:20¾, by Baron Wilkes, has eleven in the list, securing two new ones this year in Lee Wilton, 2:26½, and Marie C., 2:16¼. Baron Dillon, 2:12, another son of Baron Wilkes, is the sire of this year's new four-year-old Lord Linton, 2:25¼, and Lady Dillon, 2:29¼. Baron Jean, 2:30, is the sire of Baron Belt, 2:20¼; Baron Posey, 2:21½, is the sire of the three new ones, Clausby, 2:21½, Baron B., p., 2:21¼, Teresa Wilkes, p., 2:19¼; Baron Russell, 2:18, gets two reduced records, Billy Russell from 2:24¼ to 2:19¼ and Hester Russell, p., from 2:17¼ to 2:11¼; Baron Speedwell is the sire of the new performer Bretwalda, 2:26¼; Baronial gets a new performer, Rags, 2:26¼, and two reduced records, Barony, p., from 2:19¼ to 2:18¼, and Moronial, p., from 2:16¼ to 2:10. Baron Wilkes has a

total of 78 performers in the standard record list and stands at the head of the money-winning sires of the world.

DEATH OF COL. LAWRENCE KIP.

Many who have become regular attendants at the National Horse Show, and who had come to recognize in Col. Lawrence Kip a fixture of that popular institution, sought in vain for his cheerful face among the thousands who came to pay tribute to man's noblest animal friend. Inquiry brought the information that Colonel Kip was lying dangerously ill at his home, 452 Fifth avenue, New York. Later in the week, when his exhibits were withdrawn from the contests which followed, it was learned that there was little hope for the recovery of the vice-president of the Horse Show Association. He died on Friday night, November 18th. Colonel Kip was born at Morristown, N. J., in 1835. As soon as he arrived at the proper age he attended the Churchill Military School, at Sing Sing, N. Y., where he remained until 1853, when he received an appointment to a cadetship at West Point. A commission as second lieutenant was granted him in 1857. During the civil war he served on General Sheridan's staff, becoming a captain in the artillery in 1866. Colonel Kip was vice-president of the National Horse Show Association, president of the Suburban Riding and Driving Club, and president of the Coney Island Jockey Club, besides being a member of the Union, Metropolitan, Tuxedo and Country clubs.

Mr. J. A. Blaurock, who devoted much of his time during the season just closed to increasing interest in matinée racing under the auspices of the Hudson County (N. J.) Driving Club, of which he is president, announces his intention to give several valuable cups for wagon races next season. The contests will occur over the Guttenburg mile track.

NATHAN A. COLE.

THE HARNESS AND SADDLE-HORSE DIVISION.

THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW.



From the amateur's point of view the fifteenth annual session of the National Horse Show was an improvement upon its predecessors. In the departments for heavy harness and saddle horses the entries of amateurs were more numerous than formerly. There were some changes in the classification directly in line with suggestions which have, from time to time, been offered in these columns; and there was evident an endeavor to cater to the wishes of amateurs. These changes for the better were especially noticeable in the heavy harness department. In the classification of this section there was, for the first time, a separate department for dealers' exhibits. While this, to some extent, kept the tradesmen together, the conditions did not prohibit the professional element making other entries in the open classes; and in the departments for well-appointed equipages and for large carriage horses the dealers' entries were

as conspicuous as ever. But the distribution of the ribbons in the open classes showed that the professional entry had not materially interfered with that of the novices.

The discontinuance of the so-called high-stepping classes was a distinct improvement, obviating the interminable repetition of entries. There was, however, no evidence of any drastic change in the general classification, and nothing to indicate that the directorate had adopted the oft-suggested and much-needed arrangement of classes based upon *type for purpose* as distinguished from the old plan of *height limit*; and the time seems as distant as ever when our National Show shall become a series of pictures delineating typical turnouts. Inasmuch as the show does present the typical horse and runabout, and the typical horse and brougham, in separate classes, there should be no reason why the public cannot be afforded object lessons in respect to all other turnouts.

The rule relegating prize winners at previous

shows to champion contests was modified this year, and former winners were only declared to be ineligible to the same classes as those in which they had won their laurels.

A commendable rule this year was that prohibiting the publication in the catalogue of the sale price of an exhibit.

The catalogue was, however, again compiled in the form of a breeder's list, instead of as a programme of events. The public experienced as much confusion as formerly in following competitions intelligently.

As usual, there was no information given in the catalogue as to the breeding of the heavy harness horses, saddle horses and hunters. Inasmuch as the fundamental object of the show is the improvement of horse-breeding, it would seem essential that the authorities should take every means in their power to promulgate information of this nature. This is the more necessary in view of the practice which now obtains of re-naming horses, especially those shown in heavy harness.

Why a horse that is converted to heavy harness should have its name changed and its origin and history hidden is a mystery, yet such is the deplorable fact, and our show catalogues tell us nothing of the breeding of a single horse in the lists. Hackney breeders have, through their registry, kept track of their stock, but the identity of trotting-bred specimens shown in heavy harness has been absolutely lost. In view of the necessity which now exists for the establishment of a fixed type of American carriage horse based on the stock from which show-ring winners are drawn, exhibitors should demand that the breeding of their entries appear in all catalogues.

While the show was prolific of new and untried horses of good style and character, yet it is a fact that except in one instance—that of a stallion—the old-timers carried off the championships; and it was noticed that the new purchases of the experts did not get to the front until the middle of the week—when appointments began to count fifty per cent.—and were only rarely among the blue-ribbon winners.

From a breeder's standpoint it is quite evident, therefore, that the searchers after showing material must confess that their system of selecting mature specimens year after year has depleted the available stock.

Another important matter, in this connection, that seems to have been lost sight of, is the correct publication of the age of exhibits. Notwithstanding there is a rule regarding it, more than one horse's age was not shown in the catalogue, and the ages of several winners were incorrectly stated. A comparison of the figures given in the catalogues of this and previous shows will enlighten the show authorities on this important point.

The initiation this year of a prejudicial practice, viz.: the entering of a horse two or three times with different mates, was manifestly unfair to those who exhibited one pair only.

Amateurs have cause for intense gratification in that the most sensational harness horse of the show was the trotting-bred stallion Red Cloud, entered by Mr. W. L. Elkins, of Philadelphia. This is an aged stallion, dark chestnut in color, and 15.3½ hands high, of grand style and character, but with action defective,

as the front legs paddle and the hind legs do not come under well to support the weight. But these defects were hardly noticeable from the side, and the magnificent style of the horse won him the plaudits of the public.

In making the award in this horse's favor in the Waldorf trial, sentiment may have influenced the judges, as the animal was not a typical *gig horse* in any sense. Mr. Elkins personally drove the horse; and, after a rather lengthy deliberation on the part of the judges, some of whom probably fancied Mr. Albert Bostwick's entry, Lord Chesterfield, very strongly, the gentleman from Philadelphia secured the prize, amid a burst of applause such as has scarcely ever been duplicated in Madison Square Garden.

The champion small horse of the show was Lord Brilliant, the trotting-bred chestnut gelding, 14.3½ hands. This horse is also the property of an amateur, Mr. H. C. Hoskier, and found no difficulty in winning over eighteen entries in a class for single horses, took first when shown with mate in a class for pairs, and again came out on top in the tandem class for horses of medium height, and formed one of the winning quartet under fifteen hands.

When it came to choosing champion pairs, the well-known dealer Mr. Charles F. Bates had matters his own way in the class for small horses with the old-time favorites, Coxey and Brown Donna, and in the class for larger horses with the inimitable pair, Hi and High Tide. These pairs also took first in their respective classes in the dealers' department of the show, and Coxey was there deemed the best single horse of small stature, while the Fashion Coach Company had the best large horse in the bay gelding, Thunder. In the appointment classes the Bates entries, Hi and High Tide, were twice successful, and they also won the much-coveted Brewster prize for pairs shown to demimail for park use. Mr. Bates also had, once again, the best appointed road coach, and in 42½ seconds made the quickest change on record for a four-in-hand team.

A remarkable feature of the heavy harness department of this show was the success of hackney-bred horses in several well-contested classes. Their winnings may be regarded as marking the first step toward the rehabilitation of this breed in popular favor.

Messrs. F. G. Bourne and E. D. Jordan put on exhibition several very handsome pairs and single horses of hackney blood, and between them they accounted for fifteen prizes in the harness classes. These included F. G. Bourne's Squaw, winner of the Harrison Challenge Cup; the same owner's Starlight, second to Lord Brilliant, and E. D. Jordan's Tom Noddy, third to same horse in the open contest; Jordan's Tom Noddy and Gossip, second, and Bourne's Miss Glen and Jennie Neil, third, to Lord Brilliant and mate in the class for pairs; Jordan's Elegance II, with mate, second in tandem; the same owner's Madge Kendal and Queen of Action, first in a closely contested novice class, and the Jordan fours, wholly or partly made up of hackneys, that took highest honors in the open class for teams, and in the class for park teams where appointments counted. The Bourne pair, Princess Olga and My Grace, were also frequently in the ribbons.

Mr. Joseph E. Widener, of Philadelphia, reappeared at this show, and took first prize in an appointment class with his brown gelding Gabriel, a well-balanced horse of splendid finish and nice action. His white mare Queen was a very pleasing exhibit in the runabout class, and rightly took second prize. Of other amateurs whose horses were fortunate may be mentioned Mr. Thomas Lawson's Glorious Connie and Glorious Bonnie, a small tandem team that were simply exquisite, and the same exhibitor's four-in-hand, that ranked second in two good classes, Mr. Albert Bostwick's Lord Chesterfield and mate, that won in a good class of carriage pairs, and took second single and double when shown to broughams and cabriolet, and were placed reserve to the champion pair. Where this plucky young amateur shone brightest, however, this year was in the road-coach competition, he appearing on a brand-new vehicle of superb design and finish, and horsed in a manner that brought out the horsemanship that was in him.

Another very noticeable horse in the amateur classes was Mr. Arthur M. Hunter's bay gelding Arden, that was deemed the best of thirty-two actually shown in an open class, and was second in the large class of novices. Mr. J. Robinson Beard's bay gelding Pride was the lucky horse in the runabout class, in which twenty-four smart goers were put to the test, and Pride, when shown with its mate, Prejudice, ranked second to the Bostwick pair in one of the closest contests of the week.

The exhibits in the saddle classes were of much higher quality than at former shows. Of the horses under 15.2 the champion was Mrs. H. H. Good's chestnut gelding Posthorn, which was also the judge's first choice in the weight-carrying class. For beauty of outline and perfection of gait, as shown under the masterful hands of Charles Railey, the famous trainer of Kentucky-bred horses, Posthorn was easily the first favorite. Another grandly put-up horse was Mr. James Marshall's The Laird, which Mr. McGibbon put through its paces.

Of the horses over 15.2 Mrs. John Gerken's rare old chestnut Vinco took first in its class, and was placed reserve to the champion, Lady-smith, a chestnut mare, five years old, shown by Mr. McGibbon in charming style. This mare was smooth at the canter and was well shouldered and also well let down behind. Judge Bussigny, who awarded the honors in this department, was somewhat overexacting in his requirements, and especially tedious in reaching his decisions in the class of fourteen horses ridden by ladies, and after picking the mare Ladysmith, ridden by Miss Belle Beach, went through a whole lot of manoeuvres before placing Mrs. Potter's Ruby, with Mrs. Blaisdell up, second, and the dainty little chestnut gelding Alert, ridden for the Plymouth Stud by Mrs. Wilson, third. Mrs. Kotman's Confidio, ridden by owner, and Mr. Marshall's The Laird, ridden by Mrs. Beach, Miss Marian Holloway's Consolation, and the bay mare Filigree, ridden by Mrs. Donnelly, performed in every way equal to the second, third and fourth choice.

The Corinthian class of hunters contained some good old timers, like General Healey's Kensington, Hart Bros.' Richmond and Ambrose Clark's Red Oak. Mrs. N. K. Hayes,

however, was awarded first prize for her gelding King Crow, while Mr. James K. Maddux took second prize with his four-year-old chestnut Searchlight, young Sidney Holloway taking his sister's bay gelding Ben Bolt into third position, Richmond rounding out the honors. Searchlight was deemed the best qualified hunter for a lady's use, Richmond the next best, while Adam Beck's Westminster Belle, a very clever mare, ranked third.

In the light-weight division, conformation, quality and performance to count, Searchlight was again successful, Miss Holloway's Ben Bolt taking second prize.

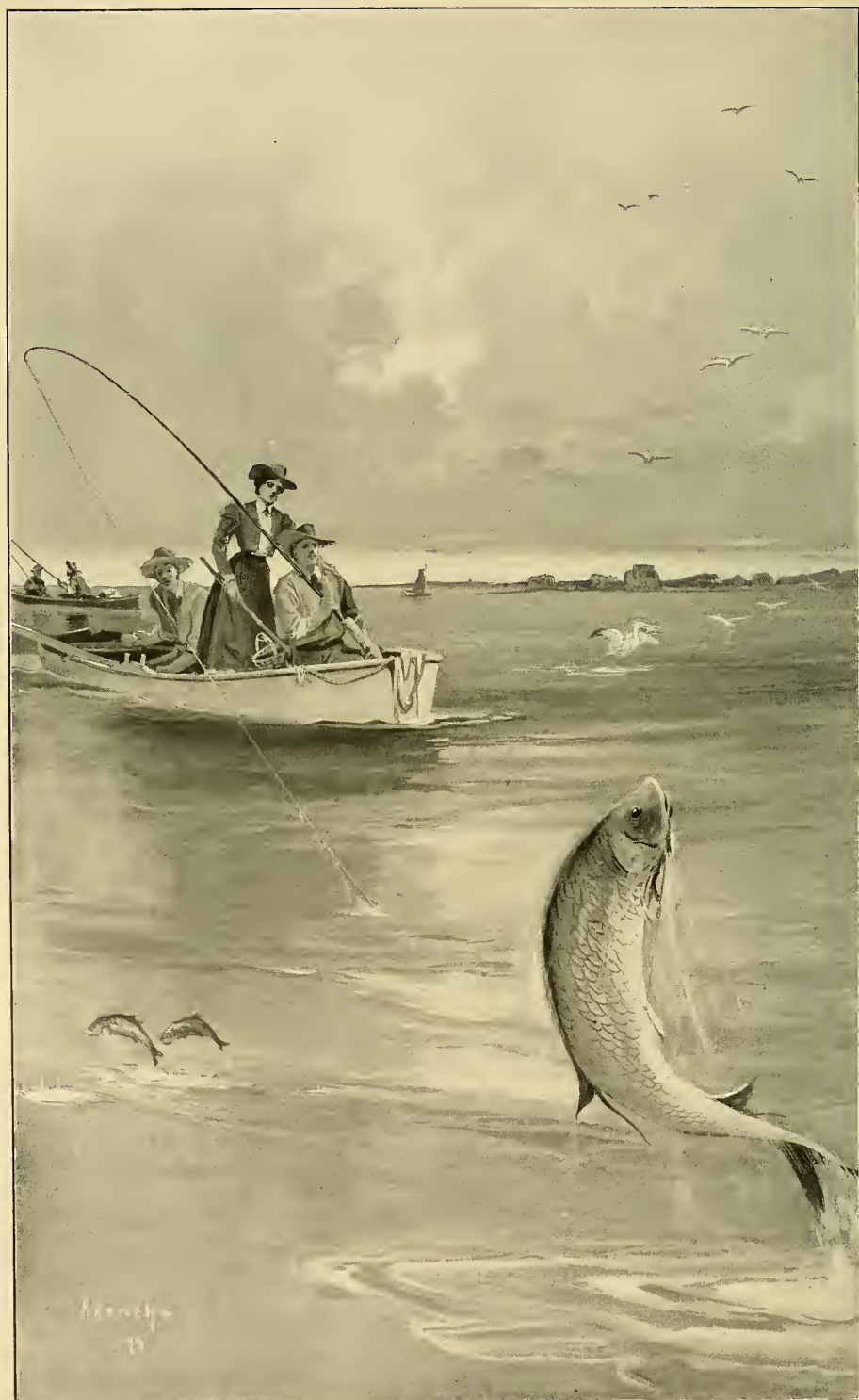
Pepper's Westminster Belle was first choice for heavy-weights in the open class. The champion heavy-weight carrier was Hart Bros.' Richmond, Adam Beck's Lady Hampton reserve.

The middle-weight champion was Mrs. Hayes' King Crow, and Searchlight was the best of the light-weights.

Of hackneys of the old-fashioned type the best seen in many years was Mr. F. C. Stevens' Fandango, the bright chestnut stallion, nine years old, that Mr. Frederick Joy purchased from Mr. Burdett-Coutts in 1892. This horse took first prize in his own class, then won highest honors when shown with four of his progeny, and then carried off the championship with the greatest of ease. Prince Crompton, shown by the Plymouth Stud as a three-year-old, won in his class and showed a much freer movement than when seen last year. For brilliance on the halter the Gerkendale Farm's Brandon was a remarkably fine exhibit, and for beauty of form, combined with great power and character, Graham Bros.' stallion, Lord Rosebery, filled the eye of the critics. Of the mares shown, Lady Sutton, Victoria III. and Victoria IV. were the best of the Attica Farm's exhibit, while the Plymouth Stud had the champion in the roan mare Laodamia and a winner in Elegance II., and a good second choice in Bonwick Belle. Frederick G. Bourne's Indian Queen and Miss Glen each took second prize in their respective classes, and the same owner's stallion, Enthorpe Performer, took second when shown with hackney progeny and again when shown with half-bred stock. In this last class the old favorite, Fashion, was awarded first prize, his other competitor, besides Enthorpe Performer, being Mr. Theodore Patterson's Americo-Arab Abdul Hamid II.

The ponies under saddle were much better than formerly, and the classes were better filled. Mr. Theodore Patterson had the pick of the bunch in the brown mare Maritje. Mrs. Gerken had another good one in the black mare Jennie. Others noticeable were the Plymouth Stud's Scarlet Letter, W. J. Sampson's Jessie, the Bates bay pony, and the small, but fine, rangy gelding Patsey, shown by Miss Benedict. In the classes for ponies in harness Mr. Sampson had two excellent specimens in the stallion Pickaninny and the skewbald mare Jessie and the best of another lot was George D. Widener's brown mare Jill. The best pair was undoubtedly the mares Topsy and Jessie, shown by the Gerkendale Farm. The most sensational pony in the show was Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's Glorious Bonnie.

A. H. GODFREY.



Painted for OUTING by Albert Hencke.

See "Tarpon Fishing at Aransas Pass." (p. 473.)

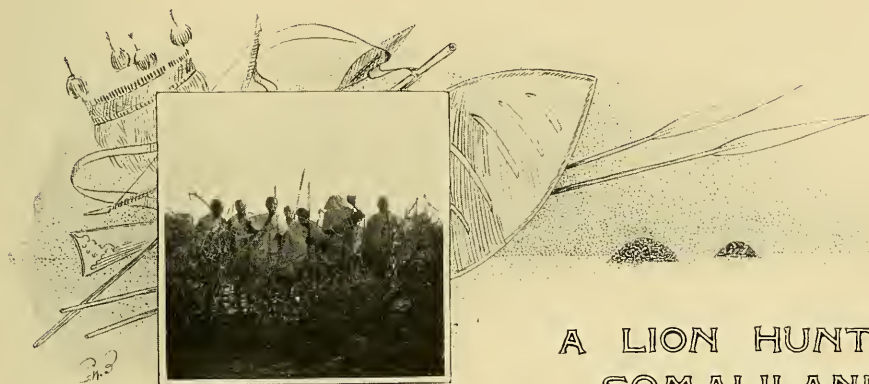
THE RED-RIBBON TARPON AT ARANSAS.

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A LION HUNT IN SOMALILAND.

BY MARION WRIGHT.

IT was our custom when on the march to break camp a little before sunrise, and after breakfasting, so soon as the caravan got under way, C—and I each took two shikaris (or hunters) and a syce (or pony boy) and hunted on either side of the caravan, keeping some six or seven miles apart, in order not to conflict with each other's interests.

At the mid-day halt, though sometimes, when on the track of game, not until evening, we met to talk over the events of the day. On the particular day I now have in mind to describe, my part of the outfit had been on the march for several hours without sight of game, when we saw a "wart hog."

We stalked him for a short distance, and he suddenly disappeared.

On coming up to the spot where last we had seen him, we found ourselves

on the edge of a ravine; and there, not twenty yards below us, grunting softly to himself and rummaging about, was our porker. Seeing that he had no tusches I did not shoot, and subsequent events made me very thankful that I had not, for it was through his instrumentality that larger game was secured, and I owed him a debt of gratitude.

The ravine to which he had led us was one of those singularly beautiful spots which one sometimes finds amid the monotonous stretches of the surrounding country, places where Nature seems to have stored those treasures which she denied elsewhere. The summits of the miniature cliffs which formed the sides of the ravine were on such a level with the outside plain that from a short distance away one would scarcely suspect its presence. At the base of the cliffs lay the dry bed of a tempora-



Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

"SCATTERING THEM RIGHT AND LEFT." (p. 444.)

rily inactive river, and growing round the smoothly worn boulders which lay in the bed, and clustering on the sides of the cliffs in rich profusion, were fresh green grass and various kinds of dense foliage.

Appreciating how much my pony would enjoy thrusting his nose into that spicy fodder, as for the past few weeks he had not enjoyed anything like a square meal, I decided to stop for a short time.

We had been lying twenty minutes or so on the cool sod, enjoying the shelter from a blazing sun and watching the pony, when one of the shikaris, who had strolled up the ravine, returned with the news that he had found the fresh track of a lion, which had passed, he thought, only a few hours before. We all then hastened to have a look, and, the other shikari confirming his opinion, we prepared to follow it up.

The heaviest rifle we had with us was a "500 Winchester repeater," which at that time I did not judge to be a good rifle for lions, though I have since found by experience that it is large enough for anything under an elephant or rhinoceros. So, deciding to have the heavier rifle, if possible a 577 express, the syce was sent back on the pony to the caravan for it, and we made a start.

My two shikaris went on in front of me, going on the average at a fast walk, which, when the trail became plainer, increased to a dog-trot. The pugs led us through the ravine for a short distance and out over a rough, stony country, where the men often lost them and had to cast about for several minutes before finding them again.

We had been going on in this way for a couple of hours or more when we came to a thick grove of bushes, several hundred yards in extent. The trail led in at the densest part of these, so to save time we circled the outskirts to see if our quarry had come out the other side. Our investigations did not last long, for we could find no trail leading out of the first clump to which we had tracked him, so we felt pretty sure that he was there. It was now only a question of rousing "His Majesty" out of a presumably comfortable nap, and trusting to luck that he would show himself in the open. The bushes were too thick to favor the chances of getting a shot by waking him up, and unless we

jumped him within a few yards of us, should be unable to see him. So, stationing my two men on one side of the bush with orders to try and beat him out to me, I went to the other side and waited for him.

They hurled sticks and stones, together with opprobrious epithets chosen from the Somalian vocabulary as being especially calculated to move lions to resentment. His appearance, manners, his ancestors, all received a criticism which, to say the least, was impolite; but all to no purpose, for he gave no indication of his presence.

After many fruitless attempts to move him, we concluded that we had made a mistake, and that he must have gone on. Suddenly, just as we were preparing to recast for the trail, there was a great commotion in the bushes, accompanied by a sonorous deep-toned growl, and we could hear the lion breaking his way out on the side opposite us.

We rushed as quickly as possible round the bush, only to see the tracks which he had made a few seconds before, but caught no sight of the beast himself.

With renewed energies we ran on, the pugs being more easy to follow, as he was going very fast. He had taken a course through the open spaces which divided the line of bushes, and we hurried on in the hope of catching sight of him when he should reach the open ground beyond. This was not to be, however, for when we came to the last clump of trees the pugs stopped short, and on making a detour round it we found none leading out. So here he was again.

The grove in which he was now concealed was of such dimensions that there was only one course of proceeding which seemed feasible, and that was to burn him out. It was slow work, the burning of the bush, which, though dry and very inflammable, owing to the lack of wind burned almost vertically.

When the fire had been under way some time we were joined by my syce, bringing with him the express rifle and two camelmen to help in the tracking. With the usual careful attention to orders of the Somali, which is not always consistent with his thinking powers, he had brought no cartridges for the rifle, so I must needs go on with the Winchester alone.

We were now six, myself, two shikaris, syce, and the two camelmen.

Heavens! How long it took that bush to burn! I had stationed all the men on the opposite side of the bush to me, and they were making a terrible racket in order to induce the lion to break my way.

The fire was so hot that we had almost lost hope, when, with a succession of angry roars, the lion sprang out of the side towards the men, dashed straight through them, scattering them right and left, and disappeared. Two of the natives saluted him with spears, but he disappeared before I could get a chance for a safe shot. It was annoying, to say the least, to be so close to the brute and have him escape without even the satisfaction of a shot. But it is extraordinary what good judgment a lion exercises when he wishes to escape his pursuers. Lying concealed from view, but always in a position to see all that is going on about him, he notes every move on the part of his enemies, and when their vigilance seems slackest, gives the white hunter a wide berth and springs out towards the natives, evidently preferring to take his chances with men with whose get-up he is familiar. Seldom will a lion submit himself as a fair mark, excepting when he means business, that is, to give and to take.

Well, there was no good crying over spilled milk, and nothing to do but do it all over again. I was dead tired and half famished, having eaten nothing since sunrise, and it was now almost six in the afternoon; but there was still a chance before dark of coming up with our friend, and it was well worth a little extra exertion, so on we went again. I now rode my pony, in order to let my syce help in the tracking and also not to retard the pace of my men, who went much better when I was not with them.

It is a very pretty sight to see the Somalis tracking—they work for all the world like a pack of hounds. Keeping pretty close together, they go along at a slow trot until the trail is lost; then they spread out in different directions; someone who finds it conveys the fact to the others by snapping his fingers; they all close up, and on they go, perfect silence being maintained the whole time. We retraced our way almost in the identical line that

we had come, and in a short time neared the place where we had first jumped the lion.

I now dismounted and left my pony in charge of the syce, as the lion seemed so partial to this particular grove it was quite likely that he would stop somewhere on the outskirts. His track, however, led us through some of the densest parts of the undergrowth, and as it was growing late our last remaining chance was to try and sight him somewhere amongst it.

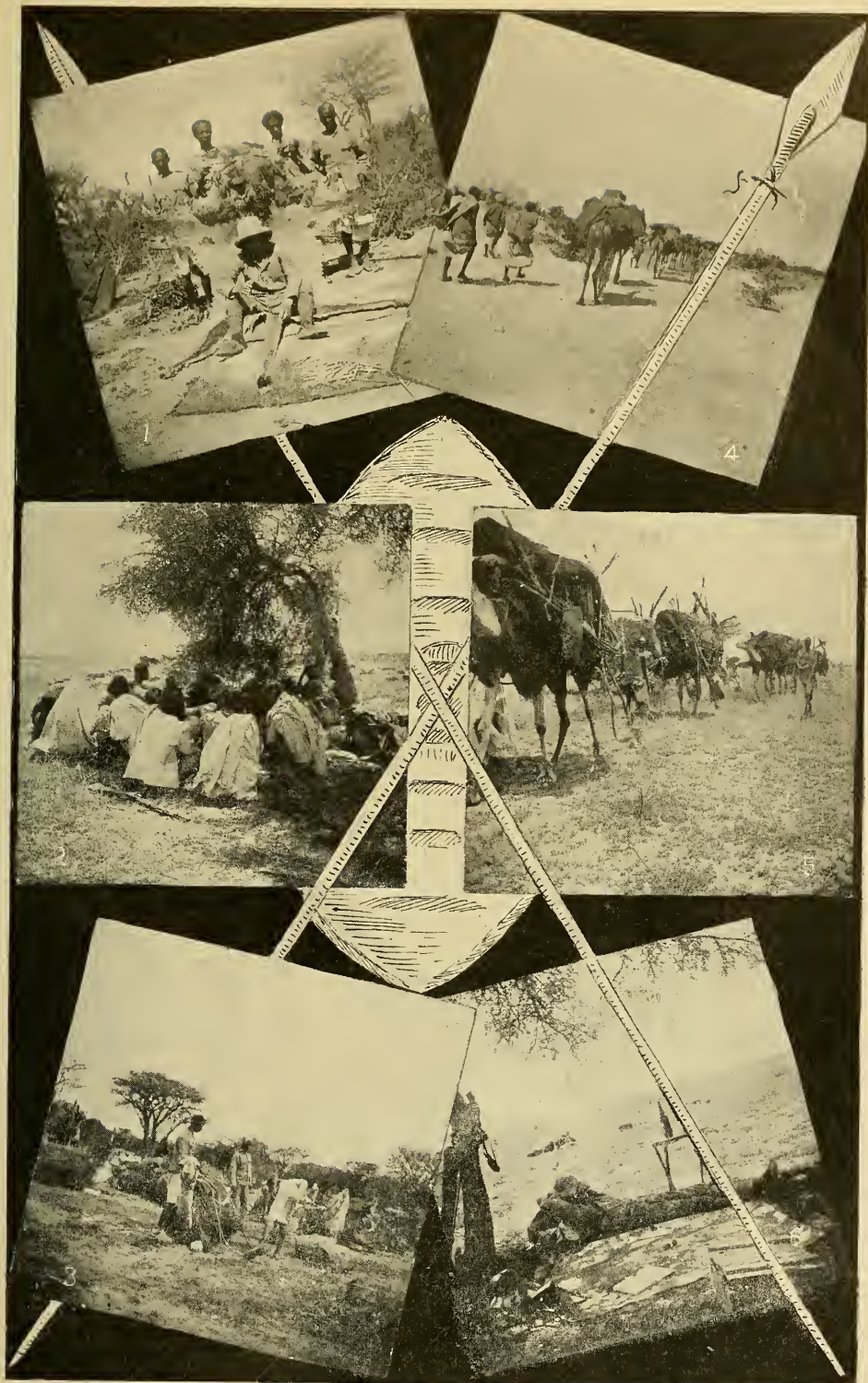
Leaving all the men outside except one shikari, whom I took to do the tracking and also to help see the beast if he was about, we pushed our way through the bushes as best we might, now crawling under them on our hands and knees, now plunging into their depths and getting our hands and faces scratched unmercifully, until at length we lost all signs of the trail and didn't know which way to turn.

Just then I felt a sharp clutch on my arm, and my shikari whispered excitedly, "Me see him," at the same time pointing to a spot some twenty-five yards away.

I followed the direction he was pointing, but for the life of me could see nothing. "Point with the rifle," I told him; and, looking over the sights, saw a pair of eyes as big as saucers peering at us from under the bushes.

As soon as the lion found his presence was known, he showed his dissatisfaction by displaying two rows of shining ivories in a noiseless snarl. My shikari was all this time twitching my sleeve and whispering, "Shoot, shoot; why no shoot?" I told him to shut up, and, walking slowly towards the brute with rifle in readiness to shoot quickly in case he should spring, got within fifteen yards of him. Even then it was difficult to take a satisfactory aim. So dark was it beneath the bush that I could see nothing of the lion except the flickering light of his eyes, and I did not wish to wound our friend at such close quarters. Several times I put my rifle confidently to my shoulder and had to take it down.

A sudden throwing up of his head gave me the desired opportunity, and I fired just between the two great eyes, pumped another cartridge into the barrel, fired again, and then waited for the result. Apparently it was a dead lion, for we



1. Unpegging the lion's skin.
 2. Mess at mess.
 3. Striking camp.

4. Our caravan on the march.
 5. Native caravan on the march.
 6. A siesta.

heard no sound, and on looking into the bush found a beautiful full-grown lion with a neat little bullet-hole just over his right eye. I found on examination that my second shot had not touched him.

The rest of the men joined us almost immediately on hearing the shots. They dragged the lion into the open and began what is called "the lion dance," to the accompaniment of a soft, low chant. It was a very picturesque sight, the dead monarch of the jungle forming the center of the group, and the half-naked men, with the red glow of a setting sun reflected on their glistening skins.



OUR OUTFIT.

I enjoyed it almost as much as themselves.

When they had finished dancing, the work of skinning commenced which they accomplish in an extraordinary short space of time. The skin and head were tied behind the

saddle on the pony. I mounted, and we started for camp, leaving the carcass of the lion to be buried in the stomachs of the hyenas and vultures—the last resting-place of every creature which dies in the open.

The men sang all the way, and as we approached the camp C— came to meet me, followed by nearly all our men, and seemed as well pleased as myself.



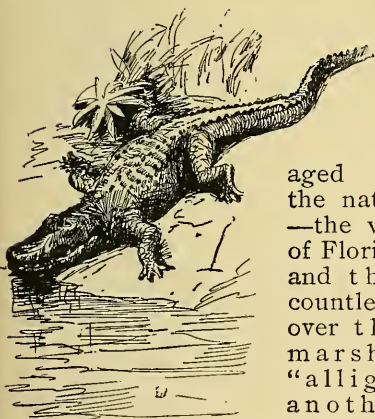
1. THE ORYX.

2. WATERING THE CAMELS.

A NORTHERN GIRL'S "HUNTIN' OF A 'GAITAH."



BY MARION PRYDE QUAY.



a big alligator is a rare discovery.

This sudden disappearance is owing chiefly to the Seminole Indian. Florida is his "happy hunting ground." Where a white man cannot go, he lives and thrives. He is a nomad, and all through the pine-lands one finds the ashes of his camp-fire, the ridge-pole of his dismantled tent, signs always that the country about has been hunted over, and the "alligator holes" robbed of their booty.

Alligator skins are the Seminole's chief article of barter. They are brought in for miles and traded at the scattered country stores for gaudily colored bandanna handkerchiefs—which are made into a sort of turban—beads, ammunition, knives, etc.; and owing to this near-by depletion the "sob of the 'gator" grows less in the land.

WITHIN the memory of the middle-

aged "Crackers,"—as the natives are called—the vast pine-lands of Florida were seamed and threaded with countless trails leading over the grass-grown marshes from one "alligator hole" to another. Now one seldom finds them, and

With the disappearing of the alligator comes an added zest to the hunt. It lends difficulty to the already existing danger and difficulty. Danger and the charm of coming close to Nature, with all her mysteries and moods, are the magnets which for countless ages have drawn men forth from the haunts of men, to slay and spare not.

S—L—, on the Indian River, is a settlement of about a dozen houses. To the right are a few low cottages given over each year to the Northern followers of Izaak Walton, who come South in search of tarpon and winter fishing. In front the wide lovely Indian River stretches away, fringed with palms and weird mangrove trees and pulsing to every heart-beat of the ocean. At the other points of the compass the "Florida Cracker" hath his habitation, and flourisheth like a green bay tree.

It was from one of our house party, Clarence, our guide, fisherman and general factotum, that I learned that here one might go a "huntin' of a 'gaitah" with a reasonable hope of finding one.

One morning I had wandered down to the dock before breakfast and was leaning over the railing, drawing in long breaths of fresh morning air, and viewing the heavens with a would-be fisherman's eye for any sign unfavorable to the plans we had made for the day. Clarence was polishing up the boats

and arranging the fishing tackle. The weather was calm and hot and sunshiny, and the river lay so motionless and still that one could hear the faint splash of leaping fish and mark where they had fallen.

"Good morning, Clarence," I called. "A good day for Spanish mackerel; no breeze and no clouds. I think we can count on rare sport out at sea."

Clarence stood still and surveyed the horizon carefully.

"A good day fo' mack'rel, suah, Miss," he said, "and you all suah to get lots of fish; but hit's a bettah day, by *fah*, fo' 'gaitahs."

I examined Clarence carefully for any sign of suppressed amusement—a faintest trace of guile.

"Alligator-hunting, Clarence," I said blandly; "and where would one find them? Here? In the river?"

"*Not yere*, Miss," Clarence laughed amusedly. "Inland huntin' fo' 'gaitahs. Too much salt yere—tho' they do come occasional'. Th'ah some of 'em back in th' country—big uns. You all'd ought to go a huntin' of 'em. I can c'yar yo' wheah yo' suah get a 'gaitah," and Clarence sat down and mused.

He told me stories of 'gators and 'gator hunts, of hair-breadth escapes and odd experiences, until the breakfast bell rang, and I hurried away, filled with a desire to enroll myself in the lists of those valiant hunters who "seek the bubble reputation, even at the alligator's mouth." Reputation there would be, should we be fortunate. I discovered that of twenty men who had gone alligator-hunting from the settlement in the last two years, only two had been successful. My thirst for the fray fired my cousin, V——, to an answering enthusiasm, and she decided to go with me as aid and general voucher for all the tales I *hoped* to tell when we came back. We had several protracted meetings with Clarence in the next few days, and discussed plans and probabilities with a delightful sense of mystery.

There are two ways to hunt alligators. One is to take a small boat and a guide and row up one of the fresh-water streams. Here, lying flat down in the bottom of the boat in the broiling sun, with your rifle cocked and ready for instant action, you calmly allow the mosquitoes to devour you, while you strain your eyes in the blinding light and pa-

tiently watch for two little diamond points on the water and may be a tiny rough place—not larger than your hand—for that is what your alligator will look like if you see him. Clarence told me that he went out for four successive days with one man, and each day they lay in the sun for hours at a time and never caught a glimpse of a 'gator. Then the man tired of the sport.

The other and more dangerous way is to drive out to the "alligator holes," where an encounter with a 'gator becomes almost a hand-to-hand fight, as you are on foot and actually in the same water with him. Altogether, at the "holes," one needs a cooler head, and good marksmanship is a necessity. On the latter score, fortunately, I had not much hesitation as I had shot more or less all my life, and knew that I could depend upon the accuracy of my aim.

Inland hunting in the end proved more attractive, and having decided this important question, we arranged with Clarence and with Aiden, his brother—who is a veritable Nimrod—to go with us, provide a conveyance, etc. Then and not until then, we laid our plans before the house party, who amused themselves for the remainder of the evening launching at us dainty shafts of sarcasm and sparkling witticisms, which left us inwardly saddened, but outwardly, most valiant and bold.

The morning of our hunt dawned bright and lovely, and at nine the guides were waiting for us with a two-seated wagon and a "one-time" mustang. They had with them a gun to shoot any moccasin we might encounter, a huge flask of whiskey as an antidote for snake-bites, and two long poles and hooks to land our alligator. We added a kodak, to photograph the spoils, and my rifle and ammunition. I used a Winchester repeating rifle of the '92 model, with 38-calibre, long-distance cartridges.

We drove back into the country for about a mile, over a sandy uninteresting road, which grew suddenly lovely as we reached a small stream, one of the many that drain the swamps. There was a big alligator track along one bank, a long, wet-looking streak through the sand, which Clarence pointed out, and the spirits of hunts-women awoke within us and our hearts beat high! Evidently we were on the trail.

Following the little stream, we drove directly through the pine forest, where the ground was thickly overgrown with palmettos, and came out upon a big, swampy, grassy space, with a circle of willows in the center—our first "alligator hole."

The "alligator holes" are at once curious and lovely. All through the pine-lands there runs a network of marshy ground covered with shallow swamp water and overgrown with tall, willowy, saw-grass. Here and there the waters deepen into little open ponds, and to these the name "alligator hole" is given. The name really refers to the holes the alligators tunnel out in the bottom of the pond, and into which they creep when startled. Here they can lie, safely stowed away, for hours without coming to the surface for air. The ponds are covered with water-lilies and fringed about with willows, which stand out boldly against the wide, flat monotony of the swamps and are very picturesque. Each hole should boast two or three alligators and many tiny ones; and its waters, together with the waters of the swamp around it, are infested with moccasins, only a little less deadly than the Southern rattlesnake.

Clarence and Aiden went to reconnoiter for game. They shot two moccasins not two feet away from us, and we saw some fifteen others, but no alligator; so we stowed the snakes away in the wagon as trophies and set off for another hole. We reached it after an hour's driving, and Clarence went again to look for alligators. He disappeared in the grass, and we could see his head now and again above it. As we reached the hole a flock of blue heron rose from the willows and sailed away, and a white owl cut the air with its lonely cry. We felt how small a part of creation we were in the wilderness, it all looked so wide and lonely, the swamp and all around us pathless forest.

The guide came back in a few moments, all excitement. He had discovered an alligator. He had crept in quite close to the pool without seeing a sign of our quarry, and had just risen to shout to me that there were none to be found, when a huge one, which he had failed to see, and which was sunning itself among the lily pads, jumped out and snapped at him. The boy still looked rather white and shaky. He had thrown him-

self back on the grass to escape, and the alligator had sunk.

"A fo'teen-foot 'gaitah, *snaah*."

I was to come at once.

I came—I jumped out of the wagon into two feet of cold, oozy swamp water, put a dozen cartridges into my rifle and waded off through the swamp, with V—— diligently waving good wishes in the distance.

Clarence kept a close lookout for snakes, and we slipped along as quietly as one can slip through saw-grass, taller than your head, and water which is one moment deep and the next shallow. Finally we reached the hole and I stood and looked at it and felt that cold wave of excitement go over me, which shivers up and down your back and tingles to your very finger-tips. This was alligator-hunting! The black pool of water held all sorts of possibilities for me, and I watched and waited with bated breath.

I waited a long time. I was growing disheartened and weary before I finally saw an alligator; and yet, when he did come, he came so quietly that it was with a little shock of surprise that I looked across the pool and saw him slyly peeping out from beneath a lily leaf. There had been no faintest sound, not the slightest ripple on the water, but there he was. I could just see his eyes, two bright spots, and could imagine his long, dark shape beneath the water. My longing to fire was scarcely controllable and my fingers fairly trembled on the trigger of my rifle; but I was so afraid he might be small and that I might frighten away my big "gaitah" by the report, if I shot, that I sent the guide around the pool to discover his size. Clarence disappeared, and after what seemed an age of waiting, I saw him creep out on the other side, bend over—then he slipped and fell, and my "gaitah" quietly sank. I could have wept bitter tears of disappointment. It was the big alligator and it would have been such an easy shot. They tried to bring him up again by imitating the sob of an alligator—"grunting him up," they call it—but in spite of all lures it was an hour before another one appeared. This time I was not too curious as to his size—I fired and he rolled his length over in the water, the inglorious length of three and a half feet!

What a fall was there, my countrymen! He was a "gaitah," however, and better at least than none, so Clarence hooked him out, and as it was quite late, we waded off to the wagon and V—. That demure maiden, when she saw me, gave way to inexplicable and unrestrained mirth.

"My dear," she said, when she could, "do you mean to tell me you shot that monster in *those*?"

"*Those*" were my veil and gloves, and I had—shades of departed hunters forgive!—I had shot my first alligator in my gloves and veil; I was too much excited to notice them.

We drove slowly home after that, fully determined to come again; and over the renewed derision that greeted us upon our arrival I will charitably draw a veil.

That evening I sat on the front steps and plucked the burrs from my hunting skirt. This I did to show to all whom it might concern the supreme indifference with which I received the various wise saws leveled at me by "the party," who also sat on the front steps and were fast making life a burden to me.

Into this scene of agony, there came "Jeems" Ruggles.

"Jeems" Ruggles is our neighboring "Cracker" to the left, and he who knoweth not "Jeems" knoweth not S—L—. This evening he shambled barefooted out of his front gate, with his long, sunburned hair floating back from his brown face, his faded blue shirt widely open at the neck, his trousers short and equally faded, his shoes tied by their strings around his neck.

"Jeems" came along the beach and leaned on our front gate, and I welcomed his advent with joy. Here was relief!

"Good evening, Mr. Ruggles," I said, with a beaming smile.

"Jeems" smiled back as beamingly and swung on the gate.

"By gravvy, Miss Z—," he said, "I year yo' been 'gaitah huntin' this mahn-in'!"

I received this remark in stony silence.

"And I year," "Jeems" continued as beamingly, "I year, yo' on'y got a no-count 'gaitah, and by gravvy, Miss Z—, it's too bad. I jest stopped to tell yo'—yo' bein' dis'pointed 'at way—'at my chillun they got a *pet* 'gaitah down yere in the rivah and they done

got him tied to a stake; and, by gravvy! if yo' would like to shoot *him*—he cahn't get away, yo' know, no how, and whenst yo' miss him, yo' can jest fiah away some moah."

I rose and fled, and "the party" laughed loud and long. Mr. Ruggles may have meant well, but after that encounter *nothing* could have kept me from going out for alligators the next day!

We started at the same hour the next morning, and went directly to the farthest pool. When we arrived, Clarence and I crept up, talking in whispers, but there were no fresh trails and no alligators to be seen, except a tiny one, which Aiden caught and shook, head down, until its sobs of grief resounded over the water—all to no avail; and the guides, after examining the "hole," gave up any hope of getting me a quiet shot. The alligator had probably heard us as we crept through the saw-grass; and sunk, frightened, to its tunnel in the pool. The only thing left to do was to try to stir him up with a landing-hook, a dangerous proceeding. A long spiked hook is fastened to a heavy pole, and the entire pool is sounded. When the alligator is struck, he generally comes up with a headlong rush, which creates general havoc.

Clarence cautioned me to be ready to fire at once, as a minute's delay might be fatal, and to be careful in my aim, as I might, in my excitement, shoot him or Aiden. I steadied my nerves for serious work.

One may fire at an alligator half asleep and floating among lily pads, with stoical calm, if one is an experienced hunter; but when you know that the beast, if he comes at all, will come angry, open-mouthed and meaning fight; that he is big; that you are literally in the same water with him, and that water is his element and not yours—the situation yields matter for consideration. Aiden and Clarence prodded and pushed and pushed and prodded with their long spiked poles, but only stirred up lily stems and old logs. Finally, I grew wearied with the long nervous strain of watching, and was just about to call to Clarence to come away, when there was a splash! a yell!—they had struck him, and he came out with his enormous mouth wide open—with a hiss, a jump and a snap, breaking the poles and scattering everything right and left! He

looked tremendous! I fired, and he rolled over on the water dead. An eight-and-a-half-foot 'gator, and I had shot him.

Oh, the rapture of it all! I laughed and shouted with delight! Then I stood off and surveyed his big bulk with feelings of pride and vain-glory. Clarence's raptures were all for the shot. The bullet had struck the 'gator just between the eyes, and killed him instantly. The skull of an alligator is very thick, and there are just two small spots where one can hit and kill him—one is between the eyes, and the other, a side shot, is just beneath the ear.

The guides dragged the beast out, curled him up in the wagon, and covered him over with willow boughs, as he was a rather gory-looking object. We gave three ringing cheers and fired a salute, and then with infinite glee set off for S—L—. We fired other salutes as we drove in, and hearing them, "the party" gathered in amazement to receive us. Then the neighborhood assembled as the news of our exploit spread, and before them all we stretched out our eight-and-a-half-foot alligator and stood back with negligent ease to receive congratulations.

That evening, after dinner, "Jeems" Ruggles again swung on our front gate and again he beamed.

"Good evenin', Miss Z—. By gravvy, I year yo' cert'ny got a 'gaitah."

I smiled graciously.

"And I jest stopped yere to say 'at I reckon my chillun kin keep thar pet 'gaitah—yo' won't want him *much*."

"I sha'n't want the 'gator, Mr. Ruggles, thank you," I said; "and tell your children for me, that if their live alligator brings them as much pleasure as my dead one has given me, they have a

treasure and would better keep him." Then I smiled forgiveness on "the party," and "Jeems" betook himself off.

We started North the next morning, and Clarence surprised and delighted me by appearing with the skin of my alligator, which he had taken off at night that I might have it to take home with me. He brought me, too, the bullet I had used. The entire settlement gathered to see us off, and as we stood at the back of our car waiting for the express to come and carry us away, we felt very much lionized.

Our train came at last. The car was coupled on with a bump, and we waved good-bye to our "Cracker" friends. As we moved, the last words we heard were, from Clarence: "Come down next yeah, Miss Z—, and I'll give yo' a shot at a beah"; from Aiden, "Come down and shoot a wile-cat."

I have my alligator skin tanned as a trophy, I have my memories—a constantly recurring pleasure—and I am going back to add to my experiences a "beah hunt" with Clarence and a shot at a "wile-cat" with Aiden.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my "Cracker" friends. While they are a law unto themselves, this is a quality that develops in the people of any unreclaimed, thinly settled country. It springs up of necessity—in self-defence. I found them always manly, courteous, kind-hearted, and full of resources for the furthering of any pleasure we might plan. They have a rich vein of natural, original humor, and are brave with an unconscious fearlessness most attractive. We felt that we were safe with them always, under any circumstances—even in the midst of the dangers attending the "huntin' of a 'gaitah."





Painted for OUTING by F. W. Read.

"A SHADE OF DISPLEASURE CROSSED HER FACE." (p. 457.)

TWO KENTUCKY THOROUGHBREDS.

BY FRANCIS J. HAGAN.



A WOMAN is always a dramatic figure in a scene where she is not expected. As the only figure in the scene, as well as on account of the incongruity, Miss Geraldine Woodford, commonly called Jerry by her intimates, might well excite attention as she strayed through a woodland as

wild, as dense, and as primeval as it was when Daniel Boone first looked upon it from the crest of the Cumberlands. She was simply and quaintly clad in a suit of light Kentucky tow-linen, which fitted her perfectly. There was a shadow beneath the long lashes of her dark and restless eyes, which looked like discontent.

In this sylvan sanctuary, apparently unprofaned of man, it was hard to realize that all about was the carefully kept and cultivated blue-grass country, and hardly half a mile away the beautiful home of her uncle, Colonel Woodford, which was just then infected with that contagion indigenous to the blue-grass region, a house party—an irruption of friends or relatives from adjoining counties who always come unheralded and stay until the fit wears off—a thoughtless throng of pleasure-seekers to whom peace and quiet was an unknown and undesired thing.

Miss Woodford was spending the vacation with her uncle, and perforce had all day been assisting her aunt and her cousin Florentine—a girl of about her own age—in the trying duties of hostess.

It was the unfashionable hour of five o'clock, and she had been possessed by the desire to stray away to an unfashionable distance to be alone.

Suddenly upon her reverie there was a startling interruption, the sound of

rapid footsteps upon the soft turf behind her, a sudden stop, and the next moment a heavy thud as of some object striking the ground, and then the wrathful, constrained voice of a man pouring forth furious objurgations. There was a sound as of scuffling almost within an arm's length of her, and then the footsteps again, evidently withdrawing from the spot. Then the voice of a man, "Now will you do it? take that," followed by a swish as some keen weapon cleaved the air. She stretched out her hand and parted the tangled screen of shrubbery before her.

A strange and totally unexpected spectacle met her gaze, so ludicrous that in her overwrought condition she burst into quite uncontrollable laughter. There, in a little glade before her, upon one side of a large log, stood a horse with head down and forelegs braced before it, an attitude of ridiculous, unyielding, stubborn defiance. Upon the other side lay a young man rubbing a shoulder.

Looking hastily up at the first sound, his eyes met hers; and scrambling to his feet he stood, surprise, shame and consternation struggling for mastery in his frank, open face. Her own instantly assumed a very sober expression upon being discovered.

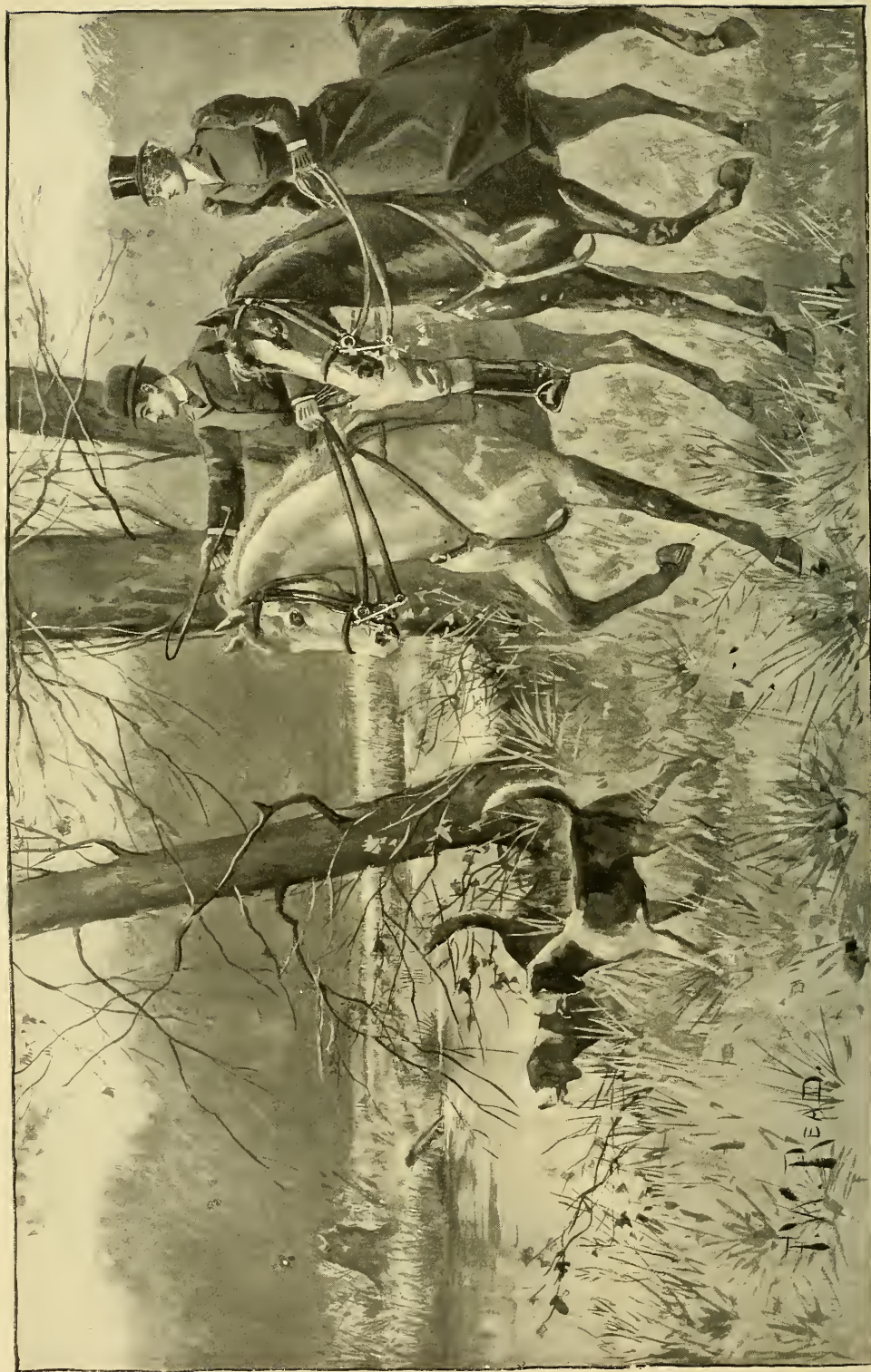
"I—I—I didn't know there was anybody about," he blundered. "I—I beg your pardon, Miss Woodford. I—I didn't, really."

"I do not doubt it," she replied, relenting, and with difficulty restraining herself from laughter at the comical figure he had cut. "I can well believe you were not aware of having an audience—only an audience of one," she added, smiling at his renewed consternation as he glanced hastily about.

"I'm deuced glad of that," he said, with evident relief. "I—I hope you won't give me away to—to Miss Flora or anyone?" he added in such an appealing tone and look from his expressive gray eyes that she could but promise.

"I had no idea," she continued with feigned surprise, "that you placed so much weight upon Flora's good opinion——"

"Oh, I don't," he hastened to say with



T. W. READ.

Painted for OUTING by F. W. Read.

"YES! MY DOGS ARE GOING TO RUN TOO, YOU KNOW." (P. 458.)

open-hearted, if ill-judged candor—"that is, of course, I'd rather you wouldn't say anything about it to her or anyone else. You see, they've all given me the laugh about this mare—particularly 'Gene—you know 'Gene? 'Gene Walker? Of course not—I forgot—he's worse than I am—doesn't know anybody here—"

"What an ignoramus he must be," interrupted the girl, laughing. "I thought you were the 'only' anchorite; the girls all call you the Hermit."

"Well, you see," explained the youth, sensible of this rebuke, "I've been so busy ever since I got out of college, trying to get the farm and everything in shape, that I haven't had time to get about much."

"You seem to get about a good deal, if all the fences knocked down and gates left open are any criterion."

"Don't you believe a word of it," broke in the young man hotly. "Every farmer in this county that finds a rail off his fence charges it up to us fox-hunters, when we haven't been within miles of his place, and I wouldn't ride a horse that I had to hunt gates for. Oh, that!" as she laughingly glanced at the equine statue of stubbornness across the log. "I don't ride her hunting, not yet, but I'll break her or die trying. She's Bonda, by imported Vagabond, and she can jump a ten-rail fence if she wants to, but she's a stubborn brute. But say," he added, with a comical grimace, "wasn't that a neat 'cropper' I came over the log?"

"Lovely," she assented. "Try it again."

"Excuse me," he said; "I might forget about the audience." Then they both laughed.

"In that case," she said, "the audience will not delay the game. It's time I was returning, anyhow," and with a pleasant adieu she started off.

"Hold on!" called the young man. "I'll show you the way home."

"Oh, I couldn't think of stopping your diversion—so sorry I interfered—and taking you so far out of your way."

"As to taking me out of the way, we've got to go right by my house. And as to finding your way, that isn't as easy as you think once you get turned around."

Walking side by side, chatting pleasantly and as much at his ease with this young lady as if she had been a man,

about the things in which he was interested, horses and hounds and hunting, they followed an obscure bridle-path out of the woods and taking a short cut through the sweet-scented clover fields, came unexpectedly out of an old apple-orchard, with its low drooping boughs, upon a typical Kentucky homestead, a charming pastoral picture with its broad cool verandas, its weather-stained gables, its quaint old-fashioned casements, its broad halls and high ceilings, its host of flowering shrubs, which rioted in profusion over the lawn.

"This is my home," said Clay proudly. "Don't be frightened at the dogs," he added, as they bounded towards them; "they won't bite." But the caution was needless. Jerry betrayed not the least trepidation, but received them with frank fearlessness, which disarmed their suspicions at once; and the next moment, hound-like, they were fawning upon her, while she was patting their big heads with her dainty hands and her eyes were beaming with the light that could only come into those of a true lover of animals. Clay was lost in admiration. "Gad!" he thought, "there's a girl with nerve."

Then he came to her rescue, as with laughing gayety she repelled their boisterous caresses as they bounded upon her, threatening with their big paws to tear her dress to shreds in excess of delight. Laying about him with his riding whip he sent them howling away.

"How could you!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Why you are as cruel as can be. Here, old fellow, poor doggy," to that arch hypocrite, old Ranter, who at a respectful distance was howling vigorously, for the whip had touched him, and unused to such sympathy he was industriously making the most of it. "I don't wonder you can't manage your horse; that's no way to treat an animal."

"Oh! isn't it," said Clay much disconcerted at this indictment, and demurring stoutly to it. "I guess I don't know anything about hounds or horses. I guess you and 'Gene are the cestui-que-trust of all that kind of knowledge in the universe;" this with fine sarcasm drawn from his legal studies. "Just wait until you have handled them as long as I have," he concluded, assuming a superior air that he felt to be unanswerable.

"I don't care," she retorted with a

woman's perverseness. "You know you can't manage Bonda, and I know that's the reason. Anybody can see what a proud-spirited animal she is," she argued. "You've just ruined her temper; that's what's the matter with her."

"Well," said Clay, smiling as the novelty of it struck him, "she has pretty nearly ruined mine, I'm thinking; and if you know so much about it, suppose you try your hand. If you break her you can have her."

"I wouldn't think of taking her from you," replied the girl, quite seriously, "but if you will let me I will try it, and if she suits me I will buy her from you. Papa has promised me a saddle-horse—I think she is just what I want. She is gentle enough, if humored, but you terrify and anger her. I know how to manage her."

And as she stroked the satin neck of the sleek thoroughbred, Clay could not help the conviction that the animal that would not appreciate the divine felicity of yielding to such a charmer and such soft blandishments was lost indeed to all human control. And when she leaned her head fondly against Bonda's soft coat they made such a pretty picture, the soft-eyed, clean-cut, blood-like head of the filly, so close to that of the beautiful, bronze-eyed, bronze-haired girl, that the young man could not conceal his admiration. Two Kentucky thoroughbreds he called them.

The undisguised admiration that burnt in the steel-gray eyes seemed suddenly to bewilder and confuse the young lady, as she glanced from the mare to the tall, handsome young man who stood before her, and with some embarrassment she inquired the direction of her home.

It was but a short distance, as the plantations joined, but before the journey was completed Clay, who did not altogether share Jerry's expressed confidence in her ability to manage Bonda, frankly expressed his misgivings, born of an intimate and somewhat trying knowledge of that capricious animal's moods, and endeavored to retract the promise he had made, declaring he could not contemplate the possibility of Jerry's getting hurt in such a quixotic attempt.

But Jerry indignantly resented the implied doubt of her equestrian ability, and good-humoredly twitted him upon his fear of defeat, attributing his reluc-

tance to his dislike of having her accomplish what he had failed in doing.

He had promised to come over the next evening and bring Eugene Walker with him. He might have answered for himself; but whatever possessed him to embrace in that compact his old school-fellow, whose aversion to female society had always been even more marked than his own!

Next night as the twilight of the long summer evening gave way to the silvery glamor which the rising moon cast over the vast half-sphere of earth and sky, Miss Woodford and her cousin Florentine sat out upon the lawn before the Woodford home, silently enjoying the beauty and serenity of the summer night. Occasionally low tones came from the porch where the old folks sat, and at intervals a vagrant breath of air brought a whiff from Colonel Woodford's pipe, which mingled with the spicy odors of the night-blooming flowers like rare incense. A whippoorwill began his monotonous plaint from his nightly perch upon the woodpile, and an awakened mocking-bird in the pasture poured forth that low, liquid melody that is heard only from this king of feathered songsters on a summer night. Then the big gate that opened on the pike was faintly heard as it clanged shut after admitting someone on horseback.

Jerry, whom her cousin had found silent, distraught, suddenly brightened up with expectancy. But only for a moment. An air of disappointment succeeded, as far down the stream a single horseman seemed vaguely outlined, appearing and disappearing. Jerry could not conceal her disappointment as she sank back on the rustic settee, exclaiming, "It's only that bumpkin, Mr. Simpson."

"Why, who in the world did you think it was?" laughed her cousin Flora.

"Why so disappointed? You surely did not expect Mr. Deatherage and his friend to-night," said the Colonel.

"Why not to-night? They promised to come."

"Yes, but that was before the rain—you surely don't think he would lose an opportunity to be with his dogs—he can while away an hour with us when it's too dry to fox-hunt."

They heard Flora greet the newcomer with an exclamation of surprise followed by light-hearted laughter.

"I don't believe that is Joe Simpson," said the Colonel; "doesn't sound like his voice. It can't be Clay Deatherage's friend, Eugene Walker, for they are inseparable, and, besides, I wouldn't think they would lose the chance to hunt after the fine rain we had this morning. Wonder who it is?"

But the problem did not seem likely of solution, as, the greeting over, the couple talked low and in monosyllables, and it was impossible to distinguish features in the shadowing obscurity of the shrubbery.

In one of the pauses when the mocking bird having shamed the whippoorwill into silence hushed, the silence was broken by a sound—a sound with a trailing refrain of echoes, so far, so faint, so fine, so elfin, that the fugue-like feignings seemed as if they might have come back from the horn of Diana, wound among the mountains.

"That's Clay Deatherage's horn," said Col. Woodford. "There never was another like it for tone and timbre. His grandfather brought it back from the Mexican war—it was a yard long, as straight as a stick and as black as ebony—the horn of a Spanish bull imported for the Mexican bull-fights. He cut it down until its tone suited him, but it takes a Deatherage to blow it."

Jerry was silent; she had not been used to young gentlemen placing any pleasure before that of being in her society, and she was thinking, "He promised to come over to-night."

But that was before the rain. She was mentally condoning his dereliction under such strong provocation, when Flora approached and mischievously informed her that she had endeavored to excuse her absence, but that Mr. Simpson's disappointment was so evident, she had volunteered to procure him the pleasure of her company.

"Run along like a good girl," Flora laughed, "and don't get too stuck up, because I have to admit that he came to see you."

"Oh, horrors! It's the other fellow's ox now! The shoe is on the other foot, is it! Well, I'll just pay you back in your own coin," Jerry laughed, as she ran in the house.

"Why, Eugene Walker!" the Colonel heard Jerry exclaim delightedly upon finding that entertaining young gentleman instead of the *bête noire* she ex-

pected. "Why didn't you let me know you were here, sooner?"

"Did you forget our engagement for this evening?" he asked Miss Woodford in surprise. "I asked for you as soon as I came," he said with meaning and a warm pressure of the hand she had extended to him in greeting. Quickly withdrawing it, a shade of displeasure crossed her face at the tone and the look which accompanied it. But the next moment she upbraided herself for attaching any importance to it—surely nothing warmer than a passing friendship could possibly be imputed to this utterly careless young man.

"No," replied the girl, "I had not forgotten, but I thought you had, or that at least the rain which made it possible to hunt would afford an excuse for deferring it. We heard Mr. Deatherage's horn, and supposed——"

"You surely did not suppose that anything could induce me to defer such a pleasure," he said quickly and gallantly.

"I thought you said you were so fond of hunting," she said banteringly.

"I am," he asserted, "but I must again admit that there are other things I am even more fond of. For instance," he added, noting her gesture of deprecation, "the preservation of my own fine features, to say nothing of my neck, for which no man can have a high regard who follows Clay Deatherage after the hounds at night. I did so once," and in his whimsical way he related the experience, how he had found himself alone with Clay in an unknown country one dark night, when the hounds struck the trail.

Although she could not help being amused at the recital, she said ungraciously, "I should think it would be lots of fun; how I would love to take a hunt. I think I will have to get Uncle George Woodford to bring his pack over some night and take us girls hunting before I go back. So sorry you can't go, Mr. Walker; I imagine it will be such fun."

"In that event," said 'Gene, temporizingly, "I think I could go without breaking the vow—with you girls along it wouldn't be fox-hunting in the proper acceptance of the term—any fox-hunter will vouch for that."

"Oh, I'm going," he added decisively, "if only to help carry home the pieces. When shall it be, and who will we have

in the party?" and, Miss Flora joining them, they eagerly discussed the new diversion, which was calculated to be a novel departure from the threadbare round of summer festivities, of the usual lawn fêtes, basket picnics, fishing excursions, and straw rides.

The eventful evening at last arrived. It was an ideal one for such an outing, the air cooling quickly after sunset and giving promise of a heavy dew, which would favor scenting conditions.

As the dusk began to thicken into night, and the whippoorwills began their monotonous plaint in the park before the house, the hunting horn hastened final preparations and summoned the merry dinner party to the saddle. Then the lawn was a scene of indescribable tumult and confusion for a few minutes, but soon, with the aid of their gallants, assisted by the negro grooms, each young lady attached herself to her own mount, and the cavalcade was in motion, with merry laughter and chatter. As they drew rein upon the hunting-ground the rising moon bathed with splendor the crest of the wooded knoll which stood isolated, sentinel-like, overlooking the level country about it.

The cavalcade was halted at the intersection of two lanes which, converging from opposite sides of the knoll, commanded it whichever way the chase tended, and was told to await here until the fox was found and forced to break cover. Opening a gate, Uncle George led the way along an obscure path through the pasture to the woods at the base of the knob, accompanied, to the disgust of several gallants who were left behind, by Jerry, who was his favorite niece, and whom he wished to induct into the ancient craft.

Of course Clay, having his dogs to hunt, went, too. "Are you really going to ride with us, Mr. Deatherage," Jerry said, with a pretty little accent of surprise, upon finding him beside her; "this is quite an unexpected pleasure."

"Yes," he replied, simply, "my dogs are going to run, too, you know."

"Oh! I might have known it was unavoidable on your part; you have shunned my company so persistently of late. Why? may I presume to ask. Was it because of remorse at having broken your engagement the other evening?"

He looked up quickly, appealingly.

For an instant his eyes met hers, and then looked hastily away as he said, or rather muttered, that he had no excuse to offer, and no idea that he had committed any offense, or that she expected any apology, but that he had rather conferred a favor by absenting himself; a very ridiculous answer indeed. Diffident, constrained, troubled, his manner was very bad in the eyes of the young lady, all the more by contrast with his natural frank and open candor.

She felt a little piqued at the neglect and wished herself back among the merry party left behind; so was not sorry, upon hearing a footstep behind her, to turn and discover Eugene Walker quietly leading his mount.

"It's only I," he said. "They kept up such a chatter out on the road there that I slipped away, and came here where I might hear the dogs. Have they found yet?" Throwing his bridle rein over a stump he reclined on his elbow beside her mare, where he could converse with her.

"Hark!" exclaimed Uncle George. "Wasn't that old Rocket to the right yonder?" It had been but a faint whimper far distant on the knoll.

"Hark to him!" yelled the Colonel, excitedly, in stentorian tones; and they could hear the pattering upon the leaves as some of the dogs passed through the woods before them. Harking to the cry, and commanding the negroes to follow, he and Clay galloped away through the woods.

It was decidedly dull and not at all what Miss Woodford had imagined it; even her mare seemed to feel the infection, and from restlessness had subsided into apathetic indifference.

"This fox-hunting is a very exciting sport," said Eugene in his whimsical way, looking up at her with half-closed eyes. He seemed to divine her thoughts; for all his seeming levity. "Glad I haven't heart disease, or I know I couldn't stand it. One must indeed be blasé who cannot enjoy the thrilling scamper across country, the swift rush of the chase, the low moan of the disabled hen as the horsemen run her down, the shriek of the frightened shoat as he flees to the straw rick, the muffled plunk of the pumpkin, and the dull scrunch of the cucumber, the mad dash through the farmer's fields, and the equally mad dash, dash, dash it of the

farmer who owns them. I always get poetical when I think of it, of the deep-mouthed baying of the hoarse hounds hotly hugging the trail, calling upon the hills to give back their merry music, and incidentally calling up the farmer, who calls upon you to make change with him for that panel of fence you knocked down."

"How can you be so ridiculous," she laughed.

"Not at all, I assure you. There's nothing to me like the pleasures of the chase; my chief object in life is to imitate the people in the novels that we steal from English authors."

His tone and manner were inimitable, and she enjoyed his quaint, dry humor too much to suggest a return to the crowd as she felt she ought to. She lingered—had not her uncle left her here—she momentarily expected his return, and Clay's. She had never known Eugene to be so entertaining, she had never enjoyed his sallies more; she returned his fire, bandying wits with him and beamed upon him kindly. She could not help liking him—who could? Jerry felt more, a sympathetic attraction for this bright, kindly youth of generous and noble impulses, who wasted his opportunities and was his own worst enemy. Suddenly his humor changed, and he became serious. He was a strange fellow, a compound of anomalies. For a few moments he appeared abstracted, distraught. In the continued absence of her uncle and Clay—or was it a premonition—Jerry suggested seeking the others.

His form had a sharply defined shadow behind it, for the moon was well up now, and glistening through the needles of the pines. She turned to look over her shoulder at it as it rested with its rim upon the ridge of the knob. The hounds had for a moment hushed, and following the late tumult the stillness could almost be felt.

In this silence she heard her name softly spoken; and turning quickly with a great fear at her heart, saw what she dreaded in one glance at the pale face upturned to hers in the pallid moonlight, in which the bright eyes, with their passionate appeal, burned more brightly by the contrast.

"Oh, don't! don't!" she cried pitifully, wringing her hands in unfeigned and uncontrollable distress, seeking to

stay the torrent of passionate words that poured from his heart. "I—I never thought. Forgive me—indeed, indeed, Eugene, I would not have caused you this pain for all the world."

Her kindness, her sorrow, her distress, worked upon him visibly. He had started back at her first frenzied gesture rejecting his love, the half-spoken words of passionate appeal frozen upon his lips, his hands clenched by his side, his face set and hard. He half turned and leaned against a tree; but quick as thought straightened up, and turning again to her he spoke, when, with a little catch in her throat, she broke down in the middle of the sentence—spoke with a strange calmness.

"I know it, and I beg your forgiveness. I had no right to speak to you so. Never by look or word have you given me such right. I can only pray for your forgiveness. I do not know what possesses me—but—but I am a creature of impulse and sometimes it gets the better of me. Can you forgive me?"

His words seemed to afflict her with even greater distress; her face was buried in her hands, and she sobbed despairingly. "I am so—so sorry for you. I can not tell you how much I like you, but not that way. I—I must tell you I—I love—I never can be what you wish. I wish I could tell you why—I do like you so much, and I do want you to be my friend—if—if you think you can."

Before he could reply, sounds of some one rapidly approaching startled them, and the next moment Uncle George checked his horse beside them and exclaimed, "Come on, Jerry. Get on your horse quickly, Mr. Walker. Old Rocket and the other dogs we whipped off the old trail struck it hot on the other side of the knob, and Ranter and the rest have harked to them and put him to running. Listen! Which way are they going, Clay?"

Clay had halted at a little distance and could be seen with his hat off, his handsome face upturned in the moonlight, an attitude of rapt absorption.

The next moment they were all cantering briskly across the pasture.

The motion was exhilarating to Jerry and revived her. Her blood, stagnated by the weary wait in the woods, once more coursed through her veins as her thoroughbred moved strong and free

beneath her, fighting for her head, and only restrained from a racing gait by a strong pull on the bit.

"Hold hard!" came the command from the front, and they pulled their horses to their haunches while Uncle George rode a little distance beyond to get away from the champing of the restless mounts, and, with his hat in his hand, stood listening intently, to locate the progress of the chase, which was faintly audible in the distance.

"They are coming up Deer-Lick Hollow," he said, "and are going to cross the pike at the big poplar stump. You all are better mounted than I am, and if you ride hard can beat them there. I am going to try to cut in through the flat woods if they go that way."

"Shall we try it?" asked Clay.

"Yes, if you are not afraid of Bonda beating you too badly," was Jerry's reply, as she shook her reins loose; and Bonda, who was as quick on her feet as a cat, sprang forward in full flight, while Osiris, who, like all large, long-striding thoroughbreds, was not as quick to get into his stride, fell back a full length behind even Eugene and Roland, who could not hope to hold the pace long with either the mare or the big bay.

Looking back over her shoulder Jerry banteringly called upon both her escorts to come on and show her the way. But she saw in a moment that Osiris was going easily under a double wrap, with the long space-devouring stride of the Kentucky thoroughbred; and knowing the race was for a good mile or more, she settled into her seat and caught Bonda short by the head, determined not to ride her out at the very start, and let Clay win the race in the end by superior generalship.

Half the distance was rapidly reeled off and Clay had overhauled and passed Eugene, and was challenging Jerry for the lead, when, with a little cry, she dashed away from him, while her spirited mare's head flew up, freed from check or curb.

Clay saw in a flash that Bonda had taken the bit and bolted. Calling upon Osiris for all that was in him now, he quickly drew away from Eugene, but gained only slowly on Miss Woodford's mare, who, stimulated by the pursuit, with free head raced madly on.

Never before had Clay raced for such a guerdon—the prize, a human life for

which he felt gladly willing to lay down his own. Slowly the long reach and steady stride of his powerful racer drew him alongside. But as Clay reached out toward her head the mare swerved slightly aside, without checking her mad race, and again and again, with blind instinct, eluded the grasp of his long arm. They were going at a fearful pace, racing side by side now, along the level stretch of turf to the left of the pike, the mare crowding blindly closer and closer to the fence.

Suddenly before them loomed large and dim in the moonlight a wagon drawn up by the roadside, where it had been left by some teamster the evening before. Instinctively Clay's hand swung the animate machine which moved beneath him, aside, to avoid collision with the obstacle; but in a flash he saw that the mare in the blind terror of the runaway would dash into it, saw too a narrow space between the wagon and the fence, and driving his spurs into Osiris' sides, swung the gallant animal with the gathered momentum full against the mare in the very moment of collision with the wagon, the shock of impact from the side throwing her off her feet, but propelling her into the narrow passageway, through which she stumbled and fell, unseating her fair rider, whose fall, however, being checked, was not a hard one. With no injury save a dull pain in the shoulder, upon which she had fallen, Jerry sprang up, as Eugene Walker came up and, dismounting, caught the terror-stricken mare by the headstall as she tried to make off again.

Clay did not fare so well. The momentum had not been sufficient to carry him clear, and, striking full against the wagon-wheel, horse and man had gone down like a shot. For some moments he lay stunned and bruised where he had fallen, and then struggling to his feet stood with one hand holding to the fence, his other hanging limply by his side, his head in a whirl, which, gradually subsiding, permitted first to appear clearly to his vision, out of the chaos, the figure of the young lady, standing a pace or two from him, with all her old scorn of mien expressed in her attitude.

"I am glad you escaped unhurt," he said, simply.

Turning upon him with fierce contempt, she answered, "Small thanks to

you, *coward!*" and advanced to meet Eugene, who had quieted the mare.

With his hand to his head, unable to believe he saw or heard aright, and unable to understand the peculiar bitterness she displayed, Clay stood in mute amaze while she sprang into the saddle, and gathering up the reins with a firm hand, while Eugene, with difficulty, restrained her fractious mount, said calmly, "There, you can give her her head. I can control her now. If you will be so kind I will trouble you to see me home," and without waiting for an answer, started on, humoring Bonda into a walk.

Eugene glanced at Clay as if for an explanation, but there was no response, and he hastened off after Miss Woodford.

Clay turned and looked to his gallant mount, who stood with right foreleg uplifted, badly lamed. With his right hand upon the animal's shoulder he strove to stretch out his left to lift its leg, but at the movement, a keen, shivering pain shot through him from his dislocated shoulder, like a knife, through his brain and his whole being, swiftly and suddenly, and everything grew dark and gave way beneath him; his arms were broken, or he was paralyzed, and with his head swung back he could see nothing but the heaving sky, across which flames shot jaggedly, and with a sickening sense that all was lost he sank.

For a short space Jerry and Eugene rode on in silence, the girl fearing to break it, but when Eugene did speak, instead of the gloomy restraint she feared, it was with one of his own odd conceits. And going on at her side so gaily, regardless of all that had happened, so superior in his sallies and self-possession to all the unhappiness she had inflicted upon him, so faithful to her, as it seemed, when her faith had received such a blow, and the one she had put before him had proved so unworthy, what an immense advantage, what an overpowering influence were his in that hour.

For a short space she listened in silence instead of replying to some sally intended to amuse her; and then turning, suddenly overwhelmed him with her sincerity, as she simply but with strange depth of feeling told him how grateful she was, how she could not bear to have him think her unappreciative, or

blind to the sacrifice he was making—that she had been through much herself that night that he could not know—but here, womanlike, her fortitude failed her, and, the ordeal passed through, she broke down with a little sob in her throat.

"Look here," he said, excitedly, "I would have avoided this if I could. I would have spared you any reference to anything that has happened to-night, or that could cause you pain, but tell me what is the matter, what has happened? there is something wrong here, some mistake, I'm sure. You asked me to be your friend. God knows I want to be, and want to prove it. Do you doubt it; will you not confide in me?"

Confide to him what she had not even admitted to herself! Her blindness! her weakness! her folly! She shrank within herself, and coldly protested she had nothing to confide.

"What in the world happened before I came up?" he insisted. "I heard you call Clay a coward. Will you not tell me at least what happened?"

It was nothing, she protested lightly, and she regretted, in the excitement of the moment, having said it, but he must not attach any importance to it; she could not have expected Clay to act otherwise; doubtless it was the only thing for him to do; and calmly, indifferently, she related the occurrence as if it were of no particular moment to her, how Bonda had taken the bit and bolted, and how Clay had frightened the mare still more by endeavoring to take her by the headstall, and prevented her being got under control again, how they had suddenly come upon the wagon by the roadside, and how, instead of trying to turn out upon his own side, *he had driven his horse deliberately against her own* in the endeavor to force his way through the space between the wagon and the fence.

When she had concluded, Eugene said simply, but with intensity that carried conviction: "You have made a great mistake. You have wronged Clay grievously. I don't see how you could be so blind. Can't you see that he simply risked his own life to save yours? When Bonda once fairly runs away, like all bolters, she is absolutely blind to any obstacle, and would try to run through a stone wall. If he had pulled Osiris aside to avoid the wagon, Bonda would

have crashed into it; and I shudder to think of the fate you escaped."

She heard, and turned upon him a white, startled face. There was no question of this being the true explanation of Clay's action. How base she had been to judge him so meanly. There was a clatter of hoofs behind them that they now noticed for the first time, as they had both stopped; and, looking backward, they discerned in the moonlight, Osisis riderless, stumbling along after them, badly lamed in his right foreleg. The empty saddle aroused unutterable apprehensions. Where was Clay?

"What in the world does this mean?" exclaimed Eugene, wheeling his horse around and satisfying himself of what he dreaded. "It is his horse. He surely cannot have been hurt. I left him standing there against the fence, and he didn't look it; and yet that is his way—he would have died before saying anything after"—but here he checked himself.

"Oh, don't—don't say it," pleaded the girl, with tears in her voice, "but I know, I know I have killed him." In a moment they were galloping swiftly back toward the scene of the late catastrophe.

Lying there so still and cold and white in the pale moonlight, the stars still blinked coldly at Clay across billions of leagues of space, but there were other eyes upon him now—ah, if he could only have looked into those soft bronze eyes now, as she tenderly laid his head in her lap, so disfigured by the pain that his mother might have covered it.

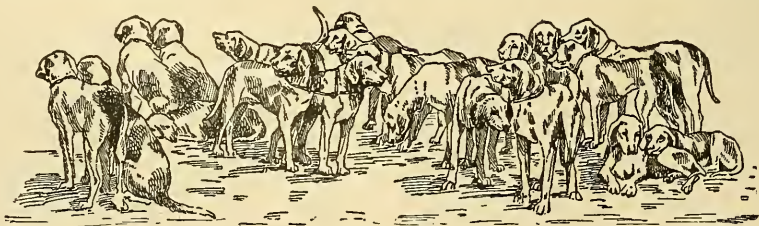
"He has only fainted," said Eugene, as he raised the senseless form to a more restful position, and opened Clay's coat and collar to the cool night air. "Be easy with his shoulder there—it is dislocated, I fear. There; now that is better. We will bring him around directly. I'll be back in a moment," and he was off for water from the spring branch that bubbled in the hollow near by.

Whether it was the revivifying influence of the cool night air, or the light touch of her lips upon his forehead, certain it is that Clay drew a deep breath and opened his eyes, and for a moment gazed into hers, then closed them again with a sluggish and confused idea that such things were, mingling with a host of others that were not, what he saw seeming vague and disordered as a fever fugue. But in a moment with a rushing revival of soul he was conscious of all; conscious of her arms about him as he lay pillowed upon her breast, held as sacredly as if he had been sanctified to her by death; conscious of the light sweep of her long hair that fell about his face as her lips were pressed to his, and she kissed him as she might have kissed the dead.

As he opened his eyes again and gazed into hers, there seemed to be a kind of film upon her face which he took to be of the moonlight, but as he looked he saw that her long lashes were wet with tears and she was weeping. Tears of joy and gratitude they were, of fervent gratitude to that merciful divinity through whose wonderful workings this calamity had been turned to good at last.

Softly-spoken words, softly monosyllabic, arrested Eugene as he hastened back with the water; and glancing at the two he had so lately left, he saw and knew all that had happened, and he felt to advance was to intrude, and reverently he retraced his steps.

"I am not needed—not now," he said, as he stood in the shadow of a tree by the roadside, silently gazing upon the quiet beauty of the night. There was in the manner in which he said the words no trace of disappointment, of regret or repining; but upon the face upturned to the moonlight perfect peace found perfect expression, and the attitude was that of a man who had wandered and got lost, and struggled through many devious ways, but who at last had found the right road and saw its end.





PLEASURE YACHTING 'WAY DOWN SOUTH.

BY LORILLARD DUDLEY SAMPELL.

PART II.

WHEN we were headed for Cat Island, and when "Pass Mari-
anne Light" hove in sight, the
wheel was put down, and we
steered the old course, north of east.

Cat Island, like all the others of the string, is a long, narrow strip of land, covered for the most part with trees, and terminating at each end in a barren point of sand. The lighthouse stands out on the desert of sand at the west end, and has an unobstructed view of both Gulf and Sound. The sand gradually slopes away to the point, and continues on out under the water. The shoal continuation of a sand-bar is called a spit, and this one extends out for a quarter of a mile or so, with the water only two or three feet deep at high tide, while at ebb tide part of it is high and dry, and one can walk out an eighth of a mile further. This spit or promontory is covered with oysters, and in walking about or bathing in this water one has to wear shoes to keep from cutting the feet.

The lighthouse keeper showed us a relic in the shape of a 'coon's paw, which, he said, was a more potent charm than "the left hind leg of a rabbit," and he told us the story of how it came to be separated from the 'coon's leg.

"Cat Island is full of 'coons," continued he. "How they got here I don't know, as the island is twelve miles from the nearest point of the mainland. I

reckon they voyaged on logs. One night, while we were standing on the gallery, we saw about a dozen 'coons creep out on the spit, hunting for oysters. One old 'coon sneaked up behind a big oyster that had his shell wide open and stuck his paw in to get the succulent bivalve. Quick as a flash the oyster clapped down on him and the 'coon yelled. He'd been there before, though, and began to tug at the oyster to get him loose from the mud and sand, but the oyster was one of a cluster and was too deeply imbedded to be moved. He hung to the 'coon like grim death to a nigger, and it looked as if the 'coon would be kept a prisoner. We were so interested in the struggle we stayed to watch it. The tide began to turn and all the other 'coons left the beach. The water got higher and higher, little waves were curling over the spit, and it looked as if the 'coon would be drowned. He made a last desperate effort to move that oyster, and then deliberately bit his paw off. He left it in the oyster and hobbled off on three legs. We ran down, and after a search of half an hour found the oyster as he was trying to eject the 'coon's paw and picked it up."

From where we were now anchored, in the offing of Cat Island, we could see Ship Island Pass, whence the shores of this coast were first seen by white men.

The next day was the glorious Fourth, and we were up in time to salute the rising of Old Sol in true patriotic spirit. After a most delightful surf bath, which we came here expressly to get, we made sail, and with a stiff sou'-easter steered a northwest course for Bay St. Louis, where we wished to celebrate the natal day. We anchored off the O'Brien place, at the western end of the town of Bay St. Louis, before noon, and in time to witness a yacht race in which upwards of a hundred boats from far and near participated. The town was in festal array, and was entertaining its guests from the city and adjacent resorts in becoming manner. The immortal Stars and Stripes floated everywhere, and joy and peace and pleasantries attested the universal pride in American independence.

That night there was a fine display of pyrotechnics. Houses and the yachts lying at anchor were brilliantly decorated and lighted, and fireworks, red-light and noise ruled supreme. For miles the beach was lighted up with huge bonfires, each resident trying to outshine his neighbors in patriotism. Gay parties were formed, and old and young, belles and beaux, all carried fuel to their favorite fire, enthusiastically contributing their share to the sparkle and splendor of the general homage to the nation's birthday.

Mississippi Sound is a large body of water, about a hundred miles long and twenty-five miles wide. The coast which bounds Mississippi Sound along the north and west may be said to be one continuous seaside resort. For sixty miles or more it is lined with magnificent villas, the summer homes of well-to-do people from New Orleans and of wealthy planters who move down from the interior for the summer season.

"The air breathes upon us here most sweetly."—*Tempest*.

Along many miles of the sloping beach there is but a single row of dwellings, but at more or less regular intervals there are thicker sections, and at a dozen or so places, where stores, hotels, boarding-houses and churches cluster, they take on the dignity of villages. These little towns are called Waveland, Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Long Beach, Mississippi City, Beauvoir, Biloxi, Ocean Springs, Pascagoula, Scranton, etc. During the winter months the

summer visitors to these resorts give place to Northern invalids and tourists fleeing from the rigors of their home climates. Many Northerners, hunters for winter sunbeams, have their own residences along this coast. The attractions of a large, cosmopolitan city are within a few miles' ride, where the novelty and pleasure of an Oriental clime are afforded.

The winters on this coast are comparatively warm and dry, there being no protracted rainy "spells," and as a rule the sun shines brightly all day long, for weeks at a time. The summer days are not too hot, and are almost always tempered by a brisk breeze, either from the Gulf, or the piny woods in the opposite direction; and the nights are cool enough to require heavy bed-clothing. Both seasons are relatively bright and charming, the thermometer ranging only from about 35 to 85 degrees.

The characteristics of the whole coast are nearly the same. A wide "shell road" upon which the residence gates open, skirts the rising beach for its entire length. Back of the beautiful lawns and residences, stretch the primeval piny woods for counties and counties, enough timber to supply the world. This fine roadway is lined upon either side by magnolias and pines; and the oyster shells, originally heaped upon it half a foot high, have been crushed and packed down into a sort of macadam that is as smooth as asphalt and a perpetual joy to all who go awheel.

As the water close to the shore is not deep at times, bath-houses are built a considerable distance out into the surf. Each residence has a long pier extending out about a hundred yards, and ending with an unpretentious little sentry-box bath-house. The spiles supporting the bath-houses are roughly boarded in, the planks just close enough to afford exclusiveness and keep out large fish. Behind the bath-house is the boat anchorage, and its second story, on a level with the pier, is generally used as a boat and fishing tackle house. These scores of piers look like a fringe along the shore.

Many varieties of fish and crabs and oysters abound. Crabs can be had in any quantity, and are caught, particularly by children, with a string with a piece of meat attached. These delicious crustaceans are a staple and family luxury,

and are served in various and diverse ways, such as stuffed crab, crab salad, crab fricassee, boiled crabs, crab gombo, and crab what-not. They are whiter and more tender and better than frogs' legs, lobsters or clams. They are brown and dark green above, and white beneath, but when boiled their shells turn red. A crab has enough meat to fill a large chicken egg shell.

The next morning we sailed on along the coast in company with a number of yachts bound for Pass Christian. This is a most delightful place to visit; it has, perhaps, some of the most aristocratic homes on the Sound, and is to the South what Newport is to the North. We spent the afternoon very pleasantly there, and much enjoyed a drive along the beach. Pass Christian is particularly strung out and has very little depth back. It may be likened to the bars of the music staff, the four parallel lines being represented by the shore, the roadway, the row of houses, and behind all, the railroad.

At five o'clock that evening we were back aboard and pulled up anchor for a moonlight sail out to Cat Island. The wind had hauled around a little more to the eastward and blew a good, strong, whole-sail breeze. The yacht laid well over, and the water rippled merrily through the scupper holes beneath the lee-rail, bubbling in and out as the craft gently dipped and alternately rose to the waves. As evening gave place to night and the moon shone forth upon the phosphorescent waters, it grew cooler, and heavy coats buttoned up to the chin were a decided comfort. We disposed ourselves at sweet will near the man at the wheel, sitting on the cockpit seats or stretched at full length on the deck or on the top of the cabin, and enjoyed a social siesta. The yacht slipped into the quiet water behind the lee of Raccoon Point on the eastern end of Cat Island, was luffed up head to the wind and the anchor dropped overboard about ten o'clock that night, ending a most memorable sail.

The nights on the coast are generally cool and pleasant. When there was a good breeze blowing, and consequently no mosquitoes, we made pallets on deck and, covered with two or three blankets, nighed it under the stars. When there was little wind we were forced to take refuge below, under the mosquito bars

over the berths. In either case we luxuriated in such sound and healthful slumber as only the rocking of the boat, the lapping of the water along its sides, and ozone-laden air can induce.

We awoke the next morning to see the sun's first rays sparkling and scintillating on the snowy whiteness of the sand on the island. Here there is one of the most curious manifestations of nature. In striking contrast to the green water and the ultramarine blue sky, there rises from the water's edge a mountain of sand, as white as the whitest sugar, called the Great Sand Hill. It rises many feet high, and its pointed top and perfect cone shape (true to the angle of inclination of sand) can be seen for miles away. It appears from analysis that this sand is the finest in the world for the glass and pottery trade.

We spent two days in this delightful vicinity. There is no habitation on this part of the island, and cattle and sheep were seen roving as wild as may be. A couple of minutes' walk across the sand, and the breakers of the ever-restless sea beat at our feet.

The surf bathing in the Gulf waters on the Louisiana and Mississippi coasts is said to be the finest in the world, simply because there is no treacherous "undertow" to drag the bather out to sea. No life-lines or anything of the sort are needed, as on the Atlantic coast, and children can be taken into the surf with perfect safety. On this shore the blue breakers roll in as grandly and refreshingly as on a rocky beach, but an element of safety is here, both as to drowning and danger from sharks. This is in a series of sand-bars that extend out for some little distance parallel to the shore. Bathers can stand on one of these, and find the water as it recedes but a few inches deep. As the next wave rolls in three or four feet high, turn the back to it, and you find yourself pleasantly carried in the direction of the beach. The next roller will often deposit you up on the shelving sand, and you are ready to wade out and try it again. It is impossible to stand up against the force of these billows; you have either to be borne shoreward or, as some experienced bathers do, dive through the base of the wave, just as it curves up over the bar, and, digging the fingers into the sand, hold

on until it passes. The waves rival the most ethereal blue above them in color; their crests, as they curl over and effervesce into spoon-drift spray, correspond to the silver-white rifts of clouds dreamingly floating in the distant blue. And so we bathed and fished and idled away the salubrious summer days most happily.

On the morning of July 8th we raised the "mud-hook," and beating out around the point sailed over to Ship Island and

While the *Ellen N.* lay there at anchor, as one of her boats was returning from shore a huge devil-fish, or giant ray, was seen sporting in the water near the yacht. It was a most curious-shaped fish. Just before finally disappearing it rose to the surface under the yacht's bowsprit, and slowly raising itself flopped one of its great black wings or lobe fins, fully four feet wide, up against the anchor chain. If it had been alongside the small boat, and had flopped its fin



AN OYSTERING PARTY.

anchored just inside the eastern point. Ship Island is the old National Quarantine Station, and is the most important island of the group, as to situation, and is seven miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. The water in the roadstead, just north of the island, is very deep, and large lumber ships and ocean steamers anchor there for cargoes. As the water is not deep enough in the Sound for ships, the lumber is towed out from the Mississippi shore in lighters and loaded into the fleet of vessels waiting to receive it.

On the eastern end of the island are the old and new lighthouse towers and historic old Fort Massachusetts. The remorseless waves are dissolving this extremity of the island. As the water was washing and undermining the foot of the old tower, another was built further back on safer ground.

above us, we would have been covered as if by a tarpaulin, and surely upset, and would have had to swim for it in the bargain. This repulsive and formidable creature must have weighed fully 1,500 pounds.

While wandering along the shore that morning we found the carcass of a much smaller ray lying on the sand. It was white beneath and slate-colored on the back. These fish have very little body and a long slender tail, with a formidable spine or bayonet-like weapon rising from the base of the serpent-shaped caudal appendage. Three-fourths of the fish are the huge lobes or fins. A small species of ray, only a foot or two long, very common in the Gulf, is called the sting ray or "stingaree."

The yacht carried a one-hundred-foot seine. To use it we folded layer on layer on the stern seat of a rowboat, and

then took it about two hundred feet from the shore in breast-deep water, and, as the boat was rowed along, gradually lowered it into the water. Cork or wood floaters at the top and lead sinkers along the lower edge held it perpendicular. When the net was all overboard, three men at each end pulled it toward the shore, where they gradually drew together, closing the circle. Standing in knee-deep water the seine was drawn in, a man on each side stooping down and holding the lead edge of the seine close to the bottom and throwing it behind him, so as to keep the fish from escaping. Half the length of the seine there is a large pouch or sack into which the fish retreat; when pulled up in shallow water this bag is picked up and the catch dumped into the boat. Frequently a haul is a boatload. Besides the variety of common fish, many and curious are the specimens of sea life brought out to delight the student of natural history. Many strange creatures fall into the boat or cling to the

as bluefish, red snapper, redfish, mackerel, flounders; and the pompano ("the woodcock of the seas") is often added to the fisherman's larder. The pompano is considered the most delicious fish that swims in the sea. This highly prized denizen of southern waters is a peculiar-looking fish with a body deeply compressed and forming a gentle curve from the middle of the back to the truncated snout, where it abruptly descends. The mouth is small and devoid of teeth, but the strong jaws are powerful enough to crush the mollusks and crustacea upon which it feeds. These fish are bluish, and beneath silvery, or golden, according to age.

The pompano has fewer bones than any other fish in the ocean; the backbone is the only prominent one, and that is so soft it can be eaten. It is often called the boneless fish. The flesh is white, of a very delicate flavor, and rich without being oily.

Redfish and red snapper are two of the most highly prized and numerous



NATIVE FISHERMEN'S QUARTERS.

meshes of the net, and one has to be chary not to have the hand injured by the crabs, catfish or stingarees. Globe-fish, the curious little seahorse, and many other not-known beautiful rayed sea-swimmers are fished up. The globe-fish is a peculiar little fellow that can so fill himself with air and water as to be as round as a football.

There is a superabundance of the well-known fish, superb for eating, such

of Gulf fishes. In color the redfish is not near as bright a red as the red snapper. The redfish is of a whitish or sandy color, and has a peculiar black spot on either side at the base of the tail, which are said to be the marks left by St. Peter's fingers when that Apostle picked up the fish and shook pieces of money from its mouth. The red snapper is the fish with which the ancient Egyptian Ptolemies used to amuse themselves

by watching it change color while in the throes of death.

But the most remarkably shaped fish seen in these waters is the flounder or sole. It is as flat as the proverbial pancake, and has both its "pop" eyes on one side of its head, so that it looks like a fish split down the middle and then spread out. The under side has an opaque, raw appearance, and a suggestion of backbone also helps out the similitude.

Another peculiar fish is called the "drum," from the singular drumming noise it makes in the water, which frightened the aborigines, gave the earlier settlers pause, as *Hamlet* would say, and has puzzled scientists for a century, to say nothing of giving inspiration to many a poet. At the mouth of Pascagoula River there is a spot called the "singing waters," where, on a quiet night there are to be heard most sweet and mysterious sounds. Now they seem to be overhead, and one imagines a *Prospero* and his obedient *Ariel*; again they are thought to be on the bank of the stream, but when rightly located they come from the water. The noise is said to be made by frightened drumfish seeking refuge in the shallow water from their relentless enemy, the porpoise. The drumfish somewhat resembles and has the same general markings as the sheephead. Its mouth is the chief characteristic, and the like is seen in no other fish. When closed nothing strange would be detected, but if pulled open the mouth spreads like an accordion and extends to twice its former length; pushed back, the curious membrane folds inside the jaws. The teeth of the drum are in the back of the mouth and are powerful grinders.

The waters swarm with the delicious and toothsome shrimps of commerce. They are canned along the coast in great quantities, and in New Orleans, which is the headquarters of the trade, 100,000 cans a day are put up. They run in schools, and one haul of the seine frequently nets a boatload. At the factories they are placed in a trough, and with one twist a girl takes off one's head, and then with a pressure at the tail the shrimp is forced out. After being cooked in salt water they are put into little gauze bags, each bag just large enough to fit inside the can used, there being so much phosphorus in the

fish, that unless some precaution is taken to keep the meat from coming in contact with it, the tin would be eaten by its action. This little gauze veils a very large bugbear that puzzled packers for years. The device was patented by a New Orleans gentleman, and yachtsman, by the way. It has revolutionized the industry, for by its use shrimps can be kept in tins indefinitely. On Barataria Bay, on the south coast of Louisiana, there is a Chinese colony that prepare shrimps in another way. They spread them out in the sun to dry. Many thousands of barrels of these dried shrimps are shipped from there to China every year.

In several places where there is a strong current close to the Sound shore the wonderful jelly-fish or Medusa is frequently seen. Bathers have to be careful, for when one of these, floating by, touches the naked body it leaves an excruciating pain as unbearable as the smarting of the nettle-pricked skin or the sting of a wasp. The surface of the skin touched by the tentacles becomes diffused and is accompanied by a sense of extreme heat. The redness and irritation last a number of hours and are soothed only by the application of fresh water. It is not known whether a sting is inflicted or whether an acrid secretion is merely thrown upon the surface. For the resultant erythema local alkaline water treatment with a little washing soda thrown in is effective.

The next morning we were up betimes and took a good plunge in the surf before breakfast, after which we got ready to cross the Sound to Biloxi, to replenish the larder and get a supply of ice. The wind was strong off shore, and we looked forward to an enjoyable sail beating up against it. As we hoisted sail, everything loose was streaming and fluttering in the boisterous breeze. The little schooner "schooned" (as Captain Robinson, of Maine, who invented this style of rig would say) away on the starboard tack, with mainsail, foresail, fore-staysail, jib, and working maintopsail set, and with sheets as flat as a board. She lay well over, the lee rail being buried in a mass of foam, while the opposite or starboard cockpit-combing was reared up in the air higher than a man's head.

The Commodore was at the wheel strictly attending to business, with firm

grip, keen eye, and with his wits about him just as much as if he was holding the ribbons over the back of a Maud S., whirling along at a 2:10 clip. The wind was somewhat unsteady, and as every fresh puff struck her she was on the way up to meet it. The Commodore luffed, or as "the boys" would say, "shook 'er up," and had her back steady again in excellent style. The others of the crew did nothing but sit and watch the proceedings, all ready to obey orders, being sure to have something to hold onto. Although there was no danger (you could not capsize her if you wanted to), the inborn law of self-preservation unconsciously asserted itself; and if one would have thought to observe, it would have been seen that all were either holding fast to the yacht or had their half-clutched fingers conveniently near some projection that would afford a handhold. There was just enough element of danger in forcing the yacht to make it exciting. For some time not a rope was touched, and the only command given by the helmsman was to gratify his own personal desire; as "'Vast there, you lubber; please go down and light me a cigarette."

A ten-mile beat, holding up the best we could, brought us well under the shore just at the western end of Mississippi City, where we came about and eased sheet for a reach past the town and along parallel to the shore to our destination. Four miles and a half to the east of Mississippi City, we sailed past Beauvoir (*i. e.*, fine view), where the Confederate chieftain, ex-President Jefferson Davis, spent his declining days; three miles further on we sailed by the Sea Shore Camp-grounds, a lovely spot where those of the Methodist denomination hold a summer camp-meeting.

As the water was rapidly shoaling we eased sheets a trifle and stood out from shore until the Biloxi lighthouse bore due north; then we came about and made a series of short tacks through a well-dredged and buoyed passage up to it, where we eased sheets and passed down, and came to anchor opposite the center of the town, among a fleet of fish, oyster, melon, and charcoal schooners. Yachtsmen have a variety of pet names for these unpretentious and homely working schooners, such as "windjammers," "boxes," "old tubs," or "wind-wagons."

Biloxi is the largest of the Sound resorts and is a very prosperous place of itself, having fish, oyster and fruit-canning factories. It is a great place for the Sunday excursionist. As at the town of Bay St. Louis, it has a large bay running around to the eastward and back in the rear to the north of the town. The railroad bridge crosses the neck of Biloxi Bay to Ocean Springs. Out in front of Biloxi lies Deer Island, probably so called because a deer was never known to take refuge there.

We lay at anchor that night, and sailed away the next morning. We passed down by Point Cade and the canning factories, with their great heaps of shells, and out between Deer Island and Biloxi Bay, from where we could see the high, verdant and attractive shores of Ocean Springs. The wind was light when we started, a mere butterfly breeze, but we thought when we got out from under Deer Island it would spring up a bit. Our conjecture as to more wind outside did not immediately prove true. When far enough east to clear the spit of the island, sheets were eased and the yacht was headed southeast for Horn Island. The wind, an easterly one, was light and baffling all forenoon, and the weather threatened to be stormy. It was cloudy and therefore not overly warm, and the lack of breeze was not so unbearable. Towards noon it turned squally, that is, there were rain-squalls all around the horizon.

We floated lazily along, with everything snug, expecting one to come down on us at any time. The wind increased strongly from the east about two o'clock, and we bowled along with renewed energy and held well up to it. It kept getting darker and darker, and late in the afternoon, when we had the western end of Horn Island abeam, a squall struck us and blew great guns and rained, "a deluge poured from all the urns of heaven." We were lying at anchor, taking it easy, with all sails furled, and in every way prepared for it when it broke. The squall came on rapidly, plainly defined, and with the beating rain and mist obscuring everything behind it like a pall. It worked around to the north and veiled Round Island from sight, and then closed about us from both south and north. With the yacht pointing into the eye of the wind and swinging to a good stout anchor, and

another brought on deck in case she began to drift, we all felt secure, and somebody nicely expressed our sentiments with the exclamation: "Let 'er blow." One man, encased in oilskins, was always on deck to keep a lookout, while the others sat in the cabin and peered out of the companionway at the angry gusts of wind and rain sweeping and swirling by. The waves were high and the boat rolled merrily up and down on them; one minute the bowsprit was soused half its length under water, while the next ugly green wave sent it pointing skyward and the stern down, so that we thought we could see the bottom through the waves' trough.

After watching the heaving water for half an hour, the Cincinnati Sailor be-

and the sun, after all, set bright and red. Just at dark we picked our way between a number of lumber ships lying in the shelter of the island, and dropped anchor overboard near the lighthouse. In running in to an anchorage here a great deal of care is required to get safely in around a shoal, a sort of sea wall of stone required to be deposited along there by ships when unloading their rock ballast to take on cargoes of lumber.

After a late supper we went ashore and paid the lighthouse-keeper and his family a visit. They took great pride in showing us their charge, one of the finest and most important beacons in the South. It gives a white light varied by red flashes at intervals of one minute, and is visible twelve miles. Its lenses



IN SHIP ISLAND ROADSTEAD.

came rather pale under the gills; and, after observing that he believed seasickness was caused by the motion and the sight of going up and down, he remarked that he did not care whether school kept or not, and went and lay down on a berth amidships, where the seesaw sensation was not so perceptible, while O. B. Joyful softly hummed after him the Gilbertian refrain:

"When de winds do blow,
I generally takes me down below."

The squall blew itself out in about an hour, when we went on deck, put up the working sails and hoisted the "ground tackle" with a good deal of hard tugging, and then steered for Horn Island light. In half an hour the sky cleared up, the weather was nice and fresh,

and lamp, the whole apparatus not much larger than a butter tub, cost something like \$20,000. The sand-spit on this end of the island is constantly shifting. Vessels should not attempt Horn Island Pass without a pilot, when drawing over ten feet of water, as the channel changes somewhat with every heavy gale. A pilot boat is stationed in this vicinity. A cross on a pole is a signal to the pilots from the lighthouse-keeper that a sail is in sight.

Formerly this end of the island was washing away, and the old abandoned lighthouse that once stood on solid ground is now entirely surrounded by water. The new house is built back on a more substantial sand-dune or tree-grown hillock. Beginning at the light-

house and stretching away to the western end the island is covered with trees and foliage, and is intersected by numerous lagoons. A quarter of a mile back there is a lagoon which swarms with fish that would do credit to the most expensively stocked fish-pond.

Horn Island is verdant all the year round, while in summer the center of it blooms as an oasis in a desert of sand. It has the finest surf bathing, and is the most beautiful and romantic of these gleaming islands of the Gulf.

The next morning was balmy and serene. We were awakened by the feathered songsters merrily piping their anthems of joy and love from the trees on shore. The fearless and soul-stirring whistle of "Bob White" told plainly that in this wildwood the quail were unmolested, and needed not the protection of the law and the game warden. "Sand peeps" and plover were running hither and thither upon the shore, and tireless-winged gulls and pelicans and other aquatic birds soaring athwart the heavily blue added animation to the scene. When your true poet passes, the fame of this earthly elysium—if there is such a thing it is hereabouts—will be echoed down the ages. Let me lie beneath yonder greenwood tree and dream of the forest of Ardennes.

During our three days' stay at Horn Island the weather continued fine. Cool, spice-laden zephyrs steal over the broad sea to this latitude, and cocoanut, date and palm pervade the air with aromatic balm. We fished, bathed and explored to our hearts' delight, and greatly enjoyed walking over the sand and hunting for sea-shells, which are in infinite variety, and other curiosities. One of the most peculiar objects found on these islands is the cast-up shell of the hermit or horse-shoe crab. There is seen scurrying back and forth the rock crab, which is pure white in color, and the comical little "fiddler crab," which has one large claw, shaped like a fiddle, as long as itself, projecting from one side. But the most interesting specimen of all is the spawn of a sea-shell, often called "vegetable rattlesnake," which is washed up on the sand. It is about a yard long, and looks like a row of empty seed-pods, or of a string of wooden buttons, but is quite light and filmy. Inside each of these troche-shaped sections repose a row of apparently per-

fectly formed miniature conch-shells about the size of a grain of rice. There they live and grow by the hundred, shut up close from the salt water, till they reach a proper age.

On the morning of July 13th, at two bells, or nine o'clock, we turned the prow of the yacht away from Horn Island, and scudded before the breeze by Round Island and into the north shore. We had trawl lines out for mackerel—they will only bite at a moving object; but the boat did not have to tow an ounce of fish that day. We followed the channel into the mouth of the Pascagoula River, sailed along by half a mile of beautiful sloping lawns and residences, and anchored on the river front of the town of Scranton, Miss. This place is quite a lumber port. The logs are floated down the river from the primeval forest to the saw-mills along the shore. The mills burn their refuse, and the glare from the burning heaps of bark, sawdust and other debris can be seen far at sea at night.

There is a great deal of fruit raised on this coast—peaches, pears, grapes, plums and figs—and all do well, especially the latter, as it is situated in the fig belt. Fresh figs are the most delicious fruit that even one accustomed to Bartlett pears and Delaware peaches ever ate. Fresh figs are as different from the imported dried fig in appearance as a frog is from a tadpole; in taste they have the lusciousness of the peach, the freshness of the pear, the sweetness of honey, and are flavored with ambrosial tincture. July is the month for figs. Lots of them are canned or crystallized at Scranton. We bought them fresh from the tree and beyond compare for fifteen cents a bucket and loaded up "chock-a-block" with them.

We wound our way up a little hill through bursting blossoms and under trees weighted with leafy greenness, fruit and bloom, to the stores, post-office and depot. The people of this end of the country facing the Sound are fully aware of the coast's attractiveness and valid claims as the greatest natural winter and summer resort in the country, and they do their share in helping to advertise it. Pascagoula and Scranton people, as well as those of Bay St. Louis, Biloxi, and the other coast resorts, have conditions in their home atmosphere for comfortable living through the year

which Florida cannot offer in the winter, nor the Gulf of St. Lawrence exceed during the summer solstice.

After getting our mail and sending telegrams home announcing our whereabouts and giving the approximate date of our return to business, and no member in the meantime having received an urgent notification to return home at once, we dropped down the river that same evening and steered our course for Petit Bois Island against a stiff south wind. "The musically streaming, odorous south wind," to quote from Emerson, merrily hummed through the rigging.

Petit Bois Island is aptly named, being a barren stretch of sand and but "little woods" discernible, and those away on the eastern end.

Flocks of pelicans, gulls and "oyster openers" wheel overhead or troop at the edge of the tide. The most conspicuous of all Southern "shore birds" is the American oyster opener or scissor-bill. They are found on this island in large numbers, and they afford a picturesque sight as they dart about, uttering discordant squawks, as though proud of their skill and queerness. This wonderful bird has a body like a gull, but there the resemblance to any other creature ends, for its peculiar bill is characteristic of it alone. The bill, a bright red in color, is long, thin, and looks for all the world like a pair of large shears. It is used for prying open oysters. The lower mandible is thrust between the valves and the shell wedged open as with an oyster knife. The oyster is then cut away with a shearing motion

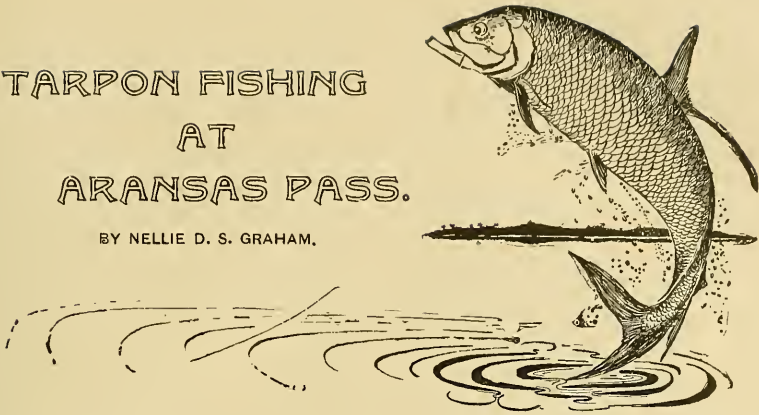
of the blades of the beak and swallowed. Should the bird be unable to insert its bill between the valves, it bangs the shell against a stone so as to fracture the sharp edges where the shell closes, just as an oysterman makes an opening by striking an oyster a blow in the same place with his knife.

On the next afternoon the *Ellen N.* was beating down along the northern edge of Petit Bois Island. The crew busied themselves in making her snug and in stowing away their fishing implements and odds and ends for which they would have no present use. The cruise to the eastward was about to end. After jogging along and to and fro in the comparatively placid and well-protected waters under the mainland, we now prepared to test our sea qualities and to impart a fitting finale to the outward voyage in a dash along the open Gulf. Petit Bois was our turning point. As the yacht slid into the short black tide-rip off the eastern point, where the green and the blue meet, sheets were flattened down and the yacht was gybed preparatory to beating out into the Gulf against a south wind. At this juncture all hands fell to and "spliced the main brace." Well out in the long blue surge the wheel was put down and sheets were eased and the yacht's head swung back and was pointed in the direction of home. With the wind abeam and steady we skirted in succession well out to sea by the backward-lying islands, threaded the string of pearls, as it were, and by the next forenoon had run back to Lake Borgne and the land, and thence into home waters.



TARPON FISHING AT ARANSAS PASS.

BY NELLIE D. S. GRAHAM.



WE had been spending a long, lovely February at San Antonio. We had reveled among the crooked, narrow Mexican streets, with their curious little houses; we had wandered among the ruins of the Old Missions, and had followed the caretaker of the Alamo about, as she related with eloquence the romantic story of Davie Crockett, Travis, and their handful of brave Texas riflemen, who held the fort against a multitude of Mexicans. We had spent long, dreamy, sunlit days at San Pedro Park feeding the swans that swam so proudly on the breast of the clear waters of the noted San Pedro Springs.

Our hearts had echoed the bugle-call as it sounded through the glorious air, calling the blue-coated troops to drill, on those splendid review grounds of the second finest fort in these United States. Then, too, we had wandered through the Mexican quarters, eating "hot tamales" and "chile con carne," which those picturesque people serve at their all-night suppers, with a keen relish. There seemed nothing lacking to make the traveler's heart content, save a touch of sport, and then we chanced to learn of the sportsman's delight—tarpon—in the beautiful Aransas Pass.

Preparations were hastily completed to spend a week at the little fishermen's settlement on Mustang Island—Tarpon. The island is about ten miles long and is inhabited by thirty fishermen's families, who live there the year round. Sturdy, splendid fellows they are, too, their brawny arms and frank, good-humored faces browned by their life on the dancing waves.

The most important and best-known establishment on the island is the "Seaside Hotel," which faces the long wharf, and has sheltered scores of happy parties for dozens of years. It is presided over by Frank Hetfield and his jolly wife, who are just the people to make the weary sportsman comfortable. It is a roomy frame building, or rather two buildings joined together with a long board-walk; one part containing the office, sleeping-rooms, and rest veranda (a large, open porch, filled with comfortable cots, where during the heat of the early afternoon the angler reclines and waits for the witching hour when the festive tarpon plays)—while the other has the large dining-room, kitchen and laundry therein, with pleasant sleeping apartments above. The table fare is excellent.

We left San Antonio over the San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railroad, at three o'clock in the afternoon, arriving at Rockport, two hundred and sixty miles away, between ten and eleven at night.

Rockport is a quiet little fishing village—nothing else—and I was heartily glad when, after a night in the great unfurnished barracks of a hotel (the remnants of a boom), Captain Sam Gray, who carries Uncle Sam's mail in his natty little sailboat, down to Tarpon, came to tell us to get aboard.

Tarpon is fifteen miles from Rockport, down the Aransas Bay, and with a fair wind we reached Mustang Island after two hours' delightful sail. It was the fifteenth of March, and old fishermen had told us at Rockport that we were much too early for tarpon, but

we resolved to have a try, just the same. We found we were not the only sportsmen on the island thus early in the season, nor were we to have the honor of landing the first tarpon. Mr. J. H. Haskell, of Chicago, and his son, a lad of twelve years, had been there three days and had already landed a big fish. According to the custom of the island, the first tarpon pulled in is awarded the blue ribbon; the second one, the red ribbon, and the third, the white ribbon. We decided to have a try for the red ribbon, since Mr. Haskell had carried off the blue one.

To that end we set about hiring our boat and boatman and buying our fishing tackle. We succeeded in engaging a sturdy, brown-legged, handsome lad named John Franzolig, who had a very comfortable flat skiff, with a broad, cushioned seat in the stern. Then we paid a visit to the postmistress (a very expensive one it turned out, too), in search of tackle. The tarpon reel is a medium-sized one, fastened to a long, slim pole, that does not seem heavy enough to hold a large fish. The line is a one-sixteenth-inch cord, three hundred yards in length. The whole looks very insufficient till you attach the hook. This is a whopper, for the fish is not supposed to take it into its mouth, but is hooked anywhere about the gills. The whole outfit (and there are dozens, more expensive) cost ten dollars and eighty-five cents—the rod and reel, six dollars; the line, four dollars and fifty cents, and the hooks, thirty-five cents apiece.

Now we were ready for the fray, and, after listening to our fellow-boarder's experiences, we could hardly wait till morning to try our luck. However, after a night's rest in good, clean, sweet beds, a well-cooked breakfast at half-past six, we were soon in our boat and rowing swiftly into the middle of the Pass, where we were to get our first strike at the Silver King in what claims to be his real home.

We anchored in a sort of riffle, and then our man had us put on our hooks a live mullet, which we carried in a bait bucket in our boat. We cast out our lines about forty feet, and then commenced a long period of waiting. We waited — waited — waited. The morning passed, and after dinner we were back at our posts, patiently waiting again. All about us was the vast

deep, the greenish blue waves washing the boat with a musical swish. Every now and again a school of porpoises would roll majestically past us, first with heads up and then with fan-like tails beating the waters into foam. All about us were small boats, filled with the islanders, armed with shot-guns, picking off, with unerring aim, the white sea-gulls that came in from the gulf, or, if fortunate enough to hit it, the queenly pelican, that swooped down into the clear water after the unwary mullet.

When the sun set on this beautiful scene, tired and empty-handed, with not even a strike to cheer us, we were forced to give up the struggle. Salt breezes are certainly conducive to good appetites and sound sleep, and not even Mr. Haskell's tales could keep us long out of our cozy couches that night.

When another day dawned it was with less confidence that we went out in our trusty boat, and, anchoring near the selfsame point, prepared to tempt the shining tarpon with the squirming mullet. It was St. Patrick's Day in the morning. The friendly sun, shining down on the vast expanse of water, threw over it a silver sheen. As we sat, silently watching our lines, a lot of small fish, jumping up out of the water and sparkling in the light, came toward us in droves. Our usually impassive boy raised himself with a shout:

"Tarpon! tarpon!" said he, pointing to the shoals of fish; "they always come before. Look out!" As he spoke my companion's line pulled taut, and, before he could move, a huge, silvery body sprang up in the air. Once again it was seen, and then, as Mr. G—— reeled in his line for all he was worth, it fell slack, and we knew he had had a *strike*, but not a catch.

There was a long silence, when again Mr. G——'s line slackened and as the boatman shouted out instructions and he reeled in his line rapidly, the shiny beauty flew up in the air, shaking his head and wriggling his quivering body. A second time, and then a third, he sprang up. Away he flew after each successive jump, swimming like mad, pulling the boat after him in a vain endeavor to free himself. Now he doubles on us, and we have to reel up so fast that we can scarcely take time to breathe. Up, up he flies in the

air—full ten feet—and splashing the water all about us. Ah! he is not ours yet. For again he is off like a flash of light through the limpid waters, our boatman bending to the oars with might and main, and following bravely.

Mile after mile he pulls us on. My companion's hands are bleeding from cuts on the reel, but he is all unconscious of that, so absorbed is he in the maddening chase. Ah! he is growing tired. Slowly we reel up. Can we land him yet? Another rush, and away we go down the Pass like the wind—but the gallant tarpon is conquered, and we pull in quietly toward the distant shore. Now we are nearly there. The gleam of the silver on his broad back shines dazzlingly as we pull the exhausted fish close to the boat. What a beauty he is! A long pull, a strong pull, and we are in shallow water, when my companion springs lightly out of the boat and with a jayhook jerks the monster on shore, and the two hours' struggle is ended.

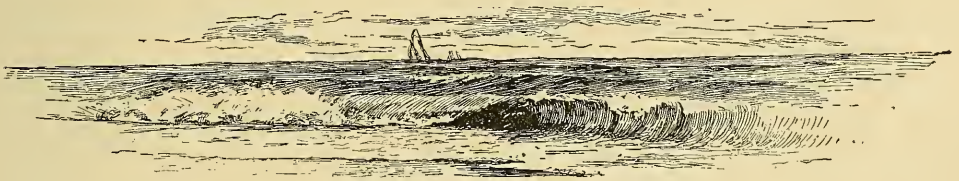
He is a fine fellow, as he lies there in the sun. The boatmen gather round

him and weigh and measure him. Even our phlegmatic boy is mildly excited. Mr. G—— is very proud, and I fairly dance.

The big beauty is six feet long, and tips the beam at just one hundred and nineteen pounds.

We have won the red ribbon, and have had two hours of the most exciting sport we can imagine. We are tired, hungry and proud. Could there be a happier state of mind for a fisherman?

We remain here a week, every hour of which is replete with pleasure. We bathe in the Gulf of Mexico, finding the water warm even in March. We "still-fish," catching redfish, crowley and sheephead, all of which are fine eating. We pull in crabs and catfish galore. On our tarpon line we land a hundred-pound jackfish and a six-foot shark. The deep sea seems to give up her secrets to us. We sleep, eat and breathe the mild, pure air; and it is a rude awakening, when Captain Gray and his tiny sailboat carries us away from Arcadia, back to the noisy world.



ON THE BANKS OF THE ZUIDER ZEE.

A VISIT TO MARKEN.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON.



WHEN I reached my hotel in Amsterdam, I found a letter regretting "unavoidable delay," instead of the friend who had faithfully promised to meet me there; and the hotel, where always before I had found many Americans, was crowded full of tobacco merchants, who had come from far and near to attend the great tobacco sales.

It was queer enough, sitting in the big, handsome dining-room, with per-

haps half a dozen ladies, and hearing on every side the strange guttural mixture of Dutch and German languages; then more than ever before it seemed to me, the smoke of cigars, lighted at dessert, filled the room.

My room, engaged long ahead, fortunately, had every comfort desired, and service was as ever most satisfactory. I delight in Holland, and two or three days passed pleasantly, but no Americans, so I determined to visit Marken. The United States Consul said to me "Since you were last in Amsterdam, there has been a little steamer built especially for this trip, everything first class, a good lunch on board, a guide who points out all objects of interest, and the whole trip only costs you one dollar besides what you may eat."

As I walked along the quay the next morning looking for the landing of the Marken steamer, an obliging Hollander called from the door of a "koffijhuis," "Him goes at ten o'clock."

"Him" did, and I was delighted to find on board three American girls who had crossed in the same steamer from New York with me, and who very politely welcomed the older and more lonely woman to their circle.

"Oh, see all those men with the red, white and blue ribbons on their hats. I wonder who they are!" cried the pretty young girl with the poppy-trimmed hat, as we stopped at the Tolhuis, where there is a pleasure garden, across the Y from Amsterdam, and a lively crowd of young men rushed aboard, waving sticks and shouting and laughing in the best of spirits. There were twenty-five or thirty of them.

"It's a French club," answered the English-speaking mate of the steamer, to whom I appealed. "We carry many French people; they come on from Paris by night, spend the day at Marken, go back to Paris by night, and feel well paid for their two long journeys by the visit to the old-fashioned island. Last week we took five hundred."

The passengers, besides the Frenchmen, were about a dozen Americans, two French ladies, and a few Hollanders.

One Dutch girl, accompanied by two relatives in ordinary attire, was dressed in her very best national costume, consisting of a very full black skirt, a waist of bright blue plush, cut half low in the

neck, with very short straight sleeves. Around her neck were four or five strings of large red coral beads, fastened in front by a big gold clasp of handsome design.

Her dark hair was plastered down on her forehead in two smooth, stiff escalops; all the rest of her hair was covered, first by a closely fitting metal (presumably gold) cap, and over this a thin, close cap of white figured lace, ornamented at each side, just above the wearer's temples, by pins with round gold heads over an inch in diameter; from these huge pins hung gold ornaments fully two inches long, and an inch wide, which shook and jingled softly with every movement of the young girl's head.

There was a sharp wind. The girl's thin arms and pointed elbows were crimson and blue with the cold, and her bare neck looked most unseasonable. I shivered under my thick fur cape when I looked at her, and I was glad to see that now and then she drew around her a black wool shawl. Evidently she disliked to cover any part of her "full dress," for she quickly threw off the shawl whenever we approached a landing.

At Broek, long famed as "the very cleanest town in Holland," but not too justly, for many others are as clean, we left the boat to inspect a so-called "model farm."

Living rooms and cow stable were all under one roof, and hay was kept in the roof. Being summer the cows were at pasture, where they stay nights as well as days, and the stable, beautifully neat and clean, was used for making cheeses.

We were shown the vats of milk into which the rennet is poured to form the curd, and cheeses in all stages: in earthen molds under the iron presses, in pickle, and on racks drying.

Completed cheeses of several sizes were most tempting, especially the smaller ones, like oranges and of that color, instead of the crimson shade that we are familiar with in America. That is a wash added to the cheeses after leaving the farms.

"I wish I could get a cup of tea," sighed one of my friends.

"Well you can," said I, "right here in this house." So we went back to the front room, which looked like any ordinary living room, but which had many

beds shut into the walls by white paneled doors; and the farmer's daughter gave us tiny cups of tea and large glasses of delicious milk, for which we paid a small sum.

The Frenchmen being rather economical, or not understanding the custom perhaps, offered only one fee for several cups of tea. The Dutch maiden looked much disturbed and the guide hastened to explain the usual price to the chattering Frenchmen. I fancy that the proper amount was finally given, for I noticed when we came away that the farmer, wife and daughter were smiling impartially on all.

We strolled along the village streets, where, until a few years ago, no horse was allowed to step his foot, admiring the pretty little houses and gardens, noticing the great neatness, and the general air of comfort and plenty on every side.

We were not hurried in the least, the mate from the steamer, who acted as guide, pointing out many objects of interest as we went along.

The little Dutch belle, without her shawl you may be sure, went everywhere we did. She was a pretty little thing, and her very picturesque dress, with the Frenchmen's gay hats, gave a festive holiday air to the whole company, which we more sober ones fully appreciated.

Again on the steamer, through the canals to Monnickendam, where some of the passengers got out to walk through the quiet streets of one of the "deadest" of the well-named "dead cities of the Zuider Zee," and to visit the enormous, old brick church which would easily hold four times the sum total of the present population.

I had been over the city before, so with others stayed on the steamer while it went through the locks, a slow, but interesting, and to most of us, novel process.

Many children were gathered on a bank near a lock, and when they caught sight of the tri-colored ribbons of the Frenchmen, they shouted over and over again, "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*," and held their caps and aprons for the coins the complimented and patriotic Frenchmen threw them quite generously.

Taking on the rest of the passengers at the Monnickendam wharf, and not be-

ing detained, as so often happens on a sailing boat, by adverse winds, we soon crossed the two or three miles of the choppy, yellow water of the Zuider Zee, and reached Marken, where we were greeted by an eager crowd of old and young, mostly women and children, as the able-bodied men were all away fishing.

Twelve or fifteen years ago the island of Marken was almost unknown by the ordinary tourist, and rarely visited even by artists. Now it is one of the great show-places of Holland, and the honest fisher-folk, once too proud to take any unearned money, are quick and ready, especially the younger generation, for even the smallest of coins—and those are most uncommonly small in Holland.

The island of Marken consists of several mounds, with very low ground between. The church and schoolhouse have one mound; one is used for a cemetery. On the others the houses are grouped, small wooden houses crowded closely together, many of the outside ones being built on tall piles, which show by green, slimy marks the height to which the water rises during the wet season.

"Can't we go in?" I asked the guide as we passed the schoolhouse, where we could see rows and rows of wooden shoes in the entries. "I went once when I was here before, and it was so amusing to hear the children sing in Dutch. I should like to have my friends hear them."

"I am sorry, madam, but we bring so many people we are not allowed to enter the schools; it disturbs the scholars."

There were several little shops, and some of the provident islanders use their front rooms to display for sale, photographs, toy wooden shoes, and other souvenirs of Marken.

At one such place I bought some silver buttons of a young girl; she said she took them out of her brother's shirt. Perhaps for that reason she charged me a dollar more than I could have bought the same things for in Amsterdam. I did not find that out until later, however, and she certainly went out of the room for the buttons; and I tell my friends to whom I give these buttons made into hat-pins that they are wearing buttons from a young Marken fisherman's shirt, and they feel duly honored. I wonder what he said when he found his buttons gone, but the price I paid would go

some ways toward getting the gold ones so greatly prized.

At the post-office, kept in a private house, the Frenchmen filled the small room, and each wrote a postal card. In buying a card myself, the postmistress gave me in change one of the tiny copper half-cent coins, worth about a fifth of one of our cents. These are seldom obtained in ordinary shopping, and I was delighted to get it.

We went into several private houses, show-places, with nothing for sale, but much worth seeing: handsome black, carved wooden wardrobes or presses, tempting bits of old silver, and real old Delft, which one could not obtain for love or money, for many of these Marken people are very well-to-do. Some rooms were actually crowded with interesting bric-à-brac, walls, tables and shelves filled; sometimes even rows of plates and dishes were on the floor.

One old lady, new to this show business, but evidently very anxious to get into it, called us into her house, and showed us a splendid Bible, bound in dark leather, with massive silver corners and long silver chain; some queer silver spoons, oddly shaped knives, etc., and all the time rattling away in the barbarous-sounding Dutch language.

"She is saying," said the guide, "that she is very old, and has to live alone. Her granddaughter will not stay at home, but has gone to help the farmers make hay, and that is all she is good for. She feels bad that this grand-

daughter will inherit all these things she is so proud of."

Our small fees were received with smiles and blessings, I suppose, though from the sound they might well have been curses.

Since my last visit "the oldest woman on the island" had died, but her house was kept open for visitors as before. The cow stall forming part of the living room, the open loft for fishingnets, the big show bed made in the wall (with trough at the foot for the baby) furnished with fat pillows embroidered with roosters and stiff little trees; the extra fine carved presses, the racks of spoons and knives, the rows and rows of quaint and ancient plates, and all the old-time furnishings of this tiny domicile (really only one room) could be seen and wondered at.

I missed, however, the jolly old woman who used to show how she curled her long, fair hair, how she did up her lace caps, and who with such pride showed the Sunday waistcoats and bodices which had been many years in her family, and then made tea for us, serving it in her best old china.

I looked into the hanging card-rack and saw my cards and those of my party left on my former visit, just as we placed them at her request.

Standing stiff and sturdy in the middle of the tiny room was a young granddaughter, whose absolutely wooden and stolid expression of countenance almost made us afraid of offering her money,



WHERE NO HORSE WAS ALLOWED TO SET FOOT.



A FAMILY PARTY.

but on questioning the guide, he replied smiling, "Oh, that is what she is here for."

I fancied that she did not quite like her position, and she only murmured a short word of thanks as we each slipped a little silver coin into her unextended hand.

For more than two hundred years, it is said, the people of Marken have not changed their style of dress. The men wear thick blue blouses over heavy woolen shirts, often red, which latter are closed at the neck with large, handsome silver or gold buttons—similar buttons, though larger, are sometimes at the waist line; enormously full knickerbockers of dark canton flannel, with the fleece outside, over heavy wool underwear; the thickest of hand-knit woolen stockings, wooden shoes, flat caps with visors. Narrow black silk neckties, and gold ear-rings, are the usual accessories of this quaint costume, of which the extraordinary knickerbockers are the most astonishing features.

The women, over many petticoats, wear black or blue wool skirts; bright chintz, or handsomely embroidered bodices, with white or bright sleeves; close

caps of white, covering the ears and all the hair, except the edge of the thick straight bang, which hangs nearly over the eyes, and the long curl on each side of the face. All the hair is fair, and in young children it is of a very pretty shade.

The little boys and girls dress exactly like the grown women, dresses, bangs, curls and all, though generally wearing close Dutch caps of chintz over the white ones.

"See," said I, "you cannot tell the boys from the girls, except by looking at the backs of their caps. The boy's cap is gathered in a circular piece, while the back of the girl's cap is whole."

We amused ourselves by trying to guess, before looking at the caps, whether the pretty little creatures were boys or girls, but we rarely hit right. At five or six years of age the boys put on male attire, of course, giving up the bangs and curls. We saw several little fellows swaggering about, very proud of their first pair of big full trousers.

The shirt buttons, when of gold, are very valuable, and are handed down through several generations in many families. Silver ones, such as I bought,



THE MEN GO AWAY FISHING.

are considered good enough for everyday wear.

As a general thing all the islanders, large and small, wear wooden shoes, or "kloompen;" now and then heavy leather shoes with big silver buckles are seen.

The women have to make hay and do much out-door work, while the men go away fishing, and look weather-beaten. Except in the very little children there is little beauty to be seen.

With their unchanging dress, the people of Marken have kept unchanged their peculiar marriage and burial customs; in fact, these islanders live a life

is funny to see the deft way in which a Dutch girl will step in and out her shoes as she leaves or enters a house.

After an hour or two of wandering about the quaint island, with the civil helpful guide, or by ourselves, the steamer's whistle summoned us.

My companions went on ahead, and as I was coming slowly along, reluctant to leave the quaint spot, I came upon one of the Frenchmen and the guide in earnest conversation. The guide turned to me with a troubled look on his face. "He can't speak a word of English, and wants to know something, but I can't get on to it at all." (The guide by the



TWO LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

quite apart from the rest of the world, generally, if not always, marrying among themselves.

The women's dress I have described, is varied in minor details to show whether the wearer is a maiden fancy free, betrothed, married, or a widow, but these distinctions are not easily learned by outsiders.

I noticed at nearly every doorway a group of wooden shoes. They are never worn indoors in any part of Holland. The heavy wool stockings the women are always knitting, even as they walk along the roads, are considered enough protection in the house. It

was had told me that he had lived six years in the United States.)

Summoning my best French, I told the Frenchman if he would tell me what he wanted, perhaps I could find out from the guide.

He thanked me politely, and asked, "Do the people burn wood or peat?" I put this question into English, and the guide answering "Peat," I passed on the desired information and went aboard.

The Frenchmen filled the little cabin and had another lunch, but my friends and I were glad to stay on deck. Longingly we looked back at the little low-lying island with its odd little houses, its



"SMALL WOODEN HOUSES CROWDED CLOSELY TOGETHER." (p. 477.)

picturesque people; and we waved farewell as long as we could see the group of children who had come to see us off.

Our voyage back was straight across the Zuider Zee, no canals, nothing but the now dark, muddy, lumpy waters of this shallow sea. A fierce wind soon sprung up. The poppy hat nearly went overboard; we wrapped ourselves closely in our thick wraps—even the pretty Dutch girl, who from her dress, I think must have come from Friesland, or Zeeland, no longer displayed her bare neck and arms. The sun had gone behind

the clouds, the gray sky had assumed the wild tempestuous aspect so often shown in Dutch pictures.

But the little steamer was very staunch and steady, and we went swiftly on; and leaving the Zuider Zee by wonderful great locks and gates, we steamed up to the wharf in Amsterdam at four o'clock, according to our schedule time.

All were loud in praise of this trip, and I felt that I should be only too glad the following week, when my friend should have come, to visit again this quaint, unique and interesting island.



ONE OF THE SHOW-PLACES.



Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

See "Wildcat Hunting in Virginia." (p. 483.)

"THE WILDCAT OF THE MOUNTAINS CAN MAKE AN UGLY FIGHT." (p. 483.)

WILDCAT HUNTING IN WEST VIRGINIA.

BY

ROBERT H. MARTIN.



THE wildcat has been treated by some writers on Natural History as cowardly and rather insignificant, a conclusion based, probably, upon a brain or structural analysis, rather than upon actual acquaintance with the animal in its wilderness haunts; and I have seen various estimates put upon the fighting qualities of the wildcat by hunters, but none of them do justice to that species with which I have met most frequently in the mountain districts of West Virginia.

It is true that the cat will generally retire before the hunter, and that it preys chiefly upon birds, rabbits, young pigs, lambs and other small animals; yet these facts do not warrant the charge of cowardice, no more than we can with propriety call the grizzly a coward because he will generally run away from the hunter unless surprised or cornered. The wildcat of the mountains will stand his ground under similar conditions, and can make an ugly fight.

The Hon. Theodore Roosevelt makes but brief mention of this animal in his "Wilderness Hunter," speaking particularly of one species, the Northern or Canada lynx. These, he says, can be killed easily with dogs, as they tree quite readily; but adds, "They often maul an unexperienced pack quite badly, inflicting severe scratches and bites on any hound which has just resolution enough to come to close quarters, but not enough to rush in furiously; but a big fighting dog will readily kill one."

Mr. J. C. Natrass classifies the lynx family common to the United States as follows: The Canada lynx, catamount, American wildcat and red cat. Speaking particularly of the Canada lynx, he says: "It is not expected that any dog will be required to kill the beast alone. * * * If dogs have to do the killing it will need a good pack, well trained."

Of the wildcat common to the Western and Southern States, Mr. Arrow-smith ("Sangamon") says: "The wildcat is a savage fighter. An old Tom can stand off a whole pack of common dogs, and indeed it takes a very resolute dog to seize and kill one."

My own experience has been that there are very few dogs equal to the task of killing one of these beasts. I have seen several "resolute" dogs so badly clawed and bitten by one wildcat that they were rendered practically useless as hunters, and they did not succeed in killing the cat either. I have also seen a whole pack beaten off on two, if not three, occasions by one of these "varmints" when the cat was at the disadvantage of having one foot fast in a steel trap. Rolling on his back, the terrible claws of his hind feet were more than dog patience could endure. This seems to be his favorite mode of fighting, as it gives him free use of all his feet.

Some years ago I had engaged to do the—

"Pleasing task,
To rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."

for the rising generation on the head waters of Leatherbark, a tributary of the South Fork of Hughes River, in West Virginia, a backwoods country lying some twenty or thirty miles back from the railroad, and at that time thinly settled, with great stretches of forest which were the home of the wildcat and fox, and where also a few deer were still to be found. At that time the wildcats had become very troublesome, as they had a particular fondness for the lambs and pigs which ran at large, nor did they hesitate, if they could get one no other way, to steal a pig from a sty beneath the very eaves of the house.

They were occasionally hunted with foxhounds, but with little success. They

had become so cunning that it was hard to get a shot at one. They treed readily enough when hard pressed by the dogs, but it was next to impossible to keep one up a tree. Let the hunter approach and they would invariably jump, making sometimes the most wonderful leaps; and the character of the country was such that they were usually able to escape to their dens in the rocks, having apparently learned the value of such cover as a safe retreat from the hunter's rifle. So it required the greatest degree of skill and care to get a shot at one; and if overtaken by the dogs alone, the only result was that for about every wildcat killed a half dozen dogs were "chawed up," so that it had come to be that when a party of 'coon-hunters or fox-hunters found that their dogs had jumped "one of them pesky varmints," they were generally called off, and the trap remained the only sure way of taking them. They have no fear of a trap and will walk right into one. In this respect they are very different from a fox.

Finding that the people of that community knew nothing about trapping, I sent for a supply of No. 2 steel fox-traps, and waited impatiently for a snowy Saturday to go still-hunting in a great forest that stretched away for miles south toward the Little Kanawha, where a drove of deer had taken up winter quarters, and where I had been told were any number of wildcat dens. At last it came, and I shouldered the long-barreled muzzle-loading rifle of my old friend, Farmer Y—, with whom I boarded, and tramped away to the woods.

It was a grand day in the forest, robed as it was in a mantle of spotless white, while—

"Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an Earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl."

But a thaw was coming. A south wind was blowing softly, and among the jewel-bedecked branches there was the tinkling of silvery ice-bells; the tongue-like leaves of the spruce and the frozen needles of the pine were moaning a dirge, and ever and anon could be heard the ringing tones of an anvil chorus as the trees were being unlocked from a frosty embrace. It was the music of the wind and frost played by the hand of Nature.

Aside from the health and life-giving vigor of the pure air and the exercise, I must confess that still-hunting on this particular day was rewarded with nothing better than "hunter's luck," exceedingly tired limbs and an overpowering sense of an inward emptiness; for, after tramping five miles or more through unbroken snow, stealing around coves and crossing ravines innumerable, without seeing a living thing larger than a gray-coated little sap-sucker, I turned my steps homeward. On reaching the creek bottom, however, I struck a solitary trail which, while it somewhat resembled both, was that of neither a dog nor a fox, being entirely too large for the latter. As it appeared to have been freshly made and led my way, I followed, keeping a sharp lookout ahead. It ended at last at the mouth of a den under a ledge of rocks. Closing the opening with stones, I hastened home for a trap, but my old friend laughed when I told him what I was going to do, and said: "Oh, you're not smart enough for that varmint; he's a wil'cat, an' he's not comin' out o' there till he's starved out; then he'll dig out summers else."

"All right," I replied; "we will give him something to do, anyhow."

Returning I placed the trap, covered with a few leaves, in the mouth of the den, fastened the chain to the top of a hickory sapling which I had bent over, and walled up the front with stones so that in case the wildcat got into the trap he could neither escape within the den nor get outside.

Next morning the farmer's son and I started to visit the trap, taking three dogs with us. On approaching the den everything on the outside seemed to be just as I had left it, and young Y—, sharing the skepticism of his father, reminded me, "I tole you you hadn't caught nothin'." But as the dogs reached the mouth of the den there came a low, savage growl from behind the stone wall.

The dogs went wild on the instant and we could scarcely restrain them until we were ready. Cutting away the hickory sapling, young Y— held the end of the pole while I removed the stone wall, and there, with one forepaw in the trap, sat one of the largest wildcats that I have ever seen. Y— pulled, and as the cat came out the dogs jumped on him, and the fur and hair flew for a short

time. But, rolling himself on his back, it seemed no trick for him to give the dogs such a clawing that they soon fell back and stood barking. One old hound, a little more persistent than the others, went in for a second round, but the others, thinking, no doubt, that it was not their affair, left him to make the best of it, and consequently he was pretty badly used up; indeed, at one time I thought I would have to go to his assistance.

The cat now seemed anxious to turn his attention to us, but the trap had a good hold, and as the dogs would not undertake another "scrap" with him, I knocked him over. He was a splendid specimen and beautifully marked, being much lighter in color than the dark brindle-gray of the common wildcat, and was said to be a catamount by old hunters who saw him.

On our way home we passed over a glade covered with scrub oak and hazel, and saw the tracks of several wildcats. The dogs jumped one as soon as they entered the thicket, treeing him just over the hill, but the instant we came in view he made a most astounding leap—jumping fully forty feet—from a

large leaning tree, and reached his den before the dogs could overtake him.

The hillside was a wilderness of rock ledges, boulders, fallen trees and dense masses of underbrush, and proved to be a veritable home of wildcats. We found about a dozen dens in a radius of perhaps fifty feet. We had reason to believe, afterwards, that no less than four cats had been run to cover at that time, and for several subsequent mornings we started others. Indeed, the question of trapping cats there seemed to resolve itself into a matter of endurance, but I had to abandon the ground because of the great distance and difficulty.

I learned by experience that if a cat seeks his den undisturbed he will generally come out within twenty-four hours, but if run to cover he is likely to remain there for eight or ten days, until compelled by hunger to come out and seek food.

Aside from the pelts which I secured during that winter, I gained in another and unexpected way, for I made a reputation as being "a powerful good hunter," which, in the estimation of those good people, helped to make me "a powerful good teacher" as well.



'NEATH SUNNY SKIES.

RONDEAU.

'NEATH sunny skies, in soft blue air,
With scent of roses everywhere,
The little old gnarled olive trees
Climb all the hill-side terraces,
And gowns of silver-gray they wear.

Below, in green, the lemons flare,
And feathery palms rise stately there,
Scarce stirred by lightly passing breeze
'Neath sunny skies.

And Time's old face is ever fair,
No wintry frost, no branches bare;
For Summer bides, and seeks to please
By every art, and calls to ease,
And bids us cast away all care
'Neath sunny skies.

CLIFFORD NEWTON.



BY JOHN DUNCAN DUNN.



IN a brilliant address recently delivered at Dundee by that good golfer, Scotch fellow - countryman, and busy statesman, the Hon. A. J. Balfour, he pointed out in well-chosen phrases the excellent virtues of golf as a pastime, and especially dwelt on the happy dispensation of nature that wherever golf can best be played there is some of the finest scenery and some

of the best air to be enjoyed anywhere, not only on seaside links, where the ocean itself supplies an object of perpetual and ever-varying interest, but on the best inland links with which he was acquainted. When the honorable gentleman, in the fortune of war, is relieved of some of his arduous occupations, and visits our shores in friendly rivalry (and no golfer would be more welcome), he will have no reason to modify his views, if he visit, as I did last winter, the golf links of the South.

The first problem which would face the illustrious golfer would naturally be, "What is the South, and where shall I begin?" The answer to this would be, in the New Englander's proverbial method, another question. "When will you begin?" On this depends everything.

We will assume that the normal conditions of the summer season have been left behind, that the Northern season, say north of Lakewood, has been closed, and that the golfer, like myself,

is in quest of fresh fields and pastures new. Whither shall he go and how?

As to the first question, I shall speak unhesitatingly. Paraphrasing an almost national phrase, I shall say, "Go South, young man, go South," but I should have to extend its application, and say, "Go South, *all* you, either young or old, who, from force of circumstances, require or desire to avoid the rigors of the Northern winter."

As to the second question, "How shall I go?" I am divided in my advice. There are two courses open, to go direct to the farthest South and work up with the Spring through Florida, Georgia, South and North Carolina, ending at Virginia Hot Springs or Richmond, or *vice versa*, begin in Virginia and work down. I went direct by a Clyde line steamer from New York to Jacksonville, Fla., on the 3d of January last year, just after having had two weeks' skating, and in a few days was luxuriating in tropical seas. Then I could have turned northward and met the zone of happy medium winter lingering in the lap of autumn, at Hot Springs, Virginia. I question whether, so early in the season, it would not have been wiser to have gone down by steamer to Norfolk, and at Old Point Comfort made my entry into Southern golf from its most northern links at Hampton Roads, thence working southward with the season. But I did not; and though personally I have no reason to regret the somewhat roundabout route I took, I mention the alternative for the benefit of those who may follow, where there is winter golf in Southern sunshine.

And here let me turn aside yet once more, to affirm, with the emphasis born

of experience, that for air, scenery, society, and especially for hotels, those who patronize their own South and eschew the south of France for winter golf, gain much and lose nothing. I have tried them both and I know.

I think I have said that Virginia Hot Springs would be, for some reasons, and especially for golfers, desirable as a good first halting place southward, or a good ending to a Northern tour.

Its attractions as a health resort are so well known that it would be almost an impertinence for me to dwell upon them. It is as a golfing and sporting social center that I have to consider it, and really the fun I found there was so fast and furious that I had hardly time to eat or sleep.

Golf, of course, claimed my premier interest; and good golf, too, can be played, for the plateau is 2,500 feet above sea level, the turf throughout is excellent, and the incentives to play are numerous. But the incentives to turn from golf to other diversions are perhaps more numerous and certainly enticing, if you happen to be chaperoned by so good an all-round sportsman as was my host and friend, Mr. A. A. C. Beauclerk.

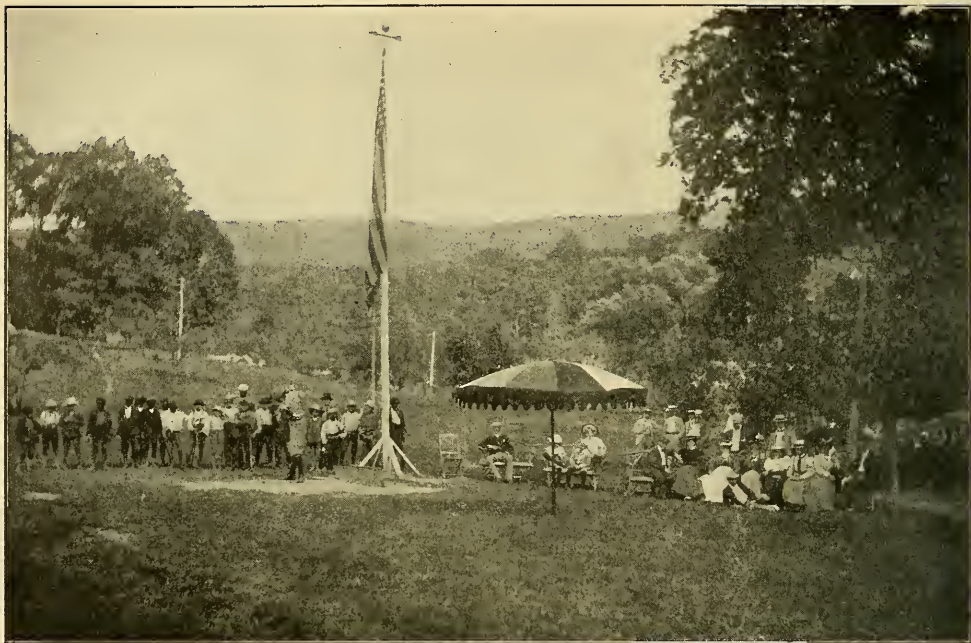
One little incident in which I bore quite an unexpected part will always re-

main a pleasant memory of Hot Springs, and that was the cake-walk. It was my first acquaintance with this typical Southern recreation, and I enjoyed it immensely, so much so that my friend, Mr. Sterry, in a spirit of mischief, induced me to don my kilts and join in the procession with my bagpipes, a relic of the days when I was a member of the well-known London Scottish. Of course this added fuel to the fire, and the faces of the negroes, when the judges unanimously awarded me the cake, were a study. Of course I declined the soft impeachment, but the incident culminated a right merry night.

Most certainly the next stop which I would advise would be Asheville, N. C., the center of a long-famous hunting and fishing country, which, like good wine, needs no bush, and attractive beyond usual from its proximity to Biltmore, the Vanderbilt estate, of which I had heard much before ever I set foot on American soil. A climate that will produce a Biltmore is ideal for the home of golf links, and so the Swannanoa Country Club have found it. In the lap of the hills, yet within two miles of the city, its cozy clubhouse and ample balconies invite even the invalid to the enjoyment of the game, for from them most of the greens on the course



HOT SPRINGS, VA.—A. A. C. BEAUCLERK IN FOREGROUND,



AT THE HOT SPRINGS, VA.

can be watched. From which let not my golfing reader jump at the conclusion that the course is an easy one. Far from it! Its rolling hills and water-courses, its trees and hazards, will provide as sporty a course as a player can desire, yet over excellent turf, too. Nor

should I omit to give its meed of praise to the interpretation which all alike put upon the hackneyed phrase, "Visitors are welcome," for on links, in hotel and at private homes, that one word "welcome" is characteristic of the South. I have never seen the equal to the hos-



A MATCH WITH THE AUTHOR AT SWANNANOA, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

pitality of the Southerner. The Battery Park Hotel was my abiding place at Asheville, and if *Falstaff* had had the good fortune to have been the guest of host McKissick, he would never needed to have put his rights into a query, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" It would never have been written, for he could not have been anything else than at his ease there. I was more than at ease, and my sojourn was one of the happiest weeks of my life.

Columbia made a too short demand on me. Its nine-hole course, overlooking a beautiful river and rolling country, is more of a residential resort than a tourist's, but a morning on its links is enjoyable and its club house is singularly wellplaced, for from it all but two of the greens can be seen at a glance.

Another of my stopping places on the borderland of the South was that popular winter resort Aiken, on the South Coast and Georgia Railroad, nineteen miles from Augusta. I had heard beforehand the names of two of its contests. Their names alone were seductive enough to make me desire to see the course over which the Southern Cross Cup and the Palmetto Handicap were played. I found it all my expectation had imagined; but there is a fly in the most perfect amber, and here I made my first acquaintance with those features of necessity, clay putting-greens sixty feet

in diameter and perfectly level, with the circumference banked and sodded and regularly sprinkled and rolled. I had heard of such greens in India and Egypt, but I had never played over them. The course is on a high-rolling sandy ridge, along the side of a dense wood. It is a very diversified tract of land, with an abundance of natural hazards. Golf has done great things for Aiken. Many Northerners have bought land and built homes in the neighborhood, and fully avail themselves of the pleasures of the

Palmetto Golf Club.

A little further on, on my way to Charleston, I paid a short visit, all too short, to the Pine Forest Golf Club at Summerville. The name of the club is certainly not a mere catchword, for the forests abound in the long-leaf pine, which yields a health-giving odor that more than justifies the title. Indeed, Summerville

may be said to be dedicated to the pine, for the legend of the town is "Esto pinus sacra." The soil over which the course runs is sandy and so exceedingly porous that it dries up like magic after rain. It was rather a surprise to find on this soil sodded putting-greens, and it speaks well for the interest in golf that the club should have gone to so large an expense as this must have necessitated, but it pays, as the numerous visitors at the Pine Forest Inn testify.



LAST HOLE SWANNANOVA, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Of course, I could not leave out of my itinerary Hot Springs, N. C., for many reasons, one of which was the pressing invitation of my friend and fellow golf enthusiast, Mr. T. D. Green, of the Mountain Park Hotel. Amidst the superb scenery of Hot Springs, in a gully between the Lover's Leap Mountains on the one side and the Big Smoky range on the other, nestle the links of the Wana Luna Golf Club. Of course it is bisected by a river—every valley seems to have that—and in this case the French Broad is the river, which, by-the-bye, is not broad at all. It is one of the features which have to be negotiated, however, and I use the word "one" of

of the Mexican Gulf. Everything about the Country Club of Thomasville betokens taste and judgment, and from the moment you pass through the rustic woodwork arch of its grounds till you leave, there is a sense of luxury and comfort. The home of the club is in Glen Arvern Park, three hundred acres of high ground surrounded by as well-wooded and diversified a country as ever delighted the eye of a sportsman and golfer. I found its well-sodded greens and well-turfed course throughout a continuous delight. It did not seem possible that there could be such climatic conditions as those which, in the summerlike parlors of the Piny Woods Ho-



FIRST TEE, RICHMOND COUNTRY CLUB, COLUMBIA, S. C.

the features because there is another running the whole length of the links, in the shape of a very formal, and, to a golfer, formidable avenue of maples; and as everything must huddle close together in these narrow valleys there is a line of railroad, too, which adds its modicum of trouble. But, really, amidst such scenery and over such good pasture and with the comforts of a cheerful little clubhouse, the time flies all too quickly for details to be troublesome.

The borderland wayside links may fitly end at Thomasville, in the extreme southwest of Georgia, where one can almost imagine that he feels the tang

tel, I read of in the North. Fortunate are the golfers of a land where they can so dodge the seasons. Yet I was still only on the borderland, for I had not yet entered Florida.

It is not part of my necessities, fortunately, to have to plead the cause of Florida as a winter resort. She needs none beyond the hosts, ever increasing, who, year by year, settle within her borders and luxuriate in her balm of Gilead, but, as a golfer who has imagined that in the pine woods of southern England he has long enjoyed the idealic in winter, let me own that I have lived unknowingly in the house of bondage. I never knew what winter golf in

ideal winter was until I made the acquaintance of Florida.

And as the climate is, so are the opportunities for indulging in my favorite pastime. Everything in the evolution of the State has tended to prepare it for golf—seashores that tempt one to design links every few miles, hotels that beggar the splendor of the Arabian Nights and baffle imagination in its wildest flights, visitors galore from every State in the Union, of every age, hungering for just the gentle exercise, entirely within their control as to speed, that golf provides, social instincts that cluster round the clubbable charm that golf makes for so abundantly, and communication from the North by rail and water, than which none in the wide, wide world can be better.

There is only one embarrassment, and that is, in what order shall I make my Florida circuit, not where shall I begin, for nature and commercial enterprise have settled that point. Jacksonville is the beginning, without any question, but then it is also the parting of the ways, and the question immediately meets the golfer, when he tears himself away from the starting-place, which finger-post shall he follow? One pointer reads, "Follow me," and on it is inscribed, "The East Coast Golf Clubs," with the witchery of St. Augustine as its first enticement. On the other tablet is inscribed, "The Plant or Western

Golf Association," with world-famed Tampa as its goal, where my father, Thomas Dunn, is now in full golfing control.

Fortunately I can take them both, so that my conclusion is only one of postponing the blandishments of the other, and so I draw lots and The Plant or West Coast comes out of the hat, and then I settle down to the antecedent pleasures of Jacksonville, where I find, in the company of a numerous residential membership, most excellent enter-

tainment on the links of the Florida Country Club and most excellent fare at the St. James. The grounds are very conveniently reached by an electric car system, which covers the three miles from the city and deposits you at the club gates. Golf has some antiquity, comparatively, at Jacksonville, for the present club was preceded by an older association, the St. John's



HOT SPRINGS, N. C. T. D. GREEN, PUTTING.

Golf Club, and is in its new organization some four years old, a sufficient time to have allowed the Bermuda grass to have mastered the problem of turf. "Visitors are welcome" here, too, and I found that that phrase had lost none of its full Southern meaning at Jacksonville.

I had scarcely left Jacksonville an hour before I was welcomed open-armed by my old summer host of the Lake Champlain Hotel, whom I had last seen there when I had the honor to play the

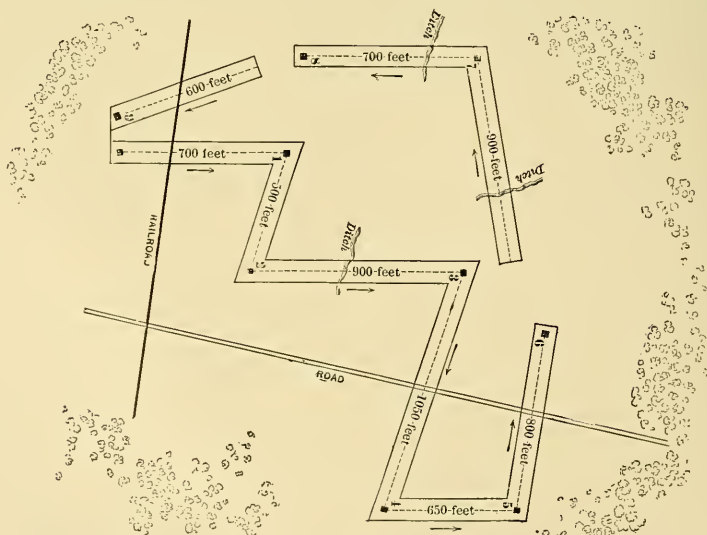


AT MAGNOLIA SPRINGS, FLA.

"pipes" before the illustrious President of the United States. But one hotel in the North is all insufficient for Mr. Seavey, and so soon as he departs from the Northern woods he hies him to Magnolia Springs, on the St. John's River, where, he says, with the facetiousness of a golfer, he goes that he may entertain "Colonel Bogey, looking young and confident at 41." The change of climate

is good for the ubiquitous "Colonel," for I can testify that, although the links are good and my play not below the average, I had a hard tussle to come as near as I wished to his record.

Trending westward yet a little further, I cried halt at Kissimmee, that euphonious name of a club on the banks of a lake with the singularly discordant name (in print, at least) of Tohopekaliga. The



Scale, 1 inch to 800 feet.

THE LINKS AT TAMPA, FLA.

discord goes no further than the name, for a more delightful situation than the links on its cypress- and myrtle-covered banks can scarcely be conceived. It is an excellent course, and has been the cause of excellence in others; for here, I was informed, was discovered, or at least first observed, almost accidentally, the value of a Japanese clover, which is now better known as "Bermuda grass," and the use of which has transformed so many links from sands to pasture.

The Kissimmee course is wholly a

prise and skill and artistic taste have worked, and before you have recovered from this, you are launched into such a galaxy of competitive pastimes afloat and ashore, by day and by night, that it becomes difficult for you to disentangle yourself. In the end, of course, golf triumphs and carries you off a prisoner to the tee, where you find a course to set all your Scotch blood tingling, a course as near to the Scotch ideal as it is possible to make in the South. Nothing has been spared in money or advice to procure this result,



ON THE ORMOND LINKS, FLA.

natural one, with hazards enough in sandy ridge and lake and streams and wood to satisfy even a Northerner.

At Kissimmee golfers will meet an old friend in Dudley S. Phinny, whose acquaintance many have made at the Cayuga Lake Hotel, and Col. Gillespie, widely known, but unsuspectingly by many, as "Trilobite."

Tampa was my objective point westward, and there it is difficult indeed to confine one's attention to golf. Indeed, it is first difficult to do anything but wonder at the wonders which enter-

and I must say success has been achieved.

And so in a blaze of triumph ends the West Coast Golf of Florida.

To reach the East Coast links there are two courses open: to retrace your way to the top of the Λ again, or, if you have the time to spare, still better, to take the steamer across to Key West, and from thence another steamer to Miami, where you will strike the most southern of the East Coast links, and can work upwards along the three hundred odd miles of seashore to



A TYPICAL ORMOND GREEN.

St. Augustine, and I can assure you that you will find resting and playing places on the way to satisfy all your expectations, be they never so high.

The course at Miami, on Biscayne Bay, is one of nine courses controlled by that great benefactor to golf in the South, "The Florida East Coast Golf Club."



A DRIVE-OFF AT MIAMI, FLA.

By the arrangement which this corporation has made all its courses are part of an interchangeable system, and by the outlay they have made and the encouragement they have given to the sport, they have riveted golf to the soil.

The course at Miami, although part of the Royal Palm Hotel domain, is not part of its immediate surrounding. It is, in fact, nearly two miles from the hotel, but then its approach is either over an excellent shell road or alternately by boat up the Miami, and when you have mastered the mystery of what you think at first is an artificial abomination, but speedily recognize as a necessity, the box tee, you will find good sport at Miami. A word to the novice on the box tee: If you are inclined to scuff leave your pet driver at home.

Northward, but no great way, and you come to that delightful fascination, Palm Beach, and its twin hotels, the Royal Ponciana and the Palm Beach Inn, on the shores of Lake Worth and of the ocean. It is not for me to paint the lily and adorn the rose, even if I were able, and I must repress the desire even to attempt to portray Palm Beach. I am not precluded from recommending it, however, and this I can freely and gratefully do. It is wonderful what has been done to overcome the difficulties which the tropics present for a golf course that will satisfy a critic from the temperate zone; but when I mention that the whole magnificent lawn over which the Palm Beach course runs has had to be coaxed into existence, and that to keep it in condition it is piped throughout with a tap every fifty feet, I have mentioned only some of the difficulties which have been overcome. The result is a good course, through the greens over the Bermuda grass

especially so, but do not attempt to loft onto the putting greens, for if you do your ball will bound off; approach by running up, and then you will discover why, for the place you putt on in Florida is not a green; it is just as gray and hard as a rock. I was told at Palm Beach that there was an intention to try cocoanut matting on the tees, and it is probable it would be successful. It seems a curious combination, but then we must remember that they play cricket outdoors on it in Australia, and find it an excellent substitute for grass between the wickets. Whatever golfing difficulties you may find at Palm Beach, you

may be very sure of overcoming, for Arthur Fenn is the instructor, and when that has been said all has been said that is necessary.

And should you tire of golf for a time there is boating and cycling and fishing from the pier, the like of which I never saw, and you can see your fishing at Palm Beach. The water is as clear as crystal, and every movement of the finny denizens of the deep as apparent as if their native element did not exist.

The last stage but one on the



ARTHUR FENN AND ALEX H. FINDLEY AT
ROYAL PONCIANA, FLA.

northerning tour is Ormond-on-the-Halifax, where the seashore is as hard as a road, and when the wind is right you can coast seventeen miles on a bicycle. When you have arrived at the end of your jaunt, however, you had better have a pull with Boreas powerful enough for him to reverse the wind, or your journey back will not be "all violets," as the cockney says. You will find easier work on the links, notwithstanding its marsh hazard, its ditches, and the railroad. Do not miss Ormond, however, for it is a restful, healthful resort, where you can possess your soul in more patience and enjoy golf free from

many of the counter-attractions that impinge so largely upon one's leisure at some of the other resorts we have passed and the gay center we are fast approaching, St. Augustine.

St. Augustine deserves a chapter entirely to itself. Indeed, if I were to attempt to do justice to it in all its phases it would require more space than I have had allotted to me for the whole subject of Golf in the South. Fortunately for my readers, other pens have depicted, with a brilliance I do not claim, its many historical and picturesque allurements. To me it had, however, one special ap-

fountains, the music and mantilla, are of the land of the Sun and breathe the romance of Spain and the further Orient, from which Spain received her impress in so many things.

Even when one comes to the links the illusion is maintained, for part of the course of the St. Augustine Golf Club is laid out in the grounds of the old Spanish fort, and its moat forms one of the troubles the golfer has to overcome, and cedars, coexistent probably with Spanish rule, add their torments. It is a good course, nevertheless; a remark which may be made with equal justice of



FIRST TEE, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA COUNTRY CLUB.

peal; for it was here that a mere handful of my compatriot Highlanders brushed aside three times their number of Spaniards of other days, and as I lingered on the scene I could almost fancy I heard the skirl of their pipes. Spain has left the mark of its occupation deep on St. Augustine, however. Spanish coats-of-arms crop up in every quarter, and the very names of its Alhambra-like hotels, the Ponce de Leon and Alcazar, confirm the legend of their occupation. Nor does the name alone suggest it; the gorgeous flowers and

the other course, that of the Country Club of St. Augustine, which I must not pass without a word about its unique tee on the top of a tower built of coquina, or pulverized shells. As the drive from it is over about 100 yards of water, it is the source of a good deal of fun, although a man who has missed his drive from it may be apt to give it another name.

The golf links of St. Augustine have formidable competitors in the other pastimes and diversions of this famous social center. I can testify that golf



ORMOND-ON-THE-HALIFAX, FLA.

is an excellent corrective and tonic to an indulgence in them, which cannot be avoided.

Had time permitted I should have much liked to have wound up my Southern trip on the links of Old Point Comfort, or gone on to Richmond, Va., and enjoyed a few days play over the

links of the Jefferson Hotel Co., on the Lakeside Country Club, where from January to May golf is in high season. Both are pleasure deferred, and my many golfing friends who have been there assure me that Richmond is where I should both begin and end my Golf in the South.



FROM NORTH TO SOUTH.

TWO nights ago we plowed the snow,
And the rails rang sharp with cold ;
The snowflakes danced in the head-
light's glow,
Like the northern elves of old.

Two nights ago we pierced the frost
Of a mist that never cleared ;
Above, the wind in the frozen wires
Sang tremulous wild and weird.

Only two nights, and the South's warm
breath
Makes winter an ill long past ;
By the Southern seas and palmetto trees
We are breathing, my love, at last !

We sit where the gray moss, drooping,
flings
A veil o'er the high noon hours,
And a warm wet wind the odor brings
Of innumerable orange flowers.

The bright mists shift to the blue sky's
rift,
The seagulls tilt and soar ;
Brown pelicans brush the low waves' lift,
In their flight along the shore.

We give no thought to the frozen North,
With its ice-fields keen and fine ;
Our snows are those of the orange blows
And the moonflowers' satin shine.

Glory of light and the winds' warm drift,
And living's a sheer delight !
The sun goes out in a shadow swift
From the wings of a Southern night.

And my love and I pull a lazy oar
The isle and land between,
While a fish leaps out of a trail of light
And a phosphorescent sheen.

Low in the east the full moon hangs,
Near to our feet the sea ;
And the passion held by a Southern night
Folds close round you and me.

The violet's purple and perfumed stars
Breathe sweet the night air through ;
Low from the wall a drowsy rose
Droops in the falling dew.

And we lounge along by the old sea-wall,
Uncaring for night or day,
For a summer sweet and a joy complete
Doth live in our hearts away.

L. C. WOOD.



THROUGH INLAND WATERS TO THE SOUTH.

THE TRIP OF THE "DRAGON" FROM NEW YORK TO SAVANNAH.

BY CHARLES G. DAVIS, HER SKIPPER.



THE DOCTOR FEEDING THE SHARKS.

THE problem we were puzzling over all through last March was bound-ed by New Rochelle, N. Y., at one end, and Savannah, Ga., at the other, with the yacht *Dragoon*, the champion of Long Island Sound, to be moved between these points, from the former to the latter.

Ordinarily this is a problem that presents no difficulty to a sailor, but the *Dragoon* was something out of the ordinary. She was a 5-ton racing freak, forty-five feet long on deck, of the 34-foot class Larchmont rule, of excellent material, but planked so that one could see when it was sunshine by the roseate color through her sides; and the seas round Cape Hatteras in winter and early spring are apt to play high jinks with the stanchest craft that floats. *Dragoon* was stanch—we put her through some tests that proved that; but she was no boat to ride through gales in, her model was not made to face Atlantic storms.

Yet we had to get that yacht down to Savannah. She had been bought by

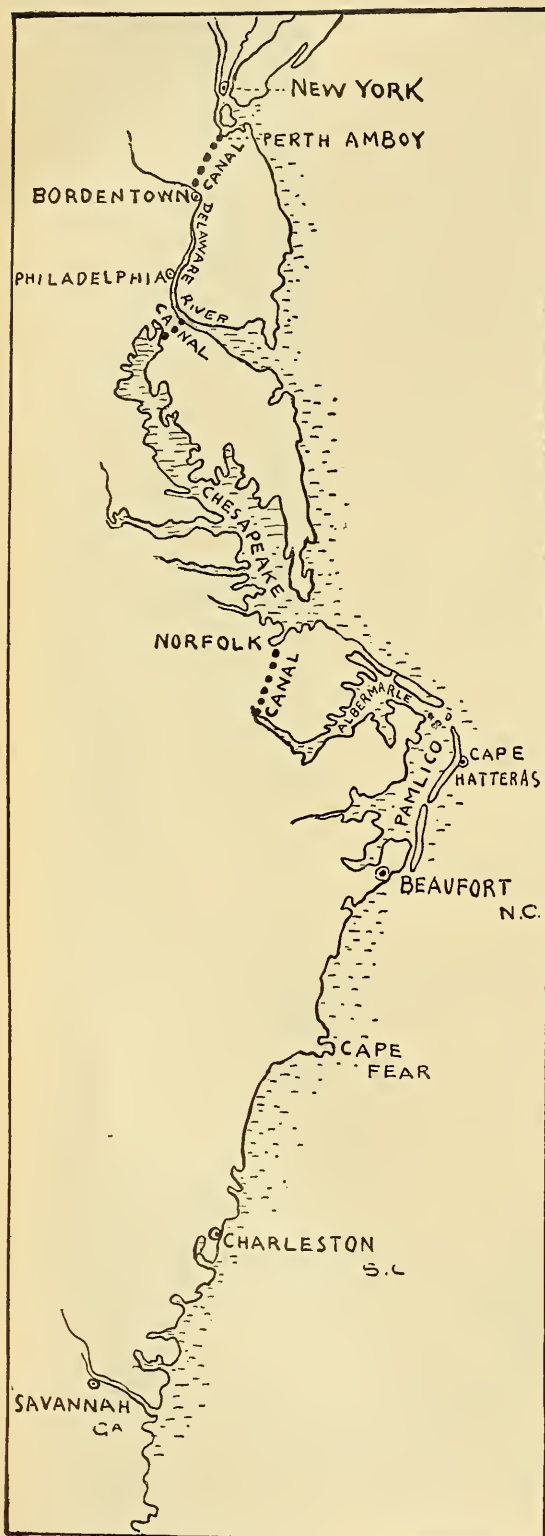
members of the Savannah Yacht Club to win for them the Interstate Perpetual Challenge Cup and carry the club's burgee to certain victory (which, by-the-bye, she did).

So we did some studying of maps and charts, and considered measurements; we gathered and collated a thousand other details. We scratched our heads and agreed and disagreed, until finally we decided like the Irish jury who sat three weeks on a body and then rendered a verdict that "it was so"; the meaning in our case being that we could dodge the open sea and take the yacht through inland waters seven hundred and fifty out of the thousand miles intervening between port and port.

We figured it out this way. Sail from New York through the Narrows, across the Lower Bay to Perth Amboy and up the Raritan River. Tow through the Raritan Canal to Bordentown on the Delaware. Sail down the Delaware River. Tow across the spit of land that divides Delaware Bay from Chesapeake Bay. Sail down Chesapeake Bay to Norfolk. Tow through the Dismal



RUNNING DOWN THE CHESAPEAKE.



Swamp to the headwaters of Albemarle Sound. Sail down Albemarle Sound and Pamlico Sound (all inside water with fearful Hatteras on the yon side of the sand spit) to Beaufort, N. C. Then face the inevitable, and having eaten down the distance to within 250 miles, put out to sea, and with due caution sail down the coast south by west to Savannah.

We brought the yacht down to New York to fit out, and I had her rigged just as she was in her first season's racing, with mainsail, jib, and staysail, so that if in the last stage of our voyage the bowsprit should carry away, the mast would still have some support. A topsail which had never been used I had rigged as a storm trysail and fitted with tackles to handle in a blow. All the other sails, as well as the jib and spinnaker booms, were shipped by steamer, except one balloon jib, to be used either as a jib or spinnaker, for *Dragoon's* strong point was running, and I intended to push her when the wind came fair.

Below was somewhat cramped, for the large centerboard case cut the cabin in two; you could not see anyone on the opposite side as you sat on the transom, and if the cabin ladder was in place, you had to go halfway up it and then climb down cleats nailed to the other side to get into the port side.

When it got mooted abroad what the nature of the voyage was, I had more volunteers than would have filled the yacht if packed as cargo; but when the time came they, like the guests bidden to the marriage, began "of one accord to make excuses," insomuch that I had to telegraph to Savannah for the captain, "Walter," who had been selected to take charge of her on her arrival, to anticipate his job and serve an initial apprenticeship, taking her away down South.

Then the only "Jim" from the *Dragoon's* builders came forward—"Jim" believed there never was such another boat built; and Day completed the crew of four.

I should have started with this number, but by happy chance who should come along but "Percy," a sailor man and yachtsman, with a preference for ice-yachting, who could not be denied, so we invented the office of cook; and if ever four mortals had reason to be thankful it was the crew of the *Dragoon*, in that they had so excellent a pur-

veyor. Shades of Savarin, ye would be green with envy did ye but know the meals that "Percy" put up off an oil-stove, in fair weather and foul, and especially in foul.

Early on the 11th of April Jim towed the *Dragoon* out of the basin with the dinghy; flags were broken out, the Savannah Y. C. burgee at the masthead, and a long fifty-foot streamer at the peak, and we were off with a hard blow. We stowed the staysail, tied two reefs in the mainsail, and made short work of it beating through the Narrows. While *Dragoon* shouldered the spray aside as she bowled along about seven knots an hour, we had our first dinner aboard, by which time, under our lee, rose a group of tall chimneys belching the familiar smoke of Perth Amboy. So we shook out full mainsail, set the staysail, and, as the wind was now dead aft, boomed it out with one of our bunk-boards.

We found quite a fleet of schooners anchored off Perth Amboy, through which we scudded, and, as good luck would have it, found the drawbridge open. So through we went with a fair wind and tide, and commenced a fourteen-mile run up the wiggly Raritan River.

Low, marshy land stretched away on either hand, with an occasional brickyard on the river's bank, and far ahead the sails of a schooner appeared over the grass.

The stream was only about three hundred feet wide, and the turns were so abrupt we could not tell until right at the turn which way the channel ran, the tall, rank grass seemed to present an unbroken wall ahead. Sometimes after sailing about three miles, we would find ourselves only half a mile from a conspicuous dead tree we had passed some time ago, and began to experience the sensations of one lost in a maze.

We had passed through the drawbridge at 3:50 P. M., and at 5:30 P. M., by putting a man ahead in the boat to tow through the calm spot in the lee of the point, we caught the breeze first, and luffed into the lock entrance at New Brunswick, N. J., and experienced that queer sensation one feels as the gates are opened, and the yacht rising with the inrushing water floats up and up out of the dark, damp lock, until level with the canal water and country beyond.

Then the lock-tender by manipulating a wheel in the lock-shed causes the heavy gates to sink down out of sight, and the yacht is hauled ahead and made fast to the bank clear of the lock.

I paid \$7.00 for four mules to tow us to Bordentown, forty-five miles away, on the Delaware River, and was instructed to be ready to start at six o'clock next morning. Then I paid the lockage fee, \$2.80.

Jim and I had just come on deck to wash about 6 A. M., when we heard the clattering of hoofs and clanking of chains on the opposite side of the canal, and there were our mules coming along the embankment. So rousing out everybody, we unmoored and gave *Dragoon* a shove that took her across the canal to the other bank. For a towline we passed up the end of a new coil of rope we had down forward, gave the mule-driver one end with a bowline in it, and made a loop around the mast with the bight of it, hoisting it well up above the deck with the jib halyard to keep it from dragging all along the bank of the canal.

It was several miles after that before we came to the first lock—Deep Lock as it's called—and on leaving same, our four mules, accustomed to pulling heavy canal-boats and coal-barges, started off with all their strength. The result was the yacht having no steerageway on, went sideways for the bank and before she would mind her helm and sheer off, she dragged sideways, hard and fast aground on a mud shoal near the bank.

We made the line fast around the mast close to the deck, but the mules could not drag her off the mud, so we ran the towline across the canal and made it fast to a tree. Onto this line we clapped a watch-tackle and hove in. It was a hard, long pull, and our hands were well scored by the rope before she finally, after many fleets of the watch-tackle, was dragged off into water where she would float. Then we hitched up and went on again.

Stone quarries, pastures, farms, woodlands and swamps were passed in panoramic review before us as the faithful mules, occasionally breaking into a trot, dragged the light yacht along the many miles to Trenton, N. J., which we reached about an hour after dark, at eight o'clock that night, and tied up on the off bank alongside a freight yard.

We were glad enough to hitch up

and tow through the many bridges at Trenton out to the clear country land beyond. Lock after lock lowered us down, down to the level of the Delaware River, which we saw winding through the country below, and finally we entered the last lock above Bordertown.

It was blowing hard from the west, so when we were out of the canal we hung on to the pier and tied in two reefs before starting out into the Delaware River. Tide and wind were both with us, but the channel was very narrow and winding, so narrow that we touched in one place where we stood out from shore a little too far. Farm lands lined both banks for miles. Then far in the distance ahead we caught sight of Philadelphia; the railroad bridge this side of it gave us our first scare. It was so

and anchored off Billingsford to prevent drifting back. Here we stayed until late in the afternoon, when the tide turned and we drifted along to Chester, off the upper end of which city we anchored for the night, as it was calm and foggy on the river.

We hauled up our anchor at 6:15 A. M. and started to drift down stream with the tide, for not a breath of air ruffled the oily Delaware, and like a ghost the yacht glided along in a thin haze that hung over the water.

Past Roach's shipyard, with its fleet of new steam-yachts under construction, we drifted a mile or two below the city, and then got a head wind and went close-hauled back and forth across the river, making long fetches each time as the tide was strong in our favor.



A FISHING SHANTY ON ROANOKE ISLAND.

long, a couple of miles, I should say, from shore to shore counting the flats, that its height appeared very much lower than it really was.

We hadn't supposed for an instant that *Dragoon* could go under the draw, but we shot safely under the bridge with yards to spare, and some "I told you so's."

Around the turn the river makes past Philadelphia, the *Dragoon* fairly flew with a fair wind, the hard squalls making her turn the water off white for yards on either bow. We hoisted the staysail here, for she could stand it.

Below Philadelphia the wind began to fail us, and the current, now a tide, was against us. We passed the League Island Navy Yard and then, although we had full sail set, we were becalmed

Soon after noon, with a breeze from off the land, we broke out our anchor and ran to Delaware City, at the eastern end of the Delaware and Chesapeake Canal. They locked us into the basin, where quite a fleet of buckeyes were waiting to lock out, and moored to the bank. I hunted up the lock-master, and paid \$2.05 for lockage and \$7 for towage to Chesapeake City.

With three mules we started off on a trot at about two o'clock, and passed through a drawbridge, the first and only obstruction on this canal. After towing a few miles the canal suddenly widens to the left into a large lagoon, and we were somewhat surprised to see a large white yawl moored against the bank, evidently laid up there.

Our tow-boy kept his mules on a trot,

and promised to land us at Chesapeake City before dark, although the afternoon was then half gone.

About half way through the canal the banks become heavily wooded and very steep on each side, and for miles you go through almost a ravine. The bank then becomes strata of various colored clay, where in places whole sections had caved in, uprooting great trees, whose twisted roots resembled a bed of gigantic snakes.

About six o'clock we came suddenly upon the basin at the end of our tow, but not of our journey. You have here to take a tug to clear water. About ten miles up is what is called Back Creek.

For a dollar and a half I got a slip of red cardboard that entitled me to a tug as far as Old Field Point.

The sleepy crowd under *Dra-goon's* decks was startled by the sharp toot of a tugboat at 5:15 A. M. We scrambled on deck, let go our lines, passed a towline to a schooner the tug had in tow, and started down Back Creek.

Off Old Field Point the tug lets go, and the schooner *Hall*, in tow also, due to her great weight, forged away from the *Dragoon*, her Captain remarking he'd show us the way down the bay to Norfolk.

Meadows stretched away up the hill on either side of the bay we were in, and far ahead was seen a headland we identified as Turkey Point, at the head of the Chesapeake. Off Turkey Point the wind increased steadily, and *Dragoon*, with the wind over the starboard quarter and full sail set, began to wake up, and, small as *Dragoon* was, she left the *Hall* hull down by noon.

Far over toward the west shore a fleet of south-bound schooners seemed to strike into a head wind, and after rolling about becalmed for a while, the whole fleet was suddenly put in motion by a northwest wind that darkened the water as it came across the bay.

It was 4 P. M. when the breeze struck far enough across the Chesapeake to set us roaring along after the fleet of schooners, the leader of which was the three-master *Venus*, of Baltimore, in ballast and freshly painted, off the dock. Toward sunset the wind hardened, but after sunset it all died out again.

When I awoke, Cove Point light was abeam and Cedar Point light in sight. We kept the yacht heading inshore until close to the beach, then made half-hour stretches out and in, until, just as we had completed an inshore tack, the wind failed us entirely, and there we lay becalmed. Cove Point's white light was abeam to the north of us; a fixed red light our chart showed was Drum Point, up in the Patuxent River. Ahead to the west of us and bearing about southwest was the flashing red



OUR RIVAL, THE "VENUS."

light on Cedar Point. We must have been becalmed a half hour, during which time the few stars that were faintly twinkling overhead were overcast, and it grew black as ink.

A sudden flash of lightning startled Jimmie and me, but no thunder accompanied the flash, and we had just begun to doubt whether we had actually seen it or not, when several more in quick succession left no room for doubt. A cold air came out of the bay, a beam wind for us, so I slacked off the sheets and headed *Dragoon* south, while Jimmie

dived below for our oilskins. He was still below when I felt there was a squall coming. "Call the watch and get on deck here quick!" I shouted.

It was only a few moments before the others were all on deck, but during those few moments the squall, and a wicked one it was, was upon us.

"Let go your halyards!" I yelled at the top of my lungs, straining all my weight against the long tiller to keep the *Dragoon* before the blasts. Jim had set up the weather lift, but so wildly did the yacht roll that her main boom would come down with a swash and go dragging along on a sea until she rolled to windward, when the sheet threatened to snap the boom as it fetched up with a jerk.

The sail did not come off her, for some reason or other, and I could not hear what Jim and Walter up forward were shouting back in answer to my repeated shouts of "Let go! let go your halyards!"

Harder and harder came the squalls, so something had to be done and done quickly. "Percy!" I yelled, and he was out in the cockpit in a second and took the tiller. "Dead before it!" I almost yelled directly in his ear, and then scrambled forward to help Walter and Jim, who had laid hold of the hoop and were trying to pull the sail down. Both halyards were let go; the pressure of wind alone prevented the sail from coming down, so I laid hold of the hoops and scrambled half-way up the mast until I got astride the jaws of the gaff, when my weight, with oilers, hip-boots and all, together with my overhauling the rope through the block, settled the mainsail down. Then she rolled twice as bad with no sail to steady her, but I don't think her speed diminished one iota. She was driving so fast before the gale that the dinghy astern stood right up on its transom, and the hiss of the suds sweeping past sounded like escaping steam.

I ran aft and helped rally in the main sheet, while Jim and Walter hauled down the jib and staysail, that were on the verge of blowing to ribbons. There was no time for boom-crotch, so I frapped the main boom fast with turn after turn of the main sheet; then all hands lined-up along the boom and we hauled the wet mainsail up on the boom and lashed it all fast, with no attempt at a furl.

No one was sleepy then. It was pitch dark, and yet the wind was blowing so hard it made the water feather-white all around us. Under bare poles alone we must have been going ten knots an hour, and rolling fearfully. Walter and Jim had been securing things for'd as fast as they could. The jib and staysail had been hauled down as soon as the mainsail was off her, so Jim and I now lay out on the bowsprit and furled the jib, although the two of us were soused into water up to our waists and had to work by feeling alone. Then we helped Walter untangle the staysail sheets, that somehow had taken a couple of round turns clear around the forestay.

While one wouldn't expect to meet very bad weather in the Chesapeake, we were having just as lively a time of it as anyone would want. The roaring white-capped seas grew higher and higher as *Dragoon* ran on, as light as a duck and as dry as a bone on deck, thanks to her light displacement and high, buoyant sides. Finally the seas began to break over the after-deck, so I had the staysail set and almost doubled her speed. She ran ahead of the seas, crushing them down under her flat bow and sending a white wake astern that made one dizzy to watch.

I edged her in toward the west shore in the hope of making a lee behind Cape Lookout, and finally someone sighted a white light dead ahead. We ran for it, keeping it to starboard, and when it bore to windward we started to luff in to the westward, when suddenly we saw a string of green light to leeward and realized it was an ocean tug at anchor with a string of barges behind it. *Dragoon* couldn't have worn quicker had she been starting in a race, and many a deep breath was drawn when we realized we were safe from what might have been a bad scrape.

So all night long we drove along a good ten knots in the hour, setting a topsail as a storm-trysail when the seas got higher and more threatening to keep ahead of them. Along toward day-break we ran into smoother water, having held a southeast course, which took us under the lee of Tangier's Point on the east shore. How Percy ever managed to cook the pot of hot coffee he had in his hands when Jim and I went below for an hour or two of sleep, I

never knew; but there it was. The yacht fairly stood on end as she scudded over the seas, and after a good hot cup of this refreshing beverage we turned in with the assurance that the weather was moderating.

When I awoke I found it had cleared up beautifully overhead, so, putting two reefs in the mainsail, we took down the storm-trysail and set it. As fast as the sun came up the wind seemed to go down, until, at 9:30 A. M., the *Dragoon* was sailing along as comfortable as could be under full sail. But just as we finished our dinner the wind was seen coming off the land in a threatening dark line on the water, and the fishing boats in sight lowered away quickly when it hit them.

"Reef her down, boys!" I shouted down the companionway, where the boys sat talking over the remains of their dinner; then we single-reefed the mainsail and furled the staysail. We had everything snug when the first of it hit us, but were on the wrong tack, as there was not wind enough before to enable us to turn the *Dragoon* around. Overhead the day was a grand one, with big vaporous banks of clouds studding the deep blue of the sky. But how it did howl down on the water! The *Dragoon* was simply flying through it with a taut weather backstay and the sheets well out with the half gale blowing into the sails. At 12:10 we passed inside the lighthouse on Rappahannock Spit, off Windmill Point, and stood on across the mouth of the Rappahannock River.

New Point Comfort light was in sight on the starboard bow when it blew up, so all hands turned out and we settled away and double-reefed the mainsail.

About a half an hour later, or at 2:45 P. M., it came off downright wicked, and although *Dragoon* would stand any amount of driving, she was now going as fast as her hull was capable of, and it fairly made you dizzy to look over the lee side. I held on until the squalls made her stagger and roll her spars, when it was impossible for her to go faster. Her boom, topped up as it was, began to souse into the head of the seas and fetch up with a yank on the sheet. So again all hands turned out and tucked in our third and last reef in the mainsail and hauled down and stowed the jib.

At 3:10 New Point Comfort was

passed and bore northwest about two miles, and, although the *Venus* and all the other schooners in sight bore up and anchored under the land, we stood on, as I wanted to try and fetch into Norfolk, Va., if such a thing was possible; and it was, if the wind would only hold.

Opening up the mouths of the rivers the seas got up into regular white caps, and the spray went over the *Dragoon* in driving showers as regularly as they hit the weather side.

Our sail was well out, and yet at times it was all Jim and I could do to keep her from broaching to in the squalls. But as we made up under the land again the seas went down, yet the wind held with all its strength. Old Point Comfort came into sight ahead, and all down the beach we had to sail in and out, dodging long rows of fish nets, whose poles stood up in rows like fences.

We cut close around the docks at Old Point Comfort at 5:10 P. M. It seemed doubtful if we could get to Norfolk before it was dark. But such a wind was not to be lost, so on we went, romping along in the wake of a two-master that reeled under the blow of the squalls until a fathom or two of her bottom planks were exposed, while *Dragoon*, heeling so her deck was under water to leeward, staggered far enough up into the bay to fetch the channel into Norfolk. We let go our anchor in the roads off the town at 6:40 P. M.

I decided to stop over a day at Norfolk to lay in provisions and refill the water tanks, and at the office of the Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal Towing Company I engaged a tug to take us through into North Landing River the next day.

We were up at 6 A. M. expecting our tug, but it did not make its appearance until 9, and then left us and went and gathered together a whole fleet, so that when the tug *Carolina* finally did start off she had behind her the lime schooner *Alice Gory* and the *Hulda*, both of Baltimore. Behind the *Hulda* came the buckeye *Ella*, of Quantock; the smack *Flying Scud*, the flat-bottomed smack *Lida Powell*, of Chincoteague, Va., and last, but not least, the racing machine *Dragoon*. Strung out in single file, like a train of cars, the caravan steamed up past the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

We passed through a drawbridge,

and then a little further, on the right bank, we passed the new Government magazines, with shells in great quantities stored there. We saw the entrance to what used to be the Dismal Swamp Canal, and schooners loading lumber at the many sawmills that line the bank. A little farther on we went through a second drawbridge.

It was a beautiful, warm day, with a blue sky overhead and a fresh breeze blowing ahead, but the men on the two boats ahead of us did not bother to steer their craft at all, but let them wiggle about from side to side in a way that kept us in a constant state of alarm, for we, like the dog's tail, got the benefit of all the wagging.

The scenery grew wild and rugged as we proceeded deeper and deeper into the heart of this swampy country, and so, when a little twin-screw naphtha launch hove into view, coming toward us, all hands scrambled on deck and saluted her as she passed, dipping our flag to return the whistle salute they gave us. They were evidently as surprised as we were to see a yacht in such an out-of-the-way country. The creek got narrower and the curves more and more abrupt the farther we went, until we got deep into the heart of a heavily wooded pine forest.

When we came to the one and only lock on this canal, there was trouble for us. A strong wind blowing across the canal sent us drifting up against the bank, when the tug slowed up, for the big, heavy schooners at the head of the line carried their way a long distance. The flat-bottomed sloop ahead of us had no difficulty at all. She would rub up against the reed-grown muddy banks, and when the tow started up again to work by short hitches nearer and nearer the lock, she slid right along. But with us it was different, being all above water and very little under it, and that little shoal at the bow and gradually deepening to three feet or more aft. The *Dragoon* grounded and then dragged ahead, with all hands poling or on the bank in their rubber boots, trying to keep her afloat, until she fetched up hard and fast on a shoal spot, when we had to let go our towline. Then we worked hard, running warps and trying to heave *Dragoon* off, while the tug took the big schooners, one at a time, through the locks, and then came back and

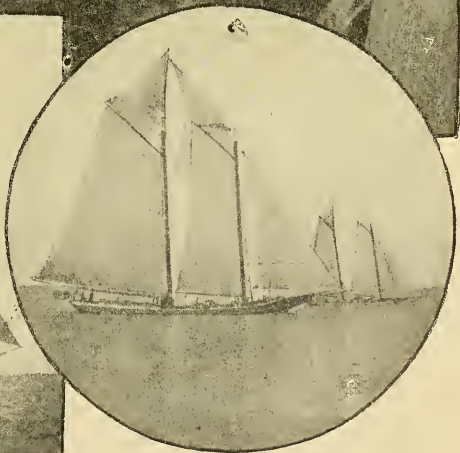
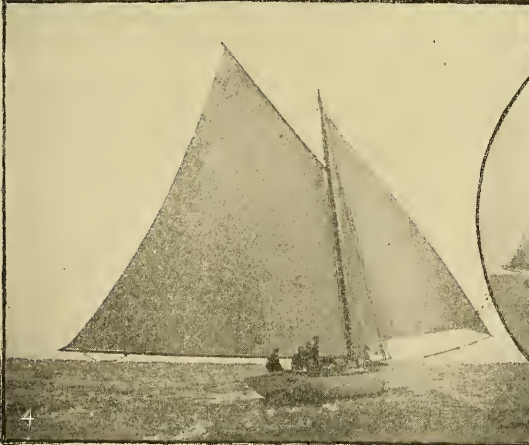
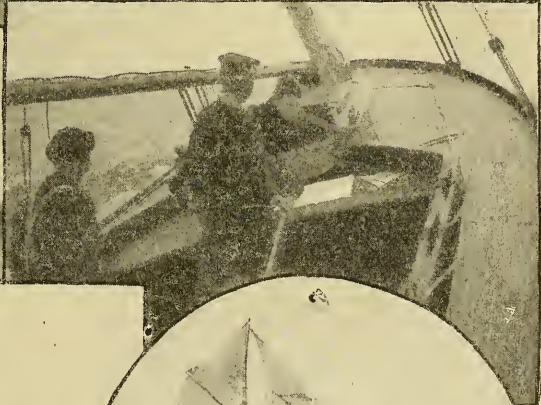
passed us a hawser, and after a while pulled us into deeper water.

At last the rest of us were locked through; the tow hitched up again in single file and off we went, deeper and deeper into the woods and swamps. Each captain had to pay the toll on his craft before he was locked through, and here I paid \$3 for towage and \$1 for fee.

Lumbering evidently was quite an industry in this section of the country, for nearly all the way we could hear the tap, tap of the axes, and hear the rich, mellow song of the darky woodsmen as they hewed away at the trees; then, occasionally, we'd hear the splitting crash as some big monarch of the forest came to earth.

We cleared the canal, with a small settlement of four or five whitewashed houses and a drawbridge, at 4:20 P. M., and started down what is known as North Landing River. So crooked is it that at times the tug and leading schooners would go around a bend and we'd see their masts and the steam from the tug right abeam of us over the tree-tops. The sun set as we were eating our supper, and all the boats put out their red and green running lights, with nothing but swamp and heavy, rank foliage in sight.

Everything went well until we were going through the dredged channel across Croanjoek Bay, where the whole tow went aground, and then there was a warm time for an hour or more. One old skipper on the oyster buckeye said he had been using this canal for the past eighteen years, and he never saw a tug handled so poorly as ours was. For my part, I don't see how they got along as well as they did. Here was an immense body of water, eight or ten miles wide, with only twelve or eighteen inches depth of water, and a channel dredged across it, buoyed with brush and beacons about four miles apart, and the channel only about seventy feet wide, and the tow of three schooners and three sloops reached nearly a quarter of a mile astern of the tug. We could not keep *Dragoon* off the mud, even with our helm hard down and some of the centerboard to help her bite; but she would occasionally drag over the bush that marked the edge of the channel, and with an oar I reached the bottom and tried to hold her off. So, when one of the big, heavy leaders took



1. The "Dragoon" anchored off Norfolk.
2. The Doctor shaves.
3. A Swing Bridge on the Delaware & Raritan Canal.
4. The "Dragoon" running down Pamlico Sound.
5. The Tow going 'round a bend.
6. The Pilot off Beaufort, N. C.
7. The "Dragoon" at sea.
8. Schooners on the Chesapeake racing with the "Buckeye" for canal entrance, Delaware & Chesapeake.

the mud, all hands drifted aground, and the tug had to back up to us, as there was not room for her to turn round. She pulled us off the mud and let us tie up alongside the *Lida Powell*, the boat ahead of us; then pulled us both up alongside the schooner *Alice Gory*, with the sloop *Flying Scud* and schooner *Hulda* ahead of us with the buckeye *Ella* trailing astern, and in this way we were towed to the entrance of the canal again, where we all had to string out in single file.

It was as black a night as I ever remember, and all we could see was that the canal was cut through a bank of black mud or clay, and the forests towered like twin walls on either hand. Hoot-owls, tree-toads and insect life of all kinds made this part of our trip one for a man with any imagination or weak nerves to remember for a lifetime.

We came out of the canal and passed the first beacon, where we changed watches again at 4 A. M., and Jim and I turned in; but, reaching the bay where the tug left us, we cast off and let go our anchor to wait for daylight to show us the way out of this gloomy hole called North River.

It was 6:50 A. M. when we hoisted mainsail and jib, and started after the buckeye and two sloops just going around a point of land to the west of us, the daylight having broken during the short time we were turned in. In ten minutes we had passed the three of them, and saw the two big schooners on the horizon ahead.

At 7:30 we set the staysail, and with the southeast wind *Dragoon* could just lay her course close-hauled for the lighthouse and channel buoys. We had to make a short board to starboard to fetch the channel buoys, and at 8:10 North River Island light was abeam, and *Dragoon* buckled down to her work to beat the *Flying Scud* across Albemarle Sound. The skipper of the *Scud* had been very modestly informing us that nothing had ever yet been down the Sound that he had not beaten. He was proud of his craft, and was justified in being so. She was much narrower and straighter-sided than most smacks, and rigged with topsail and large jib-topsail, but he met his Waterloo in the *Dragoon*, for we beat him so badly in that morning's sail that when Croaton light bore abeam at 10:15 A. M., we

could just see a white speck astern that we knew was the *Scud*.

The water in this and the other sounds we passed through was in places so stained by the juniper roots that it was of the color of coffee, caused by the heavy freshets flooding a layer of fresh water on top of the heavier salt water.

Roanoke Island, the first land settled in America, was abeam of us to port, and south of that the long flat sand-bar that terminates in the terrible Cape Hatteras, while to starboard the country was known as the Roanoke marshes. The lighthouse of that same name stood like a giant spider on its spile foundation, and we passed it at 11:30, entering as we did so the vast body of water known as Pamlico Sound. It had been steadily breezing up all day, but we held on for Long Shoal light, that marked the turn where the channel went off to the west.

Jim and I had just gone below to get a bite of dinner, with the table at an angle of forty-five degrees, when the wind came out butt-end first, and it was all hands reef her down. Then we started on again, but in a few moments had to turn out and stow the jibs. It did look nasty, and no mistake. We were trying to avoid the dangers of Hatteras by going past it, inside, but that wicked point of land, as if to be revenged on us, let it blow great guns and small arms. The Sound is about fifteen miles wide, with about two feet of water over ten of it, and then a channel running through the middle, but such a short high sea got up that *Dragoon* went clean under every wave.

As we could not make past Long Shoal Point, and would fetch down to the entrance of the tortuous Core Sound at night if we held on, I decided it was the wisest plan for us to run back and get an anchorage before dark. So we downed helm, but a sea hit her just as she swung around, and knocked her back; so again we filled her away, and I had to watch for a smooth between the seas, and then managed to get her about.

Our chart had the depth of water marked at two feet, but we found eight or ten, and the skipper of the schooner informed us, for all the fleet were watching us come in, that there was the same depth as far up the creek as you cared to go.

Two of our crew rowed ashore in the dinghy to a fishing shanty and got some herring and flounders. The herring they send to market, but the flounders they throw away. So we had fish for supper.

It rained in torrents, and we turned in at five o'clock, but were roused out by four of the fishermen, a generous, good-hearted lot of men, who came out and spent an hour or so in looking over what they said was the fastest boat they ever saw. When they left we all turned in again, with a howling northeaster blowing and raining. But where we were anchored it was smooth as a millpond.

It was still a-howling on the Sound, and the fleet swung at anchor all day. We were again visited by the fishermen, and in return went ashore and called on them.

All the craft got up sail and went out in the evening, but we waited for daylight.

Percy had breakfast ready, so that by 4:30 A. M. we were under way with stay-sail and two reefed mainsails set, running by the compass south before a strong E. N. E. breeze. The wind lightened, until, by the time the sun came up, a huge ball of red over Oregon Inlet, we had full sail on her, the dinghy hauled up on the stern, and soon after we made out Long Shoal Lighthouse ahead bearing southeast.

When safely over the shoals we headed *Dragoon* southwest, and as the wind got lighter and lighter I lashed the two bunk-boards together and had the balloon jib boomed out as a spinnaker. The water changed suddenly to a deep, clear blue, showing we had got into salt water. One of the boys imagined he could hear the roar of the surf—it was only fifteen miles away.

By noon we could see Ocracoke Inlet and the lighthouse and a buoy on Bluff shoal ahead of us. We took in our improvised spinnaker as we neared the light, for our course from there to the next light, Royal Shoal Light, was S. S. W., with the wind nearly abeam. We saw the keeper on the balcony examining us with his glasses, so we waved to him, he stepped into the house, and in a moment three heavy strokes of the fog bell rang out a welcome to us; for *Dragoon* was expected all along the coast, we found, and was watched for, and her object in going South was also

well known. We dipped our flag three times in reply, and by the time the hal-yards were belayed the man could hardly be distinguished, so fast was the yacht gliding along.

It was 4:25 P. M. when we passed over the bar into Core Sound and hailed the light-keeper to know where we could find a pilot, but he gave us no satisfactory answer; so with lead line handy I navigated her through the crooked channels by the chart, and what few little sticks there were in place of buoys, until we came to an abrupt curve where all signs disappeared; then, with one man heaving the lead and the peak slacked down to lessen her speed, I felt my way along for about two miles to where a fleet of oyster men were at work in their boats, with their smacks anchored near by.

"Can I get a pilot!" I shouted, as we passed them; one of them shouted a reply and I put *Dragoon* about and ran back to meet a boat, with an old man and a tall, lanky young fellow in it, that came rowing toward us. A short parley resulted in the young fellow, Sam Rose, jumping aboard.

Sam was born and bred on these waters, and it was well for us we succeeded in getting so good a pilot, for Core Sound is one of the few places you don't want to try to navigate. There is ten miles of water across it, but only about a foot and a half deep, and down the thirty odd miles of its length wiggles a crooked channel not over a couple of hundred feet wide and in places not over seventy. There were no buoys, the ice having carried them all away, but Sam gave her full sail and the *Dragoon* did the walking. "There," remarked Sam, pointing to a fleet of smacks in close to the land, running along as we were toward Beaufort, N. C., "there is a fleet of our boats and that first smack is the fastest boat ever sot on water; if we can beat her, by gum, this here boat's a good 'un." It was about 5 P. M. then, and by six you could just see the fleet on the horizon astern and Sam was jubilant.

The sun had set, yet there was light in the sky to see by, when we made the worst passage successfully and ceased heaving the lead for a few moments, while Sam pointed ashore to a town and said that was Atlantic, and that was as far as he had expected to get that

night; but as we still had an hour of dusk and a fair wind, we stood on, feeling our way with the lead when it got dark, and twisted and turned as the channel went, until at 10 P. M. we anchored off Marshallburg, about fifteen miles from Beaufort.

We were up next morning with the sun and under weigh at 5.30 A. M., running under mainsail and jib before the easterly breeze blowing through the winding channel, until we came out by Fort Macon, where the blue of the ocean turned to white as the seas rolled over and over on the bar; and several miles away over a flat island we could see the buildings at Beaufort, N. C., and off to

smoked along with Sam sitting high up on the weather deck, his eyes as big as saucers, for *Dragoon* does her good work when at an angle of about forty-five degrees.

It was only quarter past six when we anchored off the wharves at Beaufort. I paid Sam his nine dollars pilot fee and gave him my blue sweater, as he had no coat and was in his shirt sleeves when he boarded us. He deserved both!

We bought a fresh supply of provisions at Beaufort, and as the wind was strong from the northwest and the day a perfect one, I was impatient until I got all hands aboard again and we



DAY.

JIMMIE.

WALTER.

PERCY.

THE SKIPPER.

THE CREW.

the west the smoke and towers at Morehead City.

We hauled up sharp on a wind to beat up to Beaufort. This was Sam's first experience with *Dragoon* close-hauled, and many a time since I have laughed at the expression that was on his face when he luffed *Dragoon* up into the wind, and she keeled over to what really was a reef breeze, and turning to me said, "Take her! She's going to roll over!" "No, she isn't," I assured him. "You keep her at it. She can't upset." But he would not believe it, and so I took the stick and held *Dragoon* to her work, her deck under, and she

started for the open sea. So far, though dangerous enough for such a boat as *Dragoon*, our trip had really been an inland voyage, but now there was no alternative but to push boldly out on the ocean and make our way over two hundred and fifty miles along a treacherous coast to Savannah.

It was about 10 A. M. when we set the peak of our mainsail, and slowly and cautiously made our way toward the sharp turn in the channel at the west end of the town, but we touched just as the turn was reached and stuck, although we ran a kedge and tried to haul off by putting a luff tackle on the cable. The



PAMLICO SOUND FISHERMEN.

tide was falling and left her aground as fast as we dragged her toward the channel. Finally we had to give it up, await for the tide to float her, when under stay-sail we started out before a stiff wind to run down the narrow, dredged channel.

We took our departure from the red and black buoy and ran boldly out to sea. There was only one way to get to Savannah and that was by driving as hard as the yacht could go while the wind was fair, and trusting to Providence that no gale should catch us. I had prepared for every emergency I could

think of, and after we had run out to sea for an hour or so, and the low, sandy shore had sunk out of sight, I bestirred the boys by ordering the dinghy hauled up and lashed on deck. We were taking our lives into our hands by thus standing out to sea and attempting to run along the coast of North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, and everyone seemed for the first time to realize it.

While Walter and Jim got up and rigged the sea anchor I had had made out of No. "0" sail-cloth, Percy filled



THE STORES OF BEAUFORT, N. C.

some water-tight jars with crackers and water and tied them, with some canned meat, into the small boat in case of emergency. The sea anchor was then put down the fore hatch, with the end of a two-inch manila hawser made fast to it, ready to be passed up and over the side in case it was needed. Percy was breaking up a box and nailing cleats to hold his cooking gear in place, so I had him fit boards to all the cabin windows with nails in them ready to nail over the glass.

It was a glorious afternoon, with a deep, blue sky overhead and old ocean all a tumble of heavy white-caps under the hard sweeping influence of the northwest wind. There was a heavy ground swell running from the northeast gale that had sent us to cover up in marshes the day before; and oh! ye yachtsmen! what a sight, had some of you been there in another boat to take a photograph of the *Dragoon* as she scudded like a gull over those seas. One minute her bowsprit end cut circles against the sky as the stern settled into the hollow of the next oncoming sea; then down went the bow as the sea picked up the stern of the yacht, until the bowsprit end and jib, up to the second hank, were under the sea ahead; and then like a surf boat, if you have ever seen one landing through the surf, *Dragoon* started to shoot along on the sloping side of that sea, her wake milk-white for yards and yards astern, and her whole inside alive with the reverberations of the thin, hollow hull crunching through the salt water.

Sleep? Heavens! you might as well lay your ear to the back of a bass violin when in full swing.

When Jim and I came on deck at eight P. M., and the other two went below, the *Dragoon* was going ten knots an hour and quivering all over, tearing along with wind and sea, while the moon like a ball of molten silver floated overhead. An hour at a time we held the tiller, keeping the yacht to the compass course. I had given southwest, and though the wind increased after sunset, *Dragoon* carried her sail safely all night and reeled off the miles as the burr-r-r-r of the taffrail log intimated as the line spun round.

Two dots of light in the darkness that precedes dawn, showed us where the Cape Fear lightship was, so as the wind

had gradually hauled more to the eastward during the night, we gybed her over and, by our bearings from the lightship, made our course to be west southwest.

I was laying my course in straight lines from lightship to lightship, striking boldly across and not following the shore in its wide sweeps inland, forming a series of bays and capes; so at times we were twenty-five or thirty miles offshore, whilst off the capes only about ten or twelve. We were now about half-way between Cape Fear and Cape Romaine, and so when daylight disclosed a square-rigger beating up inshore of us, I was not surprised, for we were then a good stretch offshore.

Although still early in the season, we found it grew so hot during the middle of the day that coats were discarded, hatches opened, and those who were lucky enough to have straw hats donned them.

On deck in the meantime I had altered the course more to the west, so as to fall in with the beach and get a sight of something. But we sailed until 11:30 A. M. before we could just see the beach on the western horizon, for the land along these shores is very flat and low, and sand-bars run their treacherous arms in some places nearly ten miles out into the ocean, and the sea runs up on them in curling white breakers.

At noon we were near enough to get our bearings as being off Winyah Bay bearing southwest, so we took in the spinnaker, gybed over with our boom to starboard and ran southwest by south parallel to the beach. Our chart showed us a set of buoys marking the shoals around Bottle Channel, off Georgetown, S. C., on the Pee-Dee River; and we were looking for these when the clear blue of the sea suddenly turned to a red coffee-color just as it had been in Pamlico Sound, and a taste of the water revealed it to be fresh, so evidently we were off the river's mouth. We passed a floating tree-trunk with one crooked limb standing up like a sea serpent's head, that had evidently recently floated out to sea.

We sighted the red and black channel buoys out to seaward and flattened down our sails so as to pass outside of them. It was just 2:05 P. M. when I took a fresh departure from between the buoys, and our log read 179¾ knots. We stood on

south by west for three miles, and then bore away to S. S. W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. for Cape Romaine, with the wind and sea both getting up again and the yacht doing famous coasting, so that by 3:45 P. M. we saw ahead, off the lee bow, the tall shaft of the lighthouse on the cape.

The day had been a quiet, hazy one, but toward sunset it began to cloud up and blow, so I studied my chart carefully and marked off my ranges in case we should want to run for shelter behind the cape; but as it turned out, with all its threatening aspect, we had a fine night and made a good run.

At 4:30 o'clock we passed the can buoy off Cape Romaine, and felt comparatively safe, for the worst part of our coasting was over. Now, if a gale came on we had not to run more than thirty miles to a harbor.

It was twenty-nine miles to the lightship off Charleston, and our course to it was southwest by west. The horizon was hazy all around, the barometer stood high, the yacht was slipping along about six miles an hour.

Outside of us a three-mast schooner was in sight, while inshore in the glare of the setting sun was a little two-master standing toward us. The sun melted away the heavy banks of clouds that had been forming in the west, and seemed to promise a fair night.

At 8 o'clock, by getting up on the lightboards in the shrouds, both Walter and Jim said they could see the lightship ahead. We evidently were nearing Charleston, for we could see two steamers' lights standing inshore ahead of us. We all sat up late that night. I was anxious about the weather, and was almost tempted to run into Charleston as it had clouded up of late and I did not want to run any risks after getting along so nicely so far.

The wind held true, although it worked more to the eastward, as it was nearly a beam wind, and when Jim and I relieved the other two at midnight the moon had melted all the clouds and again treated us to its full splendor. We could just see Charleston lightship on the horizon astern, and I shaped my course so as to keep out to sea and be sure of passing clear of all the dangerous shoals that abound here. This made our course by the compass southwest.

The sea got smoother during our watch, so I set the staysail, as I believe in

driving a boat while you can; not in furling sail because it is night. At 1:20 we sighted Hunter Island light, and at 3 A. M. it bore northwest by north as I put it in my log, for now all my distances and positions were arrived at by cross-bearing from the lighthouses.

We saw a light ahead and took it for the much looked and longed for Martin's Industry, as the lightship off Tybee, the port at the mouth of the Savannah River, is called; but it turned out to be a coasting steamer bound north up the beach. They saw us and saluted us with a whistle, everyone South was on the lookout for us.

With started sheets *Dragoon* bowled along inshore, with a load of tons rising from my heart, as I realize more clearly, moment by moment, that the run of 250 miles at sea has been safely accomplished, and by the time Savannah is reached *Dragoon* shall have covered one thousand miles of water.

The excitement of making port brought the others on deck, but so sleepy were Jim and I we turned in until 6:50 A. M., when we went on deck again just as we passed the lightship. They waved a welcome to us, while we prepared for entering port by giving *Dragoon* a good washing down and setting all her flags; the ensign at the peak, the Savannah burgee at the mast-head, while above it a forty-foot whip, the second trophy she won in a race, floated ahead in many curls.

Daylight, getting stronger every moment, revealed the white sand and light-house on Tybee Point, the white hull of a steamship that turned out to be the transport *Thomas*, one of the many engaged in bringing the troops back from Cuba, and several merchant craft at anchor.

As we made the turn at Five-fathom Hole and approached Savannah, tugs, and cotton mills along the shore whistled a salute, and people cheered us. The news of our arrival preceded us, so that as we arrived in sight of the wharves and buildings every window and balcony overlooking the river was packed with people waiting to cheer and wave flags at us. The Cotton Exchange balcony was packed and a hearty cheer greeted us as we luff into our berth opposite it, lowered away our sails and let go the anchor. And so ended our thirteen days' voyage of the *Dragoon* from New York to Savannah.

CARTHWAITE'S CONVERSION.

BY FLORENCE GUERTIN TUTTLE.

IT was strange that young Carthwaite disapproved of the bicycle, he was so sensible in every other direction.

His felicity in the general line of sport had been so unvarying that some accounted for his brilliant rise in his profession by his athletic tendencies.

It is not necessary to enumerate his exceptions to the nickel and iron steed. They are too obsolete to be honored with repetition. Sufficient to say that he aired them with liberal recklessness.

Standing upon the threshold of a promising political career, he believed in rotation of office rather than in that of the bicycle.

Carthwaite was on very good terms with a certain Miss King. In fact, he had recently staggered his bachelor friends by writing to one of them that he was engaged "to act as leading man in her company for an indefinite period." This obscure announcement was received with much incredulity by the doubting Thomases of the club. Finally, the chairman of the impromptu convention had delivered himself in this wise: "You can't make anything else out of it, fellows; he is engaged." The inevitable had to be accepted with lamentations.

Miss King was discreetly "*fin de siècle*." A firm believer in "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" she pinned faith to the bicycle as the best factor to produce it. But though an enthusiast herself, she did not attempt to convert Carthwaite. Perhaps this was tact, for the day for Miss King's and Carthwaite's wedding was but one week distant.

One morning she was suddenly seized with the conviction that every evening and all day on holidays and Sundays were but a meagre allowance for her and her fiancé. She must see him at noon on this particular day, as well. Carthwaite had early formed a business habit which partly accounted for his superb health and clear complexion. He went home to luncheon. When he returned to his office, it was with digestion unimpaired, and a great ability to work.

Miss King arrived, promptly at one, at the Carthwaite mansion, where she knew that she would be welcome. Partly to facilitate the journey and

partly for more recondite motives, she had ridden her wheel. The whitest of linen shirt-waists and a skirt without the ghost of a "division" to disfigure it enveloped her. Carthwaite greeted her in ecstatic surprise, helping her remove her English Eton, then holding her at arms' length for a critical survey. "Now don't tell me that you think I do not look well," she said, revolving slowly with arms extended, "because," a confidential smile shone from her eyes, "because"—"Because you do," Carthwaite finished for her.

"Exactly," she said, making an appreciative curtsy.

Then they both laughed. It was pure joy at being reunited.

"The costume is all right," he said. "You'd lend style to a potato bag."

"I am going to," she replied.

He looked at her in puzzled bewilderment. In the last few weeks, his hitherto ambiguous knowledge upon the subject of dress had received a definite impetus.

"Laney, my dream of a dressmaker," she explained, "is actually trimming a gray cloth frock with potato sacking, for me—at least, a canvas that looks like it. Then there are buttons and dabs of embroidered muslin, and I don't know what besides, upon it. Laney is so original and artistic, you know, though mother calls him outlandish. She is not yet educated to the charm of the incongruous. Laney says that you can't make a success of a dress if you have enough of it."

"We'll economize on material then, by going to Laney. Does the same apply to coats and waistcoats?"

"No, nor does economy apply to him, either. What he lacks in material he makes up in items. I never had bills by the mile until I went to Laney. But he is a comfort. Such a genius, you know, and so—so unexpected."

"In bills?"

"Yes, and in ideas. Why, I have known him to make a perfectly entrancing bodice out of an old lace curtain he brought from abroad. I took Jessie Johnstone to my fitting this morning. You know she's an artist along the same lines. She possesses the heaven-

born gift of making home-made clothes look professional. It's heart-rending to one's pocket-book, to see the lovely effects she produces from points gained at the smart modistes', at about one-third the original cost. Laney looked at her critically, for a moment, this morning, then said in his abrupt way, 'That's a very good hat you have on. Do you know why it is good?' Jessie acknowledged that she had not the slightest suspicion. 'It expresses but one idea,' he said. 'In trimming a hat, generally, the difficulty is, that it embodies too many suggestions.' Jessie took the praise with assumed indifference, though we were both secretly, tremendously pleased. When we reached the curb, she told me that she had had but one idea in trimming the hat, —to save the twenty it would have cost in a shop."

They laughed, and she rambled on, rather with intention to keep his mind from the bicycle than from a deep interest in what she was saying.

It was one of those perfect days, when the air has the bracing freshness of a cool bath, and the new-blown leaves seem beckoning one out of doors. The office, for the rest of the afternoon, began to look unattractive to Carthwaite.

"Are you going for a ride?" he asked at luncheon.

"Yes," Miss King replied. "Do you think a bride-elect who cycles after her cards are out fatally wrecks her social status?"

"Oh, you'll hold the center of the stage, all right, on the twenty-eighth, no matter what you do in the meantime. The public's insatiable appetite for weddings insures a crowded house. But you're not going to ride alone?"

Miss King shrugged her shoulders. "'What could little Doris do?' It's too late to find someone disengaged."

"Won't someone engaged do?" his mother inquired. "You might take Rob's wheel, Richard. It's outside in the hall."

It was a daring suggestion. Miss King kept her eyes upon her plate while she tingled with suppressed excitement.

"It does not seem safe for Madeleine to go alone," he said apologetically.

"It is perilous," she interjected, "but I don't wish to take you from the office." Alas! for sincerity. She had no compunction at depriving the office of his

company. She was too wise to appear eager, or by one word urge him to indulge in a pastime which he said that he abominated.

"I might telephone to the office that I will be down late," he said tentatively.

"Now is a good time for you to live up to your principles of letting the office seek the man, and not the man the office," she said with dancing eyes.

"I could wear my golf suit," he volunteered.

Miss King could contain herself no longer.

"Then if 'twere done 'twere well it were done quickly," she said, rising with the graceful energy which was characteristic of her.

Carthwaite silently left the room, feeling vaguely that he was about to do something foolish. But his fiancée's inviting eyes and their unmistakable joy quieted his every objection.

In ten minutes he reappeared, looking quite the "new" man. After long, long months, with their monotonous repetition of business suits or waiters' livery, it is a pleasure to see a man dressed in outing costume. That, at least, combines comfort and grace with some chance for individual taste. Miss King's admiration of her lover was unlimited and sincere.

"Handsome is as handsome does. Do you ride as well as you look, Dick?" she inquired enthusiastically.

"Nonsense," he replied. But he looked pleased.

"How do you like my 'Westward Ho'se?'" he asked, looking down at plaids which could hardly be called "invisible." "Bob brought them from San Francisco. Wait a moment," as she turned to the door, overcome by such sacrilege to one of her favorite authors. Then followed a ceremony which might have indicated an expected separation to antipodal points instead of being merely a preliminary to their entire contentment.

Carthwaite had not quested thirty years for his "Golden Girl," to be a laggard in love. Then they went out and mounted.

Carthwaite could ride a wheel well, having been through the velocipede and high-wheel evolution. But that was before he had put away childish things. He was willing to grant the utility of the wheel. It was useful in going for

the doctor, or to carry one to the golf-links, when a horse was impossible. But for pleasure—to ride for the sport's sake—he said he did not care for pleasure “exertions.”

A man does not less enjoy a diversion to know that he looks well while doing it. When Madeleine King told Carthwaite that he looked better and sat better on a wheel than anyone else she had ever seen, he remonstrated “Flatterer.” But he elevated his shoulders at a more perfect right angle, and began to think that there might possibly be some pleasure in making the pedals fly. “Verily, every man in his best state is altogether vanity.”

“And to think that you have never wheeled through the Park before, you delectable Non-conformist,” she said, as they flew by velvety emerald meadows.

“Oh, I had a wheel once, when the fad came in.” She gave him a scornful glance.

“I was a pioneer and owned a ‘Tyro.’ It didn’t have quite all the modern improvements, hot and cold water, and exposed plumbing, but it covered the ground—at least certain portions of it. There was one place, though, where it always balked—it would not go by the club. Every time I started with the best intentions of going to the Park, the wheel took the bit in its mouth and turned in at the ‘Degenerates’ Home.’”

The office did not see him again that day, nor did his family. It was not difficult to persuade Carthwaite to return to dinner at the Kings’ house.

“Never mind about your clothes,” Madeleine had urged. “Father is away, and I’ll persuade Ted to keep on his golf suit. He’s been playing in a foursome with Jessie Johnstone. You must see the presents which have been accumulating this afternoon. It’s such fun to open the parcels. I suspect they have had to build an extension for them.”

“It is certainly the expected which happens in wedding gifts, is it not?” he asked teasingly.

“Not at all,” she returned chidingly. “I think they are one of *the* surprises of life.”

“You mean that your bowing acquaintances send you tiaras, while your intimates let you down with ash receivers?” he inquired, still bent upon a spirit of mischief.

“No, indeed; I never knew the en-

largement of the heart to be so prevalent. It’s quite like having a composite of Christmas and birthdays.”

And rambling on, they entered the house.

After dinner they hastened to the present room, a large room at the back of the house, which had been dismantled, and was now used exclusively for gifts. With glances of mingled pride and pleasure, they beheld the many manifestations of their mutual popularity. It was a display of which a princess might be proud.

Around the room were placed tables, draped with a soft pink material, which showed to best advantage the dazzling display of silver and cut glass. The walls were hung with pictures, interspersed with fine tapestries and Oriental rugs. In one corner a magnificent bronze Mercury loomed high on a marble pedestal. It was a token from friends across the sea.

Carthwaite took Madeleine’s hand with elaborate courtesy. “Know all men by these presents,” he began, with the oracular air of a Knight of the Ermine, “I hereby take Madeleine——”

“Thanks. I don’t care to know all men; I prefer being all things to one,” she interposed.

Carthwaite threaded his way among gilt chairs and curio tables, handling the pretty things delicately, feeling like the proverbial bull in a china shop.

“It’s a stunning array,” he said, stopping in front of the plate. “Looks like headquarters for free silver. But what a haul for a burglar.”

“Yes, and father and Ted are to be away to-night. You had better play you’re a burglar alarm and remain. You can occupy father’s room back of the library, which he uses when he is obliged to work late at night.”

The suggestion was made half laughingly, but Carthwaite made a mental decision to adopt it. By an instantaneous calculation he found that he could see Madeleine at breakfast (which was the consideration of most consequence), and incidentally he felt it unwise to leave such valuable gifts unguarded. He had had them insured against fire, but the probability of theft, until now, had not entered his head. His fiancée was occupied in exhibiting the trophies which had arrived since the night before.

“I suppose those fifteen cut-glass

bowls are a delicate compliment to your prowess in scattering the nine-pins," she said, leading him to a table filled with sparkling glass.

"Or to yours in bowling over hearts," he replied quickly.

But it was a matter which she did not wish to discuss. What girl who feels that she has unjustly been called a flirt ever does?

When it was time to retire Carthwaite conducted Madeleine to the stairs. His brother's bicycle stood near by. "I'd better put Bob's 'Nonesuch' into the present room," he said, "and lock it up with our valuables. Bob thinks more of that wheel than he does of his health."

"Be careful not to break anything," she cautioned. "The lights are turned out."

Carthwaite lifted the machine, and placed it as carefully as the darkened room which held their donations toward married life would permit. Then he locked the door and dropped the key into his pocket. Miss King bade her lover good-night and ran lightly upstairs. Carthwaite sought her father's room back of the library, and the house was soon enveloped in silence.

Between two and four, vitality is said to be at its lowest ebb, and humanity to sleep its soundest. This is, perhaps, the reason why men who love darkness, rather than light, as a rule, choose these hours in which to perpetrate their evil deeds.

But lovers, on the eve of matrimony, are uncertain quantities and liable to break even well-established laws. At three A. M. neither Carthwaite nor Madeleine were in their soundest slumbers, so that when a crash came, unmistakably from the front of the house, both jumped to their feet, alarmed for each other's safety.

Miss King thought of her lover alone downstairs, and determined to go to the hall and listen. Carthwaite thought of the tempting array of presents, was convinced that the sound came from their direction, and cursed the stupidity which had not prompted him to surreptitiously obtain Ted's revolver. Arrayed in Ted's pajamas, with feet thrust into Ted's father's slippers, he crept out into the hall, where he could see a dim light. To his surprise, it came from the hall above. His fiancée stood there with a lighted candle.

"Madeleine," he whispered. She moved noiselessly down to the landing, leaning over the balcony rail.

"Don't come any farther," he said, thinking even then that his Juliette, in her blue bath-robe, was lovelier than any he had ever seen on the stage. Her eyes were unnaturally bright and her face strained with solicitude for him. His heart flooded with tenderness toward her, but he cautioned her not to descend. "Get me Ted's revolver," he commanded; "then drop it over the railing!"

"What for?" she whispered, reluctant to do his bidding. "Is someone in the house?"

"I don't know; I must see—in the present room I think. Don't delay! Do as I ask, Madeleine, please!"

She leaned far over the railing toward him.

"Dick, I can't. I can't have you go in there. What are the presents to us compared to——"

Her eyes told him plainly her thought, and also her ability to suffer.

"I run no chances when armed, sweet-heart," he said. "Don't waste time! We may be heard! Please go," and mechanically she obeyed.

A few moments more and she was back on the landing, the weapon held between her forefinger and thumb.

"I'm so afraid of it, Dick."

"Then drop it quickly into my hands," he said, opening his palms to receive it.

"Let me come down and bring it," she begged.

"And have those bare oak stairs creak and inform the callers of our welcome? No, you must drop it at once. There! Now!"

She held her breath and taking aim, dropped the weapon straight into his outstretched hands. Then she shut her eyes and swayed dizzily against the railing.

"All right. Go back into your room," he whispered, but she did not obey him. Seeing her pallor-stricken face, he said with forced levity, as he made his way to the present room, "Please omit flowers." Then, with revolver tightly clenched, he glided down the long hall.

Before he reached the door, the possibilities of his undertaking rushed over him in an instantaneous torrent, not checking his purpose, but bringing home to the full a realization of what life now

meant. A few months before, he had held existence lightly. Now life was dear, was sweet, was vital, because of that slender girl on the stairs.

Near the present room was an electric-light switch, which he turned, flooding the hall with light. On the landing, the candle burned dimly where Madeleine King had set it. When he reached the present-room door, and threw it open without a key, her presence of mind returned. Flying back up the stairs, she gained the telephone in the upper hall. "Ding-aling-aling" went the bell in response to her rapid turning. "Police," she gasped into the tube in answer to Central's inquiry. Then she sped back to the landing in time to hear her lover call her. In a moment she was by his side, her white face now matched by his own.

"Rouse the servants," he said to her quickly. "Get Jones as soon as you can."

"I can't; he does not sleep here. The women will be worse than useless. What is it? I have rung for the police."

"Yes, I heard. You are a trump. Stop trembling and come in here."

Clinging to his arm, he led her to the present room. In the center of the floor, face downward, lay the prostrate figure of a man. On top of him was a broken wheel, a marble pedestal on top of that. At one side, the heavy bronze Mercury lay unconcerned and unharmed. On its lips seemed to hover a smile, as of satisfaction at having knocked a midnight marauder senseless. It was better than being messenger to the Gods.

"Is he dead?" asked Madeleine, breathless with excitement, yet not able to keep womanly sympathy from her face.

"I hope not. It will be too bad to lose the pleasure of sending him up," Carthwaite said, coolly.

"Shan't we move the wheel and pedestal? We might make him more comfortable."

"Not for a minute," he replied quickly. "It's an effectual way of pinning him down." Then raising the revolver, as he thought that he detected a movement of the man on the floor, he said in a louder tone, "Go and let the police in, while I remain to keep guard. Call up to your mother not to be alarmed."

The violent ring of the front-door

bell by guardians of the peace, as if peace needed a guardian, awakened the servants upon the third floor, who at once did their best to create a panic. The officers entered and proceeded to remove the débris and handcuff the unconscious man. Some brandy brought by Madeleine was poured into his white lips. A thin stream of blood trickled down his temple.

"It's a case for the surgeon before the sergeant, man," the blue-coated official said. "Yer'd better ring up an ambulance."

In ten minutes the wagon was at the door.

"Just nurse that man back to life, so that he will get twenty years," Carthwaite said to the boyish figure who was serving in the ambulance corps.

"I will, sir," he said smilingly, and, with the aid of a police justice, was able to be as good as his word.

There was no more sleep in the King domicile that night. Again and again the story was told of how Carthwaite and Madeleine had been awakened, and of subsequent proceedings. When the household had subsided to within ten degrees of normal, which state of perfection the best regulated family need not hope to attain previous to a wedding, Miss King asked demurely: "Dick, do you realize what saved our presents?"

"Yes," he replied, like a man, without trying to beat about the bush, "the hated wheel. It was a case of steel against steal."

Miss King had the wisdom of sages. She did not crow. He came over and liberally rewarded her.

"It was simply providential and opens unheard-of possibilities for the bicycle. They are better than watch-dogs. You see in me a humble convert. Hereafter I am open for dates for century spins with your brave ladyship. When we are on the other side, how would a bicycle trip through England and Wales strike you?"

"Right here," she said, placing her hand over her heart. "It's what I've longed to do." Then, beaming with the happiness of a woman who has gained her way through having the wisdom not to ask for it, she stood within reaching distance of her lover and said: "Dick, behold the happiest woman off the wheel!"

OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.



THE PUBLIC AND THE INDUSTRY.

TO-DAY we undoubtedly have the primary groundwork for the motor-vehicle types and models of to-morrow, but certainty refuses at this time to accompany us farther. Any adequate realization of our cherished hopes in this direction involves not only the solution of many new problems in mechanics and engineering, but also our adaptation to and mastery of the carriages which we now crowd and jostle each other in the effort to secure. The first-named group of hindrances to the rapid and widespread adoption of the automobile is probably no more serious than the second; the genius of the industry unravels the knots of the tangled skein slowly, though at last effectually and for all time, but the education of the operator is never finished and liable at any moment to be set at naught by lapse of attention or unforeseen circumstance. Possession of the means of purchase is not always a guaranty of patience and skill, of courage and discretion, and of personal resource in the management of a complex mechanism; neither can these qualifications be judged in any case whatsoever by arbitrary standards of requirement.

The public must be trained to handle what the designer and builder have been self-trained to produce. A hundred years' knowledge of and contact with machine development has taught civilized humanity to employ in myriad ways such powers and speeds as would otherwise be regarded with amazement and terror. One would hardly expect a primitive man, however gifted by nature, to drop carelessly to sleep a half hour after stepping aboard a race-horse of the rail or a greyhound of the sea. And yet the advance from rude saddle to locomotive cab is not much greater in its range of experience than that from an animal-drawn to a motor-driven vehicle. We approach the lat-

ter with a confidence born of more or less knowledge of mechanical powers and possibilities; but one must serve an earnest, personal apprenticeship to such a broad and novel departure from familiar things as the automobile, or remain in partial ignorance of its nature and the pleasures and benefits of its ownership and use. There is no royal road to its acquaintance or to its mastery.

It is characteristic of bold and original ventures into unexplored mechanical fields that the difficulties in the way of completeness of achievement are as a rule magnified in the eyes of those who know them best, and underestimated by the great majority of others. With the over-enthusiastic inventor and the pessimistic ignoramus alike left out of account, the motor-vehicle industry is to-day a striking illustration of the truth of this general deduction. Only the conscientious foresight of the makers has prevented the oft-quoted—and as often regretted—Davis transcontinental (?) trip from being multiplied by hundreds if not by thousands. The automobile trade is equally as anxious as the public that the practicabilities of its various machines shall be brought out—undoubtedly more so; but it is zealously guarding against being held to account for responsibilities never assumed. The final verdict is rendered, not in laboratory calculations of power, speed and efficiency, or in public competitions and other special tests, but in private service. The determining point is the degree of satisfaction given to the average person by the average vehicle. Such as these are the only reliable "landmarks of performance"; the interests of the public and of the industry are here identical.

THE FAMOUS AUTOMOBILE TRIP FROM CLEVELAND TO NEW YORK.

It is essential to the value of present-day achievements of the automobile that interpretations of the direct and collateral results thereof be accurately and understandingly made. Not infrequently some point of rare merit appears where least expected. It is the purpose of this department of OUTING to carefully examine from time to time the most notable developments in the new world of self-propulsion, and

to give publicity to features of proven worth or fair promise, rather than to passing novelty in application of power or to experimental construction.

The trip from Cleveland, O., to New York City, in May, 1899, of the Winton hydrocarbon motor in 47 hours 34 minutes net time, is worth a special place in the list of the American performances for that type to date, for the reason that it was a speed trial such as anyone else with similar equipment and ample, though not necessarily special, knowledge might have as expeditiously and successfully made. True, the two persons making the trip were, respectively, President and Assistant Superintendent of the manufacturing company, but it does not appear that these gentlemen were called upon to exercise any powers or skill beyond the reach of anyone else having a good working mastery of the machine. On the other hand, it is certain that had they been favored by weather and road conditions, and able and willing to have pushed through by day and by night after the manner of the English and continental record automobilists, the elapsed time might have been—barring accident—materially reduced, especially with light-racing equipment and one rider instead of two.

As it was, the covering of 707.4 miles in 47 hours 34 minutes net time was a very creditable performance. The highways from Cleveland to Buffalo average from fair to good, and the grades are moderate. Over this portion of the journey 218 miles were covered in eleven hours, or nearly twenty miles per hour. Through New York State, with considerably poorer roads, the rate of speed decreased, inasmuch that the average for the entire trip was brought down to about fifteen miles per hour. Short spurts at rates varying from twenty-five to thirty-five miles per hour were made. The heavy mud of western and central New York and the steep grades alongside the Hudson River were alike passed without marked difficulty, the only accident on the trip being due to a fracture of an axle caused by violent collision with a large boulder.

The vehicle used on the afore-mentioned journey was a light single-seated phaëton, weighing in the neighborhood of 1,000 pounds. The motor was of the ordinary single hydrocarbon type, fueled by gasoline, of which a sufficient supply for seventy-five miles' run over average roads may be carried. On the speed trial from Cleveland to New York 20½ gallons of oil were used, and about five gallons of water. The cost of the power per mile was somewhat less than one-half cent. The wheels were 32-inch diameter front and 36-inch rear, equipped with 3-inch pneumatic tires. Extreme range of speed of motor, 200 to 800 revolutions per minute.

This trip demonstrated the practicability of the hydrocarbon type of automobile for satisfactory service under severe conditions. It is doubtful if any electric vehicle of contemporaneous manufacture could have accomplished equal net results, even if perfect arrangements for re-charging of batteries had been provided at all points of possible power exhaustion.

This is casting no reflection whatever upon the noblest of all motive powers, but tends rather to set forth the all-round superiority of

each in its particular domain. The use of electricity is yet inseparable from extra-heavy weight, and limitation of run possible to be covered within the life of one charge of battery. Every pound of additional weight drops the wheels of a vehicle deeper into mud or mire, throws it heavier against obstructions, and increases the drain upon the supply of power—an item of great importance when the difference in the weight of the representatives of two types is from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds. The hydrocarbon motor, on the other hand, is comparatively a lightweight, and it may pick up its accustomed fuel at almost any point in city or country.

But the electric automobile for use under ideal conditions of roads and weather is the highest expression of the new industry, seemingly unapproachable in any essential respect by any of its competitors. If one's horseless stable include a model of each of the two types, it will be the part of wisdom to determine which machine shall be used on any particular occasion, by taking into account the kind of service to be performed. Planning thus, one need seldom experience more difficulty than he should naturally expect from vehicles, as it were loaned to him by the designer and builder as much for the discovery of their faults as of their virtues.

ART AND UTILITY IN DESIGN.

The motor vehicle is suffering considerable arraignment nowadays on the score of general appearance. It is frequently referred to as awkward, inartistic, unsightly, cumbersome, and so following, while these mild words do not always suffice for newspaper descriptions. The extremely critical attitude of public and press here indexed is manifestly more thoughtless than thoughtful; nevertheless the challenge has not fallen upon indifferent or unwilling ears. It has enough foundation in fact to merit careful consideration by designers and makers, and as a rule it has been generously received and thoroughly weighed.

It is evident, however, that the very boldness of departure from familiar means of transportation has given rise to a class of mechanisms whose essential features are so new and novel as to afford no satisfactory basis for point-and-point comparison with anything else. Strangeness, in admittedly imperfect forms, need expect no especial favors from the viewpoint of criticism more or less unaware of the path of difficulty being necessarily followed. New things in the mechanical world are seldom done with grace or art; utility for the time being takes precedence over all other considerations. The first requisite is a machine actually self-propelling; this end achieved, the search for improvement—symmetry, efficiency and beauty—may begin.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the average automobile at rest suggests a horse-drawn vehicle of corresponding pattern from which animal and trappings, together with the means of fastening to the body of the same, have been broken off clean and square and spirited entirely away. Your first thought is one of pity for the mute helplessness of the machine; you can hardly conceive that the power of movement is present there. That fact established by ob-

servation and use, however, the initial attitude experiences a change by which confidence gains a point to influence your judgment. Further acquaintance serves to remove the last vestiges of suspicion and prejudice. You are soon pleasantly accustomed to looking straight ahead, or to the roadway immediately in front, without anything but the dash-board before you; and it gradually dawns upon your mind that the average critic is a person in about the same attitude as you assumed aforetime.

You are not yet quite satisfied with the appearance and action of your vehicle. No; that would be too much to expect. You are simply in line with the best thought of the industry, and ready to justly appreciate endeavors to eliminate the objections you have aided the proper persons to see and measure. You may call to mind the popular opinion concerning the pneumatic tire when first introduced, many of the adjectives applied to which are those to-day used to index automobile characteristics. The present-day high-gauge of cycle tubing produces a stocky appearance, decried at first, but now well-nigh universal in high-grade construction. We have become so familiar with air tires and stocky frames on bicycles and other vehicles that these features of the motor carriage are hardly considered in the make-up of our criticisms of it. Our special displeasure is, very likely, the severely square front and the awkwardness of steering.

Doubtless the best way to reconcile one's self to the appearance of the automobile of 1899-1900 is to regard it as the product of an early stage of a movement inevitable in the present conditions of business, mechanics and society, having for its ultimate end the popularization of a feasible, economical and reasonable means of transit. There is no excuse for doubting the final triumph of the forces of the industry over all the difficulties in the way of the accomplishment of these purposes—not excepting even the seemingly tremendous one of clumsiness in appearance. When we expect less of what we have not, we may see more of that which we have. Crude practicability in several types is proof of great progress from the beginning. Utility has been and is the master-word; nicety of result and refinement of finish are ideals already formulated, but held in reserve.

AUTOMOBILE EXHIBITIONS.

The cycle show, which was a thriving American institution from 1891 to 1897, and then apparently passed under eclipse, revives gracefully in 1899-1900 by the aid of the interest centered in contemporaneous motor-vehicle manufacture. At the National Export Exposition, open at Philadelphia, Pa., from September 14th to November 30th, last year, self-propelling carriages were shown in a modest way, but withal so satisfactory to promoters and visitors alike that an international automobile and electrical exhibition is in serious contemplation for the coming autumn in that city. The main interest in the annual Stanley cycle show, held at London (Eng.), in December, was the display of the vehicles designed and constructed in Great Britain. At the present writing (January 10th) preparations are proceeding apace for the trade

event of the year in the United States—an exposition of cycles and automobiles, and their associated products, at Madison Square Garden, Borough of Manhattan, during the week beginning January 22d. A number of the leading factories of this country have secured representation, and it is expected that the familiarity with types and models here possible, together with the publicity proceeding therefrom, will add very materially to the confidence in and the welfare of the industry.

AUTOMOBILE NEWS NOTES.

The racing season in France will open on February 25th, 1900, with a competition over the Pau-Tarbes-Bayonne-Pau course of 335 kilometers, in which event several machines built during the past winter are expected to compete.

The Motor Car Club, of England, announce four cash prizes of \$500 each, and four of \$250 each, for improvements in the British automobiles of to-day. These prizes are bonuses pure and simple, and their winning surrenders no share in any invention offered in competition for them.

Automobile clubs are everywhere gaining in membership.

Ordinances governing the use of bicycles in several American cities are being so amended as to make the limits of speed for cycles applicable also to motor vehicles. These limits are usually from 10 to 12 miles per hour on paved streets, and from 15 to 18 miles an hour on open roads.

The matter of autotrucks is under investigation by leading express companies here and abroad.

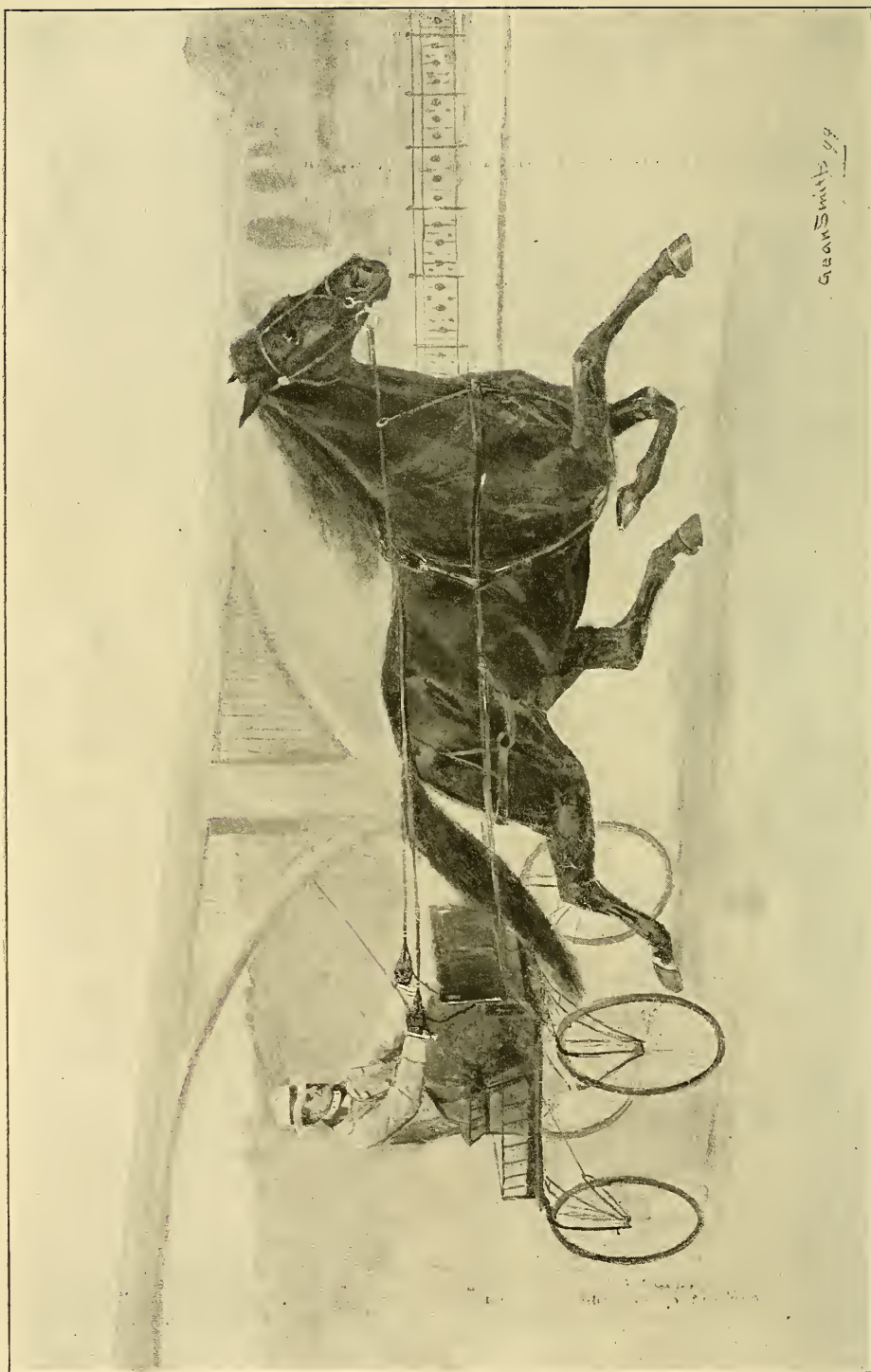
1900 will witness increased attention paid to the manufacture of motor-cycles and motor-tricycles in the United States.

The officers of the Automobile Club have received official intimation that the American challenge for the International Cup has been received in France and been accepted. Entries for the International Cup closed on January 1st with the following countries represented in the accepted challenge: United States, Germany, Italy, Belgium and France.

How the automobile would behave in a deep snow has been a matter of speculation. On January 5th an opportunity occurred of a practical test at Lawrence, Mass. A heavy snow-storm happened in the afternoon, and when the storm was at its height and the snow seven inches deep, an automobile was driven through the virgin snow with no difficulty.

The beginning of the end has come for the venerable jokes on the Royal Blue Line of ancient omnibuses, which have been notorious vehicles for the satire and gibes of generations in Fifth avenue, New York, for on New Year's day New York was astonished—and it takes something to astonish New York—by the silent gliding down that avenue of a brand-new experimental motor omnibus plying for hire. As an experiment it is reported to have been entirely satisfactory.

ROBERT BRUCE.



GEORGE SMITH 94

KINGWOOD, 217½, AND OWNER, MR. J. A. BLAUROCK.



Photo by T. C. Turner.

"THE GALLERY" ON THE NEW YORK SPEEDWAY.

THE LIGHT-HARNESS HORSE.

THE NEW YORK SPEEDWAY.

Kingwood, 2:17¼, by King Darlington, whose portrait is given on the opposite page, is probably the fastest trotter, for a "brush," on the New York Speedway. When he is in condition there is little doubt that he can pull a wagon a quarter right around 30 seconds. Our illustration shows Kingwood in action, with his owner, Mr. J. A. Blaurock, driving.

The scene on the Speedway was secured for the purpose of showing to OUTING readers the remarkable interest in the contests which occur on this great driveway, now talked about in every corner of the civilized world. One needs to put a glass on this picture to bring out the details. For instance, a first glance with the naked eye would probably not discover the crowd along the rail on top of the stone wall. Not a tenth of the crowd is shown, for the reason that it continues on to Washington and High bridges in the one direction and for three-quarters of a mile, to Durando's, at Dykeman street, in the other. On the New York Speedway one meets people from all parts of the United States and frequently from European countries. Frequent inquiries as to how to reach the Speedway come to the writer, and for the benefit of many who have never visited this greatest of the world's speedways I give the directions herewith. Take either of the west side elevated roads from downtown to the end of the line, 155th street; go up stairs to the bridge, turning to the west and walking to the first street running north, which is the entrance to the Speedway. The best time to see prominent horses and men is from 9:00 A. M. until 1:00 P. M. Sundays. Practically all of the

higher class horses are brought out also on holidays. Select a nice sunshiny day and you will be amply repaid for your visit.

HIGHLAND PARK DRIVING CLUB.

A matinée club which has enjoyed a prosperous season, and given to its members such entertainment as whets the appetite for healthful amusement, is that known as the Highland Park Driving Club, of Detroit, Mich. Eleven matinées were held during the year 1899. A total of 123 heats were raced, 53 of which were at the trotting gait. The fastest heat trotted was 2:16, by Mr. A. L. Goldberg's Captain Millen. The slowest heat was 2:38. Seventy heats were paced, the fastest, 2:15, being by Mr. H. B. Edwards' mare Oveida M. The slowest heat paced was 2:30. Mr. A. W. Freer won the greatest number of blue ribbons—six; Mr. R. H. Phillips and Mr. J. E. Goldberg are tied for second place, each having won five blue ribbons; Messrs. W. N. Malloy, A. L. Goldberg, A. J. Springborn and H. B. Edwards are tied for third place, with four blue ribbons each, showing a high character of contests. Mr. A. L. Goldberg holds the record for trotters, having won every race in which he started Captain Millen. Mr. J. E. Goldberg, with Corrine, 2:20, started eight times, winning four firsts, three seconds and one third. Mr. H. R. Leonard, with Stevie H., 2:22½, started nine times, was first once, six times second, and twice third. Mr. A. E. Morey, with the bay gelding Mack, stands third, winning two firsts, two seconds and one third out of five starts. Mr. R. H. Phillips stands first with the pacers, his black gelding George Wreford, by Brussels, having

won four firsts and two seconds in six starts, his fastest heat being in 2:21½. Mr. W. N. Malloy won second place with the bay mare Kathleen, 2:18¾, by Captain Hunter, winning four firsts, one second and one third in six starts, and taking a *matinée* record of 2:16¼. Mr. Malloy started Kathleen in the 2:18 pace at the fall trotting meeting at Highland Park, and she won over a good field, securing a record of 2:13¾. Mr. H. B. Edwards secured third place with his mare Oveida M., by Ambassador, winning three firsts, one second and two thirds, and incidentally the track *matinée* record of 2:15. Mr. A. J. Springborn's chestnut mare Bonny Queen, by Nuttingham, stands fourth, with three firsts and one third. This mare has the fastest mile to her credit—2:20—for a "green" pacer. She was raced some this fall, and won three races and second money in the fourth, taking a record of 2:16¼. A number of the members are purchasing horses now for next season, and everything points to a large increase in membership. Mr. H. R. Leonard has just purchased a mare by Peeler (son of Patron) that showed a mile around 2:12 this year, and Mr. W. R. Crowl, has also purchased a fast animal by Axtell.

LYNNE BEL, 2:10½.

Three years ago one of the most brilliant racing campaigns of the season was that of the well-known New Jersey horse, Lynne Bel. He started that year with a record of 2:28¾ and returned to his home with a record of 2:10½, after repeatedly showing his ability to beat 2:10. The horse is owned by Mr. W. N. Burgess, Flemington, N. J., and that gentleman, knowing that the stallion can materially lower his present record, is very much disposed to give him another opportunity. The writer recently saw Lynne Bel and he bears no marks of his hard racing career. His legs are perfectly smooth and hard as iron. He looks much larger than when he was racing and will now weigh close to 1,200 pounds. His disposition is probably as perfect as that of any stallion living, and his intelligence far above the average. It was not long ago that, while being jogged by his care-taker, an accident occurred which threw the driver from the cart, and the stallion, then on a trot, started for home. Arriving at the gate, he turned in, trotted to the stable and waited for a groom to come and unhitch him. It was learned afterward, from people who saw the horse on his way home, that he did not move faster than a slow jog the entire distance. Lynne Bel is the pet of the entire family at East Lynne Farm, and he expects a lump of sugar or an apple from every member of the household who calls on him. Recently, when Mr. Burgess visited the stable one afternoon, he was startled to see the door of Lynne Bel's stall ajar, and, as he hastily stepped to the door to close it, the reader can imagine his horror and amazement to see Lynne Bel complacently eating pieces of apple from the hands of Mr. Burgess' little seven-year-old niece, the intelligent animal taking each piece from the child's hands as carefully as could a human being. When the child was reprimanded she said: "Why, uncle, I do that often. Bel wouldn't hurt me." Nor would he.

TWO NEW SPEEDWAYS.

Dorchester, Mass., horsemen have been successful in securing a great Speedway on the flat from Morton street toward Franklin Park. The road is well made and very fast. Every good day sees many Dorchester horsemen out with their flyers, and some very spirited contests are seen by those who journey to the Speedway to enjoy the inspiring scene. The good ones are almost without number, but some of the best are: Nellie F., 2:24½, owned by Mr. J. P. O'Connell; Landlord, 2:16¾, owned by Mr. C. L. Young; Willie Robbs, 2:14, owned by Mr. Stewart; Vondell, owned by Mr. J. M. E. Morrill; Velvet and Ashmont, owned by Mr. H. P. Gallup, and Motor, by Alcandre, owned by Mr. L. S. Cook.

The Gentlemen's Driving Club, of Des Moines, Ia., is a new organization which is just now devoting its energy and influence to the establishment of a speedway in the capital city of the wealthy Western State. Mr. George Bathrick is one of the moving spirits of the club. The site selected for the speedway gives five-eighths of a mile straightaway, with no cross streets. Des Moines is the home of many an influential horseman and a lot of good horses. Egbert, the one-time famous sire of trotters, was owned there at the time of his death.

WAGON VS. SULKY.

The fact that a number of the great road and *matinée* horses of to-day have drawn racing wagons to faster records than their sulky records settles nothing. Many things must be realized when weighing this question. First of all must be considered the fact that many of the gentlemen drivers of the present time are fully the equal of the best professional reinsmen. Then comes the fact that the horse receives fully as good care, and, in the hands of the more careful of the amateur drivers, he does not have the heart taken out of him as he does in a professional campaign. Especially is this true of the racing on speedways, where the "brushes" are short and infrequently to the full limit of the horse's speed. Then, too, speedways, or, at least, the one in New York, are not so hard as the race tracks. The result is that the horse has a practical let-up, a complete change of surroundings, and is kept in even better condition than when in a racing circuit. His work is of the character which strengthens him, hardens every muscle and puts him in perfect shape for fast work, so that when he is finally taken to the track he is fit and ready for the effort of his life. Then, too, I believe it is a conceded fact that there are many horses which need the added weight to balance them. It is no doubt true that there is some philosophy in the fact that the wagon runs perfectly steady and that there is something of a handicap in the "horse motion" of a sulky.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

Mr. Nathan Straus, of New York, has recently purchased Baby Birney, 2:26¼, a very pleasant road mare. She is not in the same class with Alves, 2:09¼, or Cobwebs, 2:12, and it was because of this fact that Mr. Straus bought her, for the reason that he had tired

of going to the Speedway with his other two flyers, and finding few horses fast enough to give him a race. Col. Fred Lawrence, with Lottie, 2:29 $\frac{1}{4}$, beat Baby Birney in the first contest Mr. Straus had.

As someone has opportunely suggested, the automobile can never supplant the horse when it comes to taking your best girl out for a moonlight ride. You can't take a chance on the infernal thing going straight unless you watch it. It won't turn out for a team of its own accord, nor will it pick its way along a dark road. The horse is liable to make a misstep occasionally, but the automobile is just as liable to jump a fence.

Com. J. Malcolm Forbes, of Boston, has priced Bingen, 2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$, at \$50,000.

Senator White, of Syracuse, N. Y., is now the owner of St. Andre, 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Red Bee, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$.

Helen K., a very clever road mare, with a record of 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$, by Elyria, has been purchased by Mr. Dean Sage, of New York, for the Speedway.

Louise Mae, 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$, owned by Mr. A. B. Gwathmey, of New York, promises to be an ideal road animal. She is afraid of nothing, and there is no doubt about her ability to trot fast to wagon. She will be in the first flight on the Speedway.

That grand little team, Rival and Honor Bright, owned by Mr. John F. Cockerill, have again proven their worth by beating the fastest team of pacers ever driven on the New York Speedway—Sir Eld and Island Belle, owned by Mr. A. M. Rose.

Sheriff Frank D. Creamer, of Brooklyn, recently drove his horse Woodside, 2:22 $\frac{1}{2}$, a mile over the Parkway Driving Club's half-mile track in 2:31 $\frac{1}{4}$, last quarter in 36 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

Mr. Jas. Rowland, President of the New York National Exchange Bank, has bought Nibbs, 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Neva Wilkes, 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, for Speedway use.

That great show horse and sire, Mambrino King, is dead. He was owned by Village Farm, East Aurora, N. Y.

Mr. James M. Boutwell, of Montpelier, Vt., is the new owner of Colbath, 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$, by Alcander.

Kate F., 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Fugleman, has been purchased by Mr. James McGettigan, of Toledo, O.

New Haven, Conn., horsemen are agitating the speedway proposition.

Mr. C. Price, Randolph, N. Y., is driving Judge-at-Law, 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$, on the road.

The stallion Allie Wilkes, 2:15, by Red Wilkes, has come rapidly to the front in the past few years. Last season his two sons, Jupe, 2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$, and Arlington, 2:06 $\frac{1}{2}$, were the two fastest performers of any one sire. Allie Wilkes is owned by Mr. L. V. Harkness, of New York, and is in the stud at his beautiful Walnut Hall Farm, Donerail, Ky.

Mr. George Stenger, the Newark, N. J., horseman, has recently bought at private sale of C. W. Williams, Galesburg, Ill., a weanling colt by Allerton, out of a daughter of Guy Wilkes. The price was a long one.

The old mare Sapphire, by Jay Gould, is owned by Mr. P. Lafferty, Sharon Hill, Pa. Sapphire is the dam of Nominee, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$; Nominator, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$; Octavia, 2:18, and others, and

is still, to all appearances, in her prime. She is now safely in foal to Lynne Bel, 2:10 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Mr. F. A. Poth, Jr., of Philadelphia, is driving Warren Boy, 2:21 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Music Box, 2:29, to pole, and they make a very clever team.

Mr. Gustav Fleischmann, of Buffalo, is driving on the road a fast pacer by Crawford, 2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Horsemen of Auburn and Lewiston, Me., are appealing to the powers of the former city for a speedway, with every hope of securing it.

Askey, 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$, by McFarland, recently died at Cleveland, O. He was owned by Mr. Harry Darlington, the well-known amateur driver of Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. Robert Smith, of Philadelphia, is the new owner of Dick Mack, pacer, 2:14 $\frac{1}{2}$, by Robert McGregor. The horse will be used for matinee and road purposes.

Baronwood, 2:14 $\frac{1}{2}$, by Baron Wilkes, has been sold to a Pittsburg gentleman for use on the road and matinee racing. He is a strong addition to the large number of good horses owned in Pittsburg.

Pilot Evans, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, is being driven on the Providence Speedway by his owner, Mr. James Hanley.

Mr. E. A. Lord, the Chicago gentleman who paid \$20,000 for Tommy Britton, is one of the West's best amateur drivers.

George Idolf, 2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Idolf, 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$, has been purchased by a member of the Cleveland, O., Driving Club, for road and matinee use.

Bradford, Pa., is to build a speedway.

Broker, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, will be a candidate for snow-path honors at Buffalo this winter.

At the recent Fasig-Tipton sale in New York Flora McGregor sold for \$3,000, her daughter, Elloree, for \$4,750, and the latter's daughter, Locha, for \$3,100.

Mr. W. F. Kelly, of Oil City, Pa., is driving Raven Hill, 2:23 $\frac{1}{4}$, on the road.

Mr. George Hall, the well-known Boston horseman, owns Tomah, 2:10; Ackerland, 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Eddie B., 2:14 $\frac{3}{4}$. It is claimed that any two of these hitched to wagon can step a mile close to 2:15.

Mr. H. W. Humphrey, of Jamestown, N. Y., has a grand team in the mares Lady May, by Elyria, and Grace Summers, 2:25 $\frac{1}{2}$, by Strathmore. They are perfectly matched in color, carriage, disposition and gait, and can trot a mile to pole close to 2:20.

The Highland Park Matinee Club, of Detroit, Mich., will probably adopt a rule this winter, making all matinee events to wagon.

What I like to see in the table showing the produce of any sire is a good list of reduced records each year. It shows that they race on.

General Shafter, of Cuban fame, is driving the old trotter Bishop Hero, 2:21, on the road in San Francisco. Bishop Hero is the present holder of the five-mile trotting record of the world—12:30 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Mr. H. M. Hanna, of Cleveland, will take Mackay, 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Anton, 2:20 $\frac{1}{2}$, to Thomasville, Ga., with him for the winter, where he will use them on the road.

Baron Rogers, 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$, a son of Baron Wilkes, is probably the greatest winner in Russia this year.

Mr. A. E. Alvord, Syracuse, N. Y., has bought Prestoria Wilkes, 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$, for road use.

Horsemen of Dorchester, Mass., have succeeded in having Blue Hill avenue opened as a speedway, between Talbot avenue and Morton street—three-quarters of a mile.

Mr. E. A. Lord, of Chicago, who paid \$20,000 for Tommy Britton at the recent Fasig-Tipton auction sale in New York, while not a newcomer in the trotting-horse business, announces his intention to make heavier investments than ever before, because of a belief that prices will continue to enhance.

The greatest sale of trotters ever held was that which closed Nov. 29th, at Madison Square Garden, New York. Horses have previously sold for more than the \$20,000 paid for Tommy Britton, but never have prices maintained such an average for a sale of almost 800 head. The managers of the sale, the public and horsemen in general, are to be congratulated on the revival of interest in the light-harness horse—the animal which appeals most strongly to the sentiment in man.

Mr. J. H. Shults, of New York, who has paid more money for trotters than any other living man, is again in evidence as a bidder at the sales. He has recently purchased a half-dozen fast ones at good prices.

Dr. H. H. Kane, of New York, has purchased the fast pacing mare, Laura W., by Alcander, for Speedway purposes.

Mr. E. Bronk, of New York, has recently purchased at good prices, Phrase, 2:12¼, by Onward, and Dick Benson, by Allerton.

Mr. W. C. Brown, General Manager of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, is an enthusiastic admirer of the light-harness horse. At one time he owned a prominent stock farm at St. Joseph, Mo., at the head of which was that fast trotting stallion, Roslyn, by Robert McGregor. Mr. Brown still enjoys a ride behind a spirited trotter as much as anyone, and can usually find a few minutes in which to talk horse.

The mare Dolly Duroc, 2:18½, by Duroc Volunteer, out of Dolly Varden by Locksmith; second dam Nell, by Hambletonian, 10, was recently purchased of Mr. A. G. Hutcheson by Mr. Nathan A. Cole, of New York, for Mr. J. F. Dingee, the Brooklyn horseman. Dolly Duroc is an old-fashioned, pure-gaited trotter and very fast. In her race at Empire City track, in October last, she stepped the second mile in 2:12; last half in 1:05¼ and last quarter in 3¼ seconds. Mr. Dingee buys the mare to drive with Bella Wilkes, but will probably start her in two or three races on the big tracks this year. If no accident befalls her, she will take a race record below 2:10.

Mr. David Snell, of New Bedford, Mass., recently refused \$20,000 for Jupe, 2:07¾.

The increasing demand for the trotter for all purposes to which he is suited is much greater than it has ever been before; and already shrewd men can see every prospect for a vastly increased demand in the next few years, which will exhaust the supply.

It is currently reported that when Mr. W. N. Burgess, of Flemington, N. J., was recently asked to put a price on Lynne Bel, 2:10½, the figure he named was \$25,000, and this with the provision that he would want the privilege of considering such an offer before accepting it. Good sires are wanted, not alone by

breeders in this country, but for shipment abroad.

Milton S., 2:08; Espy Boy, 2:13; Sunny Bank, 2:24¼, and Red Light, 2:13½, will be used on the snow this winter at Urbana, O.

Benny Sprague, Coney Sprague, Monroe and Alfoneer are four short-tailed trotters recently purchased by Mr. D. G. Reid, President of the American Tinplate Co., Chicago. The price paid was \$6,000. Aside from the fact that Mr. Reid has in these horses individuals of high merit, it is likely that he has the fastest four in America.

Nutwood mares are making eventful history for themselves. They stand at the head of the producers of extreme speed, having to their credit thirty-one of the 2:15 performers.

Mr. Chas. Weiland, of New York, recently traded the mare Ada P., 2:09¾, for Steel Prince, 2:07½, and a few days later sold the latter animal to Mr. D. Lamar, his previous owner, at a long price.

A purse of \$515 was contributed by New York Speedway frequenters as a Christmas present for the mounted police who patrol that driveway.

Mr. H. C. Conklyn, of Philadelphia, has a very fast three-year-old colt by Online, out of the famous old mare Jessie R., dam of Be Sure, 2:06¾, etc.

A two-year-old filly by Lynne Bel, 2:10½, in the stable of Ed. Baker, Buffalo, is reported to be very fast.

At a *matinée* at Baltimore, Md., Dec. 15th, Mr. George Meister's bay mare, Minnie B., won the only race on the programme at the end of four heats. The best time was 2:33. Mr. A. J. Falter's sorrel mare, Surprise, won the first heat in 2:40.

COL. J. A. S. REED DEAD.

The popular general agent of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, Col. J. A. S. Reed, well known as an ardent admirer of the light harness horse, died at his home in Chicago, December 18th. He was born in 1832, at Buffalo, N. Y., and had been in railway business ever since he was seventeen years of age. Mr. Reed was the owner of Directly, 2:03¼, up to his sale in New York to Mr. John H. Shults, in December.

BUMPS, 2:03¼, DEAD.

Mr. C. G. K. Billings, the popular Chicago horseman, has lost by death that great road-wagon pacer and New York Speedway favorite Bumps, 2:03¼. Bumps was a handsome horse and a great race animal. As a four-year-old he closed the season with a record of 2:09¼. That year he started in thirteen races, won eight of them, was second three times, third once and outside the money once. He reduced his record to 2:08¼ in 1896, winning a fair share of the races in which he started. In 1897 he started eleven times, won six of his races, was second once, fourth once and three times unplaced, reducing his record to 2:04¼. In 1898 he was not prominent. Last year his great feat was his reduction of the wagon record to 2:03¼. Bumps was foaled in 1891 and was by Baron Wilkes, out of Queen Ethel, by Strathmore; second dam Princess Ethel, by Volunteer, 55. He was bred by the late Col. R. G. Stoner, at Paris, Ky. NATHAN A. COLE.

THE HARNESS AND SADDLE HORSE DIVISION.



POLO.

To complete our polo calendar for the season of 1899, I now submit a summary of the games played subsequent to those enumerated in OUTING for October last. These include three tournaments, embracing eleven contests scheduled, viz.: The Junior Cups played for at Rockaway, the Somerset County Cups played for at Bernardsville, N. J., and the West Brighton Cups played for on the grounds of the West Brighton Polo Club, Staten Island, N. Y. The Junior Cups were presented by Mr. William A. Hazard, of Cedarhurst, L. I., an enthusiastic sportsman and a poloist of many years' experience. Mr. Hazard was quick to note the eagerness with which some of the youthful members of the Rockaway and other clubs essayed polo proper on ponies, after exhausting the possibilities of the less dangerous game of polo on bicycles, and offered the cups under conditions which would tend to encourage youths not exceeding twenty-one years of age to take up the inspiring equine sport. The boys responded well and made up four teams, each of three players belonging to the Rockaway Club, as follows: Team No. 1, René La Montagne, Jr., Louis Neilson, and Halstead Vanderpoel. Team No. 2, Lawrence B. Rand, F. B. Voss, and Le Grand L. Benedict, Jr. Team No. 3, McPherson Kennedy, Jr., Daniel Chauncey, Jr., and E. Voss. Team No. 4, Montague La Montagne, Courtland P. Dixon, Jr., and Oakley Vanderpoel. I give these names for the purpose of record, as it is quite possible that most, if not all, of these youths will blossom out as expert poloists and will represent the Rockaway or other local clubs in the great tournaments which will undoubtedly take place in years to come.

In this series of games it was, of course, a foregone conclusion that No. 1 Team would

carry off the trophies, René La Montagne, who was the free-lance on the team, having an advantage over his associates in that he had already played in the company of adults on circuit. His brother Montague was, however, a fair foil for him, and in the last bout especially put up some highly scientific play. Three goals to six actually earned indicates pretty truly the relative strength of these two teams. Teams 3 and 4 were much more evenly matched, as events proved, and their contest was as enjoyable, if not as exciting, as the final.

The meeting at Bernardsville, N. J., marked the opening of the Somerset Club's grounds for polo, and the Staten Island team, made up of Dr. James McKee, J. C. Wilmerding, Jr., Morton W. Smith and John T. Sprague, defeated the home quartet, Messrs. E. A. Stevens, Emil Pfizer, A. S. Alexander and R. L. Stevens; the Rockaway team, W. A. Hazard, René La Montagne, Albert Francke and W. H. Dixon; and finally won the cups by beating Messrs. Charles Pfizer, W. T. Headley, E. W. Roby and Norman Henderson, of Morristown. The Rockaway quartet had the honor of registering on this field the first victory of the season for their club actually earning eleven goals to a solitary unit made by Messrs. George J. Gould, J. Dallett, Jr., R. J. and P. F. Collier, of Lakewood. This was, however, Robert Collier's first appearance after his recovery from a broken collar-bone, sustained at Cedarhurst about the middle of the season.

In the games on Staten Island, which wound up the season, the Somerset Club squared accounts with their West Brighton adversaries, but had to organize a somewhat mixed team to do the trick, as Emil Pfizer had with him his brother Charles, J. C. Wilmerding, and Philip A. Clark. The Rockaways, with Lawrence Rand as a substitute for W. H. Dixon, played a splendid game with the Lakewood team and beat it, and finally had no difficulty in putting the Somerset quartet out of court by a score of 8 goals to 4 actually earned, the handicap and penalties making the reading as per summary.

It will be noted that the season closed without a championship tourney taking place. The meeting was scheduled, as briefly referred to in OUTING for October, but on account of the deaths of Messrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and James B. Eustis, to whom several of the Meadowbrook players were related, the club deemed it advisable to withdraw its entry. The championship, therefore, went by default to the Westchester-Newport organization.

JUNIOR CUPS.						
Date.	Field.	Winners	Goals.	Losers.	Goals.	Handicap.
Sep. 16	Rockaway	No. 4 Team	4¾	No. 3 Team	4	+
Sep. 19	Rockaway	No. 1 Team	6	No. 2 Team	4	0
Sep. 23	Rockaway	No. 1 Team	5¾	No. 4 Team	2½	0
SOMERSET COUNTY CUPS.						
Sep. 25	Bernardsville	Staten Island	5¾	Somerset	3¾	W. 2
Sep. 26	Bernardsville	Morristown	—	Westchester defaulted		
Sep. 27	Bernardsville	Rockaway	11	Lakewood	1	E.
Oct. 2	Bernardsville	Staten Island	9	Rockaway	7½	W. 5
Oct. 4	Bernardsville	Staten Island	6¾	Morristown	2¾	W. 4
WEST BRIGHTON CUPS.						
Oct. 9	Staten Island	Somerset	7¾	Staten Island	1¾	E.
Oct. 11	Staten Island	Rockaway	9	Lakewood	5¾	E.
Oct. 17	Staten Island	Rockaway	8	Somerset	7¾	4

† 0 means no handicap; W. 2, winners 2 goals by handicap; E., even.

A. H. GODFREY.



THE POMERANIAN.

THE Pomeranian has come to his own in popular estimation. Bright, companionable and alert to a degree scarcely approached by any other toy, handsome as an Esquimaux or a miniature colley, and cunning and playful, they have all the requisites that attract, and all the virtues that compel affection. The Pomeranian is breedy, too; indeed he is an aristocrat from the tip of his ears to his defiant-like brush, and can boast a pedigree far beyond his record in the club register.

As a house guard the Pomeranian is unequalled; his shrill, interminable, and irrepressible bark when alarmed is an indicator not to be suppressed or overlooked. The bargemen of the Rhine rely almost entirely upon him as a sentinel on their boats. During the past four or five years the Pomeranian has made rapid strides in popularity; in fact he is to-day one of the most fashionable and expensive fads of the pet-dog fancy.

Fifteen or twenty years ago it was very rare that one saw any but the white specimens, and in those days, they were far heavier than would be considered correct for a good show dog of to-day; the whites still show a tendency to weight above blacks and other colors. It was hard to get good whites without showing some tinge of lemon on the ears.

Blacks were decidedly rarer, but I remember some fifteen years ago owning a black and white which came nearer to the present-day type than any I had seen until recent years. At that time she was considered quite a toy, and turned the scale at some six or seven pounds.

As an instance of the popularity which this breed has attained in England, at a recent show of the Ladies' Kennel Association no less than thirty-eight classes were provided.

The first opportunity we have had in this country of seeing really first-class modern type dogs of the breed, was at the recent show of the American Pet Dog Club. Here a liberal schedule of six classes was well filled with specimens of high standard.

That the dogs should be fashionable is not very surprising, from the fact that for many years they have been great favorites with Queen Victoria, who, by the way, owns probably the finest sable that has ever been put upon the show bench, the celebrated dog Marco. Her Majesty owns many other Pom's, including among them a number of prize-winners at noted shows.

The usual classification for weight in this breed is under eight pounds, and from eight

to twelve. There are, however, at the present time many beautiful specimens which would not turn the scale at four or five pounds.

A description of the dog in its various points follows:

Head.—Foxy in outline, inclined to wedge-shape; the skull slightly flat (but in the small varieties more roundness), large in proportion to the muzzle, which should be fine and free from lippiness; the teeth should be level, and on no account undershot. The head in profile may exhibit a little "stop," but this must not be too pronounced; the hair on head and face must be smooth and short.

Eyes.—Medium in size; rather oblique in shape, and not too wide apart; bright, dark in color, showing intelligence and docility.

Ears.—Small, carried perfectly erect like those of a fox, and like the head, should be covered with soft brown hair.

Nose.—In black, tan, or white dogs, it must be a good black; in other colored Pom's it may be brown or liver-colored—but in all self-colored; never parti-colored or white.

Neck and Shoulders.—The neck should be rather short, well set in and solid, well covered with mane; and a long frill of straight glossy hair, coming from under jaw and covering the whole of the front part of the shoulders and chest, and flowing on the top part of the shoulders.

Body.—The back should be short, the body compact, and the barrel well rounded; the chest should be deep and not too wide.

Legs.—The forelegs must be perfectly straight, of medium length, sufficiently well proportioned in length and strength to balance the rest of the frame; the forelegs and thighs must be well feathered, the feet small.

Tail.—The tail is an important feature in this breed; it must be well twisted right up from the root, lying tightly over the back, falling slightly on either side; it must be profusely covered with long hair spreading well out over the back.

Coat.—There are practically two coats, an under and upper; the latter should be long, straight and glistening, covering the whole body, being very abundant round the neck, shoulders and chest. The hindquarters should be covered with long hair or feathering, from the rump to the hocks.

Color.—White, black, blue, brown, fawn, sable, red, black and tan, and parti-colored. The whites must be perfectly free from any trace of lemon or other color; the blacks, blues, browns, reds, and blacks and tans free from white. A slight trace of white in a self-colored dog does not disqualify, but should carry great weight against it. In parti-colored dogs the colors should be evenly distributed.

In general appearance the Pomeranian should be a compact, short-coupled dog with frame well put together; his head and face should be fox-like, ears small and erect, ready to catch every sound, expression showing great intelligence; he should be of a docile disposition, yet full of brightness and activity.

A scale of points is as follows: General appearance 15, body 10, tail 10, coat 25, color 10, head 5, eyes 5, ears 5, nose 5, neck and shoulders 5, legs 5.



MY notice, in the September number, of the fact that development and fixing might, by the employment of kachin, be carried on simultaneously, has brought many inquiries as to where the new developer could be got, and up till a few days ago I was unable to answer the question. Now, however, the "new" developer turns to be an old friend in a new form.

Pyrocatechin, in pure white crystals, as advertised by the Scovill & Adams Co., and doubtless to be found at all the stockhouses, is said to be just what was recently introduced as kachin, and whether or not that be so is of little consequence, as pyrocatechin is equally available for simultaneous developing and fixing. It should not be forgotten, however, that in any case a full exposure is required.

THE KROMSKOP.

Although a little too late in the day, I want to say a word about this exquisitely beautiful instrument as an ideal present and an inexhaustible source of pleasure to every lover of the beautiful.

In the pursuit of photography in natural colors we are no nearer than when the first experiments were made, more than fifty years ago, and the probability of ever reaching that goal is as likely as that we shall find two hills without a howe (a valley) between them. In photography in the colors of nature, however, Ives has reached a degree of perfection little short of marvelous. For some reason best known to himself, he has spent the last few years in England perfecting and exploiting the kromskop, till it became one of the most attractive exhibits at the scientific and other soirées, and created a degree of enthusiasm almost unparalleled; but now he has returned to Philadelphia, whence it is being sent all over the country, delighting all who see it.

I have followed the kromskop from its inception, and written of it many times, but never saw it till a few weeks ago, and then I found it the old, old story, "the half had not been told." No description can convey anything like a true idea of the beauty or perfection of the, what seems to be, almost created colors. Three photographs, differing nothing apparently from ordinary lantern slides, are laid on the steps of the instrument, so simply that a child may do it, and instantly they are clothed in all the glowing colors of nature, not the too often dim and dingy colors of the palette, but with all the brilliant purity of the spectrum, and in all the shades which charm the florist.

A NEW LIGHT FOR PORTRAITURE.

There is nothing new in portraiture by the light from the burning of magnesium ribbon in oxygen, or even in placing the combustion chamber over a miniature gasometer from

which it is supplied, as included in the patent recently granted in this and other countries, to the British Platinotype Company. Such an arrangement was introduced and to a considerable extent employed thirty years ago; but for various reasons it did not take. For one thing, it was expensive. For each exposure the combustion vessel had to be filled, and there was a difficulty in getting rid of the fumes, when repeated exposures were to be made. There was a loss of oxygen, too, from the means employed to light the magnesium; and, altogether, the apparatus was too clumsy for transportation when it was required to be used outside the studio.

In the apparatus, as patented by the Platinotype Company, all these objectionable qualities are eliminated, the action made automatic, and the cost reduced to little more than a cent for each exposure; and that in a way so simple, that it seems absurd that it was not thought of long ago.

The arrangement consists of a wide-mouth tubular bottle holding about sixty ounces, the tube or opening being about two inches from the bottom. The bottle is fitted with a rubber cork and vulcanite cap, through which run two brass rods with electrical terminals, and connected at the lower ends, which reach to one-third of the bottom by a short length of fine platinum wire. Tightly fitted into the tube of the bottle is a tube of rubber, connected with the gasometer, containing about a foot of oxygen, which, from the weight of the bell, and the bottle standing on it, is under a pressure of about one and a half atmospheres. Between the rods is a clip by which to fix a suitable length of magnesium ribbon, about five inches, or sufficient to burn from one and a half to two seconds. Round the platinum wire, and touching the ribbon, is placed a piece of touch paper, paper soaked in a solution of potassium nitrate; and a battery of sufficient strength to heat the wire completes the installment.

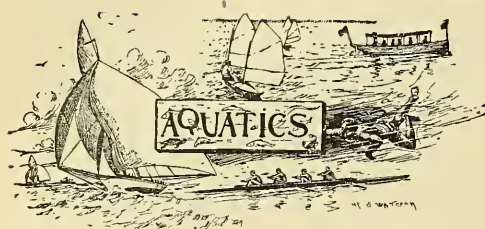
The apparatus is placed to the right, and a little to the front of the camera; and both sitter and lens are protected from the light by a semi-cylindrical reflector which sends it, not in their direction, but to the wall. This wall is covered with white paper, which sends the light to the sitter and background in a softly diffused state, the shadows being lighted by a screen or reflector on the opposite side.

From this, it will be evident that when the combustion chamber is once filled with oxygen, and the ribbon in place, it is only necessary to press the button to make the exposure; and that only as much of the gas will be consumed as is required to combine with the quantity of ribbon employed, and that that quantity will be automatically supplied as fast as it is consumed.

Of all the plans for the taking of portraiture by artificial light, this is undoubtedly the best, the simplest and the most economical; and I have no doubt that both in and out of the studio it will come into very general use. I should have said that the bottle contains an inch or two of water, kept below the level of the oxygen supply tube, which, by a shake, absorbs the fumes, the finely divided magnesium oxide; and there are spare "candles," so that exposures may be made, one after another, without delay.

DR. JOHN NICOL.

YACHTING.



IF Mr. C. Oliver Iselin is successful in his negotiations with British yachtsmen, the yachting season of 1900 in English waters. Under the present system of measurement, in which girth plays such an important part, *Columbia*, if she raced against a modern cutter of smaller size—*Bona*, for instance—would be handicapped so heavily that she might easily be beaten. While such a defeat would have no significance whatever to expert yachtsmen, still, its moral effect would have a tendency to belittle the American champion in the eyes of the general public, who are not, as a rule, versed in the niceties of yacht measurement and time allowance. It is, I think, pretty certain that Commodore Morgan and Mr. Iselin will not endanger the reputation of *Columbia* by sending her across the sea to take part in all club races for which she may be eligible. The experience of *Vigilant* in her British expedition, when she figured as a Yankee knight errant against all comers, was by no means satisfactory to the Messrs. Gould. The skippers of the British yachts against which she sailed had only one object in view. They looked upon the American boat as their hereditary foe, and all worked to the common end that the adventurous stranger should be worsted. Taking this potent circumstance into consideration, it is indeed surprising that *Vigilant* made the creditable record that she did.

If the Y. R. A. of Great Britain will sanction an arrangement by which all the big cutters and yawls may sail for special prizes offered by the clubs, and by which girth will be excluded as a factor in the measurement, *Columbia* might, perhaps, for the sake of international sport, be induced to take a transatlantic trip. But it would be obviously unfair to expect *Columbia* to race against craft constructed specially to sail under a system of yacht measurement totally different from that of the New York Yacht Club, to which *Columbia* was built to conform.

The only opponents with which *Columbia* could fairly compete are *Valkyrie III*, *Ailsa*, *Meteor* and *Shamrock*. Of these, only *Shamrock* may be available, as *Valkyrie III* still remains on the hands of Lord Dunraven and his partners, the negotiations for her sale having fallen through. Lord Dunraven not long ago declared that she might rot at her moorings for all he cared, sooner than he would let her act as a "trial horse" for *Shamrock*, and it is safe to assume that he will not fit her out just for the fun of seeing her beaten by *Columbia*.

If, however, a few sportsmanlike concessions are made, the owners of *Columbia* will gladly send her across the Atlantic. The Paris

Exposition will attract a great number of yachtsmen thitherward, and many of them will not put their craft in commission this coming season. Thus a little of their pet sport, in the shape of an international race or a series of races, would form quite a pleasing interlude to their French festivities. I hear, on what I believe to be excellent authority, that Sir Thomas Lipton's cogent reason for postponing the issue of his second cup challenge until next year was on account of the Paris fair, which would be sure to detract from the interest in the contest. Besides this, he naturally does not want to suffer again such a severe handicap as he did last year in racing an untried craft against one thoroughly tuned up and fit as a fiddle. Sir Thomas has been elected Rear Commodore of the Royal Ulster Y. C., which will challenge again in his name for the *America's Cup*.

My advices from the Clyde inform me that Mr. Fife, Jr., has not yet recovered from the attack of inflammatory rheumatism contracted in this country. His convalescence is slow, I regret to hear, but his physician promises his thorough restoration to health by the spring. It is reported that he contemplates making some radical changes in *Shamrock* if he can get the sanction of Sir Thomas Lipton.

The prizes won by the schooner *Cambria* while she was the property of Mr. James Ashbury have been sold by auction. The only trophies which brought prices approximating their value as old metal were the cup won in her ocean race against *Dauntless*, in 1870, and that won by her in the regatta of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club in 1868, the first-named being sold for £76 and the other for £53. The others were almost given away. The *Cambria* has had a queer career. After her yacht-racing days were over she engaged in the palm-oil trade between West Africa and England. Later she carried coals between England and Ireland. She is now a yacht again. It is needless to add that she was originally of sound and wholesome construction and that to-day she would pass a Lloyd's survey. Fancy a modern flimsy racing machine carrying coal!

KNOCKABOUTS FOR LAKE MICHIGAN.

The Lake Michigan Yachting Association has formulated sensible rules for the establishment of a seaworthy knockabout class in the waters over which it has yachting jurisdiction. I hail this the first recognition of this type of craft on the lake, as a step in the right direction. It is curious that fresh-water yachtsmen have evolved racing "freaks" of a "freakier" kind than their salt-water confrères, also flimsier by far. The new Lake Michigan knockabout, however, will be quite a little ship, whose hull will never be mistaken for a pig trough when hauled out on the beach. The rules call for a craft 21 feet long on the load water-line, with at least 7 feet beam on the load water-line in a keel boat and at least 7 feet 9 inches in a centerboard vessel, the draft of centerboard boats to be not less than 3 feet and of keel boats not less than 4 feet 6 inches, with a freeboard of 20 inches. Outside fixed ballast shall not be less than 3,000 pounds for centerboards and

3,500 pounds for keels. If a metal fin be used it shall not be less than half an inch thick. A substantial cabin-house is called for, at least 7 feet long. Keel, frames and beams of oak, planking three-quarters of an inch in thickness and substantial clamps and stringers are specified, and also sufficient air-tight space to keep the boat afloat when full of water. The actual sail area is limited to 600 square feet, 480 feet of which shall be in the mainsail, besides which one headsail and a spinnaker only shall be carried. The equipment includes a 25-pound anchor and a 30-fathom cable of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch rope, bucket, pump, compass, foghorn, boathook, lead and line, lantern and five life preservers. The crew is limited to five persons, the helmsman to be an amateur, and only one professional allowed aboard.

A number of boats for this class will be built in time for the coming season in Milwaukee and Chicago.

AMERICAN SCHOONERS FOR GERMANS.

The fine schooner yacht *Lasca*, well-known as both a smart racer and an able deep-water cruiser, has been sold to Dr. Walter von Bruening, of Berlin. She was designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, who also designed the schooner *Yampa*, now owned by the Kaiser. Another German subject, Mr. Sholto Douglas, a yachting friend of the Kaiser, has bought the schooner *Alcæa* from Mr. Vaughn L. Clark. She was designed by Mr. Gardner in 1892, and is a capital seagoing craft. There is some talk of inaugurating a racing class of schooners in Germany, and these two craft though outclassed in this country will do admirably and no doubt carry all before them in German waters.

THE SEAWANHAKA CUP.

The agreement between the St. Lawrence

Yacht Club and the White Bear Yacht Club which will govern the race for the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup specifies:

The course to be triangular, and to windward or leeward and return, each one 12 nautical miles in length. The races shall be sailed alternately over the triangle and to windward and return, and the match to go to the winner of three out of five races. Each club must name its representative five days before the first race. All the races shall be started with a one-gun flying start, and there shall be no time allowance. Yachts must not exceed 25 feet racing length, with a dead weight of 450 pounds aboard. Draft not to exceed 5 feet of hull or keel, or 6 feet with centerboard down. Centerboards must house without leaving any projection below keel or hull. The total sail area of the mainsail and fore triangle shall not exceed 500 square feet, and the spinnaker shall not exceed twice the area of the fore triangle. Shifting ballast shall not be allowed, but centerboards shall be regarded as fixed ballast. Wooden centerboards shall not be loaded except to overcome flotation. If made of metal they must not be more than $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch thick, and shall not weigh over 300 pounds. Double-hullers are barred. The scantling specified in the agreement will insure a craft of moderate strength. The weight of crew, including their belongings carried with them, shall not exceed 650 pounds. All the crew shall be amateurs and members of the respective clubs.

The above are the salient conditions of the match condensed from a long document. It is to be hoped that all further contests for the cup will occur without being the cause of such frequent and lamentable friction as has unfortunately attended them in the past.

A. J. KENEALY.

ROWING.

COMPARATIVE COST OF RACING CREWS.

IN looking over the various financial reports of the colleges and universities, it has occurred to me that many of our readers might be interested in knowing what it costs to put out and maintain an eight-oared shell with all the necessary appliances and training expenses, relatively in this country and in England. Of course no comparison can be drawn with regard to the expenses of the crews on the two sides of the Atlantic, nor in fact between two crews in this country, for circumstances vary in every case, and necessarily expenses with them. The following items are gathered from the various college publications:

The Cambridge (England) University boat last year expended £1,064 12s., which is practically equal to \$5,323.

Of this total expenditure comparatively little is incurred until about six or seven weeks before the race against the Oxford crew; no training table is kept before that time, and men do all their work on their local waters. After this the rowing takes place some sixteen miles down the river, on more open water, to which the crew and coaches travel every day. For about the last three weeks of training the whole establishment, crew, coaches and quarters, is

removed to the neighborhood of the Thames, near London, and this is the cause of the greater part of the expenditure.

At the University of Pennsylvania we find that the boat expenses were \$8,383. At Harvard the expenditures amounted to \$10,530, and at Yale there was an expenditure of \$12,691.

HARVARD BOAT HOUSE.

The new University Boat House, in the course of construction, at Harvard, was completely destroyed by fire on December 27th, when about two-thirds finished. It would have been ready for use this year, but it is doubtful under the present circumstances if the crews will now be able to make any use of it.

YALE-HARVARD RACES.

The arrangements for the annual Yale-Harvard boat races have been completed. They will be held on the Thames just above New London, on June 28th.

Each college will be represented by three crews, the University eight, University subs four-oar, and the Freshmen eight.

The University eight-oared race will be rowed first, the fours will race next over the first two miles of the course. The Freshmen crews will race last, their starting-point being at the two-mile point of the four-mile course.

VIGILANT.



NEW Year's Day without a snowflake in the North may well tempt golf to stay long, and up to the last day of the old year and into the first day of the new the pick of the players of the North kept up the merry racket. Lakewood, a veritable die-hard among the links, where autumn is the spring of its play and winter golf lingers in the lap of spring in more than the poetic sense, was busy in the holiday season. Baltusrol, not to be behind, had its links full, whilst, of course, Atlantic City justified its more southern position by active play well up into January.

The majority of the Northern courses are in the hands of experts, and anxiety largely centers round the selection of the links for next year's championships.

Among those who are bidding for one or other of these events is the Nassau Country Club of Long Island. Its course has during the year been extended to 6,022 yards, with the following schedule of distance and bogie scores:

OUT.		IN.	
	<i>Yds. Bogie.</i>		<i>Yds. Bogie.</i>
1. First.....	315	10. Slide.....	400
2. Long.....	500	11. Sand Pit.....	188
3. Meadow.....	317	12. Corner.....	305
4. Mounds.....	318	13. Railroad.....	300
5. Old Lane.....	350	14. Cellar.....	390
6. Graveyard.....	410	15. Hill.....	473
7. Circus.....	161	16. Hollow.....	360
8. Woods.....	340	17. Pond.....	150
9. Roadside.....	375	18. Home.....	285
Totals.....	3,086	Totals.....	2,936
Grand Totals—Length,	6,022 yards.	Bogie,	83.

Last year there was quite a hanging back of good clubs; nobody seemed particularly anxious to secure the privilege of the championships, so much so that in the event at the annual meeting it had to be left to the Executive Committee to select a place at a later period of the season. This year there is every probability of quite a contest for the now coveted honor, and as last year the West was the scene of the Amateur Championships, the Men's at Chicago and the Women's at Philadelphia, and the professionals at Baltimore, we may expect a reversal of the order and that the Amateur Championship will find a home in the East. It would be useful to have the place selected at the forthcoming annual meeting.

Our English brethren have already made their selection, and it may be useful to intending visitors to Europe in the coming season to know that the English Amateur Men's Championship will be held over the Sandwich course (near to the two great departure ports, Dover and Folkestone) during the week beginning May the 17th, and the Women's Championship will be held the following week on the beautiful west country links of Westward Ho! in Devonshire.

Winter golf, really winter golf, will be divided into two main streams, each of them having possession of superb opportunities for play. One stream will take a westward course from Denver to the coast, and thence flow north and south over the sixteen links dotting California from its northern limits to the border line of Mexico. About these I need say no more in this place, inasmuch as the subject will, I am told, be fully dealt with in the body of OUTING for March.

The other stream will take a direct south-eastern course, from Richmond and Virginia Hot Springs through the two Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, and of this stream I can say no more than is told by J. Duncan Dunn, who tells in the pages of this issue the story of his tour in the South last winter.

Special arrangements for quite an interesting series of play have been made by the East Coast Florida Golf Association on its links from St. Augustine to Nassau, and in the West Coast Association golfing has been placed by the Plant system under the superintendence of that veteran golfer, Thomas Dunn.

Already the links are busy on both these highly favored winter seacoasts, and the Pacific and the Atlantic will both ring with the sound of golf on its favorite haunts—links by the sea.

In the intermediate West and Southwest golf is steadily marching on. Galveston, Tex., is providing a course of holes and Austin and El Paso, Tex., are following suit. Arizona's Phoenix Club has been organized, with every prospect of success. Omaha, Neb., has arranged for a course.

At the meeting of the Intercollegiate Golf Association Chester Griswold, Jr., was re-elected President and George Clark, Jr., Vice-President, and S. H. Nash Secretary and Treasurer. The University of Pennsylvania, which has had a club for three years past, was admitted to membership. No tournament, however, will be held in 1900, as two were held in 1899. In 1901 we may hope to see the benefit of this fallow year.

The Princeton "P" has been heretofore an exclusive possession of the 'varsity football, baseball and track men. An exception will be made in Percy R. Pyne's case, and he will be the first Princeton golfer to be awarded this honor.

Secretary Robert B. Kerr, of the United States Golf Association, has not, at this writing, issued the thirty days' notice to the associated clubs fixing the date of the annual meeting, but it is understood that it will be held in New York on the 28th February.

Notes have been sent to the associated clubs asking each of them their wishes with regard to having one or the other championship on their links, and to state their abilities for managing a national event.

Garden City is likely to be a strong competitor for the men's amateur contest, and Shinnecock Hills and Baltusrol will make a close contest for the women's competition, whilst Chicago will seek to obtain the open championship.

These selections would all be popular and appropriate. Garden City has been a favorite with the first circle of players ever since the Metropolitan Championship held there last spring.

ALBION.



ALL-SOUTHERN FOOTBALL TEAM.

IF we again select eleven men representing the greatest playing strength, a team embodying higher development, equaling in individual power and excelling in organized play any previous combination, it must be selected from a broader territory than heretofore, embracing a greater number of institutions—the surest evidence of the growth of the game in public favor and the general advancement of the sport throughout the South.

In selecting this team consideration is given not only to the individual strength but also the effect the individual would lend to the organization. For instance, Koehler is undoubtedly the strongest half-back in the South, leaving out Gerstle; but it is believed that the team could be strengthened by placing him at end, and filling half by Feagin. I may also add that consideration has been paid to the opinions of other critics, and the selection, in the main, harmonizes with their judgment.

The position at center is easily filled, because Long of Georgetown, in snapping the ball, blocking, breaking through, tackling and general play, stands without a near rival. The material from which to select guards is scarce, and it may be said that the generally weak point in Southern teams was in this position. Crutchfield of Vanderbilt, who was given a place last year, though not so aggressive, may still hold his position. For the other side, Choice of the Virginia Polytechnic, though new, has mastered the position, and plays it with such energy and judgment in blocking, charging and opening, as to become conspicuous in every game. He also runs well with the ball, possessing great power and speed, and the instances of his failure to gain have been rare. Hamilton of Georgia has been given a place at tackle. In the game with Carolina he outplayed Bennett, and he has shown such ability in other games as to attract attention, and, for this reason, has been allowed to displace Bennett. Loyd of Virginia is still without a rival at left tackle, and this is the one position in which all critics have united on the same individual—his style always the same, with the ball or trying to get to the man who has it. For this he is criticised as being rough, but the writer knows no instance in which his play has been illegitimate. Koehler of North Carolina should be one end, and it is no easy matter to make the other as strong, though Sims of Sewanee is his best running mate. Sewanee should also be given quarter-back in Wilson, who has shown ability as a player and a general in conducting his team through critical periods, and has guided them from defeat to victory, and this too often manifested to belong to chance. Gerstle of Virginia has cleared the ends in every game this year, and as a ground-gain-

ing back has no equal in the South. Others equal him on defense and in his line bucking, but in general merit he is far ahead of all competitors for left half. Right half is between Feagin of Alabama Polytechnic and Seibels of Sewanee, but the latter, although at times brilliant, has a continuous and inexcusable habit of fumbling which should bar him from this organization.

KOEHLER	LOYD	HAMILTON	SIMS
(Carolina).	(Virginia).	(Georgia).	(Sewanee).
CHOICE	LONG	CRUTCHFIELD	
(Va. Polytech.).	(Georgetown).	(Vanderbilt).	
	WILSON		
	(Sewanee).		
GERSTLE	COLEMAN	FEAGIN	
(Virginia).	(Virginia).	(Ala. Polytech.).	

RICHMOND, VA., NOVEMBER 30TH—VIRGINIA VS. LEHIGH, 10-0.

Lehigh was the favorite before the game. Virginia had played an uphill game throughout the season with that friction characteristic of new machinery, but suddenly developed into a finished organization, and on Thanksgiving had rounded out a team which in concerted action has never been equaled in the South. The impregnable interference which swept around Lehigh's strong ends continued effective to the end of the game. Lehigh's line had been considered weak, but developed strength in her supposed weakness, for it was the resistance offered by her line that saved them greater defeat. Twice they held for downs inside their five-yard line after it had been carried there for seventy yards around their ends.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., NOVEMBER 30TH—SEWANEE VS. AUBURN, 11-10.

For the only time during the season Sewanee found herself on the defensive from the opening of the game. Auburn began a series of plays that resulted in carrying the ball across Sewanee's goal line. Auburn played with dash and spirit, and, in ground gaining, they excelled the Tennessee team, while, on defense, they were evenly matched. Auburn is clearly a factor in football in that section. Feagin is a player of exceptional ability, and runs with such force that some ground belongs to him on every attempt. Skeggs and Bivins complete a strong trio which would give any line hard practice.

ATLANTA, NOVEMBER 30TH—CAROLINA VS. GEORGIA, 5-0.

At beginning of play Carolina found little trouble in carrying the ball over for a touchdown after only five minutes of play, but then Georgia braced, and, from there on, an organized defense confronted the Carolinians. The best work for Georgia was performed by Captain Ritchie and Hamilton, with splendid kicking by McIntosh and end runs by Finnegan. To make a stand at the finish of such an inauspicious season indicates that Georgia is made of the proper material, and that such work if continued insures them a permanent place high up among Southern teams. For Carolina Koehler and Bellamy were conspicuous, though they were ably assisted by the line men, who, though at times playing a ragged game, displayed strong defense at critical moments.

NASHVILLE, NOVEMBER 30TH—VANDERBILT VS. UNIVERSITY OF NASHVILLE, 5-0.

Vanderbilt forced the game in the first half, getting within Nashville's 18-yard line before being held for downs. Nashville turned aggressor in the second half and carried the ball to Vanderbilt's 10-yard line by a run in which White distinguished himself by clever dodging. Here Nashville grew nervous and allowed Massey, Vanderbilt's center, to carry a fumbled ball for a touchdown on a 100-yard run. The teams seemed evenly matched, but play was drawn out to darkness and what is the more to be regretted, the game had to be left unfinished.

University of Alabama has advanced to a higher position by the performances of a light, but well-balanced and thoroughly coached team. In their games they have shown football of a clean-cut character.

Their scores were :

University of Alabama vs. Tuscaloosa Athletic Club, 11-5.

University of Alabama vs. Southern Athletic Club (New Orleans), 0-20.

University of Alabama vs. Montgomery Athletic Club, 16-0.

University of Alabama vs. University of Mississippi, 7-5.

ATLANTA, DECEMBER 2D—SEWANEES VS. UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA, 5-0.

In this game Sewanee continued her onward march to the Southern Championship, and, measured by actual contest, has earned a cleaner and clearer title than any of her predecessors. Her geographical situation has enabled her to meet more Southern teams than have ever before been met in a single season, and through it all she has been victorious. Some critics have been disposed to consider her the pet of chance, but her victories have followed too clearly upon the exercise of good judgment and consistent work to be other than a reward of faithful training. Sewanee kicked with effect throughout the game and the ends, as usual, played in faultless style. The back field played together, but the line was outclassed by that of Carolina, so that consecutive gains never crowned their efforts. Carolina fought hard and repeatedly forced the struggle into Sewanee territory, and Howell by a run of fifty yards came near turning the tide of the game. Carolina began the season with brilliant prospects, but the team that faced Sewanee cannot be considered up to her usual standard. Sewanee, on the contrary, was represented by a team outclassing herself. W. A. LAMBETH.



THE COMING SEASON.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PENNSYLVANIA, with their usual activity in matters of track athletics, lost no time in setting their candidates at work for the coming season's meetings.

Scarcely had the football season closed than Trainer Murphy was casting his watchful eye around, among the old members of the team and the new candidates, and making preparations for setting his men to work before the Christmas vacation, in the covered track. The University has gained much from this covered track system. It has many advantages which the ordinary college gymnasium does not possess.

The team loses this year three of last year's prominent point-winners, namely, Baxter in the high jump, Meckling in the two miles, and Tewkesbury in the hundred and two hundred yards dashes; but the fall novice sports demonstrated that there is some very promising material on hand, in fact it would not be surprising if Trainer Murphy should develop another champion.

It has been proposed by the track management to send a team representing the University to compete at the Olympian games at Paris during the coming year.

A very high standard of excellency has been set by the track representatives of Pennsylvania during the past three years; and it is an

interesting fact that, as a result of last year's score, the University moved up to third place in total number of points scored during the twenty-four years of intercollegiate championships. The point record to date shows Harvard 721 1-6, Yale 519 5-12, Pennsylvania 401 5-6, Columbia 383 5-6, Princeton 297 1-12.

The University will suffer a decided loss next year when they lose the services of Mr. Murphy, who returns to Yale, but he will train the men for the next championship games for Pennsylvania. Trainer Murphy possesses unusual judgment in being able, after very short acquaintance with a man, to advise him as to what branch of athletic work, with his particular physical characteristics, would be best for him to follow; and what is more, after he has selected his line, to train him to a state of considerable perfection. His vast experience in track training makes him a valuable addition to any team.

HARVARD.

Harvard track team will feel the loss this season of J. T. Roche, J. F. Quinlan, T. E. Burke, F. B. Fox, and H. E. Clark. It will be necessary to develop some of the new material to fill the places of these men. Among the most promising of the newcomers are, I. R. Hoxie and E. B. Sprague, in the sprints; G. E. Behr, in the half-mile; E. Randolph, in the mile; R. Abercrombie, R. Wellman, and J. B. Manning in the hurdles. From present indications it would seem that the team will be strongest in the hurdles, jumps, and weights.

YALE.

At Yale the graduation of T. R. Fisher, R. N. Graff, F. H. Warren, and C. B. Spitzer leave vacancies which will be hard to fill. There is every prospect that the team will be strong in middle distances, high hurdles, and

pole vault, and with the assistance of J. Flannigan as coach there should be one or two particularly good men in the weights.

CORNELL.

The excellent work done by the Cornell men in cross-country runs during the fall term should be the means of producing some good performers in the championship two miles. Trainer Moakley is to be assisted in his work of preparing the team by a number of Alumni track men, who will go to Ithaca during the present term to give a hand in coaching. The development of a strong relay team is looked forward to here.

WISCONSIN.

Wisconsin are eager to retrieve their lost laurels in the Western intercollegiate championship. After having carried away the championship for three successive years, to be sent down to fourth place, as they were in last year's contest, was a considerable blow to them. Those who remain of last year's team feel that an unusual effort on their part is called for, in order that the honor of the cardinals may be sustained. Many of last year's team were new, and they now realize what efforts they must put forward in order to win next spring. Fortunately there are among the freshmen many promising men. Here, as at many other colleges, cross-country running was an added feature during the past fall, and some of the new men bid fair to make good distance runners.

COLUMBIA.

At Columbia efforts will be made to develop more jumpers and weight men during the coming spring. These features in last year's team were the weak points. Columbia are fortunate in losing only two of last year's men, and with past experience those who remain should be able to make a much better showing.

Interest in track athletics will be maintained later into the summer than usual this year, as many of the men will be kept in trim for the Olympian games at Paris. In addition to Pennsylvania, Princeton and Cornell, the University of Chicago will, in all probability, send teams.

In addition to the Interscholastic Championships of New York and Long Island, we are this season to have a meeting between the two associations, which will most probably be held at Manhattan Field the third week in May. Their respective championship meets will be held one week earlier. It is proposed that each association be represented by four competitors in each event of the inter-city contest. This should be an admirable meeting. We wish it success and that it may become an annual event.

BOSTON ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The first and one of the most important indoor features of the season will be the annual games of the Boston Athletic Association in Mechanics' Hall on February 3d. The date is earlier than usual. Team races will be a strong feature of this year's meeting. A large number of college athletes are always entered at this meeting, and this year will be no exception to the rule.

The annual Marathon run, which is held under the auspices of the Boston A. A., is scheduled for April 19th. The course will be from Ashland to the Boston A. A. club-house, a distance of about twenty-five miles. Prizes are given to the first six men.

KNICKERBOCKER ATHLETIC CLUB.

Following close to the Boston games, in fact, on the next Saturday, will be the games of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club in Madison Square Garden, February 10th. Here, also, the names of a number of college men are to be found on the programme. Among the special attractions will be a number of relay races between college teams.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE CROSS-COUNTRY.

The twentieth annual cross-country race between Oxford and Cambridge Universities was held Dec. 1st, over an eight-mile course laid out by the Thames Hare and Hounds Club. A start was made from the King's Head, Roehampton, across the open country, and finished up with a clear stretch over Wimbledon Common to the Weir House, near Roehampton. Cambridge gained a most decided victory, by getting all five of her team in first. The teams before the start were considered far more evenly matched than the finish proved them to be, notwithstanding the fact that Cambridge had come out victorious in the annual matches against the Ranelagh and Blackheath Harriers. The order of the finish and times of the men were as follows :

	M.	S.
1. C. E. Pumphrey, Christ's, Cambridge.....	45	49
2. W. Winterbotham, King's, Cambridge.....	46	45
3. E. Gibbon, Trinity, Cambridge.....	47	9
4. A. Botterill, Pembroke, Cambridge.....	47	23
5. W. B. Grandage, Clare, Cambridge.....	47	31
6. C. B. Gull, St. Edmund Hall, Oxford.....	48	22
7. W. R. Strickland, Keble, Oxford.....	48	33
8. R. P. Marshall, Keble, Oxford.....	49	33
9. G. R. Fothergill, University, Oxford.....	50	50
10. H. S. Davis, Corpus, Oxford.....	52	27

BOSTON A. A.

The annual fall handicap cross-country run of the Boston Athletic Association was held Dec. 9th, over a course of about five miles. Of the twelve starters Harvard was represented by five entries, and four out of the first five places were taken by them. O. W. Richardson was the first man home, and Dick Grant the winner of the time prize. The elements were somewhat against the runners, for a strong wind was blowing across a greater part of the course. All the men finished in good condition.

The following is the order of finish, with the handicaps, elapsed and corrected times:

Runners.	Penalty.	Elapsed time.	Corrected time.
O. W. Richardson, H. A. A.....	M. S.	M. S.	M. S.
B. F. Sullivan, High A. C.....	1:15	27:27	26:12
F. B. Taylor, H. A. A.....	1:00	27:53	26:53
C. J. Swan, H. A. A.....	0:45	28:14	27:39
R. W. Dixon, Wor. H. A. A.....	1:15	28:29	27:14
Dick Grant, Camb. G. A.....	0:30	28:50	28:20
J. J. Hallahan, Boston.....	3:00	28:54	25:54
E. M. Adey, Brown Univ.....	1:00	29:25	28:25
C. Hutchins, C. Y. M. C. A.....	0:30	30:02	29:32
D. C. Hall, Brown Univ.....	0:30	29:51	29:21
*J. L. Flynn, C. Y. M. C. A.....	3:00	30:06	27:06
G. Ireland, H. A. A.....	—	31:22	31:22
	0:30	34:09	33:39

*Limit man, no penalty.

INTERCOLLEGIATE GYMNASTICS.

Delegates from Princeton, Yale, Union College, New York University, Haverford, Amherst and Columbia, met in the Columbia University Gymnasium, November 29th, and formed an Intercollegiate Gymnastic Association.

Plans were laid for an annual championship meeting, which will in all probability be held this year at the Columbia gymnasium next March. Harvard was not represented, but will join the association and send a team to the meet. It is also expected that Pennsylvania will join. VIGILANT.

RACQUETS.

THAT Racquets and Court Tennis are slowly but surely coming into vogue in this country is made clear from the recent addition to the few existing courts of the new Racquet and Tennis Club at Tuxedo. These new courts and club-house are situate not far from the regular club-house at Tuxedo, and have a beautiful frontage overlooking the lake. Immediately inside the entrance are reception rooms and salon; behind these is a room twenty-seven and a half feet by nineteen and a half feet, called the Dedans Salon, and, as the name implies, the latter leads direct to the courts. The court, which has a playing space of ninety-one by thirty-one and a half feet, is beautifully laid out and lighted from sides as well as top. One of the most interesting features is the flooring, which is a special cement preparation that dries out a dead black and remains so permanently, thus avoiding the necessity for periodical painting.

The governors of the club have been fortunate in their selection of secretary and treasurer, to which office they have appointed Eustace H. Miles, of King's College, Cambridge (England). Mr Miles is the present British amateur champion at both racquets and court tennis. A man with such a knowledge of both games is indeed a valuable addition to the club.

The new club was opened December 30th with an exhibition match at court tennis between E. H. Miles and Tom Pettit, the professional champion of America.

The amateur, who received a handicap of half-thirty for a bisque, won out with three sets to love in his favor.

The inaugural tournament was continued on January 1st with a court tennis match between G. R. Fearing, Jr., and A. Potter, of Boston, against E. H. Miles and T. Suffern Tailer, of Tuxedo. The contest finished in favor of the home pair by a score of 3 to 2.

The members and guests who visited the New York Racquet and Tennis Club on January 3d were treated to one of the fastest games of racquet ever seen. An exhibition match was played between Peter Latham, champion of the world, and George Standing, champion of America. Latham allowed three aces a game to Standing. Standing played most brilliantly, and won from Latham by scores of 15-2, 15-1 and 15-5.

Court tennis was a feature of the day's programme at the Racquet and Tennis Club on January 5th. The principal game of the day was a doubles match, played between Latham and A. Tompkins and Pettit and E. H. Miles. Latham played a wonderful game, and he and

his partner had no trouble in winning three straight sets, with scores of 6-3, 6-0 and 7-5.

NEW YORK CLUB TOURNAMENT.

The holiday invitation tournament of the New York Racquet and Tennis Club finished on January 6th with a very interesting match of racquets, doubles, between E. H. Miles and Latham, and Q. A. Shaw, Jr., and Standing. It was racquets of the very highest order, bringing together in one game the amateur and professional champions of both England and America, but the match did not involve any championship.

The Englishmen worked splendidly together, and Mr. Miles, who started off a little below his form, was playing a great game at the finish. They won by scoring four games out of five, the conditions calling for the best four in seven. Mr. Shaw made many brilliant plays. Both professionals played a splendid game. Latham made his back-hand strokes with great success, and Standing's low returns were very successful.

The scores for the five games were as follows: In the first and second games the Englishmen won by 15 to 12 and 15 to 5; the third game Shaw and Standing won by 17 to 14; the fourth and fifth games went to the English pair with 18 to 14 and 18 to 14.

SCHOOLBOYS' CHAMPIONSHIP.

An interesting tournament was held at the Racquet and Tennis Club, December 27th, 28th and 29th, when the schoolboys competed for their championship cup, which was presented by the club for the encouragement of racquets among the schools. There were seven entries. The first draw brought together Cass and Prentiss, both of St. Paul, Concord, N. H. The former won the best two out of three with scores of 15 to 8 and 15 to 13. The next draw between Moorehead, of St. Paul, and Greenfield, of Pomfret, resulted in a win for Moorehead by 15 to 0 and 15 to 2. Galloway, of St. Paul, forfeited to Pool, of the same school; Pool was drawn, with Hitchcock, of Pomfrets, the former winning by 15 to 0 and 15 to 2.

The three contestants now left represented St. Paul. In the semi-final Moorehead defeated Cass by scores of 15 to 8 and 15 to 6.

Pool and Moorehead were left for the final. The conditions called for the best three games out of five. Moorehead played brilliantly and forced the game from start to finish. He won the match and championship by scores of 15 to 2, 15 to 5, and 15 to 3.

The Pomfret School were badly handicapped by the absence of G. Clark, their crack player, who was last year's winner. VIGILANT.

ICE-YACHTING.



ICE-YACHTING.

MINNETONKA.

THE first ice-yachting of the season was at Lake Minnetonka, a short distance from Minneapolis, Minn., on December 15th. The ice on St. Louis Bay (a branch of Lake Minnetonka) was thick enough to allow the smaller boats to skim over a surface that was as near plate-glass as ice can be. This small class of boats has been named "jack rabbits."

The new and commodious clubhouse of the Minnetonka Ice Yacht Club is now practically finished and is situated at Deephaven, on St. Louis Bay. The formal house-warming will take place on Washington's Birthday. As stated in December OUTING, the Minnetonka Ice Yacht Club has purchased a number of the crack ice yachts from the Hudson River, and with those at the lake before, and new ones—built this winter—the club registers over thirty-five boats, with a membership that will shortly have to be limited. Theodore Wetmore, the father of ice-yachting in the West, is Commodore, and R. G. Morrison, treasurer; the remainder of the committee is composed of Lucian Swift, W. K. Morrison and Fred A. Hubbard.

Much is expected from the *Elk*, built by Mr. Woodford. Mr. Woodford won considerable of a reputation last year in the Northwest when he constructed the speedy *North Star* for Commodore Wetmore.

The Minnetonka Club looks with longing eyes at the blue rag known as the champion pennant of the world, and talks of coming East this winter for it, providing the outlook is good for an extra long cold snap.

January 1st was a gala day, and the club members and their guests were out in force. It had been planned to have a cruise by the whole fleet over the lake, starting from the clubhouse, thence to Excelsior, then to Wayzata, and home to a banquet; but, alas for the best laid plans! the thermometer registered 8 below zero, a howling gale swept the lake, and the cruise had to be called off; still it could not bar such enthusiasts as Commodore Wetmore's *North Star*, A. E. McMullen's *Marian*, William Peets' *Quickstep*, W. Korison's boat, A. E. McMullen's *St. Nicholas* (present holder of club championship), Charles Chalmers' *Magic*, and Andy Pertson on *Sleepner*, a new creation this year. The gale piped over twenty knots, and reefs were a handy thing to have on the sails. Some of the larger boats would have gone out, but as they did not carry any

reef points, it would have been nothing short of folly to have sailed them. No races were called.

LAKE PEPIN.

At the annual meeting of the Pepin Ice Yacht Club at Lake Pepin, Wis., the following officers were elected: R. M. Anderson, commodore; L. B. Leffay, vice-commodore; O. L. Murry, secretary and treasurer; and O. M. Axtell, measurer. The Regatta Committee is composed of S. E. Serene, C. M. Francis and J. M. Axtell. A challenge from the Lake City Ice Yacht Club for a race for the J. B. Hudson cup and the championship pennant of the Northwest was presented before the meeting and accepted. These races will be held at Pepin over a course laid out by the regatta committee, the club winning two races out of three will be declared the winner. The Pepin Ice Yacht Club rules will govern the races.

ORANGE LAKE.

At Orange Lake, just six miles back of Newburgh-on-the-Hudson, the first sailing of the season in the East was on the second of January. The ice was in prime condition and as smooth as a mirror.

On January 3d Commodore Higginson ordered Quartermaster Taggart to bring the sun over the foreyard, and as eight bells struck Signal Officer O'Brien broke out the club burgee, and the Orange Lake Ice Yacht Club was in commission for 1900.

January 4th broke bright and clear, and all hands were early on the ice. The regular club course had been measured off, a quadrangle, each side of which measured a half mile. The said quadrangle to be sailed five times around, making a total distance of ten miles. The ice was eight inches thick and smooth. Three events were sailed, all being for trophies, and each prize was won by the *Snow Drift*, two on races and one by default.

The first event was sailed in the forenoon and was for the challenge cup of 1888. The wind was light from the southwest as the following ice yachts lined up opposite Pine Point for the start: Commodore H. C. Higginson's *Windward*; Vice-Commodore Kidd's *Snow Drift*; Elijah Walsh's *Arctic*; Alderman Robert Kernahan's *Troubler*, and Homer S. Ramsdell's *Ice Queen*. All the above being sloops. It was a close and a hot race between the *Windward* and *Snow Drift*, and the *Windward* won by one minute; but at the home line she ran into a mark stake and so disqualified, and the *Snow Drift* was declared first, as per Orange Lake I. Y. C. rule. The finish time of the yachts was as follows: *Windward*, 12:19:30; *Snow Drift*, 12:20:30; *Arctic*, 12:22:10; *Troubler*, 12:24:30. In this race it was a mixed class on even terms.

The second race was a handicap race by Orange Lake time allowance rule (see OUTING, January, 1898, page 399). The event was for the Kidd champion pennant. The entries were the same as the first race, with addition of Frank G. Wood's *Flying Jib*. *Snow Drift* won; time, 29 min. 30 sec. *Windward* second. The slow time is accounted for by very light wind.

The third race was for the Van Nostrand

Cup and was a handicap event. *Snow Drift* again finished first, *Windward* second, *Arctic* third, *Troubler* fourth, *Cold Wave* fifth, and then *Flying Jib*. Time of winner, 27 min. 40 sec. *Snow Drift* beat *Windward* 2 min. 10 sec., and *Troubler* and *Cold Wave* by a lap.

The officers of the Orange Lake I. Y. C. for 1900 are: H. C. Higginson, commodore; Dr. Willet Kidd, vice-commodore; Chas. M. Stebbins, secretary and treasurer; James O'Brien, Jr., signal officer. Dr. Kidd is chairman of the Racing Committee.

SHREWSBURY RIVER.

The first race on the Shrewsbury River in New Jersey took place on January 3d. The wind blew a gale, and a slight snow covered the ice. The starters were: Commodore Morford's *Flaw*, Joseph L. Burrow's *Hurricane*, Rennie Hendrickson's *Nip*, and Charles Fox-

well's *Flirt*, all being third-class boats. A straight-away course and return were sailed over three times, the total distance being six miles. There was hot work in this race, and the fore-runner took many a skyward flight. The Shrewsbury men consider it a disgrace to be caught reefing an ice-yacht. The winner was the *Flaw*, which was sailed by the Commodore's son, Garry Morford. The *Flaw's* time was 11 min. 45 sec. *Hurricane* second, *Nip* third. This race was held by the North Shrewsbury I. Y. C.

The following are the officers of the South Shrewsbury I. Y. C.: Commodore, W. A. Seamen; vice-commodore, Chas. P. Irwin; secretary, Bert. Cubberley; treasurer, J. J. Manolt; sailing master, Jesse Lafetra; regatta committee, E. E. Tabor, G. A. Lippincott, and Wm. Pontin.

H. PERCY ASHLEY.

ICE HOCKEY.

ICE Hockey, although a winter game, has by the development in the manufacture of artificial ice been made practically independent of climatic conditions. Hail, rain, blow or snow, there is sure now, whenever fixtures have been made, to be ice under the most perfect conditions for play; and the game is one that requires perfect ice, for it is a fast and furious game.

The certainty arising from the foregoing conditions has brought many more organizations into the field. The ranks have widened out and down, from the period when it was almost an exhibition game of semi-professionals, until it now includes many college and school teams, as well as the associated teams recruited from the principal athletic clubs.

The result has been materially to the benefit of the sport. The lines between amateurism and professionalism have been more closely drawn, and the most objectionable features of rough and often dangerous play have been sensibly diminished, with every prospect of their complete elimination.

AMATEUR HOCKEY LEAGUE.

The first game in the Amateur Hockey League Tournament was played at St. Nicholas Rink, December 20th, between the teams of the New York Athletic Club and the Hockey Club of New York. It was a most exciting and well-contested game and resulted in a tie, each side scoring two goals. B. Phillips and Russell each scored a goal for the Hockey Club, Howard and Cobb doing the scoring for the N. Y. A. C.

On January 4th the championship season opened on the Clermont Avenue Rink at Brooklyn, with a game between Crescent Athletic Club and Naval Battalion teams. The Crescent A. C. men won as they pleased by a score of eleven goals to nothing.

The St. Nicholas Skating Club team defeated the New York A. C. team at St. Nicholas Rink on January 9th, by a score of three goals to two.

This season's schedule of games has been re-

duced by the withdrawal from the Amateur Hockey League of the Montclair Athletic team.

UNIVERSITIES AND SCHOOLS.

The university and school hockey season is in full swing. A new addition to the ranks of college hockey is the Cornell Hockey team, organized at a meeting on January 6th.

On December 28th the Harvard University Hockey team played the Newton Athletic Association at Cambridge. Harvard won by a score of four goals to two.

On January 1st the Yale Hockey team played at the Clermont Avenue Rink against the Crescent A. C. The Crescents proved far too strong for them and won by seven goals to one.

The match between Columbia University team and Princeton, played on the Clermont Avenue Rink, January 9th, resulted in a very one-sided game, Columbia team winning by six goals to one.

On January 6th, at St. Nicholas Rink, the Naval Militia team won from Princeton by two goals to one.

On December 24th the Cutler School team won from the St. Paul's School team, of Concord, N. H., by three goals to two.

The game between Columbia Grammar School and the Staten Island Academy on the same day resulted in a win for the Islanders by two goals to one.

On December 27th Cutler School team played a drawn game with Princeton team, both sides scoring two goals each.

On January 4th the Cutler School team played the team of Pomfret School, of Connecticut, at St. Nicholas Rink, and gained an easy victory by twenty goals to nothing.

The recent visit of the McGill University team, Montreal, Canada, was not as successful as they might have anticipated. Their first match was played at St. Nicholas Rink December 29th against the New York A. C. team, and although they played a very fast game, at the end of the second half both teams had scored three goals. It was agreed that an-

other period of three minutes should be played, and before time was up Howard, of the New Yorks, had scored the winning goal.

On December 30th the Canadian Collegians met an "All-New York" team, composed of players from the New York A. C., St. Nicholas Skating Club and the Hockey Club of New York; again the visitors suffered defeat by a score of ten goals to six. Neither team scored for the first ten minutes, but the score at

the end of the first half stood four to two in favor of the New Yorkers. The Canadians scored early in the second half, and the game looked like a close finish, when the New Yorkers rushed five goals through in very short time. Toward the close of the game the visitors picked up and added three more goals to their score. The New Yorkers' team work was good, and their goal-keeper stood off several excellent shots.

VIGILANT.

CURLING.

NOT in many years have climatic conditions been so favorable for the opening of the season for the venerable and exhilarating game of curling. Ice, clear as crystal, specially set apart for the fraternity on the lake of Van Cortland Park, and a day as bright as July, enticed every Scot within reach to see or participate in the contest for the Dalrymple Medal on the 9th of January, between representatives of the North against the South of Scotland. Keen rivals, though "Brothers a'."

The Dalrymple Medal is the first contest in the "Grand National" series, and the conditions under which it was competed for this year were, in the words of the Highlander, "gran" and decidedly in favor of a "roarin' game," and a roarin' game they had, for the "bottle ice," which had never had snow fall on it since it froze, was almost a foot thick and as keen as any curler could wish. The Northerners this year turned the tables on their rivals, and when the last head of the five rinks was played, the South were beaten by twenty-nine. The Northerners played a fine game on nearly all the rinks, and the "guard stanes," laid by the veteran Highlanders, were frequently a source

of trouble to the borderers, who were just a wee bit behind their brothers in skill.

In addition to the Dalrymple Medal, the Hoogland Flag and Kirkpatrick Medal are also competed for, the former going to the skip whose team beats its opponents by the highest score, and the latter to the skip whose team makes the next best showing against its opponents.

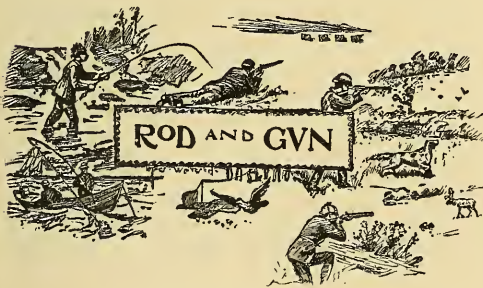
Robert Kelloch, of Rink No. 3, won the time-honored flag, and James Thaw, of Rink No. 5, the medal. David Foulis, as senior officer of the Northern Division, received the Dalrymple Medal.

The score by rinks follows:

Rink.	North.	South.
1.....	22	9
2.....	10	18
3.....	26	11
4.....	11	16
5.....	19	5
Grand total.....	88	59

The remaining contests of the Grand National are for Champion Rink Gordon Medal, Interstate Hamilton Medal, McLintoch Medal, Mitchell Medal, Dewar Challenge Cup and Medals, and International Tow Rink Match for Gordon Medal.

T. C. TURNER.



MASSACHUSETTS SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

THE 1900 show of the Massachusetts Sportsmen's Association will open on Washington's Birthday, February 22d, in the Mechanics' Building, Boston. The scope of the exhibition, in its interest to sportsmen, to lovers of all kinds of field sports, and to the general public, which seeks to be entertained as well as instructed, has been greatly extended. More varieties of game, more strange and rare specimens of fish, seen only in the more notable aquariums, and better exemplifications of Indian customs will be some of the new features of the exhibition. Water polo and other sports, and class drills and exhi-

bitions in the gymnasium will form part of the show.

THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW, NEW YORK.

Preparations for the Sixth Annual Sportsmen's Show, to open March 1st to 17th, at Madison Square Garden, New York, have been going ahead quietly, but to such good purpose that the foundations and framework of the enterprise are now practically complete, and within the next few weeks the details of the prettiest and most realistic picture ever presented to sportsmen within the limits of New York City will be under way.

FOREIGN GAME BIRDS' EGGS.

Our sportsmen readers can help the cause of the gun by influencing the representatives of their districts in Congress to support the effort of Senator Lodge to obtain the repeal of the clause in the tariff prohibiting the importation of the eggs of foreign game birds. It was inserted under a misapprehension, and its removal will open the door for, amongst other good game birds for stocking purposes, the European partridge. It would have been bad enough to impose a heavy duty, but to prohibit altogether this avenue for restocking our depleted shooting grounds is positively unjust.

GAME WARDENS MUST BE GAME WARDENS.

Governor Roosevelt is something more than

a Governor; he is an ardent, practical sportsman, and we commend his intentions to other Governors of other States and all whom it may concern.

He will have all game wardens pass an examination on his own book and be sent into the woods for a day and a night as a test of their woodcraft, and he will be satisfied that the warden is able to handle a rifle, an axe and a canoe, and to use snow-shoes when necessary. This is practical statesmanship applied to sport, and may its practice extend.

A LOOPHOLE IN THE LAW.

A serious loophole in the laws which regulate hunting in Minnesota has been established by a recent decision of the Supreme Court there. It was held, two Judges out of five dissenting, that while the State authorities have a very extensive jurisdiction over the reservation, the tribal Indians on the reservation have, under their treaties with the United States, a license to hunt on the reservation in order to procure food, notwithstanding that the State laws prohibit such fishing and hunting. The trouble will be to prevent the disposal to persons other than the tribal Indians and shipment off the reservation. There are causes enough to deplete the game and aid the pot-hunter without opening another avenue. If he may kill game for food, he may barter it for other food, venison for coffee or whiskey, and still keep within the law.

THE TARPON.

It was in 1884 when William H. Wood of New York caught the first tarpon ever captured in Florida waters on hook and line. Before that period they had been occasionally killed with the grains, and one only is on record as being taken accidentally on a large trolling spoon. Mr. Wood, previous to 1884, annually visited the Gulf coast and was a keen observer of the habits of the tarpon, and determined to essay their capture by practical and scientific methods.

He observed that the tarpon when hooked seldom failed to throw the hook from its jaw at the moment it leaped from the water, and from this knowledge came the inspiration that insured success in his future outings for these fish. His method was a simple one. Casting about one hundred feet from the boat, he allowed the mullet bait to sink to the bottom, and at once coiled twenty to thirty feet of slack line on the gunnel or seat of the boat. The tarpon bites at a bottom bait rather gingerly, and the first intimation that it is doing so is more of a gentle "draw" than the "pluck" of most salt-water fishes. As the tarpon drew slowly away, Mr. Wood paid out the slack line to its full extent and then struck the hook into the fish. A mad rush, a furious leap, the powerful convulsions of the body and the violent and continued shaking of the head and shoulders, which always follow the strike, were of no avail. The bait had been swallowed and the steel was buried in the gullet of the fish.

From 1884 until a few years ago all tarpon anglers in Florida followed Wood's methods, and but few tarpon escaped after being hooked. In 1895 reports came from Aransas Pass, Texas, of the great numbers of tarpon being seen and captured in the rapid waters of the inlet. The

method used was the reverse of that introduced by Mr. Wood. It was surface fishing with a hundred feet of line tightened on the strong tide, which flows on the ebb at a speed of eight to ten miles an hour in the Pass. The boat was either anchored or slowly rowed against the tide. Under such conditions it was seldom that more than one fish out of ten was killed. The tarpon dashed at the floating line, and the hook failed to be embedded except in the outer jaw, and at the first mad leap of the fish was thrown from the mouth. During the last few years the anglers of Florida have discarded Mr. Wood's method, and now, as a rule, fish in swift waters of the inlets with the same results as obtains in Texan waters. It cannot be disputed that still-fishing for tarpon, as introduced by Mr. Wood, is the most scientific and enjoyable from an angling standpoint.

THE SPRING HUNGER OF FISH.

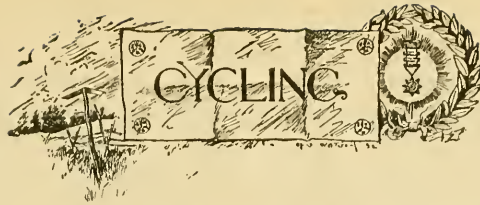
It is a current belief among many anglers that an open winter foretells a poor fishing spring. They reason in this way:

An ice-bound winter is apt to kill the larvae of water insects, crustacea and the ova of small fish which hatch in the early spring, all of which constitute the food of fresh-water hook-and-line fish during the early days of the season. This being the case, the large fish, hungry and eager, take the bait of the fisherman with greater avidity, being deprived of their natural supply of food. Hence a heavy winter, with waters frozen deeply, indicates a good fishing spring, and a mild open winter has a reversed result.

Now, be this as it may, and the premises seem to be well taken, there can be no question as to the hungry condition of black bass and trout in the early spring. We have had the former rise viciously at our turkey fly when the pool was rimmed with ice in the early days of March, and the latter do likewise, albeit both fish when grassed were frozen stiff before the hook could be taken from the jaw. The capture of the black bass was, of course, incidental, not being fished for, and the trout was taken under the old law that permitted fishing for them in March. How different it is with the black bass during the latter months of the season. The first heavy hoar frost in the mountain region sends them to deep water, and in some waters near the Atlantic coast a sudden lowering of the temperature over night to the freezing point will bring them floating on the surface in a numbed condition.

MUNICIPAL WATERS.

The very fair estimate that has placed a million or more baited fish-hooks daily in the waters of the country during each season—June to October inclusive—is a forcible indication to municipal authorities in all the States that fishing as a pastime should not be ignored in the regulations they have made or will make respecting the city waters under their control. In many places, particularly in the city of New York, the rules now existing forbid the placing of a line of any kind in these waters, and the only exception known to us as existing is in some of the New England States, where the fisherman is permitted to enjoy his pastime in the reservoirs supplying the municipalities.



AMATEUR CYCLE RECORDS.

REVISED TO JANUARY 1ST, 1900.

COMPETITION.

ONE-FOURTH mile, standing start, competition, G. F. Royce, Paterson, N. J., July 4, 1894, 0.29 3-5.

One-third mile, Philip J. Bornwasser, Louisville, Ky., Sept. 4, 1897, 0.40 3-5.

One-half mile, Edward Llewellyn, Woodside Park, Pa., July 30, 1898, 1.00.

Two-thirds mile, E. L. Wilson, Washington, D. C., May 28, 1898, 1.21.

One mile, W. Robertson, Denver, Col., Oct. 2, 1897, 1.59.

Two miles, John Nelson, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 24, 1898, 3.49 2-5; 3 miles, 5.44 4 5; 4 miles, 7.38 3-5; 5 miles, 9.36 1-5; 6 miles, 11.30; 7 miles, 13.25; 8 miles, 15.21 3-5; 9 miles, 17.15; 10 miles, 19.13 2-5.

Eleven miles, Forest H. Wilson, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 22, 1896, 24.01 4-5; 12 miles, 26.07 4-5; 13 miles, 28.18; 14 miles, 30.24 2-5; 15 miles, 32.40 1-2; 16 miles, 34.39; 17 miles, 36.54 3-5; 18 miles, 39.07 1-5; 19 miles, 41.21 3-5; 20 miles, 43.37; 21 miles, 45.53; 22 miles, 48.03 3-5; 23 miles, 50.13 1-5; 24 miles, 52.24 1-5.

Twenty-five miles, Fred Beauregard, Fall River, Mass., Sept. 5, 1898, 50.04 4-5.

Thirty miles, A. A. Hansen, Minneapolis, Minn., Aug. 15, 1895, 1.12.34 1-5; 35 miles, 1.24.34 4-5; 40 miles, 1.37.34 2-5; 45 miles, 1.51.40; 50 miles, 2.06.30 1-5; 55 miles, 2.22.00; 60 miles, 2.39.01.

AGAINST TIME, FLYING START, UNPACED.

One-fourth mile, A. B. Simons, Deming, N. M., May 26, 1896, 0.26 1-5; $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 0.33 3-5.

One half mile, C. V. Dasey, Denver, Col., July 9, 1898, 0.58.

Two-thirds mile, J. G. Heil, Denver, Col., July 31, 1898, 1.21 1-5.

Three-fourths mile, F. B. Stowe, Springfield, Oct. 20, 1894, 1.37.

One mile, Fred T. Hoopes, Des Moines, Ia., July 24, 1899, 2.03 3-5.

Two miles, Joseph Heil, Denver, Col., Aug. 21, 1897, 4.27 3-5.

Three miles, O. B. Hackenberger, Denver, Col., Dec. 13, 1895, 7.03; 4 miles, 0.31; 5 miles, 11.56 4-5.

Ten miles, A. G. Kluefer, Racine, Wis., July 2, 1897, 24.19 2-5.

Twenty miles, Arthur J. Thibodeau, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 29, 1897, 0.52.07; 25 miles, 1.03.45; 30 miles, 1.16.45; 35 miles, 1.30.39 2-5; 40 miles, 1.44.42 2-5; 45 miles, 1.59.21 4-5; 50 miles, 2.14.05.

Fifty miles, Rudolph Lauricks, Boston, Mass., July 31, 1897, 2.48.38 2-5; 60 miles, 3.04.45 1-5; 65 miles, 3.20.58 4-5; 70 miles, 3.37.36 1-5; 75 miles, 3.53.33 1-5; 80 miles, 4.10.05 3-5; 85 miles, 4.26.09 4-5; 90 miles, 4.43.01 1-5; 95 miles, 5.00.35; 100 miles, 5.16.24 2-5.

AGAINST TIME, FLYING START, PACED.

One-fourth mile, C. C. Holzel, Spokane, Wash., Sept. 4, 1899, 0.20 1-5; $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 0.29 2-5; 1-2 mile, 0.45 4-5.

Two-thirds mile, H. M. Sidwell, Chester Park, Ohio, Oct. 5, 1897, 1.09 3-5; $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, 1.18.

One mile, C. C. Holzel, Spokane, Wash., Oct. 22, 1899, 1.36 1-5.

Two miles, E. L. Wilson, Washington, D. C., May 19, 1898, 3.42 4-5.

Three miles, Ray Duer, Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1897, 5.53 1-5; 4 miles, 7.52.

Five miles, C. V. Dasey, Denver, Col., Oct. 2, 1897, 9.54 1 5.

Six miles, John Nelson, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 6, 1898, 11.59; 7 miles, 13.58 1-5; 8 miles, 16.02 2-5; 9 miles, 18.05; 10 miles, 20.04 4-5; 15 miles, 30.26 3-5; 20 miles, 40.32; 25 miles, 50.45.

TANDEM, FLYING START, PACED.

One-fourth mile, Haggarty - Williams, Waltham, Mass., Oct. 27, 1894, 0.25 4-5; $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, 0.34 2-5; $\frac{3}{4}$ mile, 0.52 1-2; 1 mile, 1.52 3-5.

FLYING START, UNPACED.

One-fourth mile, Earl Peabody and E. Llewellyn, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 12, 1898, 0.24 1-5.

One-third mile, J. F. Finn and W. E. DeTemple, Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1897, 0.34 2-5.

One-half mile, Ingraham Brothers, Charles River Park, Aug. 31, 1898, 0.52 3-5.

Two-thirds mile, Davisworth and Mitchell, Louisville, Ky., July 4, 1896, 1.17.

One mile, F. A. Joseph and F. G. Hood, Detroit, Mich., June 18, 1898, 1.50; 2 miles, 3.57 1-5.

Three miles, C. V. Dasey and Chas. Goranflo, Denver, Col., July 16, 1897, 6.24 2-5; 4 miles, 8.36 1-5.

Five miles, F. A. Joseph and F. G. Hood, Detroit, Mich., July 29, 1899, 10.26 1-5.

TANDEM, STANDING START, COMPETITION.

One mile, E. C. Hausman and G. H. Collett, Waterbury, Conn., Sept. 9, 1897, 1.55 3-5.

Two miles, Geo. H. Collett and E. C. Hausman, Waterbury, Conn., July 29, 1898, 4.09 4-5.

TRIPLET, FLYING START, UNPACED.

One-half mile, J. R. O'Mara, George Walther, Chas. R. Pease, Newby Oval, Ind., July 4, 1898, 0.50 1-5.

One mile, G. W. Connor, Jr., H. S. Russell, Walter Holland, Waterbury, Conn., June 23, 1898, 1.54 4-5.

Two miles, Perrie, Gracey and O'Neill, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 27, 1896, 4.17 1-2; 3 miles, 6.29; 4 miles, 8.43; 5 miles, 10.57 1-5; 6 miles, 13.12; 7 miles, 15.28 1-5; 8 miles, 17.42 3-5; 9 miles, 19.57 3-5; 10 miles, 22.13 1-5; 15 miles, 33.32 1-5; 20 miles, 44.50 1-5; 25 miles, 56.02 3-5.

TRIPLET, COMPETITION.

One mile, H. S. Russell, Walter Holland and G. W. Connor, Jr., Waterbury, Conn., July 4, 1898, 2.01 1-5.

HANDICAP RECORDS.

One-third mile, Geo. H. Collett, Waterbury, Conn., Sept. 22, 1898, 0.41 3-5.

One-half mile, Edward Llewellyn, Woodside Park, Philadelphia, July 30, 1898, .60.

One mile, Fred T. Hoopes, Des Moines, Ia., July 27, 1899, 2.08 1-5.

Two miles, F. L. Kramer, Newby Oval, Ind., Aug. 13, 1898, 4.17.

Five miles, L. I. Sanford, Denver, Col., July 15, 1899, 11.42 4-5.

TANDEM, HANDICAP RECORD.

Two miles, Geo. Collett and E. C. Hausman, Waterbury, Conn., July 29, 1898, 4.09 4-5.

TRIPLET, HANDICAP.

One mile, H. S. Russell, Walter Holland and G. W. Connor, Jr., Waterbury, Conn., July 4, 1898, 2.01 1-5.

COMPETITION HOUR-RECORD, FLYING START, PACED.

One hour, 27 7-8 miles, Charles T. Earl, Brooklyn, N. Y., November 8, 1898.

HOURLY-RECORD AGAINST TIME, FLYING START, PACED.

One hour, 29 miles 846 yards, John Nelson, Chicago, Ill., October 6, 1898.

HOURLY RECORD, TRIPLET, FLYING START, UNPACED.

One hour, 26 miles 1,373 1-3 yards, Perrie, Gracey and O'Neill, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 27, 1896.

THE PROWLER.

CYCLING.

L. A. W. DANGERS AND OPPORTUNITIES.

THE February meeting of the National Assembly L. A. W. will very likely approach the vexing problems of cycle racing squarely, and with reasonableness and courage. In the light of three consecutive annual evasions by this body of the serious responsibilities which the welfare of the competitive sport has laid upon it, the prospect for the declaration at an early date of a definite and well-wrought policy concerning these things is an agreeable contemplation. The lawmakers of the League have always appeared to regard racing as an irrational rather than as the moral and vigorous product of cycling; unmindful of the value and necessity of mutual confidence, they have been utterly unwise, inconsistent and tactless in its attempted management. Analysis of the great mass of legislation affecting the sport since 1894-5 shows the same to have been in fact hardly more than enactments of such sentiments or opinions as have happened to be uppermost at different times. We look in vain for plan or purpose, from the hour when control of racing ceased to be straight sailing, to the present day.

The events of the past twelvemonth have, however, served to awaken the instinct of self-preservation in a very marked degree. Sublime confidence in the ability to hold unwilling allegiants has been giving way, and there is more willingness to admit that all the conditions of harmony have not been met. The more thoughtful among officers and members begin to discern that promotion of racing is foreign to the real purposes of the organization, and that the constitution was warped to justify any cognizance of it. Heretofore, also, delegates to the annual conventions have been for the most part uninstructed; going without settled convictions, they came away parties to a compromise. This time, however, the annual meetings of the several divisions have almost without exception definitely instructed their representatives, who will carry with them to Philadelphia the mature conclusions of their membership. Though there is considerable difference of opinion among the divisions themselves, the trend toward the relinquishment of racing control is unmistakable. A small vote on this question taken in Connecticut gave 32.14 per cent. of the membership of the L. A. W. in that State in favor of racing control, and 67.86 per cent. opposed. Michigan is almost unanimous in opposition, while Ohio alone, by a narrow majority, votes for the continuance at all hazards of the former policy.

The National Cycling Association is, as is generally known, an association of leading track-owners originally organized for the protection and extension of mutual interests. Its appearance upon the troubled waters of cycle-racing management was a later thought, brought out by the low and lower-growing vitality of the sport in this country from 1896 to 1898 inclusive. Every purpose of this body has to do with racing; the field of legitimate L. A. W. effort has been in no wise invaded. Candor compels the admission that the gain in power and influence of the N. C. A. has been contemporaneous with the betterment of the

conditions of the sport. The record of its legislation and rulings is singularly fortified against damaging criticism. If the L. A. W. is to retire from a field in which its prestige has all but departed, no other organization is so well equipped as the N. C. A. to step into the breach. There is every reason to believe that the interests of amateur competition would be intelligently conserved thereby. Up to this time the N. C. A. has been refused recognition by the I. C. A., through which means the L. A. W. has been exclusively entitled to international privileges—including participation in the world's championship meet at Montreal in August, 1899. Now, however, the matter of recognition is under serious debate by the I. C. A., and little doubt remains that it will become a fact before the opening of the approaching racing season.

Honorably relieved from a burden which has cost energy, money and temper for several years, the L. A. W. may return wholly to its original purposes without finding the field for its effort at all narrowed. Indeed, the conditions of the times seem most propitious for a broadening of its practical usefulness. The good-roads movement in this country can yet use to excellent and lasting advantage all the enterprise and strength which organized wheelmen and wheelwomen can bring to it. Side-paths are to be constructed by the thousands of miles in suburban and country districts. The alphabet of cycle and motor-vehicle touring is only forming. There are at the present time a number of automobile clubs in the United States, but as yet no organization embracing them nationally. The conditions essential to, and the purposes of, cycling and motor-cycling are so closely allied that the co-operation of their devotees ought not to be difficult to realize. There would seem to be no good reason why the League should not celebrate its twenty-first anniversary on Memorial Day, 1900, by broadening of its constitution, working plans, and possibly even its name, to take up the cause of its new brotherhood. This done, and the race-promoting blunders of the past forgotten, the veterans of cycling could cheer the old colors in the spirit of the 80's and early 90's.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The newly elected officers of the Century Road Club of America are as follows: President, E. J. Porter, New York; first vice-president, H. W. Knight, Massachusetts; second vice-president, Jules Denegre, Minnesota; secretary, C. M. Fairchild, Illinois; treasurer, W. G. Niemeyer, Illinois.

Mr. H. L. Marshall, of Milwaukee, has been appointed Chief Consul of the Wisconsin Division L. A. W., in place of Mr. F. P. Van Valkenburg, resigned.

Over 1,000 bicycles are used in the London, Eng., postal service.

Mr. Thomas Summersgill, of Leeds, Eng., winner of the 1899 world's amateur one-mile championship at Montreal in August, announces his retirement from the path.

The Touring Club de France spends on an average over 100,000 francs per year in privately improving French roads.

THE PROWLER.



Painted for OUTING by Jas. L. Weston.

"ALARMED! THE SOUTH-AFRICAN KOODOO."

OUTING.

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No. 6.



MY CAMP IN THE GWANDA.

BIG-GAME SHOOTING IN SOUTH AFRICA. THE GWANDA DISTRICT OF MATABELELAND.

BY WM. W. VAN NESS, M.E., F.R.G.S.



BIG game is plentiful in many districts of Matabeleland. One of these is known as the Gwanda, where, in the vicinity of the Umzingwane River, are to be found most of the big game of South Africa. This district lies about seventy-five miles southeast of Bulawayo, and has an altitude of about 3,000 feet above the sea level; is well wooded, and has a very attractive appearance. The road run-

ning to it is a fairly good one, and is at present being put into thorough repair.*

The manner in which these roads have grown and established themselves is the essence of simplicity. They were originally native footpaths formed by Kaffirs making their journeys from kraal to kraal. Owing to their custom of walking single file, a narrow footpath was the result. It was found by those who started to open up the country most convenient to follow these footpaths. As the way commenced to be traversed by wagons it broadened

* NOTE.—This has since been done, the coach journey from Bulawayo to Manzi M'yania being fourteen hours only.

until it became a regular transport riding road, with, however, many twistings and turnings, resulting from the original pedestrians walking around clumps and shrub-wood instead of cutting a way through them; this tortuosity the broader wagon road has now accentuated.

I found the best means of traveling over these roads was in a spring-seated buckboard drawn by four horses or six mules. This conveyance, which was made by an American manufacturer, has

from sunrise to eight or nine in the morning, and from four o'clock to sunset in the afternoon. If the moon was bright we often made one trek of two hours by moonlight. In this way we covered from twenty-four to thirty-six miles a day.

The stores are situated about every twelve to fifteen miles along the road. They are on the whole very comfortable and consist of a series of huts built on the Kaffir principle. Round poles, about four inches in diameter, are inserted in the ground close to each



NICHOLSON'S PROSPECTING CAMP IN THE GWANDA GOLD BELT.

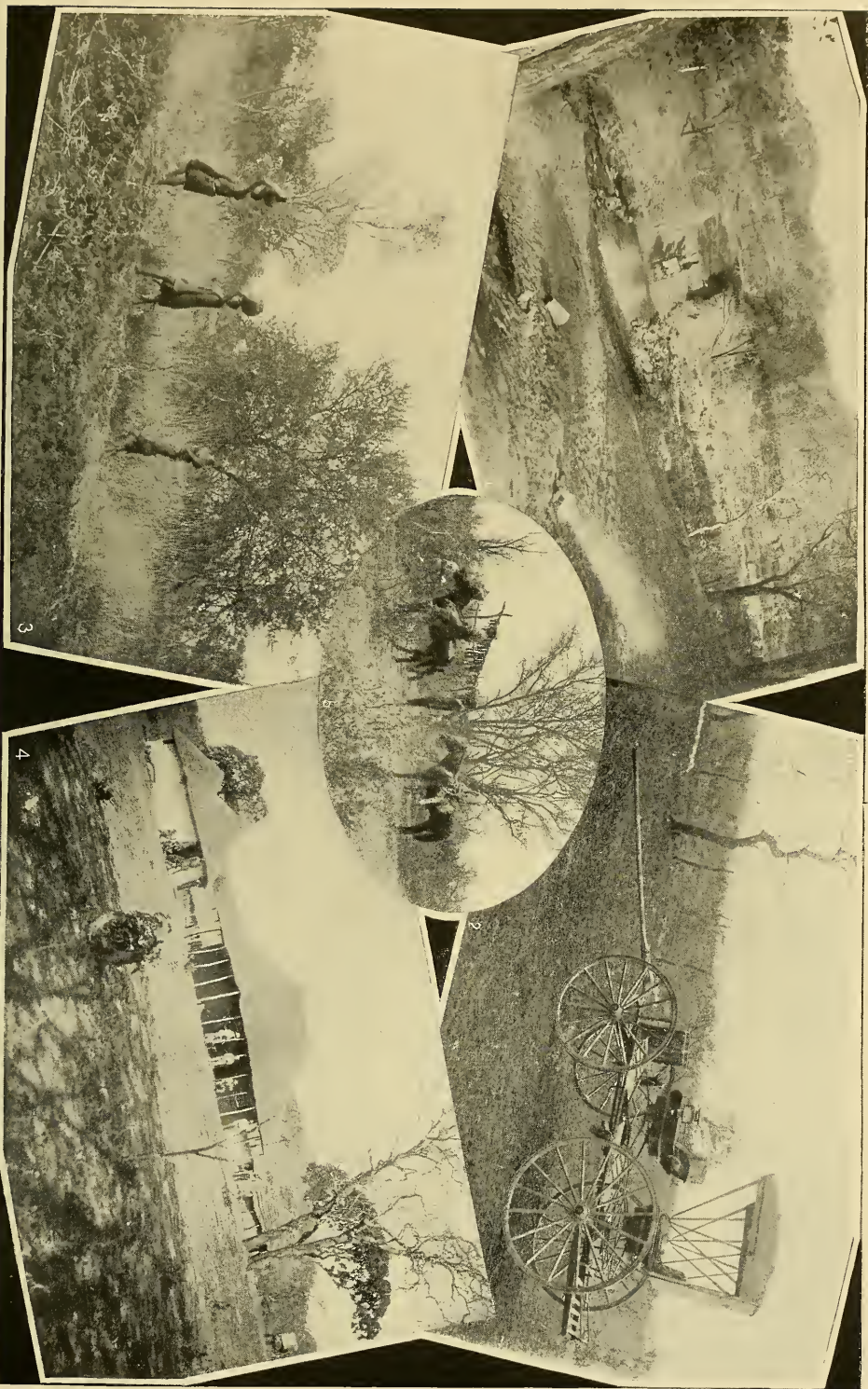
many points of advantage over the Cape carts commonly used. It is light, strongly built, practically uncapsizable, carries a very large load, and yet leaves the passengers comfortable seating room.

The bicycle is also a means of conveyance which has become very popular. Probably there are more bicycles in Bulawayo, in proportion to its population, than in any other town either at home or on the continent. The wheel is eminently suited for traversing the country, and owing to the prevalence of horse-sickness, it is being found in many cases to be preferable to a horse.

Having forwarded from Bulawayo some time previous to our leaving, forage for the return journey, and being fully loaded up with sufficient grain for the outward, we started in the morning in a buckboard, with four horses, to make our first trek, a distance of about fifteen miles. It being too hot to travel with the horses during the heat of the day, rests were taken at the stores during midday. Our treks were usually made

other, and forming either a circular or square inclosure, according to the wishes of the builder. These are then plastered over with mud, and a high-pitched thatched roof, thrown over all, makes the hut complete. Though extremely crude, they possess the great advantage of being always cool, and for this reason are much preferred to those built of corrugated iron, which, during the heat of the day, become insufferably hot.

Most of the rivers and spruits or small streams passed on the road had ceased to flow, and had only small pools of water lying in them here and there, a state of matters not to be wondered at when it is remembered that, being just at the close of the dry season, there had been no rain for over seven months. In most streams, however, there is usually a flow of water over the bed-rock underneath the sand, and water can be had by digging a hole about a foot deep. During the rainy season, however, these rivers rise very quickly, and are soon in full flood and frequently impassable.



1. CROSSING RIVER LOMENT ON GWANDA ROAD.

3. MATABELLE WOMEN CARRYING WATER.

2. THE BUCKBOARD.

4. SPIRO'S WAYSIDE-HOTEL ON GWANDA ROAD

5. AFTER THE MORNING'S SHOOT.



WATERING HORSES—UMZINGWANE RIVER.

About one mile northeast of M'kala's kraal are several gold-mining properties of the Sneddon concessions, on which we found development work being busily pushed forward by their mining contractor, Pat Byrne. These, so far as they had been opened up, were giving every encouragement for a fuller development. Pat was quite a character in his way, and a keen sportsman. His sporting proclivities did not lie dormant, and were wider than Africa, as was evinced by the first question with which he greeted us, "Has Galteemore won the St. Leger?"

From this point onwards the scenery proved very picturesque, the grass being greener and the foliage of the trees much fuller than in the earlier part of the journey, while the rugged and castellated appearance of many of the kopjes formed an admirable background, presenting to the eye a complete and evenly-balanced picture. On most of the kopjes are to be found strikingly poised stones. These are sometimes standing erect, at other times lying on their side, and in all cases rest on an infinitely small base, giving one the impression that all that is needed to send them toppling over is simply a good strong push or a heavy gale of wind. Appearances, however, are at times deceptive, and in their case truly so; a great deal more than muscular effort

being necessary to dislodge them from their position.

Leaving the main road at the Geelong, we proceeded across the veldt to the banks of the Umzingwane River in the vicinity of the Nicholson Reef; and selecting a shady situation under some trees, and at a point where there was a sufficiently large pool of water for watering the horses, struck camp. In a short time everything was fixed up and a strong scherm formed for the horses, so as to protect them from lions or other wild animals which might be prowling around, after which a cursory inspection of the neighborhood was made, and the different spoors of the animals which had been coming down to the river to drink, were mentally noted.

We had with us a Matabele hunter, an old favorite of Selous', and who was on that account commonly called Jim Selous. He stood six feet two inches high, and proved quite a marvelous fellow, and possessed of great running and walking powers. During one part of the journey he kept running alongside of the trap for twelve miles, keeping up a conversation all the time with his little pickaninny, who was securely seated on the top of the baggage packed at the back; and at its close he showed no signs of overheating, with the exception of a little perspiration below his chin. His average daily walks would cover a dis-

tance of twenty-five miles, which being made under a broiling sun, showed the possession of great staying powers.

He was a splendid stalker, too, and being able to get very close to his quarry, rarely missed his shot. The natives in speaking of his shooting powers put it very succinctly, saying, "Give Jim one cartridge, he brings back one buck; give Jim two cartridges, he brings back two buck." His graphic descriptions at night around the camp-fire, of how he had brought down his prey, were quite a treat to listen to. Probably one of his best was one in which he described his encounter with a wild pig or boar, indicating in pantomime his sighting of the animal, his stalking it, and then the shot; next came a splendid imitation of the grunting of the boar as it turned at bay, followed by a lowering of the tusks and a headlong charge, after which came another shot, and with a short run it fell to rise no more. As a piece of acting it could hardly be surpassed, and rendered a translation from the Matabele language, in which the description was given, almost unnecessary.

Amongst the game we came across in this neighborhood, were the lion, burchell zebra, tsessebi, or bastard hartebeest, roan antelope, gnu, or wildebeest, giraffe, wild boar (wart hog), sable antelope, koodoos and water-buck. We also

came across some elephant spoor, but did not see any of them. Amongst the smaller game were the duiker, steinbuck, and impala, or rooibuck. The antelopes require to be approached with great caution when wounded, as they possess great vitality and are in the habit of charging their assailant viciously when brought to bay.

We followed one troop in which three were wounded. On being followed up some distance one lay down and seemed to all appearances dying. However, on advancing to give it a *coup de grace* it suddenly sprang to its feet and charged, leaving me barely time to swing into the nearest tree. After butting vigorously at the tree it turned and made off into the thick bush; and as I had no cartridges left, there was nothing to do but to return to camp and trust to being able to follow it up later in the day.

Jim happening to be in camp, his powers for spooring were requisitioned and put to the test. His quickness of observation was surprising; he was able to tell that the animal had been shot in the leg, and which leg, by the twist which it had given its spoor whenever it put its foot to the ground, and also, by the blood-marks on the tall grass, the height at which it had been wounded. These marks were only at rare intervals and so could not be used for fol-



MATABELE GIRL, WITH GRASS FOR THATCHING HUTS.



NATIVE HUT IN M'KALA'S KRAAL.



THE BURCHELL ZEBRA.

lowing the trail, which had to be done by means of the footprints only. These he followed up, picking them out from a large number of others without any apparent difficulty, tracking the antelope round trees, through grass and across open glades, until at last it was sighted standing under some trees about two and a half miles from where it had been first wounded. Another shot brought it down.

After covering it with branches, to prevent the assvogels (vultures) and

one, being about the size of a horse of fourteen and one-half hands high, and was the more valuable on account of its belonging to a species of antelope which is now becoming very rare and will probably in a short time be extinct.

The study of spoor and the ability with which natives are able to follow up game, once they, so to speak, get on the scent, are very interesting. A close study of the footprint to a practised eye reveals not only what animal has passed but also the approximate time which



ON THE GEELONG MINE.

wild animals from attacking it, and starting to return, it was found that Jim was dragging a big, heavy log after him, the reason for which was not at first evident. His only answer to inquiries was, "Wait a bit." The meaning of the manoeuvre was soon clear. Owing to the great want of distinctive landmarks it is very difficult to return to the same place unless some special means are taken to mark the way to the location. Sometimes the trees are blazed, and a small white piece of cotton or other material is fastened to an outstanding branch of some of the most prominent trees to serve as a guide in re-directing one to the spot. Jim's plan, however, was perhaps the better one, as it left a heavy, unmistakable trail behind it to a point on the river's bank where it was easily picked up and followed next morning by the trap sent to bring the carcass in.

The roan proved to be a very large

has since elapsed. Old spoor can soon be told by its having had "the wind on it," which covers it slightly over with a film of dust or sand, and a few pieces of withered leaves; while in very old spoor, although the impression may still remain quite distinct, the upper edges lose their sharpness and slightly crumble away. The natives, accustomed to read those signs from their childhood, follow them almost instinctively, and are able to do so at a trot, running along with their heads down, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but noticing even in their rapid transit, every little indication which can serve as a clue to guide them in their search. In order to fully appreciate the marvelous skill which they thus display, one only requires to try to do likewise, when it will be found in many cases no easy matter to follow up the trail at even a slow speed.

Of all animals the lion is the most

dangerous to encounter, on which account as well as for the sake of its remarkably handsome skin, it is considered the blue ribbon of big-game hunters. Lions are at present very numerous and very daring. Shortly before our arrival they had attacked and carried off three donkeys in one of the mining camps in our vicinity, while later on one of the horses at the Geelong Pumping Station was made away with. As a lion when unable to finish his prey at one meal, always returns to it the following evening, it was determined to make this latter depredator forfeit his life for his theft. A trap gun was set, arranged by attaching a piece of string to the trigger of an ordinary rifle in such a way that the lion, in attempting to reach its anticipated evening meal, would, by coming in contact with the connection, cause the rifle to go off, and so receive the contents of the barrel. While the trap gun rarely kills its game, usually it wounds sufficiently to permit its being followed up. In due time the gun went off, and likewise the lion, but a strong party followed it up, and overtaking it gave it its death-wound as it turned round at bay and with a defiant roar faced its pursuers. The skin proved to be a very fine one, with a very shaggy mane, and a tip-to-tip measurement of eleven feet five inches. The flesh was handed over to the natives, who seemed very fond of it, though it cannot be said to have a very appetizing look. They, however, have an idea that the eating it endows them with a leonine strength, which may account for the special preference with which they regard it.

Nothing is more deceptive in the clear atmosphere of this country than judging distances, and one unaccustomed to it is very apt to fancy that what are really distant objects are comparatively close at hand. Mistakes of this kind sometimes lead to uncomfortable results, of which my companion, Mr. Adamson, had full experience. He, while out shooting shortly after our arrival, wandered too far from camp, and was forced to spend the night on the veldt, not a very pleasant experience, especially considering that we were in a lion country. However, he took the usual precaution of camping under a large tree, to climb in case of emergency, and of building a big fire. I was very uneasy about him all night; so just before daybreak we

started in search of him, and fortunately picked up his spoor about three miles from camp. I soon found where he had spent the night, and shortly afterwards overtook him. He could barely speak, his eyes were sunken and crossed and he was quite deaf, as he had been without water for about twenty-four hours, a great deal of this time being spent in walking in the broiling hot sun. I showed him to the nearest point to strike water, where he quenched his craving thirst. As he afterwards said, at the time I overtook him he was beginning to think that water would be cheap at any price, and that one experience of this kind was quite sufficient and left him with no desire for another.

While out shooting one morning we came across a rock, in the bed of the river, covered with fish, which were being dried in the sun under the superintendence of three natives. The appearance of the water in its vicinity had all the indications of dynamite having been used, as the fish were all floating on the top. On enquiry, however, we found that the method of procedure was to mix the juice of the cactus-tree with the water, which had the effect of stupefying the fish, causing them to come to the surface, where they were easily secured by hand. The fish were about the size of whiting, and as we bartered for them some of the meat of the game that had been killed, we had an opportunity of tasting them, and found them excellent, though very full of small bones.

Many and varied are the different species of birds which are to be found along the banks of the river, or further afield amongst the forest trees. A great variety of bright-plumaged kingfishers were there, floating over the small pools, watching with keen eye for the fish rising to the surface, and then pouncing downwards like an arrow to seize the hapless victims. There were also the golden-crested cranes, water duck, heron, guinea-fowl, pheasant, and further inland the ostrich. Amongst the more interesting small birds is the go-away bird, so called from the strong resemblance which its peculiar cry bears to that of an irritable old woman saying, "Go away." It proves very annoying to the sportsman, as its cry warns the game that someone is approaching, and frequently drives them away. Another

small but interesting bird is that known as the honey bird, which chirruping invitingly and tries to induce the listener to follow it. If followed it usually either leads one to a hive of wild honey, or, what is not so sweet, brings its follower face to face with a lion or serpent. I have followed these birds nine times. They brought me five times to a hive of honey, twice to hives that had already been robbed, and twice to snakes—one was a huge python and the other a puff adder. Owing to the uncertainty of what it may bring one to, it requires naturally to be followed cautiously.

The prettiest bird is the African jay, which has a beautiful plumage, and is seen at its best when glistening in the sun's rays. Vultures are very plentiful, and we saw several Lo-Ben eagles with their brilliant red beaks and feet, and velvety black plumage, as well as several white-hooded fish eagles.

Of all the birds, however, the most peculiar was one which we saw one morning on our return journey. This bird, while on the wing, had the wavering flutter of an exceptionally large butterfly. The body is drab and white speckled, about the size of a thrush, and with a head resembling that of a night hawk, while the wings are larger than those of a pheasant and most peculiarly formed, with a long white feather from the point of each wing, running straight back parallel with the body. This feather must be at least eighteen inches in length. The tail is long and mixed with white feathers, which come about flush with the long feathers on the ends of the wings. There is as yet no specimen of it in the London Zoo, nor have I seen any description of it in any ornithological work. It always lights on the ground, is an exceptionally fast runner, and inhabits the little caverns and holes in the rocks. It seldom makes its appearance until near night-fall. This is only the second time that I have seen the bird during over three years' travel in this country.

The insect life is full of interest, many of them being so like inanimate objects as to escape detection. Amongst these imitators the two most wonderful we came across were one which to all appearance was simply a withered leaf, and another which seemed like a small twig off some tree. Both these, when looked into, were endowed with life,

though what use they served, it was difficult to make out. Their imitation of the objects which they represented was so thorough as to make it next to impossible to detect them unless by accident, or the eye happening to rest on them while they were in motion.

During the trip I experimented with several types of .303 bullets, viz.: the solid, the hollow-point, soft-nosed, and Jeffery split. The solid bullet is not of much use unless in the case of a hind shot, so that the bullet can traverse the whole length of the animal, when it proves very effective; and several of them should always be carried in your belt in case of an opportunity for this shot arising. They are also useful for shooting guinea fowl and paauw (bustard). The soft-nosed did good work with the smaller buck; but with larger game, I found that the nickel part of the bullet sheared off the expanding soft lead, so that when the bullet stopped it was very little larger than when it entered, while small chips of lead were found in the wound along the course of the bullet. For large game the hollow-point and Jeffery split bullet seemed by far the best, preventing the animal from running, save in very few cases, over a hundred yards, when shot in a vital place.

A rather strange fact seems to be that if the first shot should not be in a vital spot, then the animal is able to withstand any following shot in a vital part without appearing to be very much affected by it. It would appear as if having been able to withstand the first shock it is in consequence better able to endure succeeding shocks even though much more severe than the first. There is, therefore, every necessity for taking care that the first shot is sent home in the proper quarter, otherwise a good deal of trouble will be involved in bringing the animal to book.

I found the best sporting rifle is a .303 Lee-Metford with Martini action, having an ivory-tipped Beach-Lyman foresight and a dull black oxidized hind-sight, with a fairly wide notch. The ivory-tipped sight is a great advantage, as it does not reflect the light and shows up well against the black background afforded by the skin of the game, enabling them to be covered much more quickly, a fact which makes it specially adapted for running shots.

Horse sickness, while at all times a terrible plague, can, to a certain extent, be guarded against by being very careful with the animals. They should be walked about after coming in from a run, so as to cool them gradually, and then at night they should be blanketed to prevent them getting chilled; it is also very dangerous to allow them to eat the grass when the dew is on it, which is usually before eleven o'clock A. M. or after four o'clock P. M. When let out to grass it is usual to knee-halter them, so as to prevent them from traveling too far or bolting in case of a sudden start, as once a horse disappears on the veldt it may almost be given up as lost.

Just before preparing to return, several wagons passed us laden with grain, drawn by spans of thirty-two oxen in each. The oxen are most important and serviceable draft animals in Africa, being able to take heavy loads and travel at a fair pace, their food consisting exclusively of the grass they pick up along the road. These wagons were from the Impotane district, a district full of castellated kopjes, and inhabited wholly by a very large native population. Traders visit these hills, and in exchange for limbo, beads, blankets, etc., receive large quantities of grain, which they in their turn sell to the mines for feeding the native labor. Donkeys are largely used for the transport of goods, being able by means of pack saddles to carry loads up to 150 pounds each. They go slowly, but do not require much attention, feeding on the veldt at night, and being found when wanted by means of a bell tied round their neck. They are often used by prospectors for carrying their provisions and other necessities.

Getting everything packed up, and having our buckboard loaded with over twelve hundred pounds, including several hundred pounds of dried venison (biltong), which we were able to leave as an acceptable gift at the different mining camps along the route, but retaining the heads and horns, we set out on our return journey. Being further advanced in the summer, the country was looking even greener and consequently prettier than when we came down, most of the trees being in full foliage and with quite a fresh look about them. The most useful tree, one that is fairly plentiful in this district, is

known as mopani, which has been found to be able to withstand the destructive attacks of the white ant and borer, and therefore especially adapted for mining purposes. It is very hard, and takes a good polish.

As the mopani is the most useful, so is the "vaach am beeche" the most annoying. It belongs to the thorn species, and has peculiarly hook-shaped points, which cut and tear the hands and garments of any one who may be so unfortunate as to get into their clutches. The translation of the name is "wait a bit," and the



THE CACTUS TREE.

name is certainly most appropriate, as once caught by this bush it takes a good deal of time and patience to get rid of it, for often just when finishing removing one branch and congratulating yourself on getting free you find yourself entangled with another.

Those on horseback have generally the worst of it, as the horse does not usually wait a bit or cannot be pulled up as quick as is necessary, so that very often the rider leaves his hat hanging in the tree and also the greater part of his shirt. The disappearance of

this affectionate bush tree from the veldt would greatly rejoice the hearts of all those who have in any way had the misfortune to make its acquaintance.

On rearriving at Manzi-M'yania, we paid a visit to the Sabiwa Reef, of the Rice-Hamilton Exploration Syndicate, near Vubucheque Peak, which is one of the finest reefs in the country. Resuming our journey we drove in the early morning between the Isindi Kopjes, where we saw many large baboons, which walked leisurely away at our approach, while numerous wagons laden with mealies and other produce from Pietersburg were passed wending their

these, however, were showing signs of having the rinderpest, one of the most deadly cattle plagues which have ever visited Africa. Wherever this disease, which consists principally in a wasting away of the intestines, has broken out the loss of cattle has been appalling. As practically all transport work was done by means of oxen their almost total elimination has proved a terrible drawback to the country at large, as well as to individual owners. Its far-reaching effects will probably continue to be felt for some years to come. In spite of all the precautions which are being taken and the inoculating reme-



A MATABELE KRAAL.

way slowly to Bulawayo. Some of the wagons carried fowls with them. These, whenever the wagons outspanned, were let out of their coops and allowed to pick for themselves. On again inspanning, the driver gave his whip a crack and immediately the fowls all came running and of their own accord reentered their temporary basket habitation, and the wagon resumed its journey. It is just the kind of arrangement which an Irishman would describe as "moighty convanient."

We also passed several herds of oxen being driven to town for sale. Some of

dies adopted, the general feeling is that this is as yet an incurable disease.

The big game has practically not been affected by this disease, with the exception of the buffalo and koodoo, which died in large numbers. The disease is gradually dying out in Matabeleland, and we hope to shortly be entirely free from it.

At several points were observable grass fires. The grass grows very tall, in some places as tall as a man on horseback, and in the dry season is often set on fire. Sometimes it is lit for the purpose of removing the old and allowing

the new grass to come forward; in other cases prospectors set it on fire in order to be able to search for the reef, while in some cases it is set on fire for mischief. In any case the blaze is a very pretty sight, and can be seen a long way off; but if not carefully guarded is sometimes apt to do more damage than good, on which account efforts are being made to put a stop to the practice, unless in cases where there is a sufficient reason for its being resorted to.

Passing through the Matopopo Hills, the great stronghold of the Matabeles, which is at many points impregnable,

and crossing the Lomeni River drift, where the scenery proved exceptionally pretty, we were once more re-entering Bulawayo, well satisfied with our trip and able to look back with pleasure upon many little incidents attending it, and also feeling as we found ourselves once more in touch with the partially forgotten outside world, that there are few better ways of enjoying life than by spending part of it away from the artificialities of ordinary civilization and among the many interesting animals, birds, insects and the native life with which Matabeleland abounds.

ROD FISHING FOR THE LEAPING TUNA.

BY S. J. MATHES.



THE leaping tuna is the tiger-fish of the Pacific Coast, the king of the mackerel family, the largest and most active of its kind, attaining a weight of several hundred pounds. It is a veritable demon in point of ferocity and a most accomplished athlete and acrobat. The tuna usually takes its prey on the bound, as does the tiger, and the tuna fisher must have his nerve with him

when the great fish comes leaping after his bait, or else his first impulse will be to drop the rod and leap overboard for safety. The tuna is only caught in trolling, and a steam launch is generally used to tow the small boat from which the anglers fish.

It is a great sight to see a school of these big fish feeding. They leap out of the water ten or a dozen feet and descend on the hapless flying-fish, which is their approved diet, with a velocity which defies the lightning's flash for swiftness. Perchance the flying-fish, to escape his pursuer, has taken wing and is speeding through the air, as he vainly imagines, to safety. The tuna darts through the water with equal swiftness, and when the flying-fish drops again

into his native element, there he finds his relentless enemy waiting to give him a warm reception and take him in out of the wet.

The tuna has been known to leap over a boat, to tow a boat twenty to thirty miles, to fight the angler more than fourteen hours, and, after exhausting several men, at last, with frenzied energy, to break away and gain its freedom. The tuna seldom surrenders; it fights until its last gasp, and is frequently brought to gaff, after several hours of fierce fighting, stone dead, having fought with indomitable pluck until the last spark of life had departed. Tarpon fishers declare that a tuna has all the "steam" and vigor of three tarpons with all the tarpon's tricks and many of its own. To tell of some of the experiences of the sportsmen now on the island necessarily lays one open to the suspicion of telling "fish stories" of the rawest sort, even exceeding those of the Munchausen variety.

Up to four years ago it was deemed impossible to take tuna with rod and reel, and it was seldom they were taken even with a heavy hand-line, which was then the only means in use. One day, however, an angler, while fishing for yellowtail with a rod and light line, hooked a tuna, and after a struggle lasting several hours, in which his boat was towed a number of miles, he succeeded in bringing it to gaff; and then dawned a new era in fishing. The remarkable feat was heralded far and wide among

sportsmen, and others successfully emulated the example, until rod and reel fishing for tuna became the fad, and soon resulted in the formation of an organization at Santa Catalina called the Tuna Club.

In this club only those are eligible to membership who have brought to gaff, on rod and reel, entirely unaided, a tuna, weighing 100 pounds or over. The rules of the club also specify that no line larger than a 24-thread Cuttyhunk is permissible. But few of the members avail themselves of the limit, however, and the line most frequently used is 18 or 21-thread, as length of line sometimes counts for more than strength in checking the grand rushes of this fish. The reels in use will hold 900 feet of 18 or 21-thread, and but about 600 feet of 24-thread; and this fact, with professional pride in using the slightest possible tackle, brings the smaller line in favor with the Tuna Club members. The largest line admissible is not larger than the ordinary wrapping twine used for tying up packages in your grocery store, and with this mere thread fish weighing more than 300 pounds have been taken here. To be exact, the largest fish was a black sea bass which was caught July 22, 1899, by T. S. Manning, of Sierra Madre, Cal., weighing 330 pounds. The line used was 21-thread. The record tuna of 1898 weighed 183 pounds, but that record was broken July 3d, of last year, by Col. C. P. Morehouse, of Pasadena, Cal., who landed a tuna weighing 251 pounds, which is the world's record for tuna with rod and reel.

To encourage rod-fishing, and to discourage as much as possible the use of the murderous hand-line, the Tuna Club arranged a fishing tournament for the summer, opening May 1st and continuing until August 15th. Handsome prizes were offered for the largest fish of the many kinds taken in these waters, and the result has been a lively competition, bringing together at Avalon a congregation of sportsmen hailing from every part of the country. The greatest competition was at the beginning of the season, over taking the first tuna, for which event two prizes were offered, one to the angler and one to his boatman, though the prizes were scarcely considered as a factor, the honor of having taken the first tuna in the tour-

nament being the distinction sought. Flying-fish, without which bait it were useless to attempt tuna-fishing, were scarce and hard to get, five dollars having been offered by an enthusiastic sportsman for a single specimen. The tuna season usually begins about the first of May, and they continue to bite well into August. Last season, however, the opening was somewhat delayed, and it was not until May 26th that the first one was hooked. At last, after some weeks of patient effort, the ball was opened. Prof. C. F. Holder, President of the club, who held the record for the largest tuna of 1898, C. H. Townsend, of Philadelphia, with Jim Gardner, of Avalon, as boatman, were the fortunate men. They were in tow of the launch *Minnehaha*, Captain Louie, skipper, and Mrs. Gardner and J. C. Bassett, were spectators. Mr. Townsend had the first strike, but lost his fish. Prof. Holder's bait was soon pounced upon by a ravenous tuna, and the fight was on.

The big fish started off on a rush, and the click of the reel soon became a perfect scream as he made the discovery that there was a string tied to that innocent-appearing flying-fish which he had so hastily stowed away under his vest. Quicker than it takes to tell it 500 feet of line was run out. Here a temporary check was given to the rush, and then it was give and take. The Professor would gain a few turns of his reel, and then zip! zip! zi-i-i-p! it would go till another hundred feet was lost. Turning his fish, the Professor would gain some of his lost line, but the gamy creature made the fight fast and furious, darting hither and thither, now at the surface and a moment later sounding the depths five or six hundred feet below, never for an instant relaxing the vigor of its efforts to escape, and towing the boat at almost the speed of 'a good oarsman. For more than three hours the battle was waged, the Professor keeping the line taut to the limit of its tension, never allowing the fish a foot of slack, as that would have been fatal and the little thread would have been snapped in a twinkling.

Then skill began to tell. The rushes became a little less vehement, and the reel showed that gains were being made. Finally the fish was brought to view. Still fighting, it made a rush alongside

the boat, and then came its Waterloo. In an instant the alert boatman with a dexterous sweep of his long-handled gaff had him impaled and was dragging him into the boat. Then it was the fish's turn, and he wreaked a sweet revenge upon the three men in the boat. Just as they were setting up a cheer at having captured the first tuna, prizes and all, their cheers were suddenly drowned in a gurgle.

With a mighty bound the fish leaped into the air, and, alighting on the edge of the boat, upset the craft, dumping the occupants into the sea more than a mile from shore and in water a hundred fathoms deep.

Jim retained his hold of the gaff, and being an expert swimmer struggled to the surface with his fish and gained a hold on the overturned boat, as also did the others. Then the boat sank under their combined weight, and they were obliged to swim for the launch, which was fifty yards away. The Professor struck out, followed by Jim, who still clung to his fish with the tenacity of grim death to a deceased Senegambian.

It was a question whether Jim was towing the fish or the fish was towing Jim. Part of the time Jim was on top and part of the time the fish had him down with McGinty. It was a tug-of-war with realistic features seldom witnessed. Three times had Jim been dragged down out of sight, and Mrs. Gardner, who was an enforced witness of the whole scene, was frenzied. Her agonized cries, as the fish pulled her husband down, were heart-rending, she entreating him to let go the fish; but as Jim came up near the launch she grasped a rope and threw it to him with the energy of desperation. After the fish

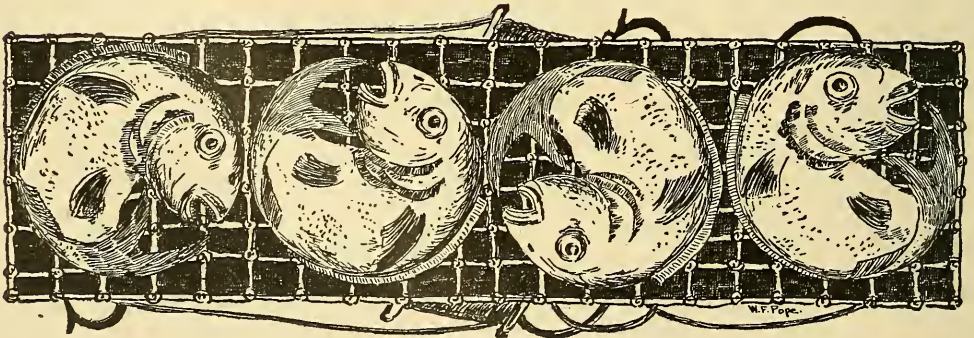
was hauled aboard the launch, Jim was pulled in. Not a word was spoken until Jim, after getting his breath, looked up at the Professor and coolly remarked: "I saved your fish all right!"

Townsend, in the meantime, was resting easily upon the bottom of the up-turned boat, and it then transpired that he was unable to swim, and the call had been a particularly close one for him; while the Professor was handicapped by a heavy corduroy fishing suit, which he declares weighed not less than a ton in the water.

When an account of stock was taken it was found that three valuable rods and reels, including the Professor's, with various other fishing paraphernalia, were missing. A line was noticed leading, from where Jim sat, out into the water, which, on being drawn in, nearly a thousand feet of it, brought up the Professor's rod and reel. In some mysterious way the hook during Jim's swim had been transferred from the mouth of the fish to the seat of Jim's trousers!

The tuna which wrought all this ruction was not a large one, weighing less than 140 pounds. That it was not dead when Jim took his swim with it was fully demonstrated by the fact that, after it was gotten into the launch, it drove everybody out of the cockpit by its flounderings. There are heroes in every walk of life, but the annals of fishing will scarcely show a more courageous act in devotion to duty than that of Jim Gardner swimming with a live fish well nigh his equal in weight.

The fish was properly mounted, and now ornaments the office of Hotel Metropole, the island's big hotel, the headquarters of the Tuna Club on Santa Catalina Island.





THE PASADENA COUNTRY CLUB-HOUSE.

GOLFING IN THE FAR WEST.

BY THOMAS H. ARNOLD.



TIME was, and that not so very long ago, when the golfing world of the West was bounded by the Rocky Mountains; but away out in the "Golden State," where the sun smiles its last good night on this continent, the royal and ancient

game has had a marvelous growth within the past two years, and more particularly during the last twelve months.

The term "far West" as it applies to golfing, embraces principally and primarily the State of California, for between Denver and the California State-line golf clubs are few and far between. In fact, there are none that are yet out of their "swaddling clothes." Denverites are grossly offended if alluded to as denizens of the "far West," so we must go beyond them for the application of the title.

And yet Denver must be included in the itinerary of a golfing circuit on the setting-sun side of this continent, as must also Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, where golf clubs have recently

been organized, and where a number of very enthusiastic players are to be found. Phoenix, Ariz., is also about to spring into the arena, and a professional has already been engaged to lay out a course there and to "start the ball rolling."

The golfing circuit of the "far West," however, now comprises that part of California lying between its eastern and western boundaries and between San Diego on the south and San Rafael—a few miles north of San Francisco—on the north. Within that area are to be found sixteen thriving golf and country clubs, and four courses attached to large resort hotels, which have been, and will again be, the scenes of many brilliant and exciting contests, during the winter season especially.

There is at present no complete organization of all the clubs mentioned, but the Southern California Golf Association, organized in August, 1899, with the Riverside Golf and Polo Club, Pasadena Country Club, Redlands Golf Club, Pachappa Golf Club, of Riverside, and the Los Angeles Country Clubs as members, is practically recognized, in so far as jurisdiction is concerned, throughout the entire territory; and all fixtures of any importance are arranged to suit the convenience of the S. C. G. A. Whether this is a matter of courtesy or necessity



THE OAKLAND GOLF CLUB-HOUSE.

is a question, but the fact remains that a majority of the best players of the State are identified with this organization, and without them no event would be particularly brilliant or exciting.

The officers of the S. C. G. A. are: C. E. Maude, Riverside, president; J. D. Miller, Pasadena, and A. S. Auchencloss, Redlands, vice-presidents; J. F. Sartori, Los Angeles, secretary; Ray Jones, Santa Monica, treasurer. The executive committee is composed of the above and R. D. Osborn of the Pachappa Golf Club and E. B. Tufts, of the Los Angeles Country Club.

For the sake of convenience, the touring golfer could, while doing the southern part of the circuit, make Los Angeles his headquarters, and from there, reach out in every direction. There are plenty of interesting sights and historical points round and about, and only a few hours, at most, are required to reach any of the courses in the southern part of the State. Coronado, opposite San Diego, and Santa Catalina Island, twenty-five miles out in the Pacific Ocean, are the farthest away, the former being four hours by the Southern California Railway, and the latter thirty minutes by rail to San Pedro, and two hours by boat from that point; Santa Monica and Redondo, eighteen miles away, are reached from Los Angeles by steam or electric lines; Riverside and Redlands are sixty miles to the east, in the beautiful San Bernardino

Valley, on the "kite-shaped" track of the Santa Fé System, and the "inside track" of the Southern Pacific; while Pasadena is but nine miles away, and is reached by electric cars which run every fifteen minutes.

Thus, it will be seen, Los Angeles is the hub of this golfing arena. The Hotel Westminster, presided over by F. O. Johnson, himself an enthusiastic golfer, and a prominent member of the Los Angeles Country Club, and the Hotel Van Nuys are the leading hotels of Los Angeles, thoroughly equipped and up to date. Of course there are a number of other hostelries and private boarding places, all comfortable and accommodating to the purse of the tourist of modest means or the bank account of the millionaire.

Starting with the Los Angeles Country Club, I shall give an idea of the various points, in the order in which I visited them in September of last year, the route being given as a sort of directory that can be followed with the greatest economy of time and expense by golfing tourists.

Foremost among the clubs of the State stands the Los Angeles Country Club, which has but recently secured new property, removed and enlarged its club-house and established an 18-hole course—the second in the State. The grounds are located within two miles of the heart of the city, and are reached by electric cars or over beautiful drives.

This course is picturesque, extremely sporty, and offers excellent opportunity for the good player and severe punishment for the "duffer." The total length is 5,548 yards, the holes being so arranged that either a nine-hole or the full eighteen may be played over. The nine-hole course is made by playing the first six, and then 16, 17 and 18, which brings the finish in front of the clubhouse, the distance being 2,543 yards. The course differs from most of those of Southern California, in that it is rolling and is crossed at two points by huge ditches, which, with five artificial bunkers, form numerous and dangerous obstacles that can be avoided only by careful and steady play. The fifth hole, "Dinky," is a particular terror, being situated on a little neck of land—scarcely large enough for the regulation green—and encircled almost completely by a ragged ditch twelve feet wide and as many deep. "Vexation" would probably have been a more appropriate name for this particular hole. The sixteenth green bears a striking resemblance to the fifth. It is evident the greens committee of the club laid out the course for genuine golfers, and in its calculations

entered very thoroughly into the true spirit of the game.

The holding of the club represents an investment of about \$36,000—the ground valued at \$26,500 and the club-house at \$9,500.

Santa Monica, eighteen miles from Los Angeles, is primarily a summer resort, but as they really have no winter in California, the resorts are kept open and the sports and pastimes continue the year round. The Hotel Arcadia, presided over by Frank A. Miller, is the leading caravansary, and is really a unique and interesting place. Its location on the ocean beach and its surroundings of beautiful grounds and handsome residences make it quite picturesque. Although the Arcadia has no golf course, there are two clubs with grounds at Santa Monica, to either of which guests of the hotel are welcome when presented by card. These clubs are the Santa Monica Golf and Polo Club and the North Shore Golf Club. The course of the former is about 2,500 yards in length, and the latter 2,455 yards. Both courses are flat and offer little opportunity for anything but mediocre playing. This flatness is the one



CLUB-HOUSE.—HOTEL DEL MONTE GOLF LINKS.

—and the only one—disagreeable feature in golf-playing on the southern coast, but the delightful atmosphere and the invigorating ocean breeze compensate for any other shortcomings.

Santa Catalina Island comes next in order, with its unique golf course and its host of other attractions. Not a moment can be wasted there, for when the clubs are in the bag other and very wonderful things are demanding the attention. Here is the one spot where the investigator can view as well what is in "Davy Jones' locker" as those things that are on land. Drifting about over Avalon Bay, in a boat with its bottom made of plate glass, the beholder gazes in mute wonder and admiration to the very bottom of the ocean, through a hundred feet of crystal water; every fish—and there are thousands and of as many colors as the rainbow—and every

valley to hill-top, across tremendous ravines, back into the valley, up the steep once more, and then along a hill to where it starts from. It is verily uphill work playing golf at Santa Catalina, and few visitors go more than the nine holes before pausing for a long rest. The distance of the course is 1,926 yards, and those 1,926 yards are like the proverbial Jordan—a hard road to travel. Bogie of the course is thirty-six, and as yet the "Colonel" has never been downed.

The Santa Catalina Golf Club is an organization in itself, but the course and all its belongings are the property of the Banning Company, which owns the entire island—58,000 acres—and all of its means of approach. The company acts as guarantor for the golf club; that means that it pays the expenses in order to have the course as an attraction to



ON THE SEVENTH GREEN—DEL MONTE.

pebble and every piece of sea-weed as distinctly visible as though it were held in the palm of the hand. Gold fish, silver fish, electric fish, devilfish, rock-bass, and oh my! thousands that I cannot name, skim here and there among the submarine forests and grottoes, while the sea urchin, lobsters and sea cucumbers cling to every projection in perfect swarms. It is a sight that beggars description, a marvelous panorama never to be forgotten.

The golf course at Santa Catalina, as I have said, is unique. At one moment the player is in a smooth little valley and at the next on a plateau—called in that country "mesa"—perhaps, a hundred or so feet high, from which the players following look almost like so many ants crawling along, away below the beholder. The course lies from

visitors and tourists who travel on its boats and sojourn at its hotels—the Metropole and the Island Villa.

Besides golfing and the submarine view, there are wild-goat hunting, fishing, sailing, rowing, bathing, and the most exciting mountain rides to be found on the coast. In fact, as I have said, there is something interesting for every moment.

The next point of the circuit is Coronado, which is 125 miles south of Los Angeles, and on a long peninsula extending out between the Pacific Ocean and San Diego Bay. This is the spot made famous by the great investment of the Sugar King, Claus Spreckels, in the Hotel del Coronado, one of the most noted resorts of California.

This is a "perfect wilderness" of hotel building, for it covers four and one-half



THE GOLF LINKS, SANTA CATALINA.

acres of ground, is four stories in height, and contains seven hundred rooms, besides offices, parlors, reception rooms, and corridors. The Coronado is the largest hotel in the State, and is almost a city within itself.

Golfing at Coronado is under the direction of the Coronado Golf Club, an organization of residents of the peninsula,

but which extends the courtesies of its greens to guests of the hotel on payment of very modest fees. The course is nine holes, extending in a circle, along the shores of San Diego Bay almost its entire distance ; it is flat, and the soil is of such a sandy nature that it constitutes a continuous hazard from the first tee to the ninth green. This ninth green, by



THE OAKLAND GOLF CLUB.

the way, is the only turf green of the course; there were nine turf putting greens once upon a time, but eight of them have gone the way of all grass in Southern California—burned up for want of rain.

In California turf greens are a luxury that very few clubs can afford to indulge in. It does not rain enough to keep even an imitation of life in the grass, and it would cost a small fortune to irrigate the green properly. And so it is that we find all of the putting greens there made of hard-packed earth sprinkled over with a fine layer of white sand. The course of the Oakland Golf Club and that at Del Monte are the only exceptions to this rule. About the most lucid description of the earth greens that can be given is that they look like huge grindstones sunk into the earth. Golf playing on sand-greens is a vastly different matter from playing on turf. Sand-greens are decidedly easier for putting, because the surface, being perfectly smooth, offers little resistance, and the ball rolls with a precision equal to what it would be on a billiard table.

Accurate approaches are next to impossible where there are sand-greens, for if the ball lands short of the green it lies dead, and if it strikes on the green it shoots across and off the other side. This makes the game partake of a very undesirable element of luck.

But to return for a moment to Coronado. The golf club, with its pretty little club-house and goodly membership, is quite a feature of the place. General tournaments are held two or three times during the year (their season for playing being, as it is at all other California points, 365 days), with local tournaments each month and medal play and special contests every week. This keeps up a continual and never-flagging interest in the game. In the breathing spells there are excellent fishing, boating, tennis, bathing, hunting, and, in fact, all sorts of recreation to demand the attention of the sojourner.

Doubling back from Coronado and passing through Los Angeles, the route lies over either the "kite-shaped track" or the "inside track," along the beautiful San Bernardino Valley to Riverside and Redlands, which are verily in the heart of the fruit-producing section. It is a magnificent stretch of fertile country, long and narrow, hemmed in on

both sides by great mountains, carpeted with exquisite flowers even in December and January, and with miles upon miles of orange trees, upon which the luscious fruit hangs like golden globes and ruddy moons.

At Riverside there are three golfing organizations—the Riverside Golf and Polo Club, the Pachappa Golf Club, and the Rubidoux Golf Club. It is not a wonder that there are so many clubs here, for, although the city of Riverside claims but 8,000 people, its corporate limits cover fifty-six square miles, and it is necessary for residents of each portion of the town to have their own amusements. It is a wealthy community, and the citizens can, as a class, well indulge in every desirable amusement. The golf courses are not vastly different from others I have described, only that they are devoid of that flatness which characterizes those nearer to the ocean. From the Glenwood Tavern, the leading hotel, presided over by Mr. Frank A. Miller, whom I have already introduced as the genial proprietor of the Hotel Arcadia, at Santa Monica, all points of interest are easily accessible.

Seventeen miles from Riverside is Redlands, another pretty and picturesque little city of the San Bernardino Valley. Here is located the beautiful Casa Loma Hotel, with Mr. Joseph H. Bohon presiding over its destiny—a clever, congenial, whole-souled host. Catching the spirit of the times, Mr. Bohon has just completed a very attractive course, 2,425 yards in length, and with nine holes. The course is flat, but is furnished with enough earth bunkers and road hazards to make accurate playing a necessity.

Four miles to the east, but still within the incorporation, is the green of the Redlands Golf Club. The course is not easy of access, and the lay of the ground, along the foot-hills, is quite undesirable for golfing. Besides this, the course is badly laid out, and is sadly in need of remodeling.

One of the principal attractions of Redlands is "Smiley Heights," famous the world over for its beautiful drives, magnificent panoramic view, and world of exquisite flowers and palms. It is a private holding of the Brothers Smiley, but the hundreds of acres of lovely park are ever open to the public.

Pasadena, that beautiful resort of the

San Gabriel Valley, nestling at the foot of old Mount Lowe, and where is situated the famous Hotel Green, completes the circuit of Southern California. Here the golfing fever has struck with full force. From 500 to 600 guests at the Hotel Green, from 200 to 300 at the Hotel Pintaeska, all the members of the Pasadena Country Club, and about half of the inhabitants of the city play golf all winter, and many of them keep it up all summer.

Three courses are available here, those of the Pasadena Country Club and the Hotel Green being nine holes each, and that of the Pintaeska six holes. Were it not for its out-of-the-way location—which demands a private conveyance to reach the grounds—it might well be said that the Pasadena Country Club possesses the most pleasing green in Southern California. It is on a high point of ground, from which a magnificent view of the entire valley may be had, and it is a sight that cannot but be greatly enjoyed. The golf course is well laid out and very sporty, and is kept in excellent condition. The one point for adverse criticism lies in the fact that, through ignorance or carelessness, the greens committee allowed wire netting to be placed for bunkers. These things disfigure even a mediocre course, and are an abomination to true golfers. Where the idea of using them first originated I am at a loss to know, and why it is clung to is still more a mystery.

The course of the Hotel Green is situated a mile from the Caravansary, on the electric car line that connects Pasadena and Altadena, and is the best hotel course in the State. It consists of nine holes, the distance being something over 2,700 yards, and bogey 37. The ground is rolling, with a small ravine and an old railroad right-of-way to offer natural obstacles, while a number of great oaks, standing in excellent positions, form hazards that if disregarded in the least will prove very disastrous. Two earth bunkers, one on the fourth and the other on the eighth course, complete the list of obstacles. On the northeast corner of the grounds a pretty little club-house has recently been erected, with reception rooms, lunch room, lockers, etc., and a large veranda on three sides. There is nothing lacking in the golf grounds, and it is thoroughly

in keeping with the Hotel Green, which, by the way, is one of the most magnificently constructed and equipped and most perfectly operated resort hotel of this continent. It is the property of Col. G. G. Green, of "Green's August Flower" fame, and is under the management of Mr. J. H. Holmes.

The Hotel Pintaeska's course is of six holes only, and was designed simply for the use of the guests of the hotel, last season. I understood it to be the intention to extend it to nine holes during this winter.

There are many interesting points about Pasadena, not the least of which are the ascent of Mt. Lowe by the incline cable road, a visit to the ostrich farm, and miles upon miles of beautiful drives and cycle journeys. The most delightful season at which to see "the queen city of the San Gabriel Valley" at its best is during the early months of the year, for then the flowers are all in their most prolific and beautiful bloom, the fruit is ripe, and the hotels are crowded with guests.

Leaving Pasadena the objective point is San Francisco, which is reached from Los Angeles, on the magnificent "owl train" of the Southern Pacific, in 14 hours. It is hardly possible here to go into anything like detail as to the many attractions of "The Sunset Metropolis." Chinatown, Golden Gate, Sutro Park, Cliff House, the Seal Rocks, and many other points of interest will demand much attention from the tourist.

Including that of the San Francisco Golf Club, five golfing courses are easy of access from that city, any of which is worth a visit. They are: Hotel Del Monte, at Monterey, about 70 miles south of San Francisco; Burlingame, just a few miles south, on the road to Del Monte; Oakland, across San Francisco Bay, and San Rafael, about 30 miles northward. Either of these can be visited in a day if time is pressing, but more time than that should certainly be spent at Del Monte, if possible, for it is certainly the garden spot of the earth.

No matter what one may have heard or read of Del Monte, he is not prepared for the beauty and grandeur that are there encountered. It simply beggars description. Imagine, if you can, 162 acres of exquisite exotics, magnifi-

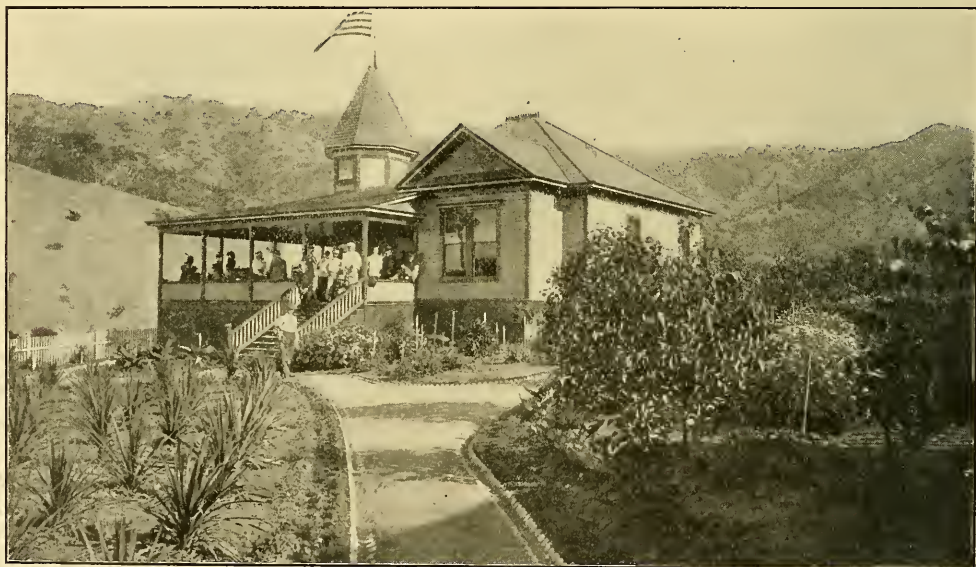
cent roses, giant palms, symmetrical hedges, huge oaks, covered with graceful, clinging ivy, tremendous cacti, and hundreds of the most delicate flowering and foliated plants, the beds cut into the most pleasing and fantastic shapes by white walks that look like silver snakes creeping away under overhanging foliage; and you may have a faint idea of a tithe of the beauty of the grounds of Del Monte.

Then there is the "seventeen-mile drive," an ever-changing stretch of picturesque and romantic scenery; the lake, for sailing and rowing, ocean and plunge bathing, hunting, tennis courts, and a very attractive golf course. This

ber. Both events were largely attended by people from all over the country.

There is no fixed time for tournaments or other fixtures at Del Monte; they are arranged at various periods during the entire year, the idea being to so place them as not to interfere with other important events elsewhere, and to provide suitable attractions for the guests of the place. Del Monte is a holding of the Pacific Improvement Company, one of the wealthiest corporations of the Western coast. It is under the management of Mr. W. A. Junker, and the hotel and its conduct are thoroughly in keeping with the magnificent surroundings.

Returning from Del Monte a stop can



SANTA CATALINA GOLF CLUB-HOUSE.

last is situated just north of the hotel grounds proper. It is nine holes, the distance being 2,900 yards. The land is hilly and quite sporty, and, taken all in all, is of good character. On this course some of the most interesting tournaments held in the State have taken place. The most recent of these was held in August, when the Southern California representatives carried off the honors in handsome style, the championship of the State being won at that time by C. E. Maude, of Riverside, with Ed Tufts, of Los Angeles, a close second.

The international tennis tournament was also held at Del Monte in Septem-

ber made at Burlingame, where an excellent nine-hole course is owned by the Burlingame Golf Club. This is an organization made up principally of wealthy residents of San Francisco; in this respect it is on an equality with the San Rafael Club. Theirs also is a nine-hole course. Play on these greens is entirely of a local nature, and as it does not differ materially from what is met continually in the East, it does not demand special explanation.

The course of the San Francisco Golf Club is a decided novelty, in that it is by far and away the poorest course in the State. It is a matter of great surprise that, with all the wealth of San



Painted for Ouring by Jas. L. Weston.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

Francisco and the many enthusiastic golfers to be found there, the only green in the city should be such a poor affair. The course is badly laid out, the approaches unkempt and rough, the putting greens are as corrugated as the face of a washboard, and there are cracks in them in which a golf ball will almost drop out of sight; the teeing grounds are dilapidated and uneven, and, altogether, the course would seem to be a golfer's nightmare. But the clubhouse is a very pretentious affair, handsomely built and prettily furnished. It is a great pity that more effort is not devoted to the green and less to the club-house.

In preparing to leave California the farewell visit is made to the best course in the State—that of the Oakland Golf Club. This organization, although comparatively young, has a membership of 225, and employs two high-class professionals. The club-house is small, but very tasty and attractive in arrangement, while the course is eighteen holes, and over ground that is beautifully adapted to the true spirit of the royal and ancient game. Here the putting greens are all of an excellent quality of turf, and the fair greens are in splendid condition at all times. There are no mountains and tremendous ravines to strike terror to the golfer's heart, but gently sloping hills, even little valleys, just enough obstacles and uncertainties to put the best players on their metal. There is, too, a progressive, energetic spirit ever prevalent that keeps up an

interesting series of fixtures during the entire year, but the principal events lie between November 1st and June 1st, as a rule.

Oakland ends the tour of what is properly known as the "Far West," and the homeward journey—for those who sojourn east of Denver—should include, as before stated, Salt Lake City, Colorado Springs and Denver, the latter especially having a good club and very attractive course.

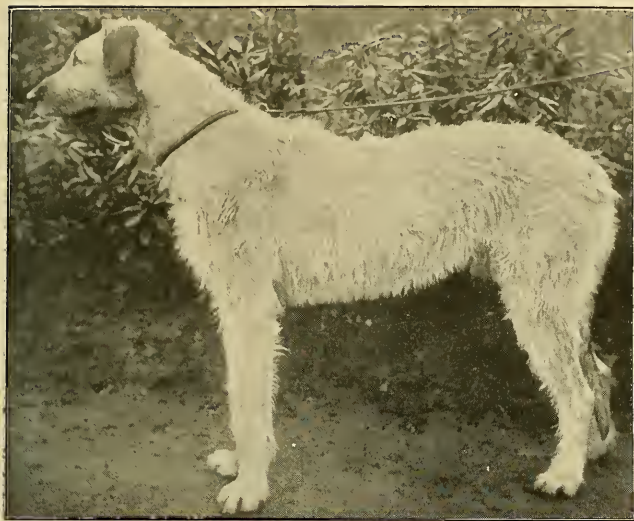
There is one unsatisfactory feature about golfers of the "Far West," as a class, and that is, a very large majority of them play *at* the game, rather than play it. They have learned it unaided, and have followed out the lines they imagine should be followed. They are much in the same position as a person who tries to master a foreign language without a tutor—they learn to speak it after a time, but with the wrong accent. Up to November 1st, there were but five professionals in that territory—Tetley, at San Rafael; Melville, at Del Monte; Grindley, at Los Angeles; Robinson, at Riverside, and Stephenson, at San Francisco. Since November 1st, Alex. Smith, of Washington Park, Chicago, has gone to Coronado; Willie Anderson, of Baltusrol, has taken up quarters at Oakland, and William Watson, of the Minikahda Club, Minneapolis, has established himself as instructor on the Hotel Green course, at Pasadena. These are all high-class professional golfers, and will do a vast deal of good for golfing in the Far West.



CORONADO GOLF CLUB.

THE IRISH WOLFHOUND.

BY H. W. HUNTINGTON.



"BRIAN II."

OF all the various breeds of dogs known to the sporting world perhaps none has so much romance attached to its history as the Irish wolfhound, or, as it is properly and anciently called, the Irish wolfdog. Irishmen will descant by the hour about the glories of this, their national dog. Yet, strange as it may seem, the natives of the Emerald Isle had permitted this grand breed to sink almost into oblivion. It was rescued, fortunately, by that most genial English sportsman, Captain G. A. Graham, of Dursley, in Gloucestershire, who is now the President of the Irish Wolfhound Club. From 1864 up to the present date, thirty-six full years, that gallant gentleman has devoted his time and energy to bring the dog back to where it was ere its decline.

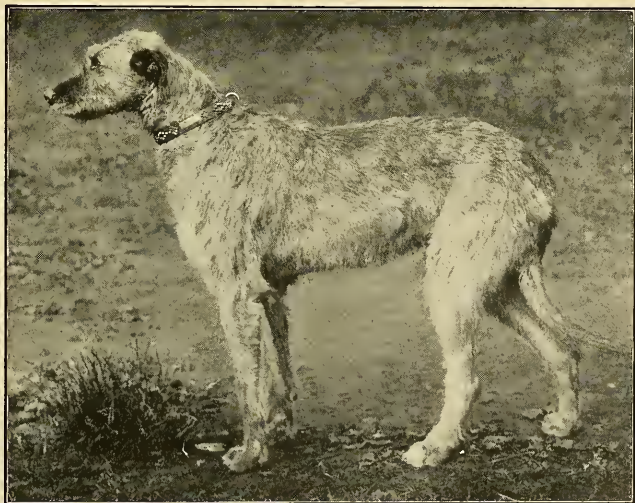
Doubts no longer exist as to what its future will be, for it is now well-grounded, and each year sees new faces and grander ones making their appearance before the public. It was a work of love on the part of Captain Graham, and the pride

he took in it is certainly most commendable and appreciated. In all his work he was ably seconded by Sir John Power, of Kilfane, and Mr. Baker, of Ballytoban Castle, Ireland.

At the last Crystal Palace show, which took place in London last year, there were twenty-three entries of this breed of dogs, and, strange as it may seem, nearly all the prizes were won by dogs owned by the gentle sex.

Of all the large breeds of dogs, none is so universal a favorite with the ladies as the Irish wolfhound. The fact that his cause and care have been espoused by them speaks volumes for the gentleness of his character and evenness of temper; for woman is ever the first to recognize nobility of character, whether in man or beast, and, having pinned her faith on the wolfhound, the world may accept her judgment as both correct and final.

This loyalty of character and sweetness of disposition of the dog are not a thing of education and recent growth. Even in history he is credited with



"THIGGUM."



"DERMOT ASTORE."

being the most companionable of all the breeds; and the Earl of Antrim has in his possession a painting, which has been handed down from generation to generation, of an immense wolfhound, which, for having saved the life of one of his Lordship's ancestors, won the everlasting gratitude of his master and his family.

As far back as the history of this breed dates the dog was ever spoken of as being of the most lovable disposition, not in any way whatever quarrelsome with other dogs, very docile, the very best of companions and especially fond of children, the last characteristic being developed to a most extraordinary degree.

Whether or not the Irish wolfhound of to-day is in outline or size what he was centuries ago, one fact remains true; and that is that in point of disposition he has not changed one whit, as the exhibitors and owners of the dog of to-day will attest that he is possessed of the most charmingly loyal disposition that the most exacting could wish, thus endearing himself to everyone, whether he be a member of the household or not.

With such characteristics, no wonder need be expressed that he is so great a favorite. As a rule, he is not as playful as either the English greyhound or the Great Dane, being rather inclined to be sedate, yet with children, especially the little ones, he seems to throw aside his stateliness, come out of his shell, as it were, and for the nonce becomes as playful as a terrier. His general bearing, however, is sedate, dignified, and at all times quiet.

As far as his movements in the field are concerned, he is perhaps not fast enough for chasing the fleetest game, yet at close quarters he is able to render a good account of himself

as far as his prowess is concerned.

As yet, since his restoration, he has been used simply as a companion, so his field qualities are virtually untried. Colonel Roger Williams, of Kentucky, one of the Captains in Roosevelt's Rough Riders and President of the Kentucky Fox Hunters' Association, has recently imported some six old and young ones for use on the plains and in the mountains of the great West, where he goes each fall to hunt, for, like our gallant Governor, he is a mighty Nimrod. He has not yet given his dogs a fair trial,



CHAMPION "WARGRAVE."*

* "Wargrave" won two first prizes, championship, and three special prizes, and "Dermot Astore" third prize, at the recent Crystal Palace Show, London.

but has advised the writer of this article that he is led by their training and present performances to look for great things from them, especially in attacking the great timber wolf. If he will continue the good work that Captain Graham has carried so near to perfection, and make them as good in the field as they are on the bench, then we shall owe him a great debt of gratitude. As yet we have not been able to find a breed of dogs that can successfully cope with and finally destroy the great fierce wolf of our timber land, and if he succeeds in so training his Irish wolfhounds that they can rid us of this pest, then the breed will know no superiors, and few, if any, equals.

The Scotch deerhound, the English greyhound, the borzoi, or Russian wolfhound, have been tried in this country upon this wild animal, and with only indifferent success, due perhaps largely to the fact that they were novices and quite unused to attacking and handling such game. No doubt if the subject of this article is taken well in

hand, shown what is expected of him, in two or three generations he would be found to be, *par excellence*, the dog for wolf and coyote killing. From a commercial point of view, if from no other, Colonel Williams could retire from active business and spend the rest of his life in breeding this dog, so as to save hundreds of thousands of dollars to our large ranchers, who yearly have their stock depleted.

During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Ireland was infested with wolves, and it was then that the Irish wolfhound was bred in all its glory. The devastation of the wolves on both flocks and herds caused a general uprising of extermination, but it was not

till about 1710 that the last one was said to have been killed in Ireland. Since that time, the dog's vocation being practically gone, he was allowed to die out, as it were, and as decade followed decade he grew more scarce, till, in about 1820, very few of the breed were to be found anywhere. In 1840 the breed once more was sought out, and from then new life was given it.

The romance connected with the breed is surely most enchanting. Regarding him, as we find him in 1710, according to varied writings, some claim boldly that the true Irish wolfhound became wholly extinct, others that he lived on and on and was finally merged into, or is, in reality, naught else than

the Scotch deerhound of to-day, while a third contingent claim he is the English greyhound of to-day, shorn of his rough and shaggy coat, with an admixture of Great Dane blood. However this may be, and on whichever horn of the trilemma you wish to impale yourself, the Scotch deerhound of



CHAMPION SCOTCH DEERHOUND "CHIEFTAIN."

to-day is nearer like the old prints, paintings and drawings of the Irish wolfhound of centuries ago than it is to any other dog living, not excepting the borzoi. While in some respects the latter resembles the former, yet in the main points of comparison they are not alike. The latter is possessed of a long, attenuated head, while the former's skull is decidedly not only heavier, but of less length, and with far more powerful and heavy muzzle. The ribs of the latter are decidedly flat-sided, the back none too strong, while in the former the ribs are well sprung, the back, loins and hind quarters marvelously powerful, and in matter of bone and substance the former far outstrips the

latter. Again, the coat is dissimilar, for that of the Borzoi is soft, flat and silky, and in the Irishman it is rough, hard and wiry, it being especially wiry over eyes and under jaw. There is nothing, too, in its historical phase that would lead to a belief in an infusion of Borzoi blood, whereas there is much that might confirm an infusion of Great Dane or German mastiff blood. It is true that the Borzoi is used on the steppes of Russia to kill their great wolves, but that fact would not lead to causes of cross-breeding when what already existed for centuries in Ireland was able to cope with her beasts of prey.

The Irish dog will soon be pitted against the Russian dog. Mr. Richard Tamplin, the leader of British sport at St. Petersburg, Russia, has purchased a brace of very large Irish wolfhounds from Major Richardson's kennels, at Carnoustee, Forfarshire, intending to match them against three Borzois in a wolf-killing contest. The manner of disposing of the wolf is different in Russia to that in any other country. The Borzois are taken in threes and fours in slips where the wolves are known to be. Beaters, somewhat after the style adopted in East India, drive or scare the wolf out into the open, where the Borzois are slipped on them. Then they *course* their quarry perhaps for miles, for the Russian wolf is not only very large but very fast and strong, and when the dog gets near enough to the wolf he is trained to strike him with his shoulder, knocking him over. The other dogs, coming up, engage him in battle till the mounted huntsmen arrive, and the wolf is killed with their long spears. The Borzois are broken to *chase* and engage the wolf or hold him till the huntsmen arrive.

As far as speed is concerned, there is little doubt but that the Borzoi, being built on lighter lines, will outstrip the Irish wolfhound in a coursing contest pure and simple; but where the killing has to be done by the dog, as would be the case everywhere except in Russia, it will be found beyond a doubt that the stronger built dog will be the victor.

Referring to the standard adopted by the Irish Wolfhound Club, we find one very pertinent sentence, viz.: "The Irish wolfdog should not be so heavy or massive as the Great Dane, but more so than the deerhound, which in general

type he should otherwise resemble." From the foregoing it is seen that the consensus of opinion is that the English greyhound and Borzoi (or Russian wolfhound) type should be discarded. The engraving of a celebrated picture of an Irish wolfdog by Reinagle seems to show little else than an immense Scotch deerhound, with somewhat of Great Dane type about it; and as this appeared in 1803, it is more than likely to be at least a somewhat close representation of the dog then in popular favor. Captain Graham, who has made this breed a life study, expressed himself as confirmed in the belief that in 1875 there was enough of the original and purely-bred Irish wolfhound blood existent, which, if properly bred to the then present Scotch deerhound, would revivify the ancient breed in all its glory. Further, that the dog originally was built on deerhound lines, only of much heavier type. Despite this view, he, however, some years ago, bred his Banshee to the Borzoi Korotoi, but what the outcome of the cross was the writer is unable to say. Korotoi, by the way, seemed at one time as if destined to join the ranks of the American Borzois, but the project fell through, much to the regret of all the fanciers of this beautiful breed of dogs.

While the Irish wolfdog has certainly figured well in history, it is in legend that he is perhaps best known, and many a song is sung of his great value, his stature, his prowess, and his disposition as well. We know full well the legend of how the mighty kings of Ulster and of Connaught fought in battle array for the possession of a wolfdog, whose value was greater than many thousand head of cattle, and how sanguinary the battle was! Then, too, there was Failinis, the favorite of the King of Irnaida, of such wonderful size and power that no living man or beast could withstand him when once he was aroused! Again, we hear tell of Bran, the prime favorite of the old Irish warrior Finn, and Conbec, too, said to be as swift as the wind, as powerful as a lion, with sagacity in equal proportion, and who was so beloved by his master that no kennel could harbor him, his own master's bed being shared with him!

Nor does the dog seem to be less popular in history than in legend. The Rev. Edmund Hogan has written a most

charming little book, "The Irish Wolf-dog," the result of much study and great research, a book that any true lover of a dog would be delighted to read. The love for the animal that prompted the writing pervades the whole book, and leaves naught at the finish to be desired but the hope that the breed will be soon restored to its pristine glory. That the breed is one of great antiquity no one can dispute with reason, for records and writings go to prove it is no latter-day fancy. The Roman people, ever on the alert for new forms of amusement, and satiated with the old ones, in the year 391 thronged the arena to witness a contest wherein took part the seven dogs that the Consul, Quintus Aurelius, had imported from Ireland to give pleasure to the Roman populace. Almost from time immemorial, according to historical writings, the Irish wolfdog was esteemed as of great value, and this King John of England well knew, as it was he who presented to the Welsh Prince Llewellyn a noted specimen of the breed. Edward I. also appreciated the dog, and royal orders are still extant wherein he commanded the importation of them from the Emerald Isle. Both Edward III. and Henry VIII. admired them, too, and they were found in the royal kennels.

The Irish dog of later days was essentially a worker, not one for exhibition purposes, but for real and live uses; and when the wolves ceased to exist in Ireland little wonder need be expressed that he should have slowly but surely dropped into oblivion. Had dog shows existed then, as now, the breed, in all probability, would have suffered nothing from the lapse of time. Then, too, there were varied causes why it should degenerate and almost entirely cease to exist. The landed gentry of Ireland have suffered much from famines and floods, from internal bickerings and political strifes. Ancient houses have crumbled and turned to dust, and landed estates have passed into strangers' hands. Little wonder is it, then, that the dog should have shared a similar fate; yes, perhaps even a worse one.

But the breed has been snatched from its obscurity, and now, phoenix-like, rises to demand of the dog-loving world a share of its encomiums. It has slumbered all too long, but now, fostered by true dog-lovers, it will soon

gain its proper place. That it has slumbered long no one will deny, for as far back as 1571 it is written of as being "bigger of bone and limb than a colt." In 1595 a Spanish writer of verses calls him "an Irish greyhound of beautiful build, bay colored, dark striped from head to haunch." In the seventeenth century he is spoken of as "very well able to overcome wolves and stags in fleetness, fighting and power; an animal which, by his majesty, great size, marvelous variegation of color and the proportion of his limbs, is so valuable as to be a gift fit to be presented to any Emperor." Smith, in his story of Waterford (1774), says "the dog is bigger than a mastiff, but more like a greyhound, and for size, strength and shape, cannot be equaled." In the ancient frescoes that adorn the walls of Easton Mostyn Hall there are some five frescoes, wherein are represented two dogs of rough greyhound type, and these are claimed to well represent the true type of the old Irish wolfdog.

As before stated, the dog is not unlike the Scotch deerhound, possessed of an equally shaggy coat, but being, all in all, more workmanlike looking than the Scotchman. According to the standard of excellence, as formulated by the Irish Wolfhound Club, the colors given as acceptable are gray, brindle, red, black, pure white, fawn, or any color that appears in the deerhound. Captain Graham recently exhibited at the Kennel Club show his young dog Osric, whose color, and color only (which is the same as his champion Dhulart and Myshall), was questioned by the critic of the London *Stockkeeper*. To this criticism the Captain took decided objection in the next issue of the paper, stating that in the thirty-six years that he had devoted to resurrecting and revivifying the breed, one of his greatest efforts was ever devoted to breeding black-and-tans; and while the club's standard did not make note of this color, still he contended it was not only the original color, but that of all the early hound families. It is an indisputable fact that black-and-tans are largely represented in beagles, foxhounds, pointers, setters, the early spaniels, and most of the terriers; and that the Irish wolfhound should be barred from having it is an objection seemingly not well taken. It is true, the Bor-

zoi, with its silky, flowing coat, is excessively attractive when its coat is pure white, yet this same color is made more brilliant by an occasional splash of black and tan. Argoss, the Borzoi, imported by the writer, was black, tan and white; and the fact that he won some sixty-eight first and special prizes, both here, in Russia and in England, proves conclusively that the colors in question are no detriment. It is also an acknowledged fact that dogs of this color are, as a rule, very hardy, of good constitution and of good heart.

In general appearance the Irish wolfhound should not be quite so heavy or so massive as the Great Dane, but more so than the Scotch deerhound, "which in general type he should otherwise resemble," and also be of great size and commanding appearance, very muscular, strongly though gracefully built. His movements should be very easy and graceful, with the head and neck carried high.

The tail should be carried with an upward sweep, and with a slight curve toward the extremity. The minimum height should be, for dogs, thirty-one inches, while for bitches it should be twenty-eight.

As to weight, the minimum should be one hundred and twenty pounds for dogs and thirty pounds less for bitches. The club's idea is that anything below these figures should cause the contestant for honors to be debarred from competition. Great size, including height at shoulders and proportionate length of body, is the desideratum to be arrived at, as it is desired to firmly establish a race that shall average from thirty-two to thirty-four inches in dogs, showing the requisite power, activity, courage, and symmetry combined.

The head, which so often stamps a dog and shows his breeding, should be long, the frontal bones of the forehead being slightly raised, and very little indentation existing between the eyes. The skull should not be too broad, but the muzzle should be long, strong and moderately pointed.

The ears should be small and folding down when at rest, as seen in the Eng-

lish greyhound. As the animal is for the chase and not for the bench, the neck should be rather long, very strong and muscular, clean cut, well arched, and free from dewlap and throatiness. As speed and staying power enter largely into his uses, the chest should be very deep, with the breast broad, thus giving free action to both the lungs and the heart. The back should be rather long than short, with the loins gracefully arched.

The shoulders should be sloping as well as muscular, with the elbows well under the body, and they should be turned neither inward nor outward. The whole leg should be strong and quite straight. Why the club should not insist upon the forelegs being absolutely straight is a question that the writer is unable to explain. As in greyhounds, foxhounds, beagles, English and American foxhounds, harriers and Borzois, the demand is for front legs as straight as gun-barrels. The uses of the Irish wolfhound being almost identical with the before-named hounds, the omission of the "quite straight" quality seems hardly logical. The hindquarters should be muscular, with the second thigh long and strong, as in the English greyhound, and the hocks well let down, but turned neither in nor out.

The feet should be moderately large and round, turned neither inward nor outward, the toes well arched and closed, with the nails not only curved but very strong. The hair on the body, legs and head is rough and hard, and especially wiry and long over the eyes and under-jaw. As before stated, the colors called for by the standard are gray, red, brindle, black, pure white, fawn, and any color that appears in the Scotch deerhound.

In order that the reader may better analyze and compare the dog with the breed mentioned, an illustration is given of Col. John E. Thayer's champion Scotch deerhound, Chieftain, which is perhaps one of the grandest specimens ever seen on the show bench; and, by comparing it with the illustrations of the wolfhound, the analogy becomes certainly very strong and convincing.





ALAMEDA SENIOR BARGE CREW ON OAKLAND CREEK.

ROWING ON SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

BY ARTHUR INKERSLEY.



WHETHER navigable water is adjacent to a center of population there is certain to be boating; for the dwellers on rivers, lakes, and arms of the sea take to it almost instinctively. It would be strange indeed if so magnificent an expanse of navigable water as San Francisco Bay, so near a large city, were neglected as a means of recreation and healthful exercise.

When the discovery of gold in California brought vessels from all parts of the world to the Land of Promise, races between ships' crews in gigs or White-halls formed part of the festivities on the Fourth of July and other public holidays. It is probable that soon after 1850 boats were owned by individuals or by a few friends in common, but there were no regularly organized rowing clubs.

Rowing in the Bay of San Francisco is greatly affected by the peculiar local conditions.

Inasmuch as the young men who mostly make up the membership of the

rowing clubs are employed during the daytime, the long evenings of summer are chosen for getting crews into trim. Although a good deal of boating for pleasure and exercise is done on the fine days of winter (which is in many respects much more agreeable than the summer season) regattas take place during the summer from May to November.

Now the San Francisco summer is the most blustering, windy season of the year. From about 11 A. M. to 6 P. M. strong westerly winds prevail, and when these meet an outgoing tide the sea quickly becomes rough and choppy. Hence the racing boats employed on the Bay of San Francisco are lapstreak, open boats, called outriggered skiffs. For four-oared crews what are known as "barges" are used. These are also lapstreak boats, not canvased over either at bow or stern. They are irriged, fitted with sliding seats, and carry coxswains, who spoil their steering very much by bobbing to and fro in time with the oarsmen.

Championship races and club regattas are held either at Long Bridge, at the foot of Third street, San Francisco, or at El Campo, a picturesque picnic resort in Marin County, about ten miles from the city. The Alameda Boating Club holds its races on Oakland Creek. Both the Long Bridge and El Campo courses are on the open bay, and as they are not straightaway the competitors have to row three-fourths of a mile to

the stakes, round them, and pull three-fourths of a mile back to the starting point. The turn being the crucial point in a race, it becomes of great importance to have a boat which will round the mark quickly. To meet this requirement the most recently constructed barges are cut away at bow and stern, and have very little depth, being intended to spin round their centers as on a pivot. The Alameda Boating Club was the first to have a barge of the new type built, and the victories of her senior four-oared crew have been by many oarsmen attributed to the ease and quickness with which their boat rounded the mark. Recently all the clubs have obtained or ordered barges of this type, as it is considered almost impossible for a crew, however good, rowing in an old barge, to win from a four in a new boat.

The practice of rowing over a course with a turn produces other results than those already mentioned. Not only are the summer winds in the bay violent, but the tides and currents are also very strong. Thus it often happens that a boat which started on the inside station, and which should therefore round the inside mark, finds, when it reaches the turning-point, that it has been carried away so far from its course that it can turn another mark much more conveniently than its own. When a boat is either considerably in the lead or in the rear of the others, this may be done without danger, but when the race is at all close it is just at the stakes that confusion is certain to arise. Fouls do, in fact, frequently occur at this point.

Regattas rarely begin before noon, and by that hour the El Campo course is almost certain to be rough, and to increase in roughness for the next three or four hours. The boats, traveling rapidly in a choppy sea, ship a good deal of water. Thus a race, especially in skiffs, is liable to be won, not by the man who can really cover the distance in the shortest time, but by the man who, either by good watermanship or by good luck, keeps his boat afloat and succeeds in reaching the winning line without being swamped. A barge, being a stancher craft than an outriggered skiff, rarely becomes so waterlogged that the crew cannot proceed, but the pace is often much retarded by the quantity of water shipped.

The Long Bridge course is also liable

to have rough water, and is subject to a further disadvantage. The start is made near the landward end of the bridge (which is really an old railroad wharf), and the course runs parallel to and under the lee of the bridge for some distance. The inner station is next to the bridge, and the center and outer stations are further from it. After the bridge is reached, the boats turn somewhat to the coxswains' right hands, and make for the marks. Now at the start the coxswain of the crew having the outer station is tempted, instead of steering his boat along a line parallel to the bridge, to crowd in upon the inner boats, as by so doing he can set a straighter and more direct course for the marks. He is also induced, when he has a lead, to cross his opponent's bows and take his water. This tendency to crowd is very likely to produce a foul.

San Antonio Estuary, or Oakland Creek, as it is usually called, on which the headquarters of the Alameda Boating Club are situated, has smoother water than the El Campo or Long Bridge course, and offers better facilities for spectators. There is also at Oakland a sheet of tidal water called Lake Merritt. The water is absolutely smooth, and from the high sloping banks spectators can obtain a good view of the races.

Regattas are occasionally held at Sacramento, on the Sacramento River, and at Stockton, on the San Joaquin, but sloughs are generally used for this purpose by the oarsmen of these towns. The Stockton Athletic Association occasionally sends crews down to San Francisco regattas, but of late it has shown very little activity in rowing matters.

Another place where rowing races may be held is Lake Bohemia, where a large sheet of water about one-and-a-half miles long has been obtained by damming the waters of Russian River, near Guerneville. The water is beautifully clear and smooth, and almost entirely free from current.

Championship and open regattas are taken in hand by the Regatta Committee of the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, which consists of one delegate from each of the rowing clubs.

Early in 1899 a good deal of discussion arose over the fact that the Pacific Association, which is a branch of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United

States, amended its constitution so as to include rowing among the sports which it controls, though that sport is not one of those over which the Amateur Athletic Union takes jurisdiction. It was argued that a subordinate body, such as the Pacific Association, deriving its powers from a higher body (the Amateur Athletic Union), cannot possess a more extensive jurisdiction than its parent. Logically this seems incontrovertible, but those who were in favor of the Pacific Association taking control over rowing urged that the oarsmen need some central body near at hand to which they can refer disputes for decision, and asserted that rowing affairs have been much more harmoniously conducted since the Pacific Association assumed control than they were in earlier days, when there was a local Rowing Association, which was involved in continual bickerings and broke up after a short and troublous existence. Some of the rowing men, especially the members of the South End Rowing Club and of the Alameda Boating Club, wish to form a Pacific or Western Rowing Association, composed of boat clubs exclusively, and to affiliate with the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, of which the Alameda Club has been a

member for the past two or three years. For the present, however, most of the clubs are in favor of staying in the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, which Association has assumed control over rowing, baseball, and some other sports not included in the jurisdiction of the A. A. U.

San Francisco oarsmen rarely row anywhere else than on the Bay, though they do occasionally attend regattas at Stockton or Sacramento. In 1898, however, San Francisco crews went much further afield—as far as Astoria, on the Columbia River. Shells being the regular racing boats in the Pacific Northwest, the Astoria committee added to their programme special events for barges and outriggered skiffs, which, as has been said, are almost exclusively used on the waters of San Francisco Bay. The barge race was won by the senior crew of the Alameda Boating Club, and the outriggered skiff race by A. W. Pape, of the Dolphin Swimming and Boating Club. The regatta was participated in by oarsmen from Portland, Seattle, and from Victoria and Vancouver, in British Columbia. The San Franciscans who visited Astoria were most hospitably received by the inhabitants. The Astoria regatta of



ALEX W. PAPE, OUTRIGGER SKIFF CHAMPION.



W. C. ESPY,
Chairman of Regatta
Committee, Pacific
A. A. U.

1899 also attracted several entries from San Francisco.

A somewhat unsatisfactory feature about the races held on San Francisco Bay is that spectators cannot easily get a good view of any part of them except the start and the finish. There are no banks upon which eager partisans can run, and the turn, which is the most critical part of the race, takes place at the point farthest from the spectators. The courses being in the open waters of a great bay, the measurement of distances is vague, the person intrusted with the duty of setting the marks at the turn merely going out in a launch for what seems about three-fourths of a mile and dumping them into a tideway. The times made over the courses are thus entirely untrustworthy, as it is impossible to know what distance was really traversed by the boats. Notwithstanding this the timers gravely stand, stop-watches in hand, noting fifths of a second, when the course is anywhere from one hundred to six hundred yards short of the full distance. At the championship regatta, held at Long Bridge on November 8, 1898, the course, supposed to be 1 mile 880 yards, with a turn, water rough, wind and tide strong, was covered by the winning senior barge (an inrigged lapstreak boat carrying a coxswain) in 7 minutes and 30 seconds, according to the timers. Now, the fastest time on record, for the Stewards' Challenge Cup for four-oars, at Henley Regatta, is 7 minutes 37 seconds, the boats being light racing craft, carrying no coxswains, and the course being 1 mile 550 yards, straightaway, in almost absolutely still water. It is not necessary to say more to show that no dependence at all can be placed on the times in which San Francisco crews are said to have covered certain distances.

The oldest boat club in existence on the Bay is the Pioneer Rowing Club, which was organized on October 4, 1864, by Wade, Long, Brennan and Harrington, the first secretary being

Washington Taylor. The first four-oared shell owned by the club was built by John Read, a native of Bristol, Eng., and was named *Kearsarge*; she was 36 feet 6 inches long, had a beam of 26 inches, and a depth amidships of 18 inches. She was launched on the same day as the monitor *Comanche*—November 14, 1864. The first boat-house of the club was on Long Bridge, and, like many early Californian structures, was destroyed by a fire.

The earliest race of which I have been able to find a record was rowed on the Sacramento River course, at Sacramento City, on Thursday, September 15, 1870, at 9 A. M., in four-oared lapstreak boats, over a distance of three miles, for a cup valued at \$100, presented by the State Agricultural Society. The contestants were the Pioneer Rowing Club of San Francisco and the Undine Boat Club of Sacramento. The

former rowed in a barge named *California*, having a length of 37 feet and a beam of 35 inches. The latter's boat was named *Alpha*, and was 34 feet long and 30 inches wide. The race was won by the Pioneer crew, which consisted of M. Long, 160 lbs., bow; E. Nelson, 190 lbs., No. 2; J. E. Brennan, 160 lbs., No. 3, and R. Landers, 180 lbs., stroke. The weight seems so badly distributed, there being 370 lbs. on the stroke side and only 320 lbs. on the bow side,

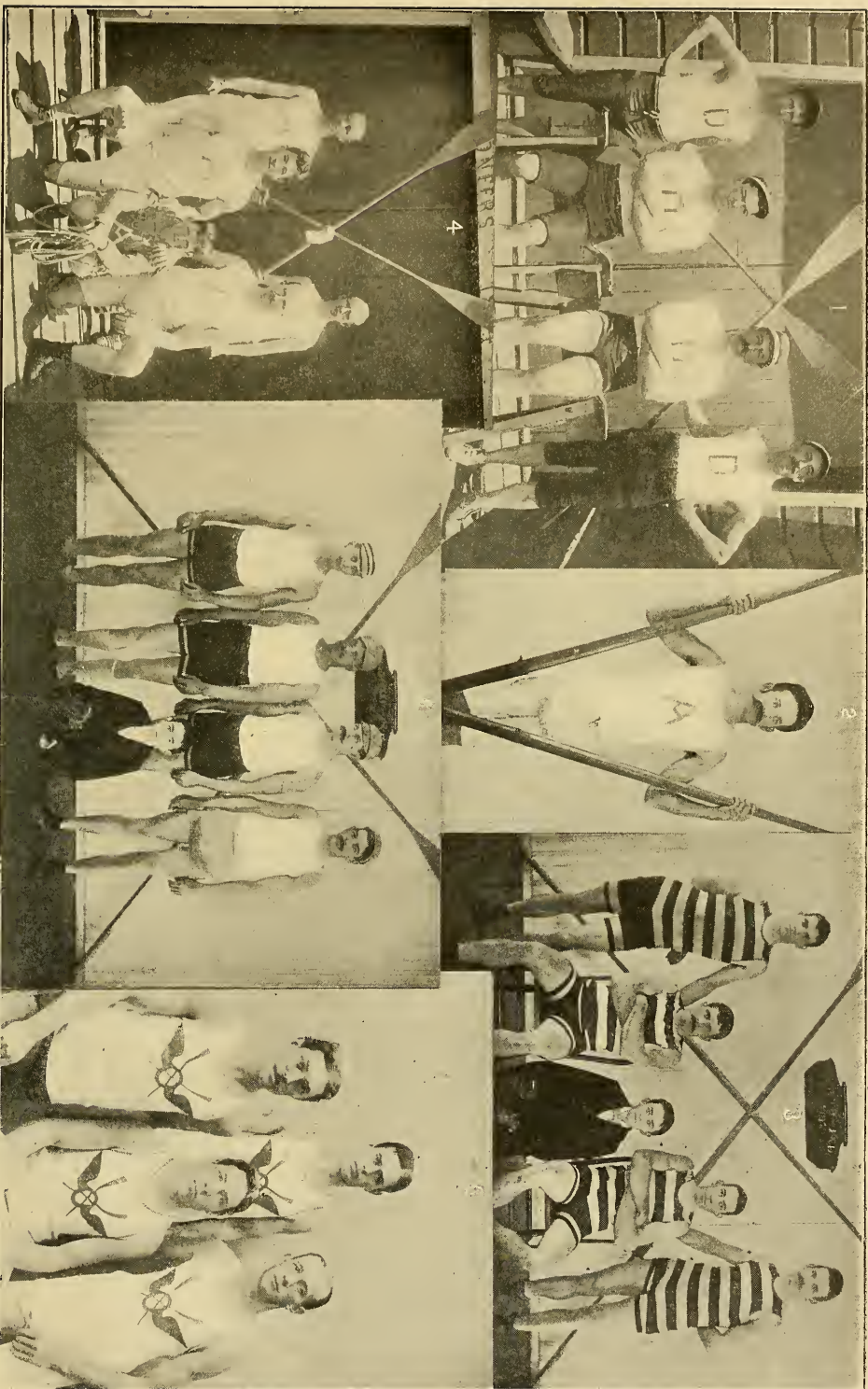
that I am tempted to suppose that the names and weights of numbers 2 and 3 have been interchanged. This is the less unlikely, as there is no uniform practice with regard to numbering a crew, the prevailing habit being to name the crew from stroke down to bow instead of in the reverse and proper order from bow to stroke. In a letter written by the secretary of the Undine Boat Club, of Sacramento, I find the crew numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4, but 1 is stroke and 4 is the bow oar. In the four-oared barges now used around San Francisco it is usual to call No. 3 the after-waist and No. 2 the forward waist, which, though not in conform-



W. G. HANSEN,
Captain Alameda Boat-
ing Club.



J. E. BRENNAN,
Oldest Oarsman on San
Francisco Bay.



1. DOLPHIN BOAT CLUB, BARGE CREW.
4. ARIEL ROWING CLUB, BARGE CREW.

2. G. W. PHELAN, ARIEL ROWING CLUB.
5. SOUTH END MIDGETS, CHAMPION SENIOR
BARGE CREW.

3. SOUTH END ROWING CLUB, BARGE CREW.
6. OLYMPIA BOAT CLUB, BARGE CREW.

ity with the practice of other parts of the world, shows clearly the place in the boat occupied by the oarsmen.

In 1870, and for a long time afterwards, there was a great deal of professionalism among the oarsmen on San Francisco Bay, for I observe that the Pioneer crew wished to have a money prize for the race at Sacramento, but the Agricultural Society objected to give coin. Besides the J. E. Brennan mentioned as forming one of the Pioneer crew, W. A. Coulter (a marine artist on the staff of the *S. F. Call*), John T. Sullivan, George H. Strong and Eugene Flanders are still in the city. The boat-house of the club is on Long Bridge, and the officers are as follows: President, C. L. Ochs; Vice-President, J. J. Connolly; Secretary, R. J. Espy; Treasurer, J. T. Sullivan; Captain, W. St. John, and Vice-Captain, George Collopy.

On June 17, 1872, the second oldest of the now existing rowing clubs, the Ariel, was formed, its founders being T. G. Wall, Eugene Flanders, G. A. Franklin, A. Rogers, F. Smith, E. J. White, E. Willis and J. Derham. The first boat-house of the club was at the foot of Second street, San Francisco. The first racing crew consisted of T. G. Wall, bow; Eugene Flanders, No. 2; Fred Smith, No. 3, and A. Rogers, stroke. This crew represented the Ariel Rowing Club in all regattas until May, 1876, when the club disbanded. They won races on November 30, 1873, November 30, 1874, and September, 1875, and were defeated by the Pioneers in May, 1876. Their coach and trainer was William Daily, then champion single-shell oarsman of the Pacific Coast, whose son, J. Daily, has for many years been the instructor at the California Lawn Tennis Club.

In 1873 there were many rowing clubs in and around San Francisco. In Oakland there were two clubs—the Golden State, which had a boat-house near the Webster street bridge, and the Mystic Boat Club. In San Francisco there were the Friendship, California, South End, and California Theatre Boat Clubs, the Pioneer, Pacific and Oak Leaf Rowing Clubs, and the Walter Brown Rowing Association. Of these the only survivors to the present day are the Pioneer and South End Rowing Clubs. At Sacramento City there were three clubs—

the Undine Boat Club, and the Capitol and Riverside Rowing Clubs. At Stockton there was the Stockton Boat Club, with a boat-house in C. M. Weber's garden and a course on McCloud's Lake. At Vallejo, opposite to the Mare Island Navy Yard, were the Alert, Farragut, Live Oak and North Vallejo Boat Clubs, and the Pacific American Rowing Association.

On March 17, 1873, there was a race on San Francisco Bay, from Third street, round Mission Rock and return, in double-scutt Whitehall boats, which was won by E. Nelson and R. Goble. On April 20th Dave Morris defeated E. Nelson in a three-mile race for \$100 a side. On May 14th a return race between the same two contestants, for a stake of \$500 a side, was won by E. Nelson.

On May 5, 1873, the South End Rowing Club (formerly the Neptunes) organized, though its foundation is generally dated from August, 1880, when it was reorganized.

On April 17, 1877, the Ariel Club reorganized with nine members, the following officers being elected: A. W. Livingston, President; F. Smith, Vice-President; E. Flanders, Secretary; A. Rogers, Treasurer; Leander Stevenson, Captain; W. H. Wall, F. Quinn and F. Holton, Trustees. Friedlander's old warehouse (now known as the Mission Bay warehouse) at Long Bridge was used as a boat-house, and a racing crew was made up of L. Stevenson, bow; Eugene Flanders, No. 2; F. Smith, No. 3, and A. Rogers, stroke. The Ariel four defeated crews from the Neptune, the Pioneer, the Friendship and Vallejo Rowing Clubs, and was beaten by the Pioneer and St. George Clubs. The Citizens' Fourth of July Committee in this year gave a cup valued at \$150, to be won three times before becoming the property of the winners, for amateur four-oared barge crews. The Ariel crew won it twice and the South End Rowing Club twice; at the final race, in 1881, the South End crew carried off the trophy. Since that time, up to November, 1897, the Ariels have won only one barge race, the South End crews winning year after year at all the open regattas. The Ariel crew in the above races consisted of G. Phelan, bow; H. Tank, No. 2; J. Larkey, No. 3; H. Wittkopf, stroke, and A. Carrol, coxswain.

In August, 1877, the Ariel Club made up one of the earliest amateur barge crews on the Bay of San Francisco to race for a trophy, named the McKinley Cup, for amateurs, which was won by the Pioneers. The club, being desirous of obtaining better quarters, leased from the Southern Pacific Co. part of the railroad wharf, and erected thereon a boat-house. They also had built by Al. Rogers, a well-known boat-builder of Alameda, a lapstreak four-oar. On February 24, 1878, they rowed a race against the crew of the California Theatre Boat Club, and after a close struggle were defeated by one and one-half lengths over a three-mile course. A second race, on November, 1, 1878, between the same crews was won by the Ariels by one and one-half lengths in 22 minutes. Rowing was popular sport in San Francisco in the late seventies, and the Ariels contrived to hold their own, especially in singles. Henry Petersen began his career as a sculler with the Ariel Club, and his brother Charles is also a fast sculler, and at one time held the Whitehall championship of San Francisco Bay. Among well-known scullers who were members of the Ariel Club may be mentioned W. Growney, Leander Stevenson, F. Smith and W. Blake. When the *Breeder and Sportsman* offered a Coast Championship Cup for four-oared shells the Ariel crew won it three times consecutively, and became permanent owners of the trophy. On the third occasion they won a stake of \$500 in addition, which was lost by the South End Rowing Club.

On December 12, 1892, the underpinning of the Ariel boat-house, having been eaten away by teredos, collapsed under the strain of a southeasterly gale, and the house fell into the bay. Nothing daunted, however, the club secured a new site on Long Bridge, and erected a substantial house thereon. The club has about sixty or seventy members, three four-oared barges, half-a-dozen or more single-sculling boats, three outriggered skiffs, two Whitehalls and two four-oared shells. The most promising sculler is William McAusland, a native of Toronto, Canada. He is light, but pulls in good style, and gets pace out of a boat. When he grows heavier he will probably do excellent work in the outriggered skiff and shell.

In 1896 G. T. McGinness was Presi-

dent of the Ariel Club. In 1897 the office was held by J. R. Bockman, an energetic worker, who is now President of the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, and in 1898 by D. J. Sheehan. Its present head is P. J. Enright, a Canadian, who began his athletic career at Hamilton, Ontario, where he played baseball, rowed and skated. He is now an amateur cyclist. The Ariel Club is now in a better financial position than it has been for some years. The initiation fee is five dollars, and the dues are fifty cents a month. As it is probable that the railroad company which owns Long Bridge will ere long remove it, the Ariels and Pioneers will be compelled to seek fresh quarters. In this event the former will select a suitable site, and will erect a handsome boat-house.

One of the best known clubs on San Francisco Bay is the South End Rowing Club, which, originally founded in 1873, was reorganized in August, 1880, by J. Bender, H. Lennon, Tim Lynch and P. F. McCarthy. The second-class crew of the club, made up of Dan Dougherty, bow; W. Toner, No. 2; E. Quigley, No. 3; Francis O'Reilly, stroke, and Hugh Dougherty, coxswain, rowed against the Golden State Rowing Club at Long Bridge in 1881, over a three-mile course, for a purse of \$200, Con Lynch, the referee, giving the result as a dead heat. The race, on being rowed over again the following week, was won by the South End Rowing Club by a large margin. Not long after its reorganization the South End Rowing Club purchased from some Eastern university men who used to row near the mail dock a barge known by the non-euphonious name of *Fly Blister*, which, much patched and repaired, is still considered a useful and fast craft. The South End club-house, at the foot of Third street, near Long Bridge, was for many years only a rough redwood structure, through the center of which ran a railroad track. At the present day the club's handball court, one of the largest and handsomest in the city, stands on the site of the old boat-house. For a long time the South End Club contented itself with the barges *Fly Blister* and *Garfield*, but when their rivals, the Pioneers and Ariels, got new boats, the South Ends had a new one built, so as to keep on even terms. In 1884 the

present boat-house was built, being completed by subscription for stock among the members.

In 1881 the fifth and deciding race for the silver cup offered by the Citizens' Fourth of July Committee for an amateur four-oared barge race was won by a South End crew, the cup becoming the property of the club.

however, F. Duplissee was beaten by W. McAusland, of the Ariel Rowing Club. At the Stockton regatta in September, 1896, on the occasion of the celebration of the Native Sons of the Golden West, the South End senior barge crew was defeated, after a collision with the Pioneer boat and a very close race, by a Stockton crew.



REGATTA COURSE AT EL CAMPO BAY.

In 1886 the club had a new barge, *Charles N. Felton*, built, which was lent to the Stockton crew for the regatta held September 9, 1891, at Alameda Mole, and is still owned by the club. At the regatta of September 9, 1890, held at Long Bridge, the South End Rowing Club won all three barge races—senior, intermediate and junior. In 1892 the club reorganized, and, having no longer any professional crew, joined the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union. A four composed of J. Spillane, F. Damke, E. Shay and Parker (Murphy taking his place later), won many amateur races, but a purse being offered at a Fourth of July regatta, it entered for it and became professional. In the regatta of May 30, 1895, the South Ends defeated the Ariels, Dolphins and Pioneers at Long Bridge. On July 4th of the same year, F. Duplissee won the senior shell championship at the Stockton regatta. On Decoration Day, 1896, the South Ends won the senior barge championship at El Campo. In the shell race,

At the El Campo regatta of June 20, 1897, Dr. C. C. Dennis, of the South End Rowing Club, won the senior outrigger skiff race, and a crew of the same club won the senior barge race, defeating the Ariel, Alameda and Olympic fours. At the regatta held at El Campo in September of the same year, the South Ends won the senior, intermediate and junior four-oared barge events, the junior shell race and the senior skiff race. The senior barge race was a most exciting struggle, the South End crew having been victorious in 1894 and 1895, but having been defeated in 1896 by the Stockton "Giants." In 1897, the South End "Midgets" regained the lost championship with a crew made up of Henry Bode, bow; Robert McArthur, No. 2; Gus Carson, No. 3; Frank Duplissee, stroke, and George McGrill, coxswain.

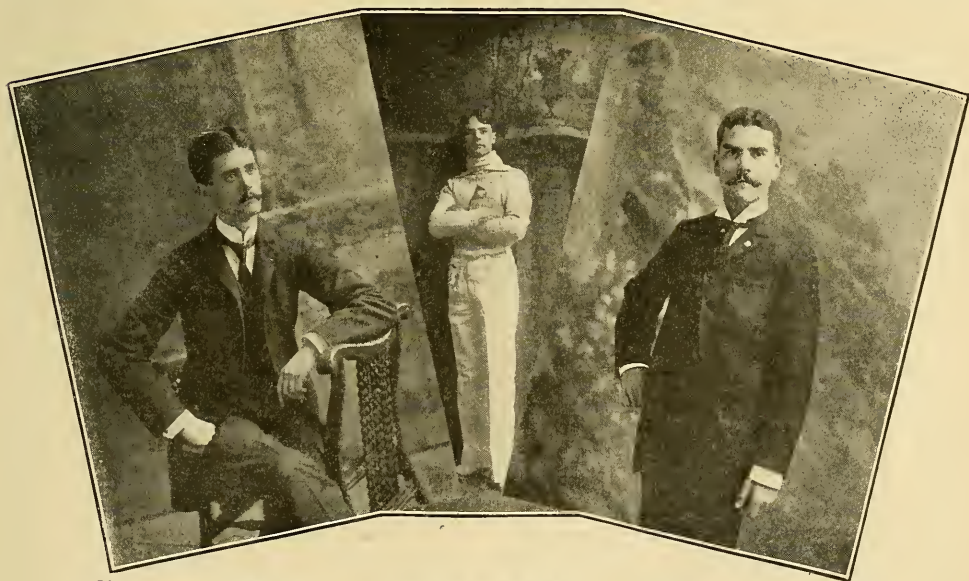
The Dolphin Swimming and Boating Club was organized in 1878 by four young men fond of the water, its aims being to cultivate proficiency in aquatic sports and to promote pleasant social intercourse among its members. Its

charter members were largely Germans or of German descent, as is shown by the names Wieland, Kehrlein and Rothkopf. The club occupied at first a small and very plain boat-house on North Beach. In 1880 the increased number of members enabled the directors to build a larger boat-house and to buy a four-oared barge. The club won its first race, for which a silver cup was presented by Mr. Robert Tobin. From 1881 to 1886 the club grew steadily, and in 1887 acquired a handsome pleasure barge, which was named *John Wieland* in honor of one of the charter members. In 1888 the club incorporated. In 1895, the old boat-house having become inadequate to the requirements of the members, a new house, the handsomest belonging to any rowing club on the bay, was erected in a little cove sheltered by the promontory of Black Point from the strong westerly winds that prevail during the summer in San Francisco. The Dolphins have not won many open races, though at present they hold the

open races at Long Bridge and El Campo, on the Bay of San Francisco, and at the regatta held at Astoria (Oregon) in 1898.

There is also on North Beach the Triton Boating and Swimming Club, but though it is in a sound financial condition, it has so limited a number of members and takes so little part in public events that it calls for only a few words of mention. Its members do not exceed thirty, and row rather for pleasure and recreation than from any wish to enter competitions. The club owns some stanch boats, in which the members take long rows around the bay.

The clubs hitherto mentioned all have their quarters in the city of San Francisco. On the opposite shore of the bay, in Alameda county, there are three clubs, the chief of them being the Alameda Boating Club, which has its headquarters at the foot of Chestnut street, on the San Antonio estuary (or Oakland Creek, as it is often called). It was organized on January 1, 1890, and now has



JOHN D. MAHONEY,
PRES., SOUTH END R. C.

GEORGE H. MILLER,
TREAS., ALAMEDA B. C.

W. B. HINCHMAN,
SEC., ALAMEDA B. C.

junior barge championship and the senior outrigger skiff championship, the latter having been won by Alex. W. Pape, a strong, healthy young fellow of great activity, who is an excellent swimmer as well as a sculler and oarsman. A. W. Pape won his first race on February 16, 1897, and since then has won

more than a hundred members. It is the only club devoted solely to rowing in Alameda, its members being principally men engaged in San Francisco during the day, but residing in the city of Alameda. The club first entered championship regattas in 1895, and in 1898 won the senior barge champion-

ship. In three years the members of the club have won sixty-three medals, besides cups and other trophies. The Alameda Club was the first of the local clubs to join the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, of which the South End Rowing Club has recently become a member.

The best-known member of the Alameda Club is S. J. Pembroke, whose name is familiar not only to the oarsmen of San Francisco, but to those of Stockton, Sacramento, Portland and Astoria as well. He is an Englishman, who has been for many years resident in California, and has devoted much time and energy to the interests of rowing. When forty-seven years of age he won the open outrigger skiff race at Sacramento, on July 4, 1895, and also on September 9th of the same year. He takes an active part in the management of all local regattas, and in 1898 induced several single scullers and barge crews from San Francisco to enter the regatta at Astoria, Ore. This year he was appointed the San Francisco representative of the Astoria committee. He is strongly in favor of the rowing clubs going out of the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, and of forming a Pacific or Western Association, to include all the boat clubs on the Pacific Coast, from British Columbia to San Diego, and to be affiliated with the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen.

Rowing has never attracted much attention at either of the Californian Universities, and at Stanford the sport is practically dead. A small lake just behind the University buildings is used for boating, but no representative crew has ever been got together. The University of California has a boating association founded February 25, 1892, to encourage rowing among the undergraduates, to provide the means for maintaining a college crew, and to train an eight to row against the representatives of Stanford University. The association had an excellent two-story boat-house on Sessions Basin, East Oakland, but in 1895 it was destroyed by fire, with

all the boats in it, on the eve of a race with the Columbia Rowing Club. A plain structure has been erected on the site, and is used to some extent by the undergraduates. But rowing has never taken much hold at the University, the only contest which excited any public interest being that between the University and the Columbia Rowing Club just mentioned. The University crew was coached by E. M. Garnett of Harvard, and their opponents by E. R. Folger of Yale. The former, having lost their boat in the fire, borrowed one for the race, and were defeated. A University crew rowed in a regatta on Oakland Creek on February 22, 1897, and also in a barge race on Lake Merritt, but did not win either event. This year the University won a junior barge race at an inter-club regatta, held at El Campo on June 25th, and it is hoped that University crews will be seen regularly in future regattas.

The Columbia Rowing Club has a boat-house on Sessions Basin adjacent to the quarters of the University of California. It numbers among its members several University graduates, but takes very little interest in rowing, and never enters public regattas.

One other club deserves a few words of mention. The Olympic Athletic Club, of San Francisco, has a boating annex, and a boat-house in Tiburon Cove, Marin County, distant about seven miles from San Francisco, and reached by the Tiburon ferryboats. The distance from the city has made it difficult to get crews together, as it is not possible for the men to practice together regularly unless they are permitted to use one of the San Francisco boat-houses. It has been proposed to raise a considerable sum of money by issuing bonds and to erect handsome quarters at Tiburon, where members might live during the summer. Then it would be possible for crews to go out in the evening for regular practice. The Olympic Boat Club has occasionally entered crews at open regattas, but has displayed little activity in that direction in recent times.

THE END

88 OLD-SQUAW'S SHOOTING AT FIRE ISLAND INLET.

BY M. K. FULLER.



FIRE Island Inlet is a strait, perhaps three-quarters of a mile wide, dividing Great South Beach, or, as it is sometimes called, Fire Island Beach on the east from Oak Island Beach on the west, and connecting Great South Bay

with the Atlantic Ocean. As there is no other connection with the ocean within thirty odd miles to the east, the ordinary tides flow at the rate of about six and one-half or seven miles an hour.

The "old squaw," sometimes called "old wife," again "long-tailed scoter," is a small, tough, and exceedingly fast-flying bird. The female has a brown back and top-sides, and white breast; the feet are bluish, as is also the short and flat bill. The male has a great deal of brown in his plumage, relieved with large white spots; the bill is red and the tail long. The males are often called "pin-tails" and are beautiful fowl.

About the middle of November these birds make their appearance in large numbers in Great South Bay, and remain there until the middle of March or the first of April, when they migrate north. During the day they swarm about the bay, moving usually in vast flocks; and although they are very wary in the vicinity of firearms, they pay little heed to the hundreds of boats which are daily working on the various oyster and scallop beds and clam and crab grounds. About sundown, however, they fly out to sea, where they can sleep comfortably and safely in the warmer waters of the Gulf Stream, a branch of which flows some twelve miles off shore. They come in again at sunrise. It is these flights of which the sportsmen take advantage. This "advantage" (?) with a large interrogation point, is called "old-squawing;" and in telling my experience I can best describe its great charms, and its wonderful possibilities.

One night in February I had the good fortune to meet an old friend in Bay

Shore. Captain Lester, or "Les" as everybody calls him, is a fine specimen of nautical young manhood. With his six feet and odd of brawn and sinew, his ruddy countenance and genial manner, he is every inch an American sailor. He is the proud possessor of a rattling fine sloop, the *Itakit*; and when, finding my time unoccupied, he invited me to go "old-squawing," I accepted with alacrity.

We started from Bay Shore at eleven o'clock on a glorious winter morning, and sailed about the bay until half past two, when we anchored on the north side of the main channel about a mile from the mouth of the inlet. Our party consisted of Les, "Tommy Pepper" and myself; and as a preparation for the sport soon to commence, I was immediately given instructions about my part of the work. Tommy is certainly a rare type. No one seems to know exactly what his name is, so for want of a better, also to describe him as being "hot stuff," he goes by the name of Tommy Pepper. In appearance he is a youth of eighteen or nineteen—this from a distance; but closer inspection reveals innumerable wrinkles, dilapidated molars, and a dried-up little man, and one can readily believe that forty odd years have passed over his head since he began keeping count. He speaks with a most remarkable combination of drawl and twang, and has the most unique manner of expressing himself it has ever been my good fortune to hear. He told me a wonderful tale about some friend of his who had gone out "old-squawing" and who had foolishly stood up in his sharpie while a flock of birds were passing over. The poor fellow was knocked overboard by the birds and drowned in the swift-flowing, icy water, almost within reach of his companions. Thus he paid with his life the penalty of his recklessness, and it was recklessness because Tommy himself had warned the unfortunate against any such rash act. Of course I knew Tommy expected me to believe this, so I thanked him most sincerely for his warning and his kind interest in me.

I can see even now the twinkle in Tommy's eye, and I'd bet a dozen Blue Points that to this day the poor old fellow thinks I believed every word of his yarn. I also noticed a change in him from that moment, and can almost imagine his remarking to Les, in his driest manner, "Say, Les, we kinder wanter watch that fellow, or he'll like as not fall overboard and forgit to holler."

This bantering, however, was only a preliminary to the proper explanations. The "old squaws" are very peculiar in their flight, particularly in that they seldom or never will fly over land, or even over shallow water. This was the reason for our anchoring the *Itakit* on the north side of the channel. As soon as the proper time arrived we were to leave the sloop and to proceed in sharpies, each man having a sharpie to himself, toward the Great South Beach. The first man, in this case Tom, was to anchor about a gunshot and a half from the sloop. I was to proceed an equal distance beyond Tom and there anchor, while Les rowed still nearer to the shore. Thus we formed a straight line between the *Itakit* and the beach. The boats being anchored, each man was to lie down in the stern, with his gun and ammunition ready at hand. At the first sign of a bird, or a flock, the discoverer thereof was to sing out, "Here they come," and then maintain absolute silence. The birds coming down the wind would undoubtedly be near the sloop, seeing which they would sheer off toward Tom. When they came within range, so that he could fire at an angle of say 45 degrees, *still lying down*, he was to let drive. The birds remaining in the flock, after his shot, would sheer off and attempt to fly over my boat. I would then repeat Tom's operations, after which Les would do the same. Any man dropping a bird, or birds, was obliged to up his anchor, retrieve his game, and, as soon as possible, return to his point in the "string," as they call the line.

The instructions were simple and explicit, and an easier thing seemed to us next to impossible. By four o'clock we were ready for shooting, and clad in hip-boots and heavy sweater in addition to regular clothing; and, these surmounted by full suits of oilers, we went on deck. The breeze had freshened a good bit since we came to anchor.

After bending spare cables to our anchors we embarked for the sport. Two hundred yards is a short distance to row, but I confess that I was very glad that Les had the inshore berth; however, by dint of hard pulling I was soon in position and comfortably settled.

I hadn't been there more than five minutes when Tom sang out: "Here they come," and, of course, I rose up a trifle to see them come; and oh! what a beautiful sight it was! There, almost a mile away, was a flock of at least two hundred birds, flying like a streak of light; and just as I looked they whirled down around Sexton Island from Dickerson's into the main channel. In turning they threw up their left wings, and the light of the setting sun shining on their white breasts made them look like burnished silver.

I dared not look longer, so lay back again with my heart beating and my finger resting on the trigger of my gun. I expected to hear Tom shoot, and in listening must have forgotten why I was there, for in an instant I heard the whistling of wings, and before I could get my gun to my shoulder at least fifty birds must have flown over my head, and within fifteen yards of me; but finally I did get a shot and succeeded in "pumping" three barrels into the bunch. It seemed impossible to miss them; in fact I expected to get at least a dozen birds, but only one dropped.

I laid down my gun, got up my anchor with its forty feet of cable, seized my oars and pursued my bird. I caught him after rowing perhaps a hundred feet, and then started back for my place in the line. It required every ounce of muscle I possessed to propel my sharpie against wind and tide, and I was fully ten minutes in getting in line. I had shipped two or three bucketfuls of water, and the effect of the cold wind on my wet hands was anything but agreeable. Of course, as soon as I did get in line I was obliged to get in readiness to shoot, and was almost sorry to see a big bunch of birds coming down on us. This time they started to go over Tom. He got two barrels into the bunch. They sheered over to me, and I had three shots, and Les gave them "two full cylinders." Then came a great scramble to "pick up" and "get together," but before we could regain our positions three big flocks passed over us.

As soon as we had succeeded in getting placed, and I confess to being nearly a hundred feet to leeward of the others, I saw the greatest flight of the day. The fowl looked like a cloud of smoke as they swung into the main channel. But how we did "ding it to 'em," to use Tom's pet expression. I had five good shots at the flock, and dropped seven birds. This, however, I consider due more to luck than skill, because the wind had freshened to almost half a gale, and this wonderful impetus added to the fast flight of the birds made aiming next to impossible. As soon as the flock had passed we started to get up anchors and gather the fallen birds.

My previous good fortune had by this time deserted me, and as beastly luck would have it my anchor had caught a sunken wreck. Of course, I was at first unaware of that fact, and in standing away forward and putting my back into the heave I succeeded in pulling my sharpie's nose completely under water; and how the flood came in! By a careful and quick jump aft I saved my boat from foundering, and myself from an early and icy grave. I was compelled to sit almost knee-deep in water until Les and Tom had retrieved the birds and come to my assistance. We tried to get the anchor up from Les' sharpie, but failed, so we bent one of my oars onto the cable for a buoy and cast my boat loose; and this time I had the pleasure of being towed back to the *Itakit*.

When we reached the sloop and had climbed aboard, we found that between us we had shot twenty-three birds. Then all hands turned to and got up anchor and made sail. We dropped over to my buoyed anchor, and by using a windlass we succeeded in getting it up, although we stranded the cable and straightened out one arm.

Then came an exciting beat against both wind and tide, to get into Dickerson's Channel, where we could make a good harbor under the flats and be all ready for the morning shooting.

Night came on very dark shortly after our making a good anchorage, and the gathering clouds gave evidence of our getting a thorough shaking before morning. An excellent dinner and good coffee served to make me forget my inglorious wetting and "tow home." The

assurance of first-class ground tackle made the pitching and rolling of the *Itakit* only the more conducive to sweet and sound sleep, and I, for one, was mighty sorry for the call of "all hands" at four-thirty for breakfast and to make preparations for the incoming of ducks and the morning shoot.

The morning shooting is, to my mind, better than that of the afternoon, because the sun gets warmer and warmer as the time passes, and smiles alike on hits and misses.

Breakfast having been disposed of, we proceeded to "string" the northeast point of Sexton's Island. There are only ten or twelve feet of water here, so picking up birds was much easier. I never saw a more beautiful sight than was presented as the great flocks of birds came up the beach. The morning sun glancing on the waves until they sparkled like a million diamonds and sapphires, and shining again on the silvered ducks, made it seem almost a sacrilege to shoot; but "sporting blood will tell," and a cramped sharpie is scarcely the ideal place for poetic imaginings and artistic studies. My morning's bag consisted of a brant and seven old squaws. Les bagged fifteen of the latter, and Tom succeeded in getting two.

Poor Tom! I never saw a more unfortunate man in my life. He had borrowed a hammerless ejector for the occasion, and I doubt if he had ever shot a breech-loader before; for whenever a flock came within range, he was sure to have his marker at "safe." Then he'd forget to re-load, and, in fact, everything went wrong.

We reached home after a glorious sail. Stiff joints, aching muscles, and a slight cold did not dampen my ardor in the least, and I always make it a point to go "old-squawing" whenever I can. And many a good laugh have I had at my "pigeon-shooting" friends when they first attempted to drop the hardy old-squaws; to shoot at the trap is one thing, but a squaw is quite another. One fellow was extremely ridiculous when he fired fifty shells and killed only three birds, and another, who tried it alone, when, after two hours of frigid waiting, he was rewarded by one poor crow. But, after all, doesn't just this uncertainty make sporting life worth living?

A TIRED BOY

BY

Clara Whitmore Williams



My papa's a photographer—

An "amateur" they say—

And he's out taking pictures

'Most every pleasant day.

Now what they mean by "amateur"

I really cannot tell,

But there is one thing that I'm sure

I do know very well.

He's always fixing me somewhere

To have my picture taken :

Out in the swing, or on the step,

And if I'm not mistaken

He even takes me when I sleep ;

He takes me when I cry,

And when I laugh, and run, and play,

And I have seen him try

To take me when I'm awful mad

And quarrel with the boys—

He doesn't seem to mind one bit

The rumpus and the noise.

He takes the flowers, the trees, the hens,

The river, house and lake ;

I cannot think of anything

He doesn't try to take.

He takes the snow, the rain, the clouds,

The rocks, the sea, and soon

I expect to see him trying

To take the sun and moon.

I've seen him take 'most everything

(They're all upon the shelf),

But the strangest thing he ever took

Was a picture of himself.

He talks of "views" and "attitudes,"

Of "prints," and "plates," and "poses,"

Of "baths," and "burnishing," and "tones,"

And tells how he "exposes."

And every magazine that comes

He looks all through "to see

If there is anything that's new"

About photography.

I send with this my picture,

That everyone may see

How very tired a little boy

Like me can sometimes be.

The day that papa took it

He'd tried me every way

For hours and hours it seemed to me,

And each time he would say :

"Now we will get *one* more

And then I guess we'll stop,"

Till I had grown so tired

I thought that I should drop.

I said, "Oh, papa, *I'm so tired.*

When can I have a rest?"

He said, "Right off. Sit still ! Sit still !"

I never even guessed

That then and there he took me ;

But, sure enough, t'was true—

And that's the very picture

I send with this to you.

I think that for a little boy

A great deal I endure

Since papa's a photographer

They call an "amateur."



AN UP-TO-DATE CINDERELLA.

BY M. GERTRUDE CUNDILL.

THERE was loud and continued knocking at Brinton's door, but it evoked no response.

"Hurry, man! What are you doing in there?" shouted Sherbourne, his voice by no means modulated as it might have been, considering he was not in his own house.

"Stave the door in!" suggested fiery Ingram. And, suiting the action to his words, he threw himself against the unoffending portal, with the result that five men were precipitated into the room.

"The lazy beggar!" ejaculated Robertson with disgust. There, stretched on the sofa, and strewn with the evening papers, lay the culprit. He arose with a start.

"Oh, I say, you fellows, I'm awfully sorry. Is this the night you said we'd go skeeing?"

"Yes; and you call this being ready at eight o'clock. Your landlady will be calling the police patrol."

"Fortunately she is out just now. I shan't be an instant," yawned Brinton as he stretched himself.

"What on earth is Sherbourne arrayed in? Let us look at you. Relic of the Winter Carnival of '85, are you? I love to see the reputed national costume, especially after it has been washed."

Sherbourne's face became the color of his red blanket suit. "Leave me

alone. It took me half an hour to get into it, so I won't go home now and change it. Do be quick!"

In less than five minutes Brinton reappeared, his skees and pole over his shoulder, and dressed in a wonderful conglomeration of old clothes.

"I hope you all remember I am a new hand at this," he said.

"Well, you won't forget it, if we do," said Grant. "I am so battered to pieces that Eleanor quite objects to my going to-night. But I promised to get her a pair this week and she will learn, too."

Briskly they walked along the streets with their huge snow piles, and countless sleighs, dashing to and fro with their pleasure-seeking occupants.

It was a beautiful night. For, though the thermometer registered pretty low, there was no cutting wind to penetrate even the warmest clothing.

By the time they reached the winding park roads, and had put on their long, and, to all appearances, unmanageable foot-gear, there seemed little danger of being chilly.

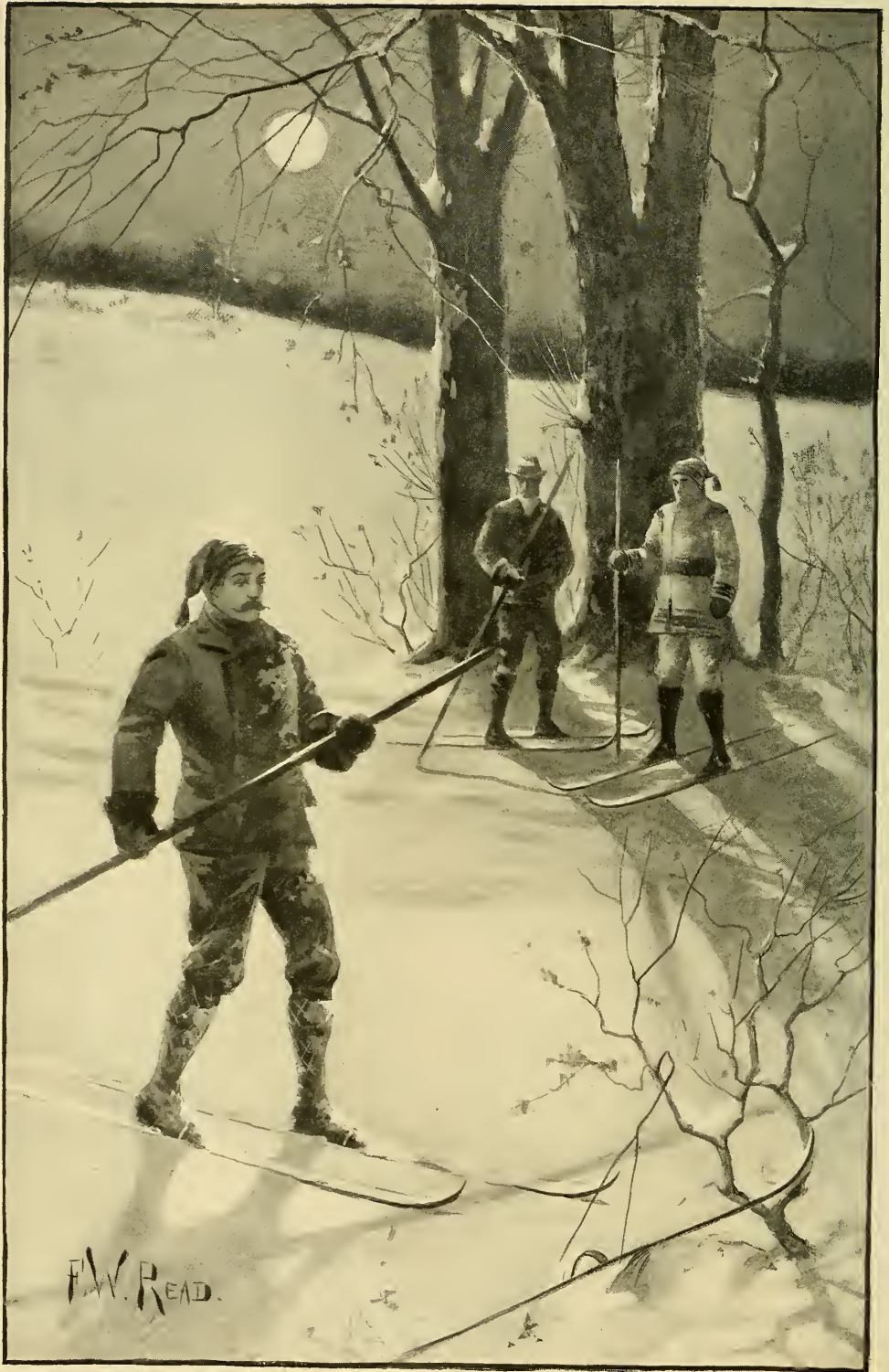
Brinton had only once before tried this new exercise, that had just then taken at least the masculine population of the city by storm.

And on level ground, skeeing is much the same as snow-shoeing, though the motion is a more gliding one.

It is true, one feels that one's feet are taking up an unlimited space, both fore and aft, just at first, and that it is difficult to keep clear of one's companions.

But it is where the slope, be it ever so gentle, is arrived at, that the tyro realizes he has something to learn. Wary or not, he is apt to find himself executing a series of somersaults that would make his fortune as an acrobat, could they be repeated at will.

Or, at best, he careens with lightning



Painted for OUTING by F. W. Read.

"KEEP IT TILL YOU FIND THE PRINCESS." (*p. 591.*)

rapidity for some distance, his heart in his mouth, or some equally unsuitable location, until his presence of mind suggests slipping his feet from the runaway skees, and allowing them to pull up when and where they list.

The essentials of the sport are plenty of nerve and a good balance. Then it is soon picked up and enjoyed. To those totally uninitiated, let them imagine the exciting sensation of sliding down hill with either foot standing on a different sled or toboggan.

And they will have a fair idea of skeeing in its early stages.

Grant and Ingram were already quite proficient. They had been out several times with a young Norwegian who had given them many useful tips, and they acknowledged that nothing would now satisfy them short of being able to leap from the most giddy heights and still continue their way on the plains below.

Brinton got on moderately well, his wild descents and accompanying shrieks affording endless amusement to his companions. He was almost too venturesome, and insisted on choosing all the steepest places, regardless of consequences. On he would come after the others, wielding his long pole most efficaciously and his expression one of grim determination, if of despair as well.

And though, as a rule, he ended by a headlong plunge into several feet of snow, it did not lessen his enthusiasm. Scores of people were out taking advantage of the moonlight and the fresh snow, and the mountain echoed with the voices and laughter of tobogganers and snow-shoers, while shrieks of fright were not unusual as some quiet party, plodding on snow-shoes, was suddenly scattered by a flying figure on skees, unable to check his downward course.

At last Brinton, the apparently indefatigable, began to weary.

"What do you say to going home?" he suggested. "I don't think I have a sound limb left, and snow down my neck and up my sleeves is not conducive to happiness. I'll make a Welsh rabbit for anyone that comes to my rooms."

They were away off in the valley between sloping hills when suddenly from the top of one, through the keen, frosty air, they heard a voice exclaim:

"It's no use. We have looked everywhere, and I'm too tired to bother any longer."

From a distance, evidently, came another voice:

"Are you sure it ran away from you there?"

"Yes, because just by that bush I rolled off, and one skee stuck and the other went scudding on like the wind—oh"—the voice ended in a wail—"I detest skeeing——"

There was a laugh, and the reply was indistinguishable.

"What a fool to bring girls out. I don't think it is a bit suitable sport for them," said Sherbourne.

The two engaged men of the party disputed this point hotly. Brinton wandered behind. He was never very talkative. And suddenly he ran forward.

"Here it is!" he exclaimed.

"Here is what?" asked Sherbourne, irritably. He had been worsted.

"Why, the runaway skée, of course. And what a beauty, too." It was of exquisitely polished wood, and, being a lady's, was somewhat shorter.

"I suppose I had better take it home," said Brinton, questioningly.

"No, leave it. They may come tomorrow and look——"

"If they did, they'd never think of looking here. It would be too far out of their reckoning. How they travel when they are on their own hook! No, I'll take it home, and they will, perhaps, advertise. If not, I will, or I'll keep it as a souvenir."

"Of what? A voice?" asked Sleyden.

Grant laughed.

"I'll tell you what, Reggie. It will be a second version of Cinderella. Keep it till you find the princess it will fit. Then, don't you know, you'll have to marry her."

"The only difficulty being," said Brinton, gravely, "that we don't buy our skees as we do shoes. And somebody might claim to be the princess, and I couldn't contradict her."

"Why, old chap, do you think, you're such a catch, the bids will be overwhelming?"

"No," thoughtfully. "I don't. But one never can exactly estimate one's own valuation. All the same, I'll act upon your suggestion."

Picking up the wanderer he proceeded on his way.

"Good night, Prince Charming," said

Sleyden, as they left him at his own door. "Be sure your Cinderella has a fairy-godmother, without which none are genuine." With haste he dodged an icy snowball.

The Prince divested himself of his outer garments slowly; then threw himself back in his arm-chair. "Yes," he said aloud, "it's not a bad idea. I've lived in the past long enough—perhaps too long for my own good."

His eyes involuntarily turned to the picture at his elbow. The smiling face of the girl in her wedding dress seemed to return his look.

"Yes, Eleanor," he said, "you would rather that I should forget, if you only knew. I mean to put it behind me and begin again."

From which it is not hard to gather that Brinton had once found a Cinderella, but someone else had proffered her a slipper first, and she had chosen it regardless of the fit.

For several mornings the paper was closely scanned, but apparently no one had lost a skee of any description, or at least did not take the loss to heart.

And Brinton concluded that the finder need not trouble himself if the loser did not. Indeed, the whole circumstance would have slipped from his memory, had it not been for his friends. They considered it all a joke too good to drop. So they made daily inquiries as to his fortune.

"Haven't you had a chance to catch Cinderella yet?" Sherbourne would ask. "You must be precious slow, old man. I suppose you were dancing with the ugly sisters, in your usual philanthropic way, and did not notice the time."

Or they asked him if he had been out in the pumpkin coach, or any other idiotic question that struck them, until Brinton wished fervently that either the old story had never been created, or that it had long since been forgotten. He told them so, forcibly, to their intense delight.

"Never mind, Reggie, we won't tease you. Only I notice you still keep the skee in the vain hope of unearthing a romance," said Sleyden.

"Well, I'm not a thief, am I? I suppose you would light the fire with it, or, more probably, pawn it," retaliated the persecuted one, and refused to discuss it further.

The winter still kept up its severity to

a most unusual pitch. Indeed, people who had thought it hardly worth while to learn that season had time to become adepts, and still have an opportunity to enjoy their new accomplishment.

And the sporting shops found their supply quite inadequate to the demand: for grown-up men and women still retain the spirit that fired them in earlier days to collect what the rest of the class collected, or to jump off the wood-shed when the others jumped.

Brinton's skates lay idle in his locker. And the billiard-room at the club knew him no more.

Every spare hour in the afternoon or evening found him scaling the steep roads up to and through the park, or at least beyond the city in one direction or another, his skees under his arm.

It made very little difference whether he had companionship or not. If anything, he preferred solitude. The spray of snow on his face and the rush of keen air in his ears was enough for him, as he skimmed down the narrow gullies, or flew over the snowy stretches, sparkling in the waning sunlight, or ghost-like under the dark, wintry sky.

Therefore, the predicting of soft weather filled him with discontent. The snowfalls, though frequent of late, had not packed well, and he knew that a day or two of strong spring sunshine would reduce the gigantic drifts to running streams.

So he refused a skating-party that promised to be a success, and sallied forth soon after dinner for a perhaps farewell expedition on his skees.

He struck off across country in a direction he seldom took, and had soon traversed a distance of several miles from home. It had always been his idea to try this open tract where it was sufficiently undulating, and where the absence of trees and fences rendered swift traveling particularly free from danger.

Then, again and again, he traversed the same ground at a speed that would compete favorably with electricity. And the faster he went, the more he wished it could last forever—just such a free existence. A life centered in the present only, without time to glance behind, or desire to look ahead, farther than it behove him to shape his course.

Yet, as he recollected, even here were responsibilities and danger. A careless

eye, an ill-judged distance, and the first obstacle might mean total wreckage. No, evidently nothing was prearranged so that man for a single instant can shirk his responsibility. His moralizing once begun turned aside into other channels: for Brinton, as it is with some people, as a rule, was his own best companion.

The moon's sudden disappearance broke in upon his reverie. He stopped and studied his surroundings. Away in the west the sky was dark with lowering snow-clouds, and where the moon had lately sailed aloft they were white and fleecy, arguing bad weather. Far behind him, on the heights, the great Norwegian pines stood out like black sentinels, and to their right, but a long way off, twinkled the lights of the city.

All was so still that Brinton, in his subdued mood, felt strangely awe-stricken. He longed to hear a familiar voice, to feel a human presence. For a moment he was motionless.

Then, in all haste, he pushed off from the little hill-top, not considering where or how he went. He hardly seemed to feel the ground beneath him, so rapid was his pace.

Then there was a sudden snap, a sickening jar. His arms and legs performed some extraordinary evolutions. The battered stump of a tree seemed to catch him up and throw him back with redoubled energy. Then a soft bank of snow received him as he fell.

For a little while everything faded from his mind. When he came to he breathed a sigh of relief that at least his neck was intact. For the rest, he scarcely knew what part of him ached most.

An attempt to rise soon disclosed the fact that his ankle, if not broken, was very badly sprained—too badly, at all events, to make his way home without aid.

It was not a pleasing predicament. To lie there the night, whether it turned out clear or stormy, was not likely to have pleasant results. To call as loudly as very excellent lungs would permit would in all probability do little good: for in his wanderings he had not met a creature. Perhaps he could drag himself along, or hop on one foot, with the help of his pole. Unfortunately it had snapped into short pieces, and on his hands and knees he made but small

progress, for he sank so deep that his time was spent in extricating himself.

By the light of a match he looked at his watch. It was a few minutes past ten.

Coolly he lighted his pipe, and between pulls shouted and hallooed till his throat was sore.

No; it was imperative that he should walk.

To lose his foot altogether was preferable to being frozen, or, at best, crippled by rheumatism for life.

Bravely he stood up, his teeth clenched, the tears starting from his eyes with agony.

A step or two sufficed to show him his capabilities in the marching line. Such torture was unbearable. He sat down, and wondered vaguely if the fellows would miss him much. After all, they were a good sort, even though he did often think he could get on without them.

Then, beating his arms on his chest and singing loudly the then most popular song, he reclined upon his somewhat chilly couch, and watched the ever-nearing clouds as gradually they hid the friendly stars.

The chorus was a stirring one, and he repeated it. As the last note died away, there was a soft, rushing sound through the snow, behind him. Then a large toboggan, like some bird of prey, was pulled up at his side. The sole occupant of its roomy cushion sat up erect, and surveyed the apparently contented sojourner of the wilds.

"Can you give me a light?" asked he.

"Ten if you like, confound you. Do you think I'm a traveling match-box?"

"No. I only asked you a commonplace question to see if you were sane or the reverse—sober, or the opposite."

"I soon would not have been anything if you had not turned up."

"It's rather a new part of the world to give an impromptu concert. May I inquire why you are here?"

Evidently the Samaritan was not quite convinced as to the right-mindedness of the certain man.

Brinton, not caring to quarrel with him, gave a minute description of his misfortune.

The young man whistled.

"Lucky for you I did not go home earlier. I have been snow-shoeing and tobogganing by turns, and I came across

here because it's so hilly I can slide nearly all the way. It's bully—supposing I'd gone back by the road over there?"

"Don't you live in town?"

"No, we bunk on the St. — road. It's quiet, of course, but we all like the country as long as we are not too far from civilization. Here, hop on, if you can, and I'll easily drag you along the stretches where we can't slide."

Gladly Brinton availed himself of the invitation. The toboggan felt most delightfully comfortable.

"I'll take you to your own home if you like, but it's a good bit farther, and if your ankle is so bad, my brother is a doctor, and he'll do it up for you in no time. Which would you sooner do?"

The ankle was throbbing and aching most acutely.

"I really feel I ought not to, but I believe, if it's all the same, I'll go back with you."

His deliverer's face brightened visibly.

"It's not the same, but a long sight better. You'll be attended to at once, and I will be in bed about two hours earlier than otherwise. And even if the spare-room bed is beastly hard, it will be warmer than here. My name is Harley. You may have heard of my brother. He really has a very good practice, though it is only a country one."

Brinton, in turn, having made known his name, he declared everything ready, and they set off at a brisk run.

Young Harley was a fine, well-built fellow, and, what with his propelling and the occasional sliding, he made short work of the homeward way.

Even so, Brinton hailed the sight of the house, when pointed out, with pleasure. The slightest jar made him wince.

It was a low, rambling cottage, that he had often noticed when driving round that way. In summer it was covered with Virginia creeper, but the snow on its sloping roof admirably took the place of its green dress. A bright light shone from the end window on the otherwise unlighted road.

"That's Isabel's doing," explained Harley. "She always puts it there if we are out. She's my sister, and keeps house for us. You're sure to like her, even though she is awfully quiet," he added ingenuously.

"If she is like her brother, I don't

doubt it," was the polite and sincere response.

"Quiet, do you mean?" laughed the boy. "That's a fault I don't possess."

He uttered a piercing and most hideous shriek, which simultaneously brought two figures to the door.

"Oh, Tommie, what makes you so late? The cocoa is nearly all boiled away, it has been waiting so long."

"Loves to coddle me," was Tommie's apologetic aside. "Where's Bob? I've brought him a patient. Come and help, old man."

And the doctor, a short, thick-set man, hurried down the pathway.

In another moment Brinton was on the sofa in the surgery, and his poor swollen foot was laid bare with a few skilful cuts of a sharp knife. Dr. Harley's quiet, professional air, gave him confidence immediately. Already the pain seemed to lessen. So much time had elapsed that the swelling would not allow of the treatment now in vogue—namely, a stiff starch bandage, and exercising it as much and as soon as possible.

The sprain was a severe one, and it was almost impossible to discover whether or no there might be some small bone broken.

However, it was soon made comparatively comfortable, and his host volunteered to telephone to town and let them know his whereabouts.

"In the meantime, Tommie," he said, "ask Isabel to bring Mr. Brinton some supper. It must be something light, for already he is a little feverish."

So the patient lay back among his cushions, and quietly surveyed the cozy room while the doctor conversed with his landlady. He was so engrossed that he never noticed Miss Harley enter, tray in hand, until Tommie's boisterous laughter made him start.

It was very awkward to be unable to rise, and it was some comfort to notice that she was as confused as he was, in spite of her strenuous efforts to conceal it. "I hope you can drink cocoa, Mr. Brinton. Bob said something light."

Brinton recovered himself sufficiently to look up at her as she held out the steaming cup. Of all beverages it was to him the most abhorrent, but he smiled gratefully. And from that moment he considered his mishap not accidental, but providential.

He had barely swallowed his potion than the elder brother, with a commanding air, ordered everyone to bed. "It's after one o'clock, and with the servants off at early mass, you'll have to turn Cinderella, you must remember, and see about breakfast, Isabel."

Brinton started at the words—Cinderella! How that tale seemed to be brought into every-day use wherever he went!

He passed the night in dreams, where-in Isabel Harley and skees and snow-clouds formed the component parts of a confused medley.

The next morning, being Sunday,

see what these three people were to one another. And the looker-on felt what a different thing life might have been to him had the influences brought to bear upon it been similar to theirs.

The garrulous Tommie had soon enlightened him as to most of the family history, and how they had hung on together, in spite of much advice to the contrary. "You see, we each have a few dollars of our own, and next spring I hope to get through my bar exam. And Isabel never intends to marry. We are the only men she likes. In fact, I never saw her talk to anyone so much as to you."



"AN HOUR LATER HE WAS DRIVING AWAY INTO TOWN." (*p. 596.*)

nobody rose till late, except the doctor, who had been called off at daybreak to a case. But he had instructed Tom as to the treatment of the ankle, and had left strict injunctions that Brinton was not to attempt to go to town until his return.

So, in company with the medical assistant and head nurse, as they called themselves, the day passed almost too quickly in the pretty, old-fashioned sitting-room.

It did not require astute perception to

Brinton hastened to cover up this injudicious speech with a joke, and gave Miss Harley time to recover herself before he addressed her.

Isabel did not enter into the conversation much. It was not probable that, with Tommie there, she would easily get over her shyness.

But to Brinton she seemed one of those people that are just as companionable when silent. Intuitively one feels their sympathy without their making the effort to put it into words.

Gradually she talked a little when the occasion required, but for the most part she attended to his various wants, and continued her reading.

Apart from anything else, Brinton set her down as a type of woman hitherto unknown to him, and she interested him accordingly.

By the time afternoon tea appeared Dr. Harley returned. He pronounced his house patient's progress as satisfactory as could be expected.

"I dare say that we might manage to drive you home to-morrow. Only you'll have to stay in your room for some time, let me warn you. That leg must be kept up."

And Brinton, fearful of trespassing upon the kindness of absolute strangers, tried to look, and feel, delighted. But in the endeavor the pleasure ceased.

A fortnight or so, left solely to the tender mercies of his landlady, did not appeal to him greatly.

Fortune, however, favors the brave, or, in this case, the well meaning.

For a heavy snow-storm on Monday kept them all prisoners. And by the end of the day the two brothers had made such strides in their new acquaintance that they invited him to spend the week.

As is often the case, no sooner was his heart's desire practicable than he immediately realized the necessity of returning home. He would have to send to town for clothes, and again, his business was likely to suffer if he was not near enough to give personal instructions to his clerk.

By lunchtime next day he must go; and his friends had too much tact to press him to alter his decision.

He spent his last morning there before the cheerful open fire, and, by means of one subterfuge or another, managed that his hostess kept him company.

Before very long they found themselves talking as old friends might have done, even to the length of imparting little bits of personal information hitherto kept under lock and key.

Finally, to amuse her, Brinton told the story of the lost and found skee, and Grant's suggestion respecting it. "You see, I am getting such an old chap—thirty-five next summer—quite too ancient for *débutantes* to consider eligible. So it will only be a variation of the advertising method—'Wanted, a

wife, etc.,' you know. And much more exciting. For I can't make any stipulations or state requirements as to looks or disposition. I simply have to find the person who can make up the pair."

Miss Harley laughed.

"You have evidently no doubts as to the owner being anything but single, and fancy free. She may be married, or at least engaged."

"How could I have been so foolish as not to entertain any foreboding on that score? Oh, but don't you know," as it dawned upon him, "I heard her speak. And it was a girl's voice."

"I see! Though even that is not conclusive to me! But, all the same, it appears to me a most unromantic way of finding a wife."

"Unromantic? Why, it's romantic to a degree."

"Then you are very matter-of-fact about it."

Brinton's expression changed.

"Perhaps because romance palls upon one after one has enjoyed a certain quantity. Sentiment loses its charm at my age, Miss Harley."

The girl was gazing out of the window at the glistening snow.

"If one feels about it in the right way one never grows too old for romance. And sentiment, in its true sense, is something of which no one lovable can be destitute. At least, that is what I think."

She smiled brightly. "If I were you, Mr. Brinton, I'd give up the quest, for I'm quite confident you'll never find her. And if you do, the chances are you'll be wofully disappointed."

Brinton's eyes were raised from the pattern of the carpet, which he had been studying with infinite precision.

"Your advice is always good. At least, your brothers tell me so, don't they? I shall act upon it, and not prosecute the search any further."

"No! Prosecute Céline instead. I ordered lunch at one o'clock, and it is nearly half-past."

An hour later he was driving away into town, his foot carefully wrapped up, and in as easy a position as possible among the buffalo robes.

And soon all sight of the house and its tenants was left behind. Only the memory of three happy days could he carry with him. And he did so, devoid of sentiment as he was.

For the next two weeks his friends certainly could not have been kinder. Each and all of his particular little clique dropped in at all times to beguile the weary hours.

For though his own doctor more than hinted that the measures resorted to in treating his ankle were other than he would have employed, he declared it too late to change now.

The worthy man little knew how narrow was his escape from instant annihilation as he grumbled and bandaged, for Brinton had arrived at the point when to question the doings of anyone of the name of Harley was a personal affront.

So Sherbourne talked of hockey practices, Grant of his wife's doings, and Sleyden of his fiancée's charms, all by way of stimulating and enlivening the invalid's drooping spirits. Yet all the time the ungrateful man was thinking of what interested him most—only, unlike them, he did not care as yet to speak of it.

Patience is, of course, the virtue to be rewarded, but even for impatience the time has to pass, no matter if its flight brings undeserved bliss.

So at last this unresigned sufferer found himself able to put his foot to the ground without offending the ears of the most particular attendant.

And no sooner was this discovery made than, in spite of most atrocious roads, he found his way into the country.

For, though his note of thanks had done much to demonstrate his gratitude, any fool knows, so he told himself, that a visit is imperative after such hospitality.

He went in the morning and stayed for lunch, and at no distant date he went in the afternoon and stayed to dinner.

Until finally, it came to be usual that, if he was not being entertained by the Harleys, he was entertaining them.

Alas, for the bride's photograph in its

white frame. It had ceased to evoke a sigh or a melancholy glance. Its erstwhile admirer had proved to his own satisfaction that his first love had been but a flickering flame, fanned by rivalry, now to be replaced by an unquenchable fire, kindled only once in a lifetime.

And he all but threw the unoffending skee out of the window, so wroth was he that he could ever have spoken lightly upon such a subject as falling in love. But the winter had merged into spring, and the spring, in turn, been ousted by summer, before he dared to put in the plea that had been trembling on his lips.

And it was not in vain that he offered of his best. For he was destined to receive its full equivalent.

They were sitting under the giant maple tree on the lawn, resting after a set of tennis, when his mind was set at rest.

And Isabel, in her quiet, demure way, looked down at him, as he lay at her feet on the springy turf.

"The only pity is," she said, "that as you had once set out to find the modern version of Cinderella, you should have relinquished the search so soon. You don't know what you may have missed."

"I know what I have gained, dearest. And I never want to be reminded of that stupid thing again."

Miss Harley rose, eluding his detaining hand, and went into the house.

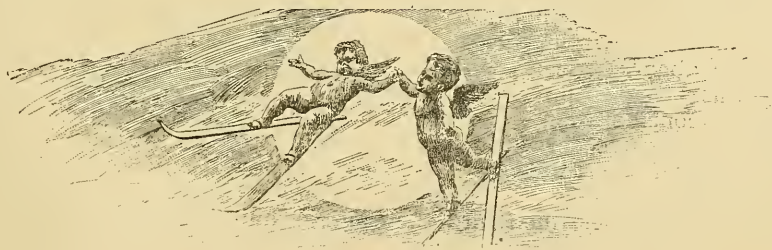
When she returned she threw something on the ground beside him.

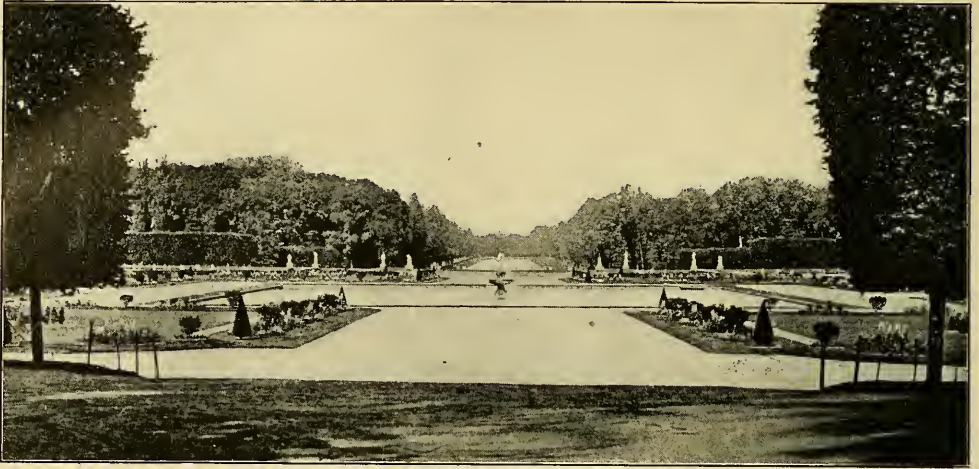
It was a skee of which he had seen the *fac-simile*.

"I wonder if you would care about matching that, Reggie," she said.

"In spite of my good counsel, you still pursued your fate. But you can't say I didn't warn you."

And the up-to-date prince did much as his predecessor probably did before him, in the days of fairy tales. For he kissed the up-to-date Cinderella.





FONTAINEBLEAU.

AN EASTER CYCLE-TRIP THROUGH FRANCE.

BY GEORGE H. LEONARD, JR.

THE balmy winter days of the Mediterranean shore had already begun to lengthen into the long hot ones of summer. The air, fragrant with the scent of roses, violets and orange blossoms throughout the month of April, was becoming heavy; and great clouds of dust rolled up under the wheels of passing carriages, only to settle down again more thickly on the patient palms. There was a general spirit of languidness hovering over the Côte d'Azur. I had already begun to feel its effects, and was becoming impatient to join the small army of foreigners that had been rolling by for several days bound for the northern parts of France.

The great snow-peaks of the Maritime Alps with their suggestion of crisp air seemed to beckon me on; and now that the return to Paris was necessary, the idea suddenly suggested itself of wheeling through France. Why not? A tour through the little-known island of Corsica had been abandoned; the spirit of adventure was strong within me; and—an important consideration—there was just time for a two weeks' outing. No sooner said than done! Maps were consulted. The Corniche road along the coast to Marseilles, then into the Midi, sparkling with sunshine and color,

sounded attractive if—and there was the rub—there was no dust, no rain, no mistral.

The ifs seemed too formidable, and I decided in favor of the route over the mountains. Across the Basses-Alpes, through the Isère valley, up into Savoie, a passing glimpse of Geneva and the Swiss snow-peaks; then through the rugged Jura department, down to the Côte d'Or, with its golden wine, and so on through the green fields of middle France to Paris. What a promise of enjoyment!

The morning of Good Friday dawned with a forbidding aspect. Great masses of cloud came blowing up from the east, with occasional bursts of rain. By nine o'clock, however, the sun broke through, and the air was fresh with the fragrance of roses, carnations, and now and again the pungent scent of tardy orange blossoms. The beautiful Cap d'Antibes, with its groves of olive trees, and gardens of wonderful oeillets, never appeared so attractive as on this last morning. Down the shady road to the shore where the water was washing lazily against the massive walls of the town, each turn disclosing new beauties, and recalling the names of Meissonier, Daubigny, Harpignies and others of France's greatest artists who found out this spot years

ago; then up, *toujours montant*, by a road shaded with cork, olive, and mountain pine to the town of Grasse.

Grasse once passed, I was fairly launched on my solitary journey through the Lower Alps. Several times, while riding through these lonely mountains, I recalled the advice of friends to carry arms. I rejected this well-meant caution with the disdain of inexperience, and had no cause to regret it. Throughout the journey of six hundred miles, I found the peasant people kind and courteous, the mountaineers rough but honest, lacking in the surface polish of the Parisians, but always responsive to a pleasant word and ready to lend a helping hand.

Not the least interesting part of such a trip as this is the variety of amusing incidents. Imagine the intrepid little donkey having fear of a humble cyclist! But so it is, and it pays to humor the beasts, as I found after some sad experiences, especially as I was opening the season of wheeling traffic. Several times I found myself forced to stand aside to let some old lady, perched high upon her steed, pass by in safety on the steep mountain road. Bare and rugged peaks stretching up into the gray sky, covered with a rough tangle of brown scrub; occasionally a flock of sheep almost lost in the underbrush, the shepherd, with his brown felt hat and ample cloak, standing like a sentinel on the desolate mountain slope. I can recall the picture of two little blue-eyed girls tending their goats. What a charming group they made with their fresh young faces, blue aprons, sabots, and a white goat, seen against the brown houses of St. Vallier. And how simple and frank their greeting as I rode by and on up the hill.

The top reached, a great panorama lay before me. A vast sea of low peaks, and the tortuous range of the Esterelles, piercing the sunset sky; away beyond, the capes of Fréjus and Toulon jutting into the sea. And down between the nearer mountains a last glimpse of the white semaphore of Antibes, and the isle of Ste. Marguerite where "the man in the iron mask" pined away twelve years of his miserable life. Then on across the plateau, and coasting down the trail high above the ravines. I began to catch the gurgle of mountain streams as they came tumbling down to the road, sparkling and cold. The air was

deliciously brisk, and a clear, full moon rose silently above the peaks, as I wheeled into the hamlet of Castagnolles, my first lodging-place.

Black coffee, without milk, and dry bread are not a hearty breakfast, but they had to suffice for my second day. One must be prepared for a few rough experiences in the mountains; and the beauty and grandeur of one's surroundings make up for many a hardship. As I rode on, the character of the landscape began to change. Bare rocky wastes gave place to heights covered with mountain pine and fir; patches of brush dotted the slopes, or stood out brightly against dark mountains; here and there the clefts of the summits were filled with snow. The winding road ran on between rows of stiff poplar trees, through long, flat valleys, with groups of bare, windowless houses. Blossoms were just appearing on the apple and pear trees. The fragrance of the pines, the sound of a musical brook below, and the tinkle of a distant bell told me that I was approaching a more hospitable region; and soon, far above the road, I saw clustered the tiny white houses of La Garde—a name which recalls Björnson's "Arne" with its intense impressions of the rugged life of Norway. Eight kilometres down a wonderful road, swinging round and again, and then a long run to the mountain river and under elms to the snug little town of Castellane.

One of my pleasantest recollections is of this picturesque spot entirely shut in by lofty heights. Clumps of decaying houses hanging over the lime-colored waters of the Verdon; fragments of the old Saracen fortifications standing like sentinels on the hillside; but most interesting of all, the chapel of Notre Dame crowning the towering monolith of rock directly above the village. I could see this beacon point long after leaving it behind, the white statue of Our Lady standing out boldly against the background of dark mountain; the houses nestled at the foot of the rock. A very jolly dinner I had there, too, with a couple of well-to-do tradesmen. My surprise at seeing that one of them took none of the red beverage known as *vin ordinaire*, vanished when he handed me his card and I read, "*Vins et Spiritueux, distillateur.*"

There is a proverb that cooks do not

eat of their own cooking; but they know how to dine well, so I noticed the name of my friend's hotel at Digne and climbed out of my noonday resting-place. Through a rocky pass where the torrent swirled down a deep chasm, the sides of which were worn like ivory; then out on a broad valley. I believe I had the satisfaction of entering the smallest chapel in the world—a box of a structure, perhaps thirty by ten feet, but complete with a confessional, font, and miniature gallery. I chanced upon this Lilliputian curiosity in my search after some Gobelin tapestries which had been stowed away for years in the ancient ruined town of Ste. Genéviève, formerly with 4,000 inhabitants, but now occupied by a few shepherds. I could see its old brown houses far away across the stream, but left the tapestries for some future antiquarian.

The bells of Easter Sunday were ringing the early mass as I rode out the following day into the crisp morning air. A party of English enthusiasts armed with butterfly nets, their blistered faces swathed in handkerchiefs, were already on the road. An interesting run across low hills of slaty shale, with occasional glimpses of the distant snow-peaks. A lucky miss at the turning to Sisteron, took me through a most charming district without materially lengthening my journey. I was well on my way before I discovered the error, plunging into a wild, sparsely settled country, always following mountain streams or climbing up the brown hillsides. The spirit of Easter Sunday was in the air, making all nature seem bright and joyous. The young girls were coming out dressed in their best, and with fresh, healthy faces, that told of a simple out-door life up in these little mountain villages. Church over, and the mid-day meal disposed of, the men gathered in groups with coats off, and speedily were absorbed in the characteristic game of boules—something between quoits and ten-pins.

The sun was declining and the players separating to their homes as I approached Chorges, after a grand run along the bank of the Durance, and up a picturesque ravine piled with tall aspens and mountain elms, rising decoratively against the deepening blue of the mountain clefts. What a dramatic setting!—this mountain town at night—

surrounded by towering masses of gray rock, capped with snow. The dark alleys, with here and there, across the road, bars of light from the door of some cabaret; occasionally the clink of glasses and the laugh of a jovial soldier. Outside, the rising full moon, picking out the dim corners, and throwing purple shadows aslant the walls.

Perhaps the most picturesque part of this flying trip across the mountains, was the ride from Chorges to Grenoble, through the Hautes-Alpes, by Gap, up the stiff road to "Le Corps," with grand panoramic views of the Dauphiné. Presently I saw ahead of me a bridal party, the interested couple apparently oblivious to their surroundings, the rear of the little procession brought up by the old grandams of the households—all wending their way to the tiny church at the summit.

And then what a grand coast down to Ste. Bonnet, cutting through the crisp mountain air! What exhilaration! with keen eye and firm grip, every nerve intense with pleasurable excitement, throbbing with life, ready for any emergency. Gnarled trees, rough hillsides, and stunted willows flew by in rapid succession, and presently I found myself rolling along a broad plateau between long rows of poplars. The scenery became finer, with a mixture of wildness and grandeur. What color, what breadth and suggestion in these great valleys under the towering gray summits, with the afternoon sun slanting down and across in broad patches of light! Far up in the deep clefts masses of snow, that fell down through gorges lined with firs. At the foot, perhaps, a little brown village nestling in its hollow. Still below, the Drac, flowing down on its winding course to join the Isère.

And I—I was high above all this wonderful panorama, spinning along the plateau. Down, down a wild ravine, only to see, across, the same road winding tortuously up to Le Mur. A charming district, quite in contrast to the grandeur behind; little mountain brooks coursing through wooded ravines and tumbling over miniature precipices. Everywhere a beautiful, fantastic growth—a fairyland, with the blossoms of plum and pear trees dotted decoratively against the wild tangle of vines and creepers. In among the trees a blue coat of a shepherd, a little white-capped

girl with golden hair, sheep browsing—a charming pastoral group blending harmoniously with the gray birches in the fading daylight. This was to be my last glimpse of the simple country-life of the Lower Alps, for as I pushed up the hill into the town of La Mûre, electric lights glimmered out in the dusky streets, groups of soldiers stood at the corners, and somewhere in the distance the shrill toot of a locomotive sounded.

The next morning a drizzling rain had set in and kept me shut up for half a day, staring dismally at the wet street outside. It was already in Grenoble when I reached that interesting city after an exciting series of acrobatic contortions on the part of the puffy little engine on the narrow-gauge road. By the second day, however, the clouds had vanished, and the sun was breaking through the mists that still hung low over the mountains when I bid good-day to my host of the comfortable Hôtel Monnet and rode out into the fresh morning. Then only did I realize what an unique position Grenoble held, and why it was the most strongly fortified city of France. The road along the river bank by which I had come seemed to be the only entrance into the valley walled in by towering mountains, and guarded on every side by frowning fortresses.

The famous monastery of the Grande-Chartreuse lay but a short distance from my direct route to Chambéry; so that by a slight detour I was enabled to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Carthusian monks. It was a journey that will come back to me in my dreams, with a fantastic setting of rocky gorges, tumbling waters, a wild tangle of wood and vine, and enormous birches shooting up into the infinite blue above. I shall imagine brown-cloaked monks toiling up the steep road, treading the narrow footbridge, and then on, struggling through great snowdrifts, to the little chapel of St. Bruno, perched high up on an overhanging ledge. And when the neighboring church bell strikes midnight, the bare walls of the convent, the dingy chapel with smoky tapers, dim forms of white-hooded fathers, and the solemn chant rising and falling and echoing away down the cold cloister galleries. The reality was less fanciful and quite a novelty, with the *déjeûner* in the great dining hall, a substantial repast, washed

down with a *petit verre* of the famous green liqueur.

Dinner over and our tour of inspection finished, I mounted my wheel once more, and with the cheery *bon voyage* of the portly doorkeeper ringing in my ears, started for Chambéry. The Col du Frein was still under snow and impassable, a peasant informed me. For a moment I hesitated, looking up the snow heights; the next I was pushing my way up toward the unknown pass. Happily I found the snow already gone from the roadbed, although it was piled on either side, and lay among the dark fir trees and down in the hollows of the green valleys. Climbing steadily upward I overtook an old gentleman busily engaged in lecturing his young nephew. My chance acquaintance proved to be an old sailor with American voyages to his credit, and yet, with the usual perversity of mankind, he could give me no information of the road before me; his own surroundings were an unknown quantity with him.

Never shall I forget the moment when I reached the summit of the pass. For two hours or more I had climbed steadily up, pushing my wheel. The shadows had crept slowly down the slopes, blotting out the bright patches of green sward, and turning the masses of white snow to deepening shades of blue and violet. The narrow road winding through bits of pine wood, finally swept away over the bare uplands, out through a deep cutting, and then—the grandest view of my lifetime. Before me, seemingly but a few miles away, stretched the whole range of the Swiss Alps, rising majestically in endless succession as far as the eye could trace. For a moment the jagged snow-peaks flushed pink as the sun set in the gray mists of evening, and then faded quickly away. Below, a great valley lying like a sea of blue and green, with here and there the gleam of some lake.

Chambéry, with its distant entourage of snow-capped mountains, the hum of city life, and the squads of soldiers, detained me but a necessary night; and then on to Geneva. Avoiding the sanitarium environs of Aix-les-Bains, I had a superb ride around the shores of Lake Bourget, across undulating plateaus, then a prolonged coast down to the frontier of Switzerland, and so on to Geneva. What charming memories

that name suggests ! The pleasant city lying by the shore of Lake Lemman, almost under the shadow of Mont Blanc ; the green water flowing under the bridges, clear as crystal ; rustic parks ; and the strains of strolling musicians, playing with spirit and brilliancy to enthusiastic groups of passers-by. At Fernex, the historic house of Voltaire ; and away down the lake, the ancient castle of Chillon, with its sixth-century tower where the unfortunate Bonneville passed fourteen wretched years chained fast to a massive pillar.

Mont Blanc was just shaking off the morning mist as I started out on a bright Sunday morning for the second half of my journey. Steadily up the looping road with the noble range of snowy Alps always in sight. On into the snow belt, and over the summit of the Faucille Pass, 1,327 meters above the sea. The little relay station for the mail-coach was almost buried in behind great drifts of snow. The road covered with half-melted ice, hemmed in by huge drifts, offered but scant pleasure to the solitary cyclist.

An hour and a half of this, and then the road ran clear of the frozen zone, out over the hills of the Jura district. Great barn-like houses of stone and wood, with enormous roofs and low eaves ; a rolling country with small forests of pine, suggestive of our own northern districts ; lumber mills perched over the tumbling cascades. Occasionally I passed a group of peasants playing at tenpins in the yard, with merry shouts and jest. Soon the woods disappeared. Nothing now but broad rolling fields, houses with moss-covered roofs, and everywhere yokes of white oxen ploughing up the soil. The villages themselves began to look more hospitable, in character with this land of abundance, yet with a lingering suggestion of the feudal days in the old massive houses and protecting walls.

I well recall the dinner hour passed in one of these old châteaux in the busy country town of Poligny. It was market day, and the great table was well filled with farmers from the outlying districts. Through the open doors I could see the spacious courtyard—on one side the high wall of a former convent with clinging wistaria ; a glimpse of the dark interior of the stable, and in the half light of the further end a white

horse and figures—a veritable Géricault. The singing of caged birds, water splashing a continuous stream into the high pannier of water-cress, the neigh of a horse, servants hurrying to and fro ; and, within, the rattle of knives and forks, and the laugh of jolly farmers.

Dole, about twenty miles further on, is an excellent example of the walled towns, with its massive ramparts, surrounding moat, and portcullis. I ran across an amusing specimen of humanity in my little fawning hotel proprietor, who took quite a feline interest in me, caressing my coat as if I were some angel dropped from the skies ; but my chief recollection of Dole is associated with a little incident that happened the morning after my arrival. I had just risen, when the sound of voices and passing carts caused me to look cautiously out of the window. Over against the Ancien Hôtel de France were ranged some twenty or thirty baby carriages, all alike, but empty. I caught sight of several sturdy countrywomen on the bridge, pushing their little carriages before them. On they came, and reaching the gates, carefully uncovered their charges ; and—I rubbed my eyes, and suddenly discovered to my intense amusement that they were no *babies*, but only good-sized milk cans.

Leaving the gray walls of Dole behind me, I entered the great fertile plains of France. Miles of long straight roads, lined with poplars, and then Dijon, famed for its ginger-snaps. Dijon, full of quaint old wooden houses, with overhanging stories, and steep-pitched roofs ; great stone mansions with richly carved fronts now almost black with age, but still suggestive of the splendors of former days, and the once all-powerful Dukes of Burgundy. A glimpse of the famous Puits de Moïse in the grounds of the ancient château, and presently the open country once more, and the sunny fields of the Côte d'Or. And so on through the pleasant lands of middle France, to the historic towns of Montereau and Moret with their memories of Napoleon the Great. Past the country house of Rosa Bonheur, hidden away among the famed grapevines of Thomery, into the noble forest of Fontainebleau ; and then, almost before I had started, I saw the walls of Paris, the familiar sentry-box, and heard the confused murmur of the great city.

REMARKABLE ATHLETIC PERFORMANCES.

MALCOLM W. FORD (EX-ALL-ROUND CHAMPION U. S. A.).



T. P. CONNEFF.

WONDERFUL athletic records have been much more common during the past four years than in any previous similar period in the history of American amateur athletic sport, and there are some which so far outclass their predecessors that a

hitherto unpublished analysis of them and the athletes who performed them will throw some interesting light on the mysteries of athletic ability.

These performances, like every other change in this universe, have undergone the process of evolution, sometimes fast, but more often slowly. There will be a period of three or four years in some of the events when nothing is done to supplant records which people are used to hearing about, then suddenly some athletic star comes into notice by doing a performance that lifts the record apparently clear out of reach. When L. E. Myers, at the fall games of the New York Athletic Club, in 1879, ran a quarter of a mile in 49 1-5 seconds, dropping the record three seconds, the athletic public were unanimous in saying it would be many years before such a showing of speed and endurance would be bettered; and when it is considered that that performance was made twenty years ago and that the record around a turn now is only about a half a second faster, it can be seen that Myers was away ahead of his time. Myers, two years later than when he made his first great record, covered the same distance in 48 3/4 seconds, which stands to-day as the best American amateur record on a circular path, the world's amateur record being 48 1/2 seconds, by H. C. L. Tindall, made in London in 1889; equaled by E. C. Bredin in London in 1895.

But it may be argued that the 100-yard run shows less improvement than

even the quarter mile, for men were being timed as running 100 yards in 10 seconds twenty years ago, while the record now is only one-fifth of a second faster. The slight change in the record in this event may be accounted for partly by stricter starting and timing of later years, but mostly because the 100-yard run is the premier event in athletic sport, and attracts more competitors than any event practiced by the modern athlete. Very few rising athletes have not tried running 100 yards to see if they could do anything at it, and most of them, when they find that sprinting is not their forte, shift to other events. It can readily be seen that this fact explains how the 100-yard run was the first event to be developed and caused good figures to be shown at it, and it can be noticed that any event which is easily practiced and which does not take much effort or a corresponding amount of science, has been developed quicker and further than other events which are difficult to practice, or which receive less encouragement by being omitted from programmes.

Take, for instance, the running high and broad jumps; the high is very easily practiced, it requiring no large space, there always being room on a gymnasium floor for it; but how different is it with the broad, which necessitates at



B. J. WEFERS.

least 100 feet of clear, straightaway space and loose dirt or other substance for the landing. The result in the records conclusively proves that the running high jump has had many more advocates than the running broad jump, for there are dozens of men in this country who have cleared six feet and over, while a corresponding figure in the running broad jump, which would be about 23 feet, has been equaled only by barely a half dozen.

Still, most athletic records show that the men of to-day are beating the figures of their predecessors, some by only a margin and others by so much that there is no room left to doubt the ability of the modern competitor. Even though sprinting had big figures twenty years ago, still, in distances over 150 yards and up to 300 yards, records have been changed very much in the last decade. B. J. Wefers traveled 150 yards in 14 3-5 seconds at Travers Island, October 2, 1897, which is within a shade of the fastest time credited to that world-famed professional sprinter, Harry Hutchens, of England, who, at Sydney, Australia, on March 2, 1887, traveled the same distance in 14 1/2 seconds. These times show great speed, and although they are technically the best on record, still, either one of these athletes could beat these figures by five or six yards if they had been timed for this distance when making their other fast records. For instance, on February 21, 1882, Hutchens ran 131 1/2 yards in 12 1/4 seconds, and if he had kept on for another 18 1/2 yards he surely would have covered the total, 150 yards, in 14 seconds, or, at the very outside, 14 1-5 seconds, for he was known to be able to stay for a long sprint, and no better proof of that is needed than calling attention to his 30 seconds for 300 yards, made at Edinburgh, Scotland, January 2, 1884. Wefers has made a most wonderful record for this latter distance, his being 30 3-5 seconds around a turn at Travers Island, September 26, 1896.

There are odd distances between 150 yards and 300 yards which have been timed, such as 180, 200, and 250 yards, but none of these show such fine proportionate records as the more standard lengths, such as 220 yards and 300 yards. Wefers traveled 220 yards in 21 seconds, he doing this phenomenal performance at Toronto, Canada, September 25, 1897,

on a straightaway course, but J. H. Maybury may have done an equally remarkable one when, around a curve, he covered the same distance only 1-5 of a second slower at Chicago, June 5, 1897. Either one of these two men, had they been timed for 180 yards on these occasions, would in all probability have done that distance in 17 or 17 1-5 seconds. The best on record, for 180 yards, is 18 seconds, by Wendel Baker, which, on paper, shows that Baker would have been about 10 yards in the rear of Wefers or Maybury, had they shown their best speed alongside of him.

Sprint records are not always reliable to within 1-5 of a second, for so much depends on accuracy in starting and timing, and when it is remembered how many different starters and timers officiate at athletic games, it can readily be seen that the given-out figures may not always be a truthful showing of the athlete's performance; but when one like Wefers proved, on so many different occasions and on so many different tracks and under a varied lot of timers, that he could run consistently fast, it must be admitted that the various figures given him, wonderful as they are for an amateur, must be correct. He has done the following figures truthfully: 100 yards, 9 4-5 seconds; 120 yards, 11 2-5 seconds; 150 yards, 14 3-5 seconds; 220 yards, 21 seconds, and 300 yards, 30 3-5 seconds. He stands as being the finest amateur sprinter the world has yet produced. There are other amateurs who are credited with covering 100 yards in 9 4-5 seconds, they being John Owen, Jr., C. W. Stage, J. B. Crum, J. H. Maybury, J. H. Rush, and A. F. Duffy, of this country, and W. T. MacPherson, of New Zealand; but none of these men have shown the same consistency nor have they run so fast on such numerous occasions as Wefers, and although their figures show wonderful ability, still, the cream of reputation must be allotted to the last.

The most startling record on paper for the quarter of a mile is 47 3/4 seconds, by W. Baker, at Boston, July 1, 1886, on a comparatively straightaway track. This at first glance throws in the shade all the wonderful figures made by Myers, W. C. Dohm, W. C. Downes and T. E. Burke, of this country; but Baker's record was made on a perfect track



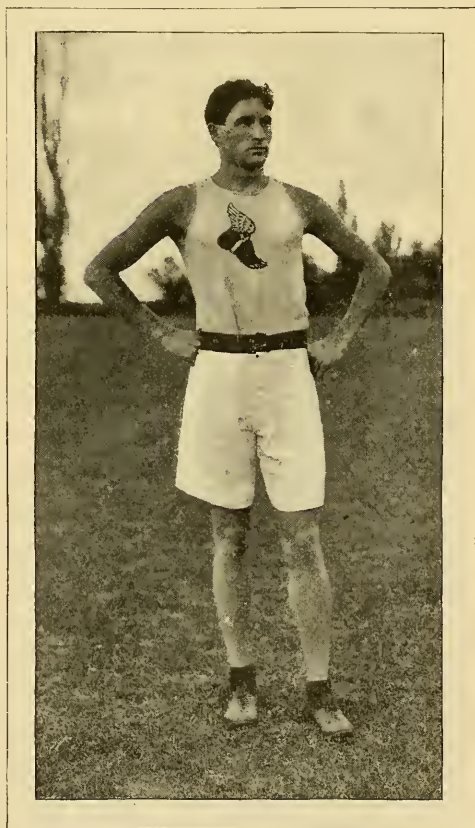
T. E. BURKE.

and on an absolutely perfect day, and anyone recalling several of the races these other athletes have taken part in will be firmly convinced that any one of them could equal, if not better, Baker's figures under similar conditions. Myers repeatedly beat 49 seconds in handicap races on tracks with sharp turns, and Dohm, although his career in athletics was short, ran within three yards of 48 seconds on the old sharp-cornered track at Princeton, through a huge field of handicap men. Burke traveled the distance in 48 4-5 seconds on a very sodden, sticky track, with corners, and on none of these various occasions was full credit given to the scratch men, because in the majority of cases they did not finish first. It is conceded by close followers of athletics that celebrated athletes often run their best races in handicap ones, where they are probably beaten on allowances, and thereby fail to give publicity to their performance. From my own personal

experience I know this is so, for I ran my fastest in handicap races which I did not win, and the merit of the performances did not receive the publicity which many other inferior ones did, where I came in first.

When we come to the half-mile run, a noticeable drop is found to have taken place since W. C. Dohm made his great record of 1 minute 54 2-5 seconds, in the fall of 1891, for C. H. Kilpatrick, at the games between the New York Athletic Club and the London Athletic Club, lowered it to 1 minute 53 2-5 seconds, eclipsing even the figures of that sterling Englishman, F. J. K. Cross, who, at Oxford in 1888, did 1 minute 54 2-5 seconds. Dohm's, Kilpatrick's and Cross' records are considerably below Myers' best public work, and they are down so low that it is improbable any alteration will be made in this record for some time to come.

The one-mile-run figures have been brought so low by T. P. Conneff that



C. H. KILPATRICK.

no other amateur athlete, outside of that most celebrated Englishman, W. G. George, can be included in the same class with him. George, as an amateur, repeatedly ran under 4 minutes 20 seconds, and after turning a professional he did 4 minutes 12¾ seconds, at London, twelve years ago. This does not seem so wonderful, however, as Conneff's amateur record of 4 minutes 15 3-5 seconds, made at Travers Island, August 30, 1895; but it is generally conceded that at the International games, one month later, when he did 4 minutes 18 1-5 seconds, he could have come very close to George's professional figures, but wishing to save himself for the three-mile run, which he also captured, he did not extend himself in the former, and even then won by over fifty yards.

In hurdle racing, that athletic star, A. C. Kraenzlein, made two records in the important events that hold their own from a point of merit with anything yet done in other events. His record of 15 1-5 seconds for the 120-yard (hurdles 3 feet 6 inches high) race is the best showing of hurdling in the world, although Stephen Chase, one week after the International games, in 1895, did this event at Travers Island in 15 2-5 seconds. Chase and Kraenzlein outclass all the others at this event, but the latter has gone still further, for in the 220-yard (2 feet 6 inch-

es high) race he fairly sprinted down in 23 3-5 seconds, which, as anyone can see, is a genuine sprint. Where sprinting is impossible over the high obstacles it comes in very handy over the longer race and the low hurdles, for a 2 foot 6 inch high hurdle is no hurdle at all, and any of the celebrated hurdle racers of this country, as a rule, keep mum on the subject when the merits of the low hurdles are discussed. This race is an invention of America, it never being seen in Great Britain, for in a race of 220 yards, with these low obstacles 20 yards apart, sprinting cannot fail to be the predominating feature. Kraenzlein hardly notices the obstacles in this race, for he runs with a long stride, taking them with either foot, whichever happens to come in the sequence of his steps, and hardly raises at all; still, his is a most meritorious performance, and unless a good sprinter were in first-class shape he would not be able to keep up with Kraenzlein over the low sticks, even with the advantage of only running on the flat.

One of the best records made recently is that of 11 feet 10½ inches for pole-vaulting, made by R. G. Clapp at the games between the New York Athletic Club and the Chicago Athletic Association, at Chicago, June 18, 1898. Clapp's figures supplant the whole list, the previous best records being as follows: Ireland, 11 feet 9 inches, R. D. Dickenson; England, 11 feet 7 inches, E. L. Stones; America, 11 feet 6½ inches, J. H. Hurlburt, Jr. Dickenson and Stones cleared their heights by using the climbing style, which is so much used in Great Britain, but Hurlburt and Clapp used only the style to which American vaulters are restricted. The climbing style consists of shifting the top hand, when the body is hanging in nearly a vertical position after leaving the ground, upward, and following it with the lower hand about the same distance, until, when the athlete considers himself high enough (and also when he has no more time to climb higher), he swings himself over the bar. Sometimes the athlete is able to get in five or six shifts, but as a rule there is time only for three or four. It is more or less of an acrobatic feat, and yet there is considerable merit in it.

The rules of the game in America prohibit the top hand being moved upward



A. C. KRAENZLEIN.

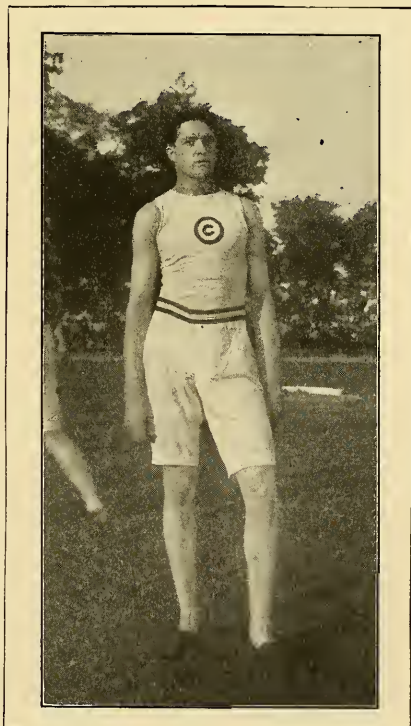


R. G. CLAPP.

after the athlete has left the ground, but Clapp manipulates his lower hand very cleverly, without doing any climbing. H. H. Baxter was the best exponent of the clear vault who has yet come before the athletic public. He held the amateur championship for four years, and his 11 feet 5 inches was the best record previous to that made by W. S. Rodenbaugh of 11 feet 5¾ inches, in 1892. Baxter would have his left or lower hand 9 feet 6 inches from the ground, and his right or upper hand three feet higher, and he would not move them until letting go after clearing the bar. Clapp's method consists of running to the bar with his upper hand well up and his lower hand far enough away to enable him to handle the pole well while running; then, after leaving the ground, he shifts the lower hand well up toward the upper one, and then pulls his body up with a good, vigorous swing, and, keeping the momentum of the body going, he drops his lower hand, which enables him by getting the new purchase to shove his body higher. It is a very clever motion, and one that he thoroughly understands.

Jumping records had been at a stand-

still for three or four years until lately, and, although the wonderful running high-jump record of M. F. Sweeney, of 6 feet 5½ inches, made in New York City at the famous international games, September 21, 1895, has not been disturbed, there has been a tremendous alteration in the running broad-jump figures both in Great Britain and America. The alteration of best figures at this event commenced in the spring of 1898, when the best on record, 23 feet 6½ inches, held jointly by Charles S. Reber and W. P. Remington, was beaten by Myer Prinstein, who, at the intercollegiate games, cleared 23 feet 7¾ inches. Prinstein followed this up on June 11th at the New York Athletic Club games with 23 feet 8 7-8 inches, which stood as the best American record until this year, when that wonderful athletic star, A. C. Kränzlein, commenced with his great work. Kränzlein's fame as a hurdler was unquestioned, but previous to this year he had not been noted as a broad jumper. However, when I saw him clear 23 feet 5 inches at the fall games of the New York Athletic Club, 1898, I could not help being impressed that,



RAY C. EWRY.



L. E. MYERS.

should he make the running broad jump a specialty, he would be the best America has yet produced. Early this season attention was called to him by his being credited with clearing 24 feet 3½ inches at one of his college meetings. Naturally this performance on his own grounds was received with some skepticism, but those who remembered his 23 feet 5 inches in a handicap competition, where he did not win, and therefore was not noticed, were not so skeptical as to the genuineness of his college jump early this year. Kraenzlein, however, set all doubts at rest by clearing at the intercollegiate games, on his first attempt, 23 feet 10½ inches, which broke the intercollegiate record, and on the second jump he did 24 feet 4¼ inches, making world's figures. On his third trial he did 24 feet 4½ inches, which is now the world's record.

At these games he also broke the intercollegiate record over the high hurdles, by doing 15 2-5 seconds, which is within 1-5 of a second of his world's record.

Kraenzlein is surely one of the best specimens of an athlete the world has yet produced. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 168 pounds. The main feature of all his work is strength, and he goes into competition with an action that impresses one of his getting everything possible out of himself.

In W. J. M. Newburn Great Britain has a broad jumper to be proud of, and he holds the best British record of 24 feet ½ inch. Newburn has mighty physical proportions, and in correspondence with me he gives the following as his dimensions: Height, 6 feet 6½ inches; weight, in athletic clothes, 208

pounds; chest measurement, 42 inches; thigh, 25½ inches; calf, 16 inches; age, 24. An idea of his immense size can be obtained by noticing the relative height of his knee with the table alongside of him in the accompanying picture, and also by the fact that his long, thin-looking calf measures 16 inches in circumference. His body is without doubt a great bunch of activity, for he is a very fast sprinter, being credited with 10 1-5 seconds for 100 yards and 16 1-5 seconds over the high hurdles, which is great going for one who does not make these events a specialty.

Newburn made his best figures at the games of Ireland against Scotland, July 16th, 1898, at Dublin, and two days later at the Mullingar games he was credited with 24 feet 6 3-4 inches, which, in spite of Kraenzlein's effort, would be the best had it been accepted; but it was rejected on account of there being more or less elevation to the take-off. Newburn has done nothing to speak of in an athletic way during 1899. He is a professor in Claremont College, Dublin. It is so seldom a good big man is found that some details as to his prowess in feats of activity may be interesting. While sprinting he takes the tremendous stride of a little over 10 feet, which is the longest on record for any sprinter. In running distances around half a mile an all around runner like L. E. Myers would stride one foot longer than he would while running 100 yards. Myers used to stride 7 feet 5 inches in the latter event, but when running his best at half-mile the distance between each toe print was 8 feet 6 inches. For those who may not quite understand why it is so, it may be said that while sprinting the effort to get each stride in quickly naturally shortens the stride, more speed is obtained, although a great amount of power and strength has to be put in.

M. F. Sweeney put the running high-jump record four years ago to such a safe distance that few have had the temerity to think of any possible alteration in it. There are, however, two schoolboys who have each cleared 6 feet 2½ inches. J. F. Spraker, of Berkeley School, did this at the interscholastic meet held at Princeton on May 6th, of this year, and Garrett P. Serviss, of Bryant & Stratton School, won distinction with the same figures at the games of the New York Athletic Club,

on June 10th, by winning the scratch high jump open to interscholastic and intercollegiate athletes. When it is remembered that these two lads are mere schoolboys, it may be safe to predict that Sweeney's world's record may be supplanted.

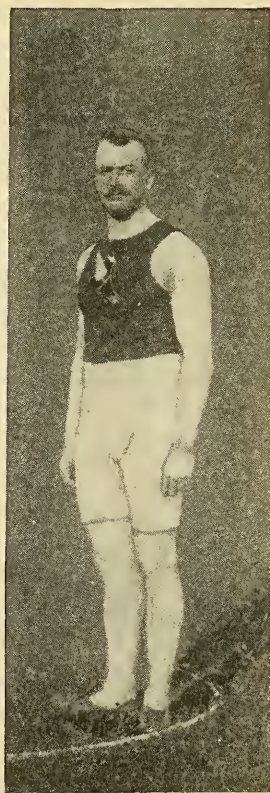
In miscellaneous jumping there are a number of remarkable performances, none so much, however, as the running high and broad jumps, which are practiced much more. Ray C. Ewry, of the Chicago Athletic Association, holds the best amateur records for the standing high and broad jumps, they being 5 feet 3½ inches and 11 feet ½ inch respectively, the first being made at his home, Lafayette, Ind., May 29th, 1896, and the other being made at Asbury Park, N. J., August 9th, 1899. Ewry, when he made his first big record, was twenty-two years old, stood 6 feet 1 inch and weighed in athletic costume 165 pounds. He was always a good standing jumper, but has never done much in running jumping. He jumps with an easy swing and gives one the impression that he could better either one of his performances should he stick to them long enough. He graduated from Purdue University, at Lafayette, in 1895. He is the best standing jumper that has yet come before the public.

Continuing further with miscellaneous jumping, the next important one is the running-hop-step-and-jump. With the exception of the running high jump, this is, from an æsthetic point of view, the prettiest jumping event on the whole programme, but it is little encouraged. Just why this is so is difficult to say, unless it be for the fact that athletic programmes must be limited in length, and some events must be omitted. The holder of the world's amateur record is W. McManus, Sydney, N. S. W., who, on February 7, 1893, cleared the great distance of 49 feet 2¼ inches; but that very spry American sprinter and jumper, E. B. Bloss, is only a little way behind with 48 feet 6 inches, which he did at Chicago, September 16, 1893. Bloss is a remarkable jumper when his size is considered, for he is not over 5 feet 5 inches tall, and rather stockily built. In the hop-step-and-jump he has splendid command of himself, getting in a large step in proportion to the hop and jump, this being the weak point in nearly all hop-step-and-jumpers.

The best record at the running two-hops-and-jump is 50 feet ½ inch by D. Shanahan, Limerick, Ireland, August 6, 1888, and America comes next with 49 feet ½ inch, made by J. B. Connolly, New York, September 19, 1896. Shanahan is a tall thin man, being more of the build of the runners Burke and Kilpatrick, but Connolly is considerably heavier in proportion to his height, he stands 5 feet 9¾ inches tall, and weighs, in athletic clothes, 156 pounds.

In the standard weight-throwing events, putting the 16-pound shot, throwing the 56-pound weight, and throwing the 16-pound hammer, there has been no change for four or five years, except in the latter. George R. Gray, at Chicago, September 16, 1893, put the shot 47 feet, and these figures have remained the world's amateur record, but D. Horgan has 46 feet 5½ inches to his credit, which he accomplished at Dublin, Ireland, August 5, 1894. As is well known, Gray holds all the amateur shot-putting records of this country and most of them are the best in the world. His 16-pound record is the most meritorious, for this is the standard weight and therefore has received more development. Horgan may yet break it, for he is a much bigger man than Gray.

In hammer throwing James S. Mitchel won the amateur championship for seven consecutive years, ending with 1896, and had matters pretty nearly his own way until J. Flanagan came along, winning the championship of 1897 with 148 feet 5 inches. Flanagan previously held the record of 150 feet 8 inches, made May 31, 1897, and the best figures stayed there until the



GEORGE R. GRAY.



W. J. M. NEWBURN.

spring championship meeting held at New Orleans, La., on May 14, 1898. At these games Flanagan sent the missile 153 feet 7 inches, but this remained the best only several weeks, for at Bayonne, N. J., on May 30th, J. C. McCracken beat it one inch and left Flanagan, who also competed, 11 feet in the rear. Several weeks after that, however, Flanagan had revenge by leaving McCracken over 16 feet in the rear, by doing another world's record of 158 feet 4 inches, at the New York Athletic

games, on June 11th last year.

This record remained until Flanagan at the Hollywood games, Yonkers, last spring, reached an even 160 feet. He beat this at the St. Augustine games, Boston, on July 24th, with 164 feet 3 inches, and ended this season by doing 167 feet 8 inches at the New York Athletic Club Games, September 23d. Flanagan is not nearly so big a man as the majority of his competitors, but he is considerably quicker. He gets in two full turns in the seven-foot circle, and in physique he is absolutely a bunch of muscles.

The 56-pound weight record has not been altered since J. F. Mitchel did 35 feet 10½ inches at Travers Island, September 22, 1894, and duplicated the performance at Bergen Point, N. J., September 2, 1895. Mitchel's prowess at this game is too well known for comment here, and as the event is not practiced so much as putting the shot and throwing the hammer the probabilities are that Mitchel's figures will remain untouched until some great strong enthusiast tackles the record for the special purpose of beating it. It is absolutely unfair to compare the present 56-pound weight and hammer throwing records with those of over half a dozen years ago, for the handles of both implements have been changed to the athlete's ad-

vantage, and also, both weights are now thrown with a seven-foot run. These two events now require almost as much science as hurdle-racing, pole-vaulting or the running high jump; in fact, the latter event can be practiced by the majority much easier now than the hammer or "56," for before the two weights can be handled at all the beginner will feel perfectly at sea with them, on account of the turning in the circle with such heavy weights being so complicated, but any novice can start in and do something at, for instance, the high jump or some other simple event. The less complicated athletic games are, the more devotees will there be to the sport.

The coming international contests which have been arranged to be held as the Olympic games in connection with the Paris Exposition, on July 15th, 17th, 19th and 22nd, will bring together experts from all parts of the world, and some specialists may make or break records in the more unusual events; but I doubt much whether the figures which have been made in regular athletic contests, as practiced in America and in England, will be lowered to any appreciable extent.



JOHN FLANAGAN.



A NEAR FINISH—ST. ANDREW'S, SCOTLAND.

MEDAL DAY AT ST. ANDREW'S, 1899.

BY T. M. PARROTT.

THE last week of September is the climax and culmination of the golfing season at that Mecca of the venerable game, St. Andrew's, Scotland, and Medal Day is the great day of the feast.

For a week before, there has been a gathering of representative golfers from all parts of the kingdom, along with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, especially their cousins, for the far-reaching ramifications of Scotch cousinship have long been proverbial.

The meeting, the dinner, and the dance are all very well in their way. But to the true devotees of golf, "the play's the thing," and Medal Day, with all its hazards of new fortunes and eclipsing of former stars, is the great center of interest.

On Tuesday evening there are but two topics of conversation in the town—the weather and the winner.

As to the winner, there is the greatest difference of opinion. "Freddie" Tait, ex-amateur champion of Great Britain, is, perhaps, the favorite. But Tait is not in very good condition, and is somewhat "off his game," and, moreover, say the knowing ones, he'll be too eager to win to-morrow, for it's the last time he'll play at St. Andrew's for months. His regiment, the famous

Black Watch, is ordered abroad, and the young soldier may have a harder game than golf to play before long. Besides Tait, there are several men famous in the annals of golf: Leslie Balfour-Melville, the hyphenated representative of the old families of the "East Neuk of Fife"; slashing "Teddy" Blackwell, whose long residence on the Pacific slope has given a characteristic Californian expansion to his conceptions of driving; "Johnny" Laidlay, the pride of North Berwick and the unrivaled master of all iron clubs; young Henderson, one of the coming men at St. Andrew's; Bovill, the Englishman, who sports the St. George's medal, another Tait and another Blackwell. But there's no telling. The glorious uncertainties of golf are part of the fascination of the game.

Wednesday morning dawns cold and clear. The devotees hurry down their breakfast and rush to the links. The printed list of the players and the order of starting is eagerly scanned. There are seventy-two couples, an unusually large field.

The large number of competitors has dictated the early hour of nine for the start. Try as you will, you can't get more than fifteen couple off in an hour, and if the match is to be finished before nightfall, it must begin sharp on time.

It is cold down at the links; the flags are streaming out in the sharp breeze, and though the sun is bright and the waters of the lovely bay are as blue as the sky, the little knots of people in front of the club-house are stamping their feet and blowing on their fingers, and only a few, the most ardent followers of the game, are on hand to see the drive-off.

This, by the way, is a ceremony peculiar to Medal Day. The captain-elect of the club inaugurates his reign by solemnly driving off a ball from the teeing ground before the club-house. As he drives, a gun is fired to herald the opening of the match, and the Queen Adelaide medal becomes by this ceremony the property of the captain, to have and to hold for his year of office. It is an anxious moment. Captains have been known to miss the ball entirely, amid the silent, but quite visible, scorn of the bystanders. It must be remembered that the captain is chosen, by no means for his golfing prowess (in fact, when Prince Leopold had, as captain, to open the match, he simply pushed the ball off the tee), but for his rank and social prestige. It is one of his privileges to provide the champagne for the Golf Ball, and there are many golfers whose drives are longer than their pocket-books. Happily on this occasion the two qualities are combined, and the Honorable Thomas Cochrane, M. P., son-in-law of the Earl of Glasgow and captain-elect of the Royal and Ancient, is a player of no mean skill. Here he comes from the club-house, a tall and slender figure, with quick, keen eyes, a sportsman every inch of him. He shakes hands with the ex-captain; nods a kindly greeting to old Tom Morris, the patriarch of the game, who is in his place of pride to-day as green-keeper of the classic links; and steps forward to the tee. A preliminary flourish, and Cochrane strikes off. It's a perfect drive, long and low, with the swallow-like swoop and soar in it that mark the clean-hit ball. The gun fires, and a cloud of white gulls rises up from the wet sands at the burn's mouth and sweeps out seaward.

Play begins. Pair after pair is called up and started by old Tom, who acts as master of ceremonies. To the uninitiated it seems a perfect day for any manly sport—good football weather, we would call it at home; but the knowing ones shake their heads. "Something

is wrong with the weather," they say. "There'll be no records broken in this match. Kirkcaldy, the professional, did the round in 74 not long ago, but there'll not be two cards under 80 to-day." And it soon is plain that something *is* wrong. Perhaps the cold wind has stiffened the players; certainly it sends many a ball wheeling out to the sands, while those who make allowances for it seem to catch a lull, and pull their balls far away to the left.

But here comes a pair of stars—Leslie Balfour-Melville and Hutchings, of the Royal Liverpool Club. They get off nicely, and a large part of the crowd moves after them. Balfour-Melville is well in the lead, but his second shot, badly sliced, falls into the Swilcan burn, that ancient enemy of erring balls. His caddie stands sadly on the brink; the ball is plainly visible in the clear water, but lost beyond redemption. He drops another, losing a stroke, a bad beginning on such a day, and starts again. But he is plainly nervous. He floats his handkerchief flagwise to try the force and direction of the wind, implores the "gallery" to stand back, and inquires somewhat sharply after the ownership of the mongrel dog that persists in straying within the limits. That will never do. No nervous man can win the King William medal. A little later on, when the usual dog trotted over the green while Tait was sighting a long and difficult put, the ex-champion stooped and called the beast to him, patted him on the head and put him gently behind him into a lady's hands while he holed his ball. Meanwhile the Liverpool star is showing up in very bad form. He takes 7 for the first hole, 6 for the second, misses a short put at the fourth, and actually requires 8 for the Long Hole. We turn back to follow another pair. However well those two may do hereafter, their early short-comings have put them out of the game.

We have done well to turn back. Just as we reach the teeing ground the names of Edward Blackwell and Frederick Tait are called. Blackwell steps up, a big, hulking, long-armed fellow, red-faced, red-haired, with a pale blue eye and a dogged air. His opponent is nowhere to be seen. "What's the matter with Tait?" "Where's Freddie?" run the anxious whispers—nobody speaks aloud during a golf match. Tait, Sr.,

the Edinburgh professor, is stolidly smoking a pipe in the club porch, but his son is not with him. Can anything be wrong? No! Here he comes, lazily stepping down the bank, without a club, his hands in the pockets of his Norfolk jacket, as careless as if this were an ordinary match. A caddie with a great bag of clubs appears as though out of the ground. Tait pulls a driver and steps lightly to the tee; a fine clean-cut figure, with a certain air of soldierly smartness, smaller, lighter, but every way neater than his opponent. He hasn't much color, and there are some hard lines drawn about the small bright eyes; evidently he is not in the best of condition. But sick or well, Tait will give the best of them a fight for it to-day.

Off they go—two splendid drives. We notice at once the difference in form. Blackwell, the greatest exponent of the new St. Andrew's school that ranks length of driving first among the qualities of golf, drives a ball that flies as though shot from a catapult. "It's a *smite*, not a drive at all," says an admiring follower. Every inch of his long body, every pound of his weight, goes into the blow. The effort is apparent, but the result is commensurate. Tait, on the other hand, takes it far more easily. He drives a little off the right leg—not good form according to the theorists—and makes great play with his wrist. The ball doesn't seem to have the same rush and lift as Blackwell's, and the whistle of the sweeping club-head isn't heard so plainly. But when you come to look at the tees, Tait's ball is usually not far behind Blackwell's, and Blackwell's is, perhaps, the longest drive in the world.

They take the first hole, the Bum, together in 5. The next, Blackwell captures after two superb drives in 4. But Tait has come to grief. His second shot lies right on the edge of an ugly bunker, and on his third, just failing to clear the high bank on the other side, the ball rolls back into the loose sand. He extricates himself neatly, but not with force enough, and goes plump into a second bunker a few yards further on. By the time he has holed out, he has taken 7 strokes, and things look black for the favorite. But now he settles down to work. If his driving is not up to Blackwell's, who actually traverses the long stretch of the "Elysian Fields" with a drive and a cleek shot, his ap-

proaching and putting are far more accurate. He regains his lost strokes, and finishes the outward course, even with Blackwell, in 42. "Not medal golf," say the critics, and shake their heads. But at least he has beaten Balfour-Melville so far, for the heir of all the houses, as we now hear, has taken 46 to get out. If Tait can hold Blackwell down he may win yet.

In they come together, neck and neck. Blackwell's driving is like that of Jehu, the son of Nimshi, for he driveth furiously. Tait's short game grows sharper and more deadly. Two holes to play, and they are still even. Then, at the Road Hole, Blackwell overdrives with a fierce cleek shot, and lands on the stony road beyond the green. He makes a nice recovery, but most unfortunately the ball strikes a spectator and is kicked back on the road. The ball costs him 6, the same figure as Tait's, who has carefully steered his way through the bunkers guarding this most dangerous of greens. His piece of bad luck seems to take the heart out of Blackwell. He has been known to drive clear across the last green to the foot of the steps—incredible yet true—but now he leads off weakly, makes a complete mess of his second shot, and actually takes 6 for the Home Hole. Tait, on the contrary, is unruffled. The crowd is pressing closely around him. He can hear the eager whispers checking up his score, and computing his chances—small chances, say the connoisseurs—against Laidlay this afternoon. But "Freddie" plays best with a gallery behind him; his two drives are marvels of speed and accuracy, his approach lies dead, and he's out in 4, 83 in all, better by 2 than Blackwell and Balfour-Melville, and the best card in to-day.

The day wears on, and though some good cards are returned, there has been nothing, as yet, to equal Tait's. But here comes his most dangerous rival, J. E. Laidlay, the last on the long list. He has the very decided advantage of knowing just what has been done before him, and his careful, even anxious, play shows that he means to throw away no chance. His companion, Captain Burn, is rather a clever runner-up than a dangerous competitor. He laughs and chats with the bystanders, curses the "filthy bunkers" that swallow up his ball, and takes life easily. But Mr.

Laidlay is very earnest. He goes up and down the little, wavy hillocks, and views the landscape before making an approach, and he studies the putting greens with the absorbed air of an expert in handwriting. His form in putting is a byword among golfers. He straddles over the ground, grasps his club nearly at the head, and generally looks as if he were going to put the ball anywhere but in the hole. But he would be a rash man who would bet against Laidlay's putting at any time, and to-day he seems particularly sure. He starts with a group of fives and gets a 4 for the Long Hole, where Tait took 6. He is playing the steady, even game, for while Tait's score varied from 7 at the "Corner o' the Dyke" to 3 at the Short Hole, Laidlay has only fours and fives.

But before he gets to the end of the course the weather has changed. The wind shifts round to the northwest; great banks of clouds are driving down from the Grampians, and, after a flying shower or two, the windows of heaven are opened and the rain descends in floods and torrents. It seems impossible to face the driving storm, but the game goes steadily on. Stolidly, under umbrellas, the players march from stroke to stroke, surrounded by a little knot of water-proof enthusiasts. Others, not so ardent, or not so seasoned, rush for shelter to the little tool-house on the bank of the Eden. The downpour lasts for half an hour or so, and then the storm passes off, and the half-drenched crowd emerges from its shelter to catch the golfers on the return course. In they come, playing quick and sure. Laidlay has gone out in one less than Tait, and

as he wins another at the "Heathery Hole," he seems to have the match well in hand. But the effects of the storm are beginning to show; club handles are slippery to the grip, putting greens are drenched and slow, and Laidlay's best-judged shots seem to hang and stop short of the hole. He loses a stroke at the Long Hole, another at the "Corner o' the Dyke." The fateful "Road Hole" finds him tied with Tait, and the ownership of the medal depends on his next few strokes. He drives off clean and far; the white ball hangs poised for a

moment against the mass of blue-black cloud that covers the old town, and then falls to earth. It runs swiftly over the undulating ground and disappears from view. One universal groan tells the story—*bunkered*. A clever stroke extricates it, but it's a stroke lost; and Laidlay's nerve seems lost, too, for he pulls his next shot far to the left and is trapped again, as badly as possible, in the nasty "pot bunker" that guards the green. He makes a frantic effort and the ball leaps at the bank, only to roll back into a worse lie. Another blow; the ball and a cloud of



TOM MORRIS, THE PATRIARCH OF THE GAME.

sand rise up together. He's out, but it costs him 7 to take the hole. Laidlay is too plucky a player to give up. A hard-hit drive takes him well on his way; a second carries him on to the green and right across the hole. But he has put a little too much muscle into the stroke. The put is just a bit too long and hard even for Laidlay's skilful eye and hand. It takes him 2 more to get out, and his card foots up to 84. The cannon fires and the flags flutter down. The match is over, and Lieutenant Frederick Tait is declared the winner.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH WOODPECKERS.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER,

Author of "Songs Out of Season."

TO study the woodpeckers at short range had been a cherished desire with me for many months.

There seemed to be but one way to accomplish this purpose, and that was to take a pair of bantlings from the nest, rear them by hand, and note their conduct and development day by day. When the time came to kidnap the feathered babies, my heart almost failed, and I had half a mind to abandon the project entirely; but one must sometimes set aside one's sentiments, or remain in ignorance of many interesting facts of natural history.

I bore them home in a triumph, feeling sure that I was on the eve of some interesting discoveries. Whenever I slightly jarred the basket that held them, they uttered a peculiar complaining cry, which I cannot better describe than by saying that it was a sort of compromise between the mew of a cat and the squeal of a pig. In their fear of me, whenever I peeped in at them, they squatted close to the bottom of the basket.

On reaching home, I made a soft nest of grass for them, in which they slept during the night. In the morning, as soon as I approached them, they began to squeal in their low, half-frightened way; but after that, during the entire day, no matter how much I handled them, they never uttered a sound. It was, perhaps, the first day they spent in silence since they came from the shell. At first I interpreted the vigorous forward thrusts they made with their beaks as attempts to grasp the food offered them, but soon learned that they were not as guileless as I had supposed, for their evident intention was to pick at my hand in self-defense. Yet it was not difficult to feed them, as a slight pressure on their gonys, which seemed quite sensitive, would cause them at once to open their mandibles wide enough to allow me to thrust food back into their capacious throats. On the first day of their captivity they did not open their mouths of their own accord for food.

A description of these gawky youngsters will prove how early the characteristics of the species proclaim themselves, and with a positiveness and insistence

that makes it difficult to believe in the evolution of flickers from any other type of life than their own.

The birds were only a little more than half-fledged, there being still several bare spots on their bodies; and yet their plumes were mottled like those of their elders; the red crescent on the nape was distinctly marked, as were also the black crescent on their chests and the black maxillary stripe called the "mustache;" the shafts of the quills and the under-lining of the wings were golden yellow; the crown was tinged with red and the rump was snowy white; all of which are markings of the adult birds.

In other respects they developed at this early age the traits of the species. The gripping power of their toes was wonderful. If they happened to grasp my hand, their sharp claws would almost penetrate the skin. Woodpecker-like, two claws extended forward and two backward, the inner pair on each foot being considerably smaller than the outer pair—a fact that must be of immense advantage to these birds in climbing. The under part of the foot—that is, the sole—was thick and cushiony.

My hulking pets were shy during the first day. When I approached them, they had a curious way of backing as far as they could and then cuddling down in the small basket in which I had placed them, often pressing their heads flat against the bottom, while their tails pointed almost straight up. One of them was more advanced than the other, and also seemed to be of a tamer and gentler disposition; for the other not only pressed his head down as close as he could, but would also pick at me quite savagely if I meddled with him. On account of this difference in their development, I called one of them Senior and the other Junior. Both would swallow food greedily, providing it was thrust far enough down into their throats.

On my return to my study after an absence of two hours, I found that Senior had clambered out of the basket, and got down from the window-sill to the floor, and was trying to hide himself in a dark closet. I put him back

into the basket, but he soon contrived somehow to get down upon the floor without attracting attention. When I went toward him he started in long, awkward leaps across the floor, just as the adult flickers amble across the meadow or the pasture field. I followed him, when he presently thrust his head into a dark crevice between a box and the wall, apparently thinking himself safe if his head was hidden. He was put back into his temporary nest, where he sat for an hour with his head cocked up, looking around on his small world with a decidedly flicker-like air. After dinner I found him clinging to the rim of the basket, his body in an upright posture. Presently he began to gallop about until he tumbled to the floor again. I caught him, and held my arm before him in an oblique position. The temptation proved too great for his woodpecker proclivities; he leaped to my arm and tried to climb it, thereby once more proving the persistence of genealogical traits, for it certainly must have been his first attempts at climbing, made without a single lesson from his avian instructors.

Another flicker propensity evinced itself on their first day under my inspection. If a bit of food happened to cling to the end of their bills, they would thrust out their long, round, viscid tongues almost like a snake, to remove the annoying particle. In common with all young birds, my two pets often had to stretch their legs and wings to get the stiffness out of their joints, and it was laughable to see them engaging in their calisthenic exercises.

About the middle of the afternoon, Senior again clambered out upon the window-sill, almost falling to the floor; but after a wild scramble he finally succeeded in grasping the rim of the basket on the outside, where he clung for a while, bracing himself with his tail in true woodpecker fashion. He then craned up his neck as far as he could, and thrust out his tongue for no apparent reason. Later he tumbled to the floor, and having found a dark place in the closet where he thought himself unobserved, he made his toilet, preening every feather and picking off the scaly substance that adhered to his skin and plumes. Toward evening he again crept to the rim of the basket, gripping it with his claws, and looked curiously

out of the window. Presently a house martin flew past, when the young bird uttered several low notes in quick succession, and then chirped out one of the loud, familiar flicker calls, as plainly as if he had graduated from a flicker school of oratory.

Having found his voice, he uttered this call at frequent intervals, especially when a bird passed the window. At length Junior raised his head and uttered the same call, though not so loudly. Both of them would pick half-heartedly at the food offered them, first tasting it by thrusting out their spearlike tongues. Once Senior pecked quite crossly at his little brother, seemingly to make him keep still, for he was beginning to grow vociferous.

On the same day, young as he was, Senior flitted from the window-sill to the vertical wire screen, where he clung with a steady grip that made falling impossible. Like all his immediate kinsmen, he made use of his tail for a brace, pressing it against the screen to balance his body. I pulled it outward with my finger several times, but it always flew back to its place like a spring, and was quite stiff. You might almost say that the whole woodpecker tribe stand on three legs, the tail being the third. So persistent is the hereditary habit of using this appendage in the way described, that when a woodpecker stands on a horizontal perch, his tail bends inward at an obtuse angle with the lower part of his body. My juvenile flicker soon contrived to hitch up the vertical screen a foot or two, that being, doubtless, his second experiment in climbing.

The night was spent in the basket, where the two odd pets slept cozily side by side. When morning came I made another discovery. By this time Junior was hungry enough to take food without coercion; and how do you suppose he took his victuals? Instead of widely opening his mouth and holding it open, as most young birds do, until the food was pushed down his throat, he gobbled at it greedily, somewhat like a duck, jerking his head rapidly backward and forward, with the mandibles apart, though not very wide. This made it a little difficult to feed him, as I had to be quite agile to get his food between his long mandibles and push it into his throat; but when I succeeded in getting

a morsel back far enough, he swallowed it greedily, with a queer, quawking sound, that seemed to say, "It's good! good! good!" Then his slender tongue was used to lick off the crumbs that adhered to his bill. Some hours later Senior took food in the same way.

This unique method of taking their food proved beyond a peradventure that parent flickers feed their young by the process called regurgitation, the forward and backward movements of the nestlings corresponding to the successive thrusts of the old birds as they force the food from their own maws into those of the hungry bantlings. This conclusion was corroborated by some outdoor observations made a week later, when I watched an old flicker feeding her young. I was only a few rods away, and could plainly see her thrust her bill down into the throats of her nestlings (which were old enough to leap up to the edge of the orifice leading into their cavity), and then make a number of violent forward thrusts. Besides, when she came to the nest I could not see a particle of food in her bill, and yet she fed her young, proving that she must have pumped the food from her own maw.

As my cage, which I was having made for the pets, was not yet ready, I put them in a tub, the bottom of which was covered with grass; but Senior managed to get out of it by springing up to the rim and clinging there until he tumbled to the floor. Young as they were, they discriminated among the different kinds of food I offered them, rejecting some and greedily devouring others; and when their maws were full they unconditionally refused to accept another mouthful, however palatable, flicking their heads to one side with a decided "No!"

For years I had puzzled over an avian conundrum, which was: In what position do woodpeckers roost? And it was largely to solve this problem that I had undertaken my present experiment. True, I had seen red-headed woodpeckers creep into holes in trees on moonlight evenings, and remain there until long after night had come, so that I had no reason to doubt that at least some of these birds used such cavities for bed-chambers; but the question still was, What position do they assume in sleeping? The older one of my flickers answered my inquiry very quickly and

satisfactorily; he leaped up to the rim of the tub, and thence to the side of a cage containing young meadow larks and a red-winged blackbird. Here he clung in an upright position for some time, bracing himself with his tail, and at length, to my great surprise and delight, laid his head in the feathers of his back, and went to sleep, resting as contentedly as other birds do on a horizontal perch. Thus my much-puzzled-over enigma was solved.

That night, however, both birds cuddled down contentedly in the bottom of the tub and went to sleep. The next morning they were very hungry, but would not eat food until they had first "sampled" it with their tongues, and if to their taste they would eat it greedily; if not, they would flick their heads aside with a contemptuous air, which said plainly, "Don't like it!" Senior again climbed out upon the screen door, while his less active brother still remained in the tub. At nine o'clock their cage was ready for them, and to it they were transferred. No sooner had this been done than Junior, comparatively inactive hitherto, stretched up his neck and looked around, and, to my surprise, called out, "Hick-up! hick-up!" precisely as I have heard his congeners of field and forest call hundreds of times.

Then he leaped from a small box in which I had placed him, and began a savage attack on his elder brother, who, after a somewhat vigorous defense, scrambled out of the way. His next move was to amble about on the sanded floor of the cage and investigate; but, true to his woodpecker temperament, he soon looked for something to climb, and many an awkward fall he got before practice made perfect. At length he scrambled upon the slant roof of a small box intended for the bird's larder, where he found a slight foothold for a while, but soon toppled to the floor. Then he climbed a slant board placed in a corner, with small laths nailed on its surface to afford him a foothold; but he went over everything to the top of this improvised perch, and fluttered to a scantling on the perpendicular side of the cage. However, he could not hold himself there long. Finally I took him on my hand, holding it in a slant and even a vertical position, so that he could grasp the forefinger with his claws and

brace himself below on the palm with his tail. He sat there contentedly, looking into my eyes like an innocent child. No more squatting down in the bottom of a basket for him after that! No, indeed! He suddenly seemed to look upon that position as extremely babyish.

Meanwhile, Senior, who was more active, had found a fairly good perch on a part of a sapling that I had placed in the cage. I was pained and surprised at the quarrelsome disposition my pets displayed, and, strangest of all, in every set-to Junior came out victorious, driving his more active brother about in the cage metaphorically at the point of the sword. They would stab savagely with their large beaks, sometimes striking each other in the mouth. From the time of his first defeat Senior seemed to lose heart and did not thrive, although there were times when he fought vigorously for a few moments, only to be compelled to retreat before the contest ended. The birds differed quite distinctly in temperament, for Junior was slightly larger, more obstreperous, ill-natured and headstrong, and uttered the "hick-up" call over a day sooner than his companion. His voice was coarser and stronger, and he spent most of his time uttering his coaxing, squawking call, while Senior usually remained silent, except while eating or when very hungry.

When evening came they would not remain in the box on the floor, but were determined to roost on an upright perch. At ten o'clock both of them were sound asleep, Senior on the side of the board before spoken of, and Junior on the slant roof of the feed box. In the morning Senior was still in his position, but Junior had got down into the box itself. During the day one of them drummed rapidly with the end of his tongue on the resonant roof. The branches I had arranged for perches were too small, and the bark too hard and smooth for clinging, so I cut a section of a crooked and gnarled oak sapling and placed it in the cage. Its surface was rough and soft, and the birds at once climbed it with alacrity, and seemed supremely happy, hopping from point to point and thrusting their long, flexible tongues into the crevices of the bark.

During the day Senior took his first bath. True, he went about it awkwardly as any green, gawky youngster would have done; but still he got into the

dish, squatted his body, and rapidly fluttered his wings and tail as is the habit of all birds when bathing, and then found a convenient upright perch on which to preen his feathers. Who taught him to take his ablutions in that way? At about this time the birds began to use their wings quite freely, but would sometimes miss the mark at which they aimed and get a hard fall. They also began to grow quite familiar, and would almost invariably leap on my head and creep over on my back when I bent to the cage.

At nine o'clock in the evening Senior was sleeping soundly near the top of an almost perpendicular post, his body in a vertical position, as usual. He did not wake up when I struck a parlor match and lighted the gas. Junior sat on a thick horizontal limb, but was not asleep. He became restless, and scrambled about until at last he drove his mate from his perch and took possession of it himself, soon going to sleep. Ousted from his couch, Senior had to find another. After some effort he perched on a knotty bend of the oak sapling, his feet extending obliquely downward, so that he had to sustain the principal part of his weight with his hinder toes, while his bosom had no support against which to rest. This was a new roosting position, and apparently not a very comfortable one.

The next night one of the birds slept in a vertical position, and the other, to my surprise, on a rather slender horizontal perch, his tail bent inward like the tail of a crab. The birds now became very tame, leaping on my hand or arm to be fed. When hungry, they would leap restlessly about in the cage, looking at me intently, and uttering the coaxing flicker call, "Chirr! chirr!" While on the floor Senior ran his tongue through the sand, making a little zigzag gully in it a few inches long, and also pecked three holes in the edge of the paper lying on the floor. Junior tried to take a dust bath by sliding across the graveled floor, spreading out his wings and tail and hitching about on his belly in the most ludicrous way. Much as I regretted to part with them, I soon saw that it would be cruel to keep them longer in confinement, and so, after nearly two weeks of daily, almost hourly, study of them, I took them out to the marsh and gave them their freedom.

OUTING'S MONTHLY REVIEW

OF

AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE entire property of the OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY has been purchased by a company composed of the following sportsmen: Robert Bacon, Fletcher Harper, C. C. Cuyler, S. Reading Bertron, and Caspar Whitney, New York; David M. Goodrich, Boston; S. F. Houston and T. D. M. Cardeza, Philadelphia; Walter Camp, New Haven; and Charles Hodgman, St. Louis. The old name of the incorporation will be continued, and the magazine will be edited by Mr. Whitney.

THE OUTING PUBLISHING CO.

It is with a feeling of regret that I announce the retirement of myself from the active control and ownership of this magazine; for OUTING, with its portrayal of the life of the woods and the sea, has seemed almost to breathe the life of an actual personality to me. The step seems necessary, however; for with the constant growth of the love of outdoor life and sport in this country, OUTING's field is steadily broadening, with consequent increased work and responsibilities, which in view of my being a partial invalid, it seems inadvisable for me to continue to undertake. My father, as is known to many of our readers, retired from the active management some four years ago.

During the many years of our control it has ever been our aim to make OUT-

ING representative of all that is best in sport; and it is a source of pleasure to us that our successor, Mr. Whitney, is one so favorably known by all honest sportsmen as the resolute champion of true sportsmanship.

The management of OUTING has ever been a pleasant task, and our connection with it cannot be closed without expressing to our readers and friends our appreciation of their many kindly acts, and the hope that the good will and support accorded us may be given in unstinted degree to the new company.

BEN J. WORMAN.

With next month's issue OUTING will enter upon a new volume and a new era simultaneously; and it is eminently fitting to say here and now that this magazine, established eighteen years ago, was among the pioneers that first aroused and thereafter sustained the wholesome out-of-door spirit which has spread throughout the present generation of Americans.

It has long been a cherished hope of mine to one day found a home for the literature of sport, travel and adventure—an abiding place of sport for its own sake—so considerable an element in the strenuous life which makes for the upbuilding of a virile, progressive, respected nation.

And to the end that I might be the better qualified to nourish and prosper such a home, have I sought the teachings of the "free people" in our own swamps and meadows, and forests and mountains, in the great, lone land of Canada's frozen North, in our desert and scorching South, and in the jungles of the Far East; while all Europe and North America have been traveled for lessons in competitive sport.

The purchase of *OUTING*, with its healthful life and respected name, provides substantial foundation for the building of such a home; and it is the determination of the new *OUTING PUBLISHING COMPANY* to make the most of the opportunity. It is our intention, in a word, of developing *OUTING* to the utmost limits of its particular field, which will be additionally supplied by the publication of books of especial timeliness and interest.

Every branch of sport will be discussed by experts as the occasion warrants, and tales of travel, adventure, exploration, hunting, told by the most entertaining and instructive writers obtainable.

As to the quality of matter hereafter to be found within the covers of *OUTING*, the following partial list of contributors may be amply suggestive: Rudyard Kipling, Governor-General Leonard Wood, Frederic Remington,

John Fox Jun; Richard Harding Davis, Paul Leicester Ford, Gilbert Parker, W. A. Fraser, F. C. Selous, Governor Theodore Roosevelt, Ernest Seton-Thompson, Henry Savage Landor, Owen Wister, C. Grant La Farge, Charles F. Lummis, Paul du Chaillu, Jesse Lynch Williams, E. T. D. Chambers, H. P. Wells, W. P. Stephens, E. Hough, T. S. Van Dyke, Dean Sage, Dr. D. G. Elliot, Walter Camp, etc., etc.; while among the artists are A. B. Frost, Frederic Remington, Howard Pyle and Walter Appleton Clark.

Editorially, *OUTING* will be as strong as knowledge of the subject and the courage of our convictions can make it.

We stand unwaveringly for:

The protection of game;

The preservation of forests;

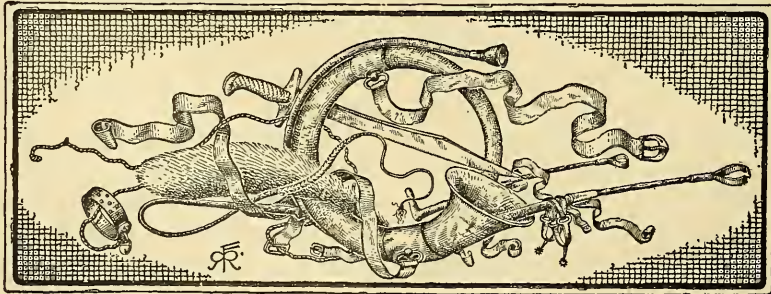
The enforcement and betterment of our game laws;

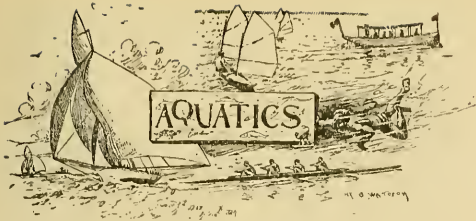
And for sport for its own sake.

We shall spare no effort to disclose the game butcher, or the dishonest sportsman, whether his field of operations be in the woods, on the water, or on the football field.

We believe in the strenuous life, and we believe in the thrill which comes from honorably contending for victory. We want no victory without that thrill. We ask sportsmen everywhere to aid us in spreading this sentiment.

CASPAR WHITNEY.





YACHTING.

THE prospects seem bright for a prosperous yachting season. The annual elections of all the clubs have been held, and the annual reports show that affairs financial are flourishing. A few large yachts may not go into commission so early this year as last, because of the Paris Exposition, but the cruise of the New York Yacht Club promises to be as well attended as ever.

This year will be remarkable for races among the smaller classes. I don't remember having ever seen so fair an outlook for grand sport in knockabouts, raceabouts and little fry generally. The clubs, recognizing that these are the life of racing, are offering to their owners every encouragement. This is true of salt water as well as of fresh water.

The first of the new one-design class which, it is hoped, will afford good sport this season, was launched by the Herreshoff Co., at Bristol, R. I., on January 16th. She is owned by Mr. August Belmont and was christened *Mineola II.*, after the 46-footer of that name designed by Edward Burgess in 1891 and raced persistently with a certain amount of success by Mr. Belmont. Only a small party attended the launch, which occurred at eight o'clock in the morning. The yacht was christened by Miss Nathalie Schenk, a cousin of the late Mrs. Belmont. This boat may be described as a miniature *Columbia*. She is 106 ft. over all, 70 ft. on the load water-line, with a beam of 20 ft. and 15 ft. draught of water. Her frames are of steel angle bars, with a single skin of wood above the water-line and a double skin below. Her lead-keel weighs 40 tons.

She will carry quite a cloud of canvas, judging from her spar dimensions. Her mast is 78 ft. extreme length; topmast, 47 ft. 4 in.; bowsprit, 25 ft. 8 in.; main boom, 75 ft.; gaff, 42 ft. 9 in.; spinnaker boom, 58 ft. 3 in.; topsail yard, 48 ft.; topsail club, 36 ft. 3 in. The mast is 57 ft. from deck to hounds, with 14 ft. in the mast-head. It is 15¾ in. in diameter at the deck, with an inch greater diameter just below the hounds. The boom is 12 in. in its greatest diameter.

No sooner was *Mineola II.* in the water than an 80-ft. steam tender for her was launched. Morgan Belmont, son of Mr. Belmont, christened her *The Scout*. She will accompany the racing yacht on her cruises, carrying her spare spars and sails, and will also be used for towing her big sister in a calm. Since the launch of *Mineola II.*, her owner has been elected Vice-Commodore of the New York Yacht Club.

Three others in the same class and of precisely the same dimensions are in course of construction for Messrs. E. D. Morgan, Harry

Payne Whitney, and W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr. It is not unlikely that six in all may be built in time for the August cruise of the New York Yacht Club.

The old 70-footers, *Titania*, *Katrina*, *Bedouin*, and *Shamrock*, afforded some pretty sport to their owners in the heyday of their youthful pride, but they would seem mere pigmies alongside of their successors. A few comparisons may not be uninteresting. *Bedouin*, a keel craft, designed by Harvey, was looked upon as a "lead mine," her draught being 12 feet, and her beam 15 feet 8 inches. *Titania*, a centerboard, designed by Mr. Burgess, drew 8 feet 9 inches, and had a beam of 21 feet. *Katrina*, designed by A. Cary Smith, was also a centerboard, with a beam of 20 feet 4 inches, and a draught of 9 feet 3 inches. *Shamrock*, designed by James Rogers Maxwell, was the shallowest of the class, drawing 8 feet 5 inches with her centerboard up. Her beam was 20 feet. The boats met frequently in 1887-8-9, and *Titania* proved the fastest. *Bedouin* in 1887 was five years old, and was the slowest except in a strong blow, when she always sailed fast.

The fate of the four old 70-footers teaches a lesson. *Bedouin*, a wooden craft of light double-skin construction, is as sound as when she was launched. She has never needed any repairs to her hull, and her rig is practically the same as when it was designed. She is now the property of Commodore J. Murray Mitchell, and is the flagship of the American Yacht Club, an organization formed in the first place to exploit steam yachts pure and simple. It is curious when you come to think, that an English cutter of the most pronounced type in hull and rig when she made her debut, should become the flagship of what was once a club for steam yachtsmen only. But while marvelling at this it should also be borne in mind that yachtsmen the world over have concluded that there is no real sport in the racing of steam yachts, and that such racing is no longer countenanced or encouraged by the club of which *Bedouin* is the flagship. *Katrina* was altered to a yawl and later was transformed into a schooner, and very pretty and fast she is as a two-sticker. The same fate befell *Shamrock* and *Titania*.

There is much difference in the expense of racing one of the old 70-footers and the new. Irrespective of the difference in first outlay, which is perhaps more than double, the cost of running a steam-tender must also be taken into consideration. This, with the wages of the extra men and the short life of the fragile fabric, makes racing in this very aristocratic class possible only to millionaires. But outsiders will be treated to some tip-top races.

Newport is to be the headquarters of the new class, which will in time supersede the popular 30-foot class which has been raced so steadily and so admirably for several seasons. There is talk of a new and influential yacht club to be established in Newport, which is yearly becoming more and more popular among the yachting fraternity.

Lewis Cass Ledyard, the newly-elected Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, has bought the schooner-yacht *Colonia* from Commodore Postley, of the Larchmont Yacht Club. For the first time in many years the flagship of the club will be a sailing craft. As a matter of

fact the commodores since 1882 have all owned steam-yachts, James D. Smith's schooner *Es-telle*, having been the last "windjammer" to fly the commodore's flag.

Commodore Postley now owns the steam-yacht *Alberta*, a steel twin-screw vessel, 189 feet over all, 163 feet long on the water-line, 22 feet beam, with 9 feet draught. She was built last year at Roach's shipyard, Chester, Pa., from designs by Gardner & Cox. She is a handsome craft and quite fast. Her moderate draught is admirably adapted for the shallow harbors of Long Island Sound. She has been improved, altered, and re-christened *Colonia*, so the flagships of the largest two yacht clubs in the United States now bear the same name.

C. L. F. Robinson, the new Rear-Commodore of the N. Y. Y. C., now owns the famous 51-footer *Syce*. He is cruising in the Mediterranean on the steam-yacht *Morven*, which he chartered from Lord Latham.

The cup defender *Vigilant*, Commodore Percy Chubb's craft, is the new flagship of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Yacht Club. She was built the same year as *Colonia*, and for the same purpose—viz., the defeat of *Valkyrie II*.

There will be seen at the Paris Exposition, when it opens next month, a representative collection of models of American yachts, both steam and sail, which were gathered together by Lieutenant J. Rutherford Buchan, of the New York Yacht Club. The exhibit is by the United States Government, and for the first time in its history the club has been induced to part temporarily with some of its most cherished treasures: Full-rigged models of *Sappho*, *Vigilant* and *Defender*, and half models of *Corsair III.*, *Uncas*, *Katonah*, *Emerald*, *Hildegard*, *Gossoon*, *Quikstep*, *Eleanor*, *Niagara*, *Colonia*, *Navahoe*, *Ingomar*, *Latona*, and *Liris*.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club loaned models of *Utowana*, *Ariel*, *Yampa*, *Wasp*, *Iroquois*, *Katrina*, *Sea Fox*, *Ethelwyn*, *Audax* and *Aloha*. From private sources Lieutenant Buchan obtained models of *Magic*, *Pocahontas*, *Mischief*, *Norota*, *Constellation*, *Mayflower*, *Quissetta*, *Syce*, *Sachem*, *Amorita*, *Intrepid*, *Kanawha*, *Madeleine*, and others.

The interest of the exhibit is enhanced by models of ice boats, fishing schooners, whale-back steamers, pilot boats, ferry boats, tugs and other interesting craft. The exhibit was taken to France on the United States steamship *Prairie*.

The new steam yacht *Dreamer*, built by Lewis Nixon, from designs by Mr. Crane, for Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, has had a satisfactory trial trip, runs being made between Sandy Hook and Scotland lightships. Speeds of 13.13 knots under natural, and 14.80 knots under forced draught were attained. She is a fine-looking craft, 175 feet long over all, 148 feet on the load-water line; beam, 24 feet; draught, 9 feet 6 inches. She is driven by a triple expansion engine, and has a steam-steering engine, an electric windlass, electric lights and heaters, an ice-making plant and other conveniences. The interior is handsome and commodious. The deckhouse is paneled in teak. The state-rooms are finished in mahogany, bird's-eye maple and quartered oak. In the owner's quarters there are four bath-rooms with tiled floors.

There are eight large staterooms below and a dining-room, boudoir and smoking-room in the deckhouse.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club will make a feature this season of races for the 21-foot race-about class, which it is doing its best to foster. Contests will take place every Saturday afternoon, and series races, if enough interest is shown to warrant them. Arrangements have been perfected for the acquisition of a town-house in the club district, the upper part to be used as bachelor apartments, and lower two floors to be fitted up especially for the use of the club. It has been announced that sufficient funds have been assured to make certain the success of the scheme, which will be pushed forward vigorously.

The latest proposed social organization for brethren of the craft is the Yachtsmen's Club. It is intended as a resort which members of all clubs may frequent, and it is hoped that its inducements may attract a large number of out-of-town yachtsmen. Charles T. Pierce, of the Riverside Y. C., and Charles P. Tower, of New Rochelle, are two of the leaders in the undertaking.

The famous 46-footer, *Gloriana*, one of the epoch-making racing yachts of the century, has been bought by Mr. Burr H. Whitely, of the Chicago Yacht Club. Other smart Eastern craft are being examined by Western buyers. I hear that the Chicago Y. C. proposes to establish cruising stations at several points between that city and Mackinac. Commodore Morgan is the pioneer in this work. If he is successful, yachtsmen on the Lake will owe him a heavy debt of gratitude.

The Corinthian Yacht Club, of Philadelphia, has reached its limit of membership, and has a number of applicants on its waiting list. The floating debt has been canceled, and a new basin has been built at Essington, and the club has a good balance in the treasury. The fleet consists of 10 schooners, 15 cutters and sloops, 9 yawls, 8 knockabouts, 22 open boats, 11 steam yachts, 5 auxiliaries, and 8 launches.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

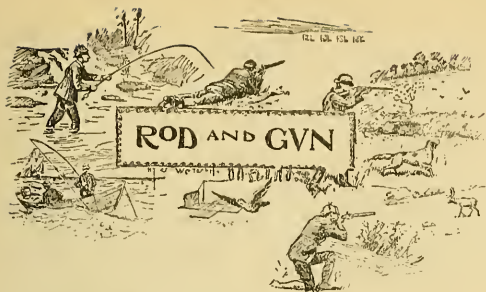
William Fife, Senior, father of the designer of the *Shamrock*, explains as follows the failure of her attempt to win the *America's Cup*:

"The true cause why the *Shamrock* sailed so poorly in the last two races was that she was screwed up. In all my sixty years' experience I have never known a yacht sail her best with tight rigging and tight sheeting; and from all I can learn from some that were on board of the said yacht, she was pinned up to an extraordinary degree.

"I believe that the *Columbia* is as good a yacht for her inches as has yet been built, but at the same time I believe *Shamrock* is as good as *Columbia* under equal management, and I am not often wrong in my opinion of a yacht."

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's steam yacht *Valiant* is cruising in the Mediterranean. Mr. Eugene Higgins' *Varuna* is being overhauled at Southampton. The American schooners *Alcæa*, bought by Sholto Douglas, and *Lasca*, bought by Dr. W. von Bruening, arrived safely at Cowes on January 14th. The *Alcæa's* name has been changed to *Sudwest*.

A. J. KENEALY.



THE ROD AND LURE IN MARCH.

The well-contained angler, in his eagerness to be a-stream, and with sufficient courage to get there, is apt to commence his angling season in the tempestuous month of March; and does not hesitate to engage in his first bont with his quarry even on St. Patrick's Day, when the weather is generally so storm-disturbed that, if there were any snakes alive and afield, in Ireland or any other land, they would freeze unto death. But if the angler, despite any environment on land or water, wishes to fish for trout merely for the pleasure it gives him to kill them, he will find a few States the laws of which permit him to do so in the month of March. They are: Ohio (March 15), Iowa, New York (only on Long Island, from March 29), Montana, North Carolina, West Virginia, Arkansas and Nebraska. As a rule, in all other sections the trout season opens in the month of April.

The angler must be in touch with the "open seasons," and, therefore, he must "ware" the killing of a blackbass in any of the States north of the latitudinal line of the Potomac River and east of the Rocky Mountains, for this game fish is well protected in that section until June 1st. Although the privilege to fish for black bass is accorded in March in many of the Southern States, the angler will find only the large-mouthed variety of this exceptionally fine game fish, a species which lacks the acrobatic qualities, dash and strength of the small-mouthed variety. The anglers of the Northwest, particularly in Minnesota and Northern Wisconsin, dispute the fact that the big-mouthed is inferior in gameness to his brother, the small-mouthed; and even angling tourists, returning from Florida and other Southern States, have asserted that the large-mouths taken in the South have exhibited all the fighting traits of their smaller-jawed brethren of the North. But the consensus of experience and opinion among anglers is exactly the reverse. While there cannot be a doubt as to the greater gameness of the big-mouths of the extreme North than is shown by their sluggish congeners of the South, it is unfortunately an open question as to the accuracy of determination of species, as reported by correspondents, who write all aglow over the discovery of the fact that no difference exists between the two species of black bass in their fighting qualities. Though they are all the time rejoicing over their delightful experience with a big-mouth they are sometimes boating or grassing a small-mouth, for in many waters north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers, the two species live harmoniously in the same pools, and spawn on adjacent beds

and at the same time. This latter fact has led many anglers to believe, not without reason, that the two species living in the same waters are interbreeding. If any of our Eastern anglers will observe closely the markings, particularly the position of the eyes, of the Greenwood Lake (N. Y.) black bass, they will find it somewhat difficult to recognize at sight the species to which the specimens under examination belong, particularly those running from three to five pounds in weight.

The early spring angler who fishes east of the Rocky Mountains will find but few species of fish worthy of the rod. On the Pacific Coast the sea fishing is grand through all the months of the year; the trout are protected but as a rule until April and in Oregon until May. Those who fish east of the eastern slope of the Rockies can essay a few coarse fish in the fresh waters, and can take flounders, striped bass and tomcods in the ocean, the first and last named being two of the most delicious of table fish, if cooked soon after they are caught. We question if the much-talked-of flavor of the English turbot surpasses the delicacy and sweetness of a freshly killed flounder that weighs not over a pound. By the bye, and in this connection, what has become of the plant of adult English turbot made some years ago on the ocean side of Coney Island? They have never been seen, and the market fishermen have been, every season since the plant, anxiously looking for them, for in these days British turbots would command famine prices.

The striped bass, which spawns in the early spring, at least so our fish savants tell us, is now preparing to ascend the rivers in search of food in the fresh waters; but he lingers until May and sometimes June, around the shallows, broken meadow-banks and rocky shores where the tide sweeps, feeding upon salt-water crustacea and sandworms. Wherever these conditions exist the angler will find striped bass in the month of March in the bays and estuaries of the New York and New Jersey coast-line. In the Chesapeake they come in from the Gulf Stream a month or more earlier, and still sooner to North and South Carolina waters. In March and April the most successful method of luring them is by trolling, using a No. 3 or 4 spoon and removing the usual triple gang of hooks and inserting in their place a single hook which is attached to a three-inch snood. On this rig the single hooks will be three or four inches behind the rear end of the flange of the spoon, the whirl of which attracts the fish to the hook; this is baited with an eel-tail or two, or two or three large white worms, which are sold in all the cities of the Eastern Coast at about twenty cents per dozen. The above described device was invented only a few years ago, and it is the most successful of all the lures for striped bass. We do not doubt that it would be equally killing in the Pacific Coast waters, where the striped bass are increasing very rapidly and growing to a large size, particularly in the lower Sacramento River.

It would be well for anglers of that section to try this trolling device for other fish, particularly the tuna and yellowtail; a No. 8 spoon, with a wire snood four inches long, and hook baited with a small fish would insure more frequent strikes, as the whirling spoon is even more

attractive to salt-water fish than it is to fresh-water species. This fact is so well known to Eastern salt-water fishermen that, when still-fishing and the run of fish cease, the spoon is often used to find new feeding grounds. It is trolled behind until several strikes are felt, and then down goes the anchor and still-fishing is resumed—and very generally with success. In still-fishing the most attractive lure is a piece of the “shedder” or “peeler” crab, and the bait is kept about two feet from the bottom; in trolling, the spoon is allowed to sink about a foot or two below the surface of the water.

Fishing for flounders is done with very small hooks—Nos. 6 to 8 sroat are good sizes, as the flounder has a small mouth; the best bait is a small piece of hard-shell clam. When “fluke” are running, hooks are used adapted to the size and weight of the fish, but 1-0 sroat will, as a rule, be large enough. “Fluke” is a local name in New York waters for a large-size flounder of three to ten pounds; the average seldom reaching more than one pound.

SPRING SHOOTING.

There is in the air, without doubt, a movement tending toward the restriction of spring shooting. Of course there are pros and cons, and sturdy advocates upon both sides of the question, but the sentiment of the best sportsmen is veering in many States toward invoking the strong hand of the law to restrict the spring shooting, if not to entirely abolish it. The fate of the larger quadruped game and of the larger winged game, even in the once abundant waters of Currituck and the South, is more and more pointed out as a warning as to the fate of other birds, notably that delight to the gunner, the snipe. The last published report of the New York Commissioners of Fisheries, Game and Forests points out that the effect of meeting the arrival of this one-time abundant bird with a spring fusillade has been to drive it beyond the United States, to breed and lay its eggs in the lonely marshes of Canada. It is not to be expected that so radical a movement will take effect in law at once, but the growth of a better knowledge may restrain somewhat, voluntarily, the hand of the destroyer. The following sentence of the report, with which the discussion of the subject concludes, deserves a wider circulation than its official publication will give it: “Most gunners who have fairly considered the subject will agree, I think, that if we are to continue to have any snipe shooting, the season in all the States should close on the first of January. In the Northern States that would mean that snipe shooting, like that of other game birds, should be confined to the autumn months; and that when they arrive in the spring and are already mated the birds should not be disturbed, but allowed to continue their journey unmolested or to breed with us. The faith in the necessity of putting an end to spring shooting, if we are to continue to have any snipe or wild fowl, is growing slowly, and will before long become general; and until this further limit is set on the use of the gun, ducks and snipe will continue to diminish in number. Perhaps nine-tenths of the shooting done to-day is at inanimate targets, and unless some earnest steps are taken to preserve our game birds, those who

care for field shooting may have to put away their guns for all time.” It is not necessary to entirely agree with the very sweeping conclusions of the report to recognize that it opens up a subject of serious concern to all true sportsmen.

THE BIRDS OF NEW YORK.

The director of the New York State Museum is seeking co-operation for an object with which sportsmen will be entirely in accord; and no class of the community can give him so much assistance as those who go afield with rod and gun. It is the purpose of the authorities to publish a bulletin on the birds of the State as soon as a thorough biologic survey can be made. As the area of the State is so large it is impossible to secure the necessary observations without the assistance of those interested in the ornithology of the different counties of the State; and all interested in making this report as complete and of as much value to the public as possible are asked to co-operate with Frederick J. H. Merrill, the director. The information desired consists of complete lists of birds found in the various sections of the State, with notes on the comparative abundance of the different species, dates of arrival, times of nesting, singing periods, facts relating to local distribution, effect of storms and severe weather on bird life, and the wet and dry season on the reproduction of species; also notes on the food of birds at different seasons of the year and under different conditions, to determine the comparative benefit and injury done through the destruction of insects, etc. This is an appeal that will commend itself to all sportsmen and naturalists, and those who have hitherto neglected somewhat their “field notes by the way” will be spurred to mend their ways and help along the good work. The pleasure of days afield is enhanced by a closer observation of the habits and habitats of our feathered friends.

SPORTSMEN'S SHOWS.

The Boston Sportsmen's Show will be in the middle of its career when this issue reaches our readers, and the New York show on the eve of opening its doors. Each of these events has developed into an educational exhibit of great interest, and at each OUTING will add its quota.

THE BOSTON SHOW.

The Boston show opened at the Mechanics' Building on the 22d February, and will remain open until the 10th March. Maine, Quebec and the Adirondacks have each characteristic and attractive exhibits of their respective regions. Maine's Fish and Game Commissioners, through their Chief Warden, C. C. Nichols, have gathered live moose, caribou, deer, bears, foxes, woodchucks, muskrats, wild cats, mink, coons and owls for exhibition, and these are supplemented by splendid stuffed specimens. To these are added a fish-pond stocked with large trout. The Provincial Government of Quebec make a big exhibit of moose, deer, bears, beavers, raccoons, otters, mink, hares, wild geese and ducks. The Adirondack exhibit gives an excellent representation of the game life of that important district. The fish exhibit is very complete, comprising a

complete hatchery and tanks of several hundred trout of many varieties.

THE NEW YORK SHOW.

This show, at Madison Square Garden, from the 1st to the 17th March, will contain exhibits of the leading railway lines of transport to the game sections of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from Virginia to the prairies beyond the Mississippi. The State of Maine, which last year made so important a contribution, will this year exceed past efforts. The Adirondacks will be no whit behind in bring-

ing before sportsmen their claims of the North Woods; Florida's game resources will be done full justice to, and the scenery of the Indian and Oklawaha rivers reproduced; Mr. Oscar Nesse, of Red Bank, will exploit Barnegat Bay. The revolver and rifle competitions, always a feature of the metropolitan show, will be increased in extent and managed by able experts; and well-deserved prominence will be given to the sport of canoeing and to all that contributes to the comfort and pleasure of the canoeist both on the water and in camp.

KENNEL.

THE WESTMINSTER KENNEL SHOW.

YEAR by year the increasing interest in the Metropolitan Show of the Westminster Kennel Club indicates the extension of the love of the dog, and, what is more to the point, the love of the dog of good breed. Blood tells just as much in the dog as in the horse, and the wider this is recognized the wider, deeper and broader becomes the foundation on which the various breeds of the dog rest. This discrimination is good for the owner as well as for the dog, for in the breeding and training of the thoroughbred there are called into action in man attributes of patience, observation and perseverance that are of solid value as a mental acquisition.

Nothing could be a better example of the growing interest than the fact that dog lovers are doing more to make the great Westminster Show a success each year, from a competitive point of view. This year's schedule provides more prize money than any previous show, but a point of even greater interest is the wonderful number of special prizes which are being donated by lovers of various breeds. Almost daily since the premium list appeared some new addition in the form of a special has been added to the already long list of cups provided.

The show will be held in Madison Square Garden on February 20th, 21st, 22d and 23d, and there is little doubt that, with so excellent a premium list, such numerous specials, and a manager with such wide knowledge in show matters as James Mortimer, the twenty-fourth annual will in all respects outclass its predecessors.

UNITED STATES FIELD TRIAL CLUB.

The ninth annual trials of the United States Field Trial Club, were held at Grand Junction, Tenn., January 22d to 26th. The trials were to have been held at West Point, Miss., but an epidemic of smallpox having broken out it was found advisable to move the trials to other quarters. The club had the good fortune to find suitable grounds at Grand Junction, and the supply of birds during the week averaged out very well; almost all the dogs put down had a good showing on game.

The weather was pleasant throughout, the attendance good, and the dogs worked admirably.

The Pointer Derby, for pointers whelped on or after January 1, 1898, was held on the first day, and brought out ten entries as follows: Dr.

J. R. Daniel's Sams Hale; Charlottesville Field Trial Kennel's Khartoum and Dervish; Dr. N. F. Rogers' Brann; R. B. Morgan's Captain Dupee; Dr. O. W. Ferguson's Drillmaster; J. S. Crane's Dot's Daisy, D. H. Moore's Jingo's Pearl; J. C. Porterfield's Teddy Roosevelt, and A. O. Pitcher's Pitcher's Beauty.

The judges were: H. B. Duryea, J. D. King and W. B. Hamilton.

Khartoum won first, Drillmaster, second, and Dot's Daisy and Teddy Roosevelt were placed equal third.

The Setter Derby, for setters whelped on or after January 1, 1898, was run on January 23d.

The judges for this event were: W. B. Hamilton, J. D. King and E. C. Buck.

The following dogs were entered: H. Ames' Bona; P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, Geneva; J. M. Morgan's Lona; Avent and Duryea's Pontiac, Sioux and Victor; Dr. C. I. Shoop's Count Hunter and Harwick's Boy, and R. B. Morgan's Rosa.

Geneva won first, Count Hunter, second, and Sioux, third. The work of the first and second prize-winners was very even, and it was a hard task to pick the winner.

The All-Age Stake for pointers and setters that had never won a first prize in Eastern, Continental or United States field trials, was undoubtedly the event of the meet. A field of twenty-two starters was drawn together, and the event covered the best part of three days. The dogs entered were as follows: W. P. Austin's Lad of Jingo, P. Lorillard, Jr.'s Geneva, Roland and Jack, J. L. Breeze's Bang III., Maj. J. B. Downing's Fayette Vanguard, J. D. Law's Lady's Count, G. G. Williamson's Lady's Count Gladstone, Avent and Duryea's Lady Rachel, Prime Minister, Roysterer, Ned B. and Sioux; Charlottesville Kennel's Young Jingo and Ranée; W. B. Will's Selkirk Dan, H. K. Devereaux's Uncle B.; H. S. Bevan's Enoch Arden, H. Parson's Domoteo, D. H. Moor's Count's Nellie, and R. V. Fox's Dave Earl.

Shortly after 10 A. M. on the last day of the trials the first brace in the third series were cast off; these were Uncle B. and Jack. After fifty minutes they were taken up with the advantage in Uncle B.'s favor. The next pair, Geneva and Lady's Count Gladstone, started off their race at fairly even terms with a slight advantage for Geneva, but toward the finish she made some bad breaks which put her out of winning a place. The winnings resulted as follows: 1st, Lady Rachel (setter); 2d, Lady's Count Gladstone (setter); and 3d, Uncle B. (setter).



THE INDUSTRY AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MOTOR vehicle construction is advancing with very rapid strides wherever throughout the world the recreative instinct combines with a popular interest in railless transportation. This is particularly the case in the United States, France, the Netherlands, Germany and Great Britain. The automobile productions of each of these countries not only reflect in a singularly direct manner the current mechanical practice from which they have been severally developed, but they serve to index different national conceptions of the problems embraced in the whole scheme of self-propulsion, and also to create a multitude of special individualities in the course of their outworking. Hence the prodigal diversity in theories and designs at the present time exhibited by the international industry. The field is new and wide; scarcely any motive power or general type of machine has yet been brought to sufficient all-around satisfaction to encourage mere imitation or adaptation; contemporaneous lines are regarded as but the fundamentals for future effort; originality is both the hope and aim of further progress.

DIFFERENT OPPORTUNITIES FOR DEVELOPMENT.

Surprise has been at times expressed that France should have at first assumed and so far maintained an unchallenged leadership in the manufacture and use of the automobile; while, on the other hand, it is not generally understood why Great Britain, and in particular the United States, should have so much later recognized the demand for horseless vehicles. The reasons why these conditions have prevailed are more apparent upon reference to some pertinent historical facts. Motoring has been a cherished dream of European and American mechanical engineers for upwards of a hundred years, but especially since 1850. Various devices looking toward that end have been practicable, though usually very imperfect mechanisms, for decades. Since the valuable experiments of Richard Trevithick, a Cornish engineer, made in 1802-3-4, there has always been at some place or other one or more models of horseless vehicle capable of actual movement on railless surfaces, under control by the operator. The latter has until recently been called almost exclusively by the title of "engineer," as will be noticed upon examination of old-time files of leading scientific publications here or abroad. The reason therefor is obvious in view of the fact that steam was for a long time the only motive power seriously considered for this purpose.

In this country an unparalleled era of railway construction and extension—called for by reason of the great distances necessary to be traversed by passenger and freight traffic in internal commerce—spanned the past half century, and

placed all other forms of conveyance at a disadvantage for constructive energy and financial support. British commerce was, meanwhile, expanded to world proportions, mainly by means of factory, foundry, and loom products. Incomparably ahead in long-distance carrying—the American on land, and the Briton on sea—they had both lagged considerably behind in the devising of efficient methods for covering shorter distances with economy and speed. The unpreparedness of most highways in the United States had much to do with our national backwardness in this respect, as had also the wide separation—well-nigh isolation for road locomotion—of our centres of population. The introduction of the automobile into England was correspondingly delayed by the lack of the small automatic machine tools in which she was outclassed by this country, as well as by her continental neighbors.

CONTINENTAL FORWARDNESS EXPLAINED.

French laboratories and shops quietly busied themselves with work along these lines to a far greater extent than has been willingly credited by the experimenters of other nationalities, with, latterly, fruitful results in the way of vehicles of limited range. Extraordinary speed and extreme lightness of weight have been, as a rule, secured at the expense of unified strength, rigidity, and amplexness of service. The average machine of this system of production is small and slight, with a suggestion of incompleteness of combustion and inadequacy of power. There is on the whole a lack of symmetry, though points of graceful and useful design and construction may often appear. Its temper is seemingly one of fickleness, brought to the mind possibly by its inclination to vibrate on small pretext, and by an irregular puffing at the exhaust. Electricity as a motive power for automobiles has made but little real headway, and nowhere else in Europe has it won anything like the favor it has received in this country for limited range service. Petroleum, combustion, steam, alcohol, compressed air, and electric motors are in use, the order named being without doubt that of their numerical importance. Of these the alcohol type is almost exclusively continental.

The superior roadways of France offer encouragement for the amplest use of all practicable machines. This fact goes far to explain the astonishing popularity in that country of the motor cycle and tricycle, types of construction much less known in England, and almost entirely unknown on this side of the Atlantic. Among civilized peoples the French are the most enthusiastic in their appreciation of new and novel inventions, and are the most prompt in reducing them to tangible forms. Thus has the national temperament—seldom over-critical in the face of a new opportunity to lead the world in fashion—seized upon every near-to-hand production, and for the time being the Parisians excel all others in the ardor of their devotion to the recreation and sport of automobilism.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS IN THE NEW WORLD.

The industry in the United States is of a fundamentally different character. Every type known in Europe save one—the alcohol motor—

is in some stage of production here, and such advances as are made have especially in view the meeting of the severest requirements of all-around service. Neither high speed nor lightness can safely be had at the expense of strength and durability. Roads must be taken as they are to-day, not as they ought to be, or as they will be a generation hence. Street pavements and road surfaces of many kinds are to be passed over, and mud, mire, and standing water gone through. Up-grades and down-grades must needs be negotiated without hesitation or danger, and even usual snows be made to yield. The light roundabout and the heavy autotruck are to overcome much the same obstacles, but in ways and by means essentially different. Thus it would be possible to continue indefinitely, simply cataloguing the various trying conditions in which an American automobile might, within a single sixmonth, be expected to give a good account of itself.

Never before in the history of mechanics have so many designers and constructors of the first order of ability been placed so thoroughly upon their mettle as now in the field of international motor-vehicle manufacture. The only known quantities are the stern requirements to be met, and the only guiding principles are those gratuitously contributed by general industry or gathered from experiment with recent productions. On the other hand, there are no limits to the values of superior conclusions. The host of challenges hurled at the trade have been accepted with a zest which is even now winning new laurels for our mechanical engineers, and which promises within a few years to popularize the use of the automobile through the offering to all comers of models of various types at fair, not necessarily low, prices.

Contemporaneous tendencies in American manufacture incline to specialization, to the building of certain kinds of motors and their carrying bodies for particular purposes. Thus the heavy electric machine is offered primarily for use under circumstances best suited to its kind and most conducive to its satisfactory performance, while encouragement is carefully withheld from any and all attempts to go beyond its proven capabilities. Though with broad provinces distinctively their own, the steam and combustion systems to a certain extent thrive on the limitations to which electricity as a motive power is subject. In a country like this, possessing many populous cities and picturesque, widespread domains, so much wealth and internal traffic, and with a constitutional liking for mechanical accessories to personal effort in work or sport, there is room, yea need, for the amplest development of all practicable types. This very refinement of specialization not only forecasts ultimate leadership to the automobile products of the United States, but even now our built-to-order equipments surpass their counterparts in all other countries, and to-day bring the highest prices in European salesrooms.

SUNDRY OVER-SEA OBSERVATIONS.

Less fertility of resource in planning and building is manifested in Great Britain than in either France or America. British ideas in motors are for the most part patterned after those of France, and the constructive details of most machines follow more or less the corresponding

models of this country. Nevertheless some very excellent results are obtained in both speed and power with the anglicized products. Of the other industrial nations of Europe, Belgium and Germany, Austria and Russia show the most progressive activity. Road conditions in the Netherlands are exceedingly favorable for easy touring, and the vehicles there produced are very similar to those of France, i. e., light and swift, but of limited range. The automobile tournaments held at convenient times of the year in many cities and towns on the German Rhine are at present unique. Austria is giving especial attention to military dispatch and transport service by horseless means. In the streets of St. Petersburg the autotruck for heavy cartage has become a familiar sight, while there and elsewhere in European Russia the electric vehicle has made distinctive headway, bringing into being at least one plan elsewhere untried, consisting of a great steam-driven traveling van equipped not only to recharge exhausted storage batteries, but also to make emergency repairs on the road. Italy, Sweden, Denmark and Spain are more or less conscious of the importance of self-propulsion, but there is little real mechanical progress to record.

AMERICAN OUTLOOK BRIGHTEST.

The commercial basis of the automobile industry in the United States is well calculated to lead, within a few years, to the production of large numbers of highest-grade mechanisms in advantageous price-and-quality competition with the world. After the motor is provided the manufacture of these vehicles is very largely a matter of superior automatic machinery and intelligent workmanship, in both of which directions the new world excels. A very important element in wood-and-metal manufacture is the supply of raw materials of the best qualities; these are abundant in this country. Industrial capital, though difficult to interest in idle pursuits, is available in plenty for the expeditious outworking of every favorable conception and device. The upspringing of numerous companies with vast authorized capital represents, on the whole, relatively small investments. These are often exploited to guard or test some invention or series of patents more likely to fall than to stand in the close-sifting process already proving disastrous to the less substantial ones. With the clearing of the atmosphere—which will come with more intelligent discrimination between the true and the false in design and construction, on the part of buyers—this riot of incorporation will give way to able financiering and to a high order of managerial ability. Public interest and confidence will be thereby encouraged to the point where sufficient support for every reasonable need of the industry will be freely forthcoming, and doubtless generously sustained.

King George of Greece, already a cyclist, has recently purchased an automobile.

Akron, O., has a motor-driven police patrol wagon, weighing about 5,500 pounds. It is equipped with a propelling strength of eight horse-power, and cost \$2,300.

Automobiles are taxed in a number of Belgian cities, usually according to size and weight. The rates vary from twenty to fifty francs per annum.

VRIL.



UNEXPECTED ACTION OF LIGHT.

THOSE to whom photography is something more than a mere amusement will be interested in knowing that Prof. Wood, of Wisconsin University, has apparently solved a problem that has puzzled the best equipped scientists of the time, the cause of the so-called dark lightning flashes.

It has long been known that in the formation of the latent image the light, before it could do its actual work, whatever that may be, expended some of its power in overcoming a certain amount of inertia, and if there was only sufficient to do that, no image would be impressed; but in his search after the cause of the dark flash the professor has found that the first action of the light is to effect a change equal to the rendering of the film insensitive.

It had previously been shown that the dark flash, or reversal as it had been supposed, appeared only when the plate got the necessary fogging light after, not before, the flash; a fact that led the professor to believe it due to a cause other than reversal. It is needless to relate all the experiments he made until he had eliminated every probable cause but time, and showed conclusively that he could produce a flash at will by an exposure of not longer than 1-55,000 of a second.

This is how he did it: Two plates, in each of which there was a narrow slit, were arranged so as to slide rapidly past each other, with a duration of coincidence of the slits of the fraction of a second already mentioned, and a powerful arc light focused on the point of coincidence, the light being sufficient to char paper. To this intense light, and for the short period mentioned, plates were exposed, and in every case where the fogging light was given *after* the exposure, the flash was dark, that is, clear on the negative, but never when the fogging light was given *before* the flash.

Professor Wood sums up the result of his experiments as follows: "*The action of an intense light on a plate for a very brief time-interval decreases the sensitiveness of the plate to light.*" This may not seem very much, but when we remember that little or nothing is really known of the nature of the latent image, we should accept with thanks every little help, and the settling of the long controversy about the dark flash is surely something.

A NEW FILM.

One of the questions of the past year has been the support for the sensitive film—glass paper, and celluloid, each having had its advocates. In a recent review I called attention to that known as "*secco*," and expressed the opinion that it would probably take the place of all others; but Sandell, of the Sandell

plate fame, has recently patented what I think, if all that is claimed for it be true, will be the favorite. He gets over the difficulty by doing away with it altogether, and making the film support itself.

The film, like the Sandell plate, is a multi-coated one, the several layers of emulsion, rendered insoluble by chrome alum or formalin, being spread on a suitable temporary support, and when dry, stript, made into rolls or cut sizes, and handled in every way as the films at present in use. In this way the support is done away with, and nothing remains but a film that, according to the inventor, is simply faultless.

PRINTING BY ACETYLENE.

When bromide paper was introduced, we were taught that as the light varied with the square of the distance, an exposure of four minutes at a distance of two feet would be the same as an exposure of one minute at a distance of one foot; but experience soon showed that there was a difference. With a negative of average quality, the short time at the short distance was found to give a more brilliant print, and since then photographers have acted accordingly. Keeping in mind that fact, recent experiments have shown me that acetylene is an ideal printing light. Size with size of flame, acetylene is about sixteen times more actinic than the flame of a well-trimmed kerosene lamp, and the flame of a burner consuming three-quarter foot gives a print in just one-fourth of the time required for the one-inch wick of the lamp hitherto employed, and a more brilliant result at that. I have been employing the "Winchester" lamp, made in Chicago, but the ordinary acetylene bicycle lamp will answer the purpose.

A NEW SENSITIZING SOLUTION.

Dr. Johannes Meyer, of New York, has patented what may be called a citro or tartro-phosphate of silver sensitizing solution, for which he claims a sensitiveness sufficient for "printing out" by artificial light. The instructions, as is usual in such cases, are rather ambiguous, but the following will give some idea of its nature.

To a solution of silver nitrate is added a solution of sodium phosphate as long as a precipitate falls, and the precipitate is well washed by decantation, and water added to make an ounce. To this is added five drams of tartaric acid dissolved in five drams of water, stirring the while. This is said to form a jelly-like mass and should be in bulk about two ounces. This forms the sensitive solution, and should be applied with a brush to any surface on which it is desired to print.

If, instead of adding tartaric acid, two drams of citric acid be added, a clear transparent solution is obtained, which is said to be much more sensitive, although the silver is said to crystallize out if left standing. I shall look into the matter, and possibly be able to give a better formula in next review. There is, of course, nothing new in the employment of silver phosphate, and what the patentee can claim is only its combination with an organic acid, but we will not grudge him his patent if all he claims for it be true.

DR. JOHN NICOL.



OFFICIAL COURSES.

THE movement inaugurated at the annual meeting of the Metropolitan Golf Association, February 1st, is the precursor of great things in the development of golf. A movement resulted from that meeting to obtain possession of the Meadowbrook course for the purpose of holding championship tournaments and other important matches—to make it in fact the official course of the association. The proposal will be submitted to the forty-four clubs forming the association, and, in case it is approved, the association will assume the maintenance of the links and the house, and extend and put the course into perfect golfing condition. Should the scheme eventuate, it will doubtless be followed by other local leagues, and the result will be a series of official links in all of which conditions will be to a great extent uniform. This will remove the uncertainties and differences which must always exist so long as play in important matches is held indiscriminately, first on one kind of a course and then on another; and form will be capable of definite comparison.

The logic of this will react upon the National Golf Association, which would almost be compelled then to secure an official course for national championships; and it would crown the events of the year with an assurance that skill and not diversity of circumstances would rule the results.

The project is desirable and probable, but it will not take effect in time to affect the choice of Nassau as the course for this year's Metropolitan Association tournament.

A WINTER SURPRISE.

The arrival of Harry Vardon, who has three times won the open golf championship of Great Britain, has set the tongues of the golfers wagging from Maine to California, and great is the speculation as to his play under any and every diversity of conditions. That Vardon is a remarkable exponent of the game goes without saying. His play and records are household words with hundreds of golfers both amateurs and professionals, and the consensus of opinion is that he is invincible. His accuracy in his strongest point, and he is a perfect master of every club in the bag. Indeed, if reports are to be credited, and many of them are indisputable, Vardon can place a ball wherever he wishes to, with a confidence and certainty that seem to indicate a special gift.

Vardon's first appearance in an open championship was at St. Andrews, in 1895, when Taylor won with 322, and Vardon tied for sixth place, at 338, with his brother Tom, A. Too-good and Bernard Sayers. Ten dollars was what he won in cash by this achievement. The

next year, after the lead had been between himself and Taylor, Vardon won his first open championship at Muirfield. He won again at Prestwick, in 1898, although with 307 he beat Willie Park, Jr., only a single stroke. Last year Vardon won again, although Jack White beat him on one round in strokes, when the professionals met at Sandwich. The famous Scotland versus England match, which had been hanging fire ever since Park's narrow defeat at Prestwick, was also played last season, and won very easily by Vardon. Vardon began that season by taking the big open event at the Mid-Surrey Club, Richmond, England; and shortly after, he led the field at the opening of the new links at Cruden Bay, near Aberdeen, Scotland. Next, at Eastbourne, he was beaten by James Braid, the professional, who has twice missed the open championship by a stroke, by 2 up. Then, on June 8th, Vardon won the open championship from ninety-eight competitors, and by a score of sixteen strokes better than when Taylor won over the same course in 1894. During July Vardon met Willie Park, Jr., in the great home-and-home match, winning by 11 up and 10 to play.

Setting out for a tour through Scotland, Vardon in August beat Willie Fernie, at Troon, by 5 up and 4 to play; A. H. Scott, at Elie, by 10 up and 9 to play; Jack Kinnell, at Leven, by 3 up and 2 to play; Bernard Sayers, at Luffness, by 5 up and 3 to play; J. Dalgleish, at Nairn, by 4 up and 3 to play, and A. Tingey, at Portmarnock, Ireland, by 3 up and 2 to play, also winning the prize for the best score in the preliminary medal-play round.

Returning to England, Vardon lost two matches to J. H. Taylor during September. In the first, at Newquay, Cornwall, Vardon missed a stimie, and in the attempt to negotiate it knocked Taylor's ball into the hole, losing by 1 up. Later, at Westward Ho, Taylor won by 3 up and 2 to go. In the same month the two halved a thirty-six hole match at Brancaster, after Taylor had been 3 up with but 7 to play. In October Vardon and Albert Tingey halved a match at the West Herts Club, after Tingey had been 2 up with 5 to play. Vardon met "Sandy" Herd four times in the year, winning twice and losing twice.

In 1898 Vardon's record was, if anything, a shade better than his performances last season, and, taking the two years together, the record is one that stands without a peer in golf.

Vardon is the second holder of the open championship of the world to come to this country, Willie Park, Jr., having visited our shores twice.

STATE GOLF ASSOCIATIONS.

The movement which received its impulse at the last annual meeting of the United States Golf Association to create local associations of district clubs, still goes on apace. We have recorded aforetime the existence of several such: the Metropolitan, the New England, the Connecticut, the Philadelphia Women's Association, the Pittsburg Association, the Western and the Southern, etc. To these must now, or shortly will, be added Massachusetts, Ohio, and Iowa. These territories leave still desirable gaps to be filled in the Middle States, already dotted with smaller associations. Out of this

movement nothing but good can come, and the fact of its necessity is a tribute to the width and depth of the interest in the game.

GOLF IN THE SOUTH.

On both sides of Florida, the east and west, golf has had an impetus given to it beyond precedent; and under the tutelage of some of the best of our Northern instructors, tournaments have been numerous and results beyond expectation. Golf in such a climate, in such surroundings, and amongst the class of those who visit the favored South for winter residence has been found to fill a long-felt want. It is active without exhaustion, and interesting without undue excitement. It can be indulged in by all ages and either sex, and is social to an extent that no other pastime can lay claim to. The resorts of the South are wise in their generation to foster it.

To meet Vardon on Florida links, the leading professionals of this country have been gathering on those links for some time past. Tom Dunn is in charge of the West Coast series of links. Willie Smith, the American open champion; George Low, the runner-up; W. V. Hoare and Bernard Nichols are in the State ready to play and to follow up the events just as their records will permit. Vardon's opponents in the four matches will probably be Smith, Low, who has developed considerably since the Baltimore contest; Findlay, and that steady player, Arthur H. Fenn, known as the best American golfer. Fenn, like Vardon, has forged to the front by carrying out his own ideas. It is thought by many of the best amateurs in the South that Vardon's hardest match will be against Penn.

IN THE FAR WEST.

California is fairly overrun with visitors, amongst whom golf is a recreation which they find ample opportunity to indulge in, and the home players have been no less busy. John Duncan Dunn is making a tour of the State. On Saturday, January 27th, play began on the Presidio links in the second series of home-and-home matches between teams of eight men representing the San Francisco and Oakland Golf Clubs. The Presidio course was in fair condition, though somewhat cut up by the hoofs of artillery horses which are exercised over the links. The tournament was over eighteen holes, match play, and resulted as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO GOLF CLUB.		OAKLAND GOLF CLUB.	
	1st 2d R. K.		1st 2d R. K.
H. B. Goodwin.....	0 5	E. R. Folger.....	1 0
S. L. Abbot, Jr.....	2 4	W. P. Johnson.....	0 0
R. H. Gaylord.....	3 1	R. H. Gaylord.....	0 0
H. D. Pillsbury.....	1 0	G. D. Greenwood.....	0 1
Charles Page.....	2 0	F. S. Stratton.....	0 1
J. W. Byrne.....	6 0	P. G. Gow.....	0 2
E. J. McCutchen.....	6 0	H. E. Knowles.....	0 1
L. O. Kellogg.....	5 0	T. R. Hutchinson.....	0 2
	25 10		1 7
	35		8

The San Francisco team thus won 27 up.

As the above scores show, the play was very close and interesting. The course was wet, and the greens were slow and not quite true.

An eighteen-hole handicap among the ladies

of the San Francisco Golf Club was won by Miss Maud Mullins, with a score of 127 less 6=121, Miss Caro Crockett being second with 131 less 6=125. The competition took place on January 22d.

The first inter-club team match held under the auspices of the Southern California Golf Association began January 26th, on the links of the Pasadena Country Club. The following were the results of the first day's play over eighteen holes, match play: C. E. Orr, of Pasadena, beat R. J. C. Wood, of the Catalina Island Golf Club, 4 up, or 2 points; E. D. Silent, of Catalina, and Frank Polley, of Pasadena, finished all square; J. E. Jardine, of Pasadena, beat J. H. Nicoll, of Catalina, 4 up, or 2 points; —Hostetter, of Pasadena, beat N. W. Howard, of Catalina, 3 up, or 2 points; Pasadena thus scoring 6 points.

W. Cosby, of the Los Angeles Country Club, beat C. E. Maud, of Riverside, 7 up, or 3 points; J. F. Sartori, of Los Angeles, beat B. O. Bruce 3 up, or 2 points; E. B. Tufts, of Los Angeles, beat —Roberts, of Riverside, 5 up, or 3 points; Hugh May, of Los Angeles, beat J. R. McNab, of Riverside, 3 up, or 2 points. Los Angeles thus won by 10 points.

W. Cosby, of Los Angeles, beat C. E. Orr, of Pasadena, 2 up; F. Polley, of Pasadena, beat J. F. Sartori, of Los Angeles, 3 up; E. B. Tufts, of Los Angeles, beat J. E. Jardine, of Pasadena, 4 up, and Hugh May, of Los Angeles, beat —Hostetter, of Pasadena, 3 up. The Los Angeles thus won by 5 points against 1.

In the match between the Riverside and Santa Catalina teams C. E. Maud, of Riverside, beat R. J. C. Wood 4 up; E. D. Silent and Roberts halved their match; J. H. Nicoll, of Catalina, beat J. R. McNab of Riverside, 2 up, and N. W. Howard, of Catalina, defeated B. O. Bruce, of Riverside, 4 up. The score was Santa Catalina, 3 points; Riverside, 2 points. The total score for the first day's play was as follows: Los Angeles, 15; Pasadena, 8; Santa Catalina, 3; Riverside, 2.

On the second day C. E. Orr, of Pasadena, beat C. E. Maud, of Riverside, 5 up, or 3 points; F. Polley beat —Roberts, of Riverside, 9 up, or 3 points; J. E. Jardine, of Pasadena, and J. R. McNab, of Riverside, halved their match, and —Hostetter, of Pasadena, beat B. O. Bruce 2 up, or 1 point, making seven points for Pasadena.

In the match between Los Angeles and Santa Catalina W. Cosby beat R. J. C. Wood, of Catalina, 4 up; E. B. Tufts beat J. H. Nicoll 1 up; Hugh May beat N. W. Howard 2 up, but E. D. Silent, of Santa Catalina, beat J. F. Sartori, of Los Angeles, 5 up. The scores for the whole match were: Los Angeles Country Club, 19 points; Pasadena Country Club, 15 points; Santa Catalina Island Golf Club, 6 points; and Riverside Polo and Golf Club, 2 points.

The first tournament for the Women's Championship of Southern California was held at the same time, and was won by Mrs. Jean W. Bowers, who defeated Mrs. John D. Foster, of the Los Angeles Country Club, the contest being over eighteen holes, match play. Mrs. J. W. Bowers is the champion woman golfer of Southern California for the year, and received a gold medal. Mrs. J. D. Foster won a silver medal for second place.

ARTHUR INKERSLEY.

ICE YACHTING.



ORANGE LAKE RACING.

IPUT in the full month of January on Orange Lake, Newburgh, N. Y., and there was sailing nearly every day over ice in superb condition. The wind varied from a dead calm to a howling gale. On January 5th there were two races started, but owing to the wind petering out neither was finished.

The event scheduled for January 6th was the ten-mile race (handicap) for Vice-Commodore Kidd's champion pennant. The yachts lined up at 4 P. M. The wind was light from the west, but petered out at the finish.

The *Ice Queen*, sailed by Captain Collyer, of Low Point, crossed the home line first, at 4:33 o'clock, followed by Elijah Walsh's *Arctic*, at 4h. 34m. 30s. Alderman Kernahan's *Troubler*, Comm. Higginson's *Cold Wave*, and *Flying Jib*, sailed by Gerard Wood, dropped out. The official time of the winner, 33 minutes.

On January 10th a race was sailed for the Van Nostrand cup, wind south by west, and fresh. This race was won by *Cold Wave*; time, 41m. 30s. *Ice Queen* second, 42m. *Arctic*, 42m. 30s.

The Kidd pennant race was started at 1:38 P. M. on January 11th—a ten-mile (handicap). There were entered the *Windward*, sailed by Commodore Higginson; *Cold Wave*, sailed by Capt. James O'Brien; *Snow Drift*, sailed by W. A. Kidd; *Ice Queen*, sailed by Capt. Smith; *Ice King*, sailed by C. M. Stebbins; *Troubler*, sailed by Alderman Robt. Kernahan; *Arctic* sailed by Elijah Walsh, and *Eolus*, sailed by Geo. Trimble.

The *Windward* led the fleet, sailing the course in 34m., being 8s. ahead of the *Ice Queen* and 1m. 8s. over the line before the *Snow Drift*. The corrected time showed the *Ice Queen* to be the winner, and *Snow Drift* second.

After the above event a second race took place for the Challenge Cup of 1888. This is an open event. The same boats were entered as in the previous race, and the distance was ten miles, but, with the tacking required, footed up to sixteen miles. The elapsed time was 30m. 30s. *Windward*, first; *Snow Drift*, second; *Eolus*, third; *Cold Wave*, fourth, and *Arctic*, fifth. *Troubler* and *Ice King* did not finish.

On Wednesday, January 17th, the ice was in superb condition, black and as smooth as plate-glass. The breeze was fair from the northeast. The first race started was for the Van Nostrand Cup. Entered: *Cold Wave*, *Arctic*,

Windward, *Eolus* and *Snow Drift*. From the start the *Arctic* led, closely followed by the *Windward* and *Snow Drift*, in relative position. It was a hard-fought struggle, resulting in the *Arctic* winning. Below are the official times:

Start, 2:58 P. M.		
Name of Yacht.	Owner.	Finish Time.
<i>Arctic</i>	E. Walsh ..	3:33:59
<i>Cold Wave</i>	James O'Brien, Jr.....	Dropped out.
<i>Windward</i>	H. C. Higginson.....	3:34:35
<i>Eolus</i>	Geo. Trimble.....	Gave up.
<i>Snow Drift</i>	Captain Merritt.....	3:34:55
<i>Arctic</i> covered course in 35m. 50s. Course 10 miles. <i>Snow Drift</i> beaten by 18s. Race sailed by time allowance.		

On January 21st four new prizes were accepted by the club to be raced for, and to be won and retained by the yacht winning three heats.

The prizes are as follows: A handsome and massive gold stop-watch, presented by Commodore H. C. Higginson; a large-sized Orange Lake Ice Yacht Club burgee, richly embroidered, presented by Captain James O'Brien, Jr.; a massive silver loving cup, presented by Elijah Walsh; in addition to these prizes Mr. Frederick Brewster, of New York City, has presented the club, to be raced for, a handsome silver loving cup. Each of the four new prizes, if won by its giver, goes to the second boat.

On January 22d the first race for the Higginson gold watch took place. Distance to be sailed, ten miles over regular course. Time limit of race, 35 minutes. The wind was medium from the south and the ice softish. The *Windward* led, outsailing every other yacht, and made the ten miles in 34m. 47s., being just 17 seconds inside the time limit of 35 minutes. By corrected time the *Windward* had outsailed the *Snow Drift* by 47s. The other yachts were far behind.

The second race on the same day was for the club burgee. The *Arctic* covered the course in 46m., *Snow Drift* second, *Flying Jib* third. In corrected time *Arctic* won. The *Flying Jib* led the fleet for three laps in great style. She was sailed by Gerard Wood. The course sailed was ten miles, and they had one hour time limit to cover that distance.

The second race for the Higginson gold watch was sailed on Tuesday, Jan. 23d. A ten-mile race, to be sailed in thirty-five minutes on time allowance. The wind was fresh from the southward. The *Arctic* won, finishing at 10:48:30; *Cold Wave* second, 10:49:40; *Ice Queen* third, 10:50:30; *Troubler* fourth, 10:51; *Snow Drift* fifth, 10:51:30.

The second race for the O'Brien silk burgee, took place on Wednesday, Jan. 24th. Commodore Higginson's *Windward* won easily. The time for the ten miles was 37 min. 27 sec. Elijah Walsh's *Arctic* second, H. M. Ramsdell's *Ice Queen* third, Vice-Commodore Willett Kidd's *Snow Drift* fourth, Commodore Higginson's *Cold Wave* fifth, Robt. Kernahan's *Troubler* sixth.

At a recent meeting of the Orange Lake Ice Yacht Club the following officers, for the year, were elected: Commodore, H. C. Higginson; Vice-Commodore, Willett Kidd; Secretary and

Treasurer, W. A. Kidd; Chairman of Race Committee, James O'Brien, Jr.; Official Measurer, H. Percy Ashley.

RACING ON THE SHREWSBURY RIVER.

The first race at Red Bank took place on Jan. 5th. Eight boats entered, as follows: James B. Weaver's *Kittie*, L. F. Chevalier's *Bella*, these of the second class; Edward Asay's *Daisy*, Commodore Morford's *Flaw*, Charles Baird's *Zip*, Jacob Cornwell, Jr.'s *Glacier*, William White's *Gull*, Rennie Hendrickson's *Nip*, and Charles Foxwell's *Flirt*, all of the third class.*

The wind was very light and the race unexciting. The ice was in fair condition, but not thick enough to hold the larger ice yachts. The distance of the course was five miles, but owing to the amount of beating required the total distance sailed was much more and it took a half hour to sail the race. In the second class *Kittie* had a walk over. In the third class *Daisy* won, *Flaw* second, and *Zip* third.

On January 6th the first race of the South Shrewsbury I. Y. C. was sailed near Long Branch for the club pennant. The ice yachts that crossed the starting line were Commodore Wm. A. Seaman's *Herald*, Edwin E. Taber's *Le Roy*, Bert Cubberly's *Leota*. The wind was light, and a triangular course of seven miles was sailed over. The *Herald* won, covering the course in 18m. 15s. The *Le Roy*'s time was 18m. 25s., *Leota* 18m. 30s.

The club had its annual meeting on January 5th and elected the following officers: Commodore, William A. Seaman; Vice-Commodore, Charles P. Irwin; Secretary, Bert Cubberly; Treasurer, J. J. Manolt; Sailing Master, Jesse Lafetra; Regatta Committee, E. E. Taber, William Pontin and George A. Lippincott.

Vice-Commodore Irwin, at the meeting, presented the club with a pennant.

January 9th saw good ice-yacht races at the course of the North Shrewsbury I. Y. C. near Red Bank, N. J. The regatta was started in the afternoon. The race was known as the "Commodore's," and seventeen boats started. The wind was south and light. The three-mile triangular course was sailed over four times. These yachts started:

Second Class—James B. Weaver's *Kittie*, L. F. Chevalier's *Bella*, William McMahon's *Get There*, and Charles Allen, Jr.'s *Edna M.*

Third Class—Edward Asay's *Daisy*, Thomas Daniel's *Vixen*, Charles Burd's *Zip*, Commodore Samuel W. Morford's *Flaw*, Augustus Haviland's *Blizzard*, Lester Blanchard's *Nancy Hanks*, Jacob Cornwell's *Aurela*, Rennie Hendrickson's *Nip*, William White's *Gull*, Jacob Cornwell, Jr.'s *Mischief*, Peter McClee's *Breeze*, Theodore Watson's *Uvira*, and Robert Hance's *Rabbit*. The *Get There* finished first in 34m. 15s., with the *Edna M.* second. In the third class *Daisy* won handily, beating the *Flaw* 1m. 1s., and *Zip* was third.

On the next day, January 10th, a race was sailed for the challenge pennant of the North Shrewsbury I. Y. C. in the afternoon. A variable and light wind drove the yachts over the regular club course. The starters were Chas. P. Irwin's *Georgie*, Edward Asay's *Daisy*,

Commodore Morford's *Flaw*, Chas. Burd's *Zip*, and Thomas Daniel's *Vixen*. The lateen *Georgie* jumped to the lead and kept increasing it to the finish, beating *Daisy* by 4 m. *Flaw* finished third.

On the same afternoon there was a race at the South Shrewsbury Club course. The *Le Roy* led the *Herald* for over a half-mile at the finish line; *Leota* third. *Le Roy*'s time over the course was 29m. 25s.

On the 11th it was blowing a half-gale on the Shrewsbury. Three exciting ice-yacht races were sailed under the auspices of the North Shrewsbury River Club. The wind blew a gale from the eastward, and there were several accidents among the flyers. In one race the winner covered eighteen miles in 22m.

The first race was for the challenge pennant in the third class, the entries being the *Daisy*, *Flaw*, *Zip*, and *Vixen*. The *Daisy*'s jib was carried away early in the race. The *Zip* won in 29m. 25s., beating the *Flaw* 3m.

Seven third-class boats started in a race for silver prizes donated by Commodore Morford. They were the *Daisy*, *Georgie*, *Vixen*, *Zip*, *Flaw*, *Hurricane*, and *Rabbit*. Most of the yachts carried all sail, but their runner planks were weighted down with sandbags. Even then they lifted their windward runners high in the air, and frequently were almost overturned. The *Georgie* won, covering the course in 24m. The *Flaw* was second, and the *Rabbit* third.

The second-class boats also had a race for a silver prize, the only starters being *Edna M.* and *Kittie*. On the second round the latter broke down, and the *Edna M.*, owned by Charles Allen, Jr., won in 22m.

On January 15th there was more racing by the North Shrewsbury Club, over the triangular course, making a total distance of 12 miles. As usual, the lateen *Georgie* won with ease, her time being 31m. 20s. The other competing boats were *Daisy*, *Blizzard*, and *Amora*.

Owing to snow and warm weather, no racing took place until Saturday, February 4th. In a fresh and piping westerly breeze the boats of the North Shrewsbury I. Y. C. faced the starting-line for an exciting struggle, near Red Bank. The race was for the handsome silver prizes given by Vice-Commodore Charles D. Warner. The yachts that faced the line were Charles P. Irwin's *Georgie*, Charles Burd's *Zip*, Thomas Daniel's *Vixen* (of the Burlington, Vt., I. Y. C.), Jacob Cornwell's *Aurora*, Samuel W. Morford's *Flaw*, Daniel Asay's *Zero* and Edward Asay's *Daisy*. The *Georgie*, with Charlie Irwin at stick, won handily, her time in covering the course being exactly twenty-five minutes. It was a hot finish for second place between *Zip* and *Vixen*, but victory was secured by the former.

BAR HARBOR.

The Pemetic I. Y. C. is situated at Eagle Lake, near Bar Harbor, Me., and even at this date boats are being built. The *Beagle*, built from design published in OUTING of December, has swept all before it here.

On the 21st of January two races were sailed for the smaller class of boats. The course ran a mile and a quarter southwest, half a mile west, and a mile and one-eighth northeast, making a triangle of two and seven-eighths

* Ice yachts on the Shrewsbury are not classed by sail area, but by width of track left on the ice by the fore-runners. Viz.: As per rule two, "the first-class boats shall constitute those of 18 feet and over, the second-class boats shall constitute all of those under 18 to 12 feet, the third-class boats 12 feet and under, and when there is but one boat in third class, said boat shall be placed in second class."

miles. Time limit, twenty minutes. The breeze was a steady one of about twenty knots, and the home-line was crossed as follows :

- 1st, *Beagle* (from *OUTING* designs), owned by Leander Higgins, sailed by John Roberts; time, 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.
- 2d, *Ice Cream*, owned and sailed by John Clark; time, 14m.
- 3d, *Red Cloud*, owned by Goddard & Clark, sailed by Richard Kent; time, 15m.
- 4th, *Ice Queen*, owned and sailed by Charles Connors; time, 15m.
- 5th, No name, owned and sailed by George M. Tower; time, 17m.
- 6th, *Crack-a-Jack*, No. 2, owned and sailed by W. T. Chandler; time, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.
- 7th, *Marie Antoinette*, owned by Sherley Goddard, sailed by Capt. Lyon; time, 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.

There was considerable windward work. *Beagle* won.

The second race for a silver cup was more exciting owing to the increasing breeze. The yachts finished in this order :

- 1st, *Beagle*, sailed by John Roberts; time, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.
- 2d, *Ice Cream*, sailed by James Shea; time, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.
- 3d, *Red Cloud*, sailed by John Clark; time, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.
- 4th, *Ice Queen*, sailed by Frank Connors; time, 15m.
- 5th, No name, sailed by G. M. Tower; time, 18 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.

Tuesday afternoon the second race in the series was sailed over the same course and with the same time limit. The wind, however, was not so stiff. It was about an eighteen-knot one. The finish was as follows:

- 1st, *Red Cloud*, sailed by John Clark; time, 14m.
- 2d, *Ice Queen*, sailed by Charles Connors; time, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ m.
- 3d, *Beagle*, sailed by John Roberts; time, 16m.
- 4th, *Ice Cream*, sailed by James Shea; time, 16m.
- 5th, No name, sailed by John Rich; time, 21m.

This gave the second leg to *Red Cloud*. The poor showing of *Beagle* as compared with Sunday's race is attributed to her carrying too much ballast. The attendance at the lake was quite large.

WINNEBAGO.

The Winnebago Ice Yacht Association is composed of the principal yacht clubs of Lake Winnebago, Mich. The races are held alternately at Fond du Lac, Menasha, and Oshkosh. The first race for two massive silver trophies was sailed off Lakeside Park, at Fond du Lac. My old friend, the *Sirius*, formerly of the Hudson River, carried off the honors. There were three starters in the first class: *Sirius*, owned by Vice-Commodore L. Frank Gates, of Oshkosh; *Fashion*, owned by Mr. Sullivan, of Oshkosh Ice Yacht Club, and *Reliable*, owned by Mr. Dean of Fond du Lac. A stiff southerly wind was merrily piping through the taut wire rigging at 2:10:20 P. M. The course was triangular, sailed twice around, making a total distance of nine miles. The first-class yachts were sent over the course first, and five minutes later those of the second class were started.

In the run to the first mark it looked very serious for the *Sirius*, but as they rushed toward the second stake *Sirius* overhauled the *Reliable* in great shape. *Fashion* also passed the *Fond du Lac*. The *Sirius* sailed the course of nine miles in 22m. 30s.

The second class with six starters got over the line at 2:16:00. There were three of this class from Fond du Lac and three from Oshkosh. A Fond du Lac boat led, but gradually and surely, Fleet Captain Billie Love's smart sloop *Flirt*, from Oshkosh Ice Yacht

Club, overhauled her, and led the fleet to the home line a sure winner, covering the course in 23 minutes and 50 seconds. The official times were :

FIRST-CLASS YACHTS.

Name.	Start.	Finish.	Time.
<i>Sirius</i> , Gates.....	2:10:20	2:32:50	22:30
<i>Fashion</i> , Sullivan.....	2:10:20	2:35:30	25:10
<i>Reliable</i> , Dean.....	2:10:20	2:36:05	25:45

SECOND-CLASS YACHTS.

Name.	Start.	Finish.	Time.
<i>Flirt</i> , Love.....	2:16:50	2:40:40	23:50
<i>Rival</i> , Goebel.....	2:16:50	2:41:02	24:12
<i>Badger</i> , Zwickie....	2:16:50	2:42:35	25:45
<i>Anna K.</i> , Rahr.....	2:16:50	2:43:50	27:00
<i>Ruby</i> , Radford.....	2:16:50	2:43:55	27:05
<i>Lorinda</i> , Jewson.....	2:16:50	Time not taken.	

LAKE PEPIN.

Lake Pepin, Wis., is an enlargement of the Mississippi River, and affords one of the finest ice-yachting fields, and as a rule they have very fine ice-yachting in the early winter and late spring. The first races for the North-western pennant and the J. B. Hudson cup, took place at Pepin, Wis., on Saturday, December 23, 1899. The breeze was very light, and thirteen boats faced the line.

The boats glided noiselessly away at 2:07 P. M. The first turning stake was near the Minnesota shore, and the yachts rounded close together and started for a dead beat of four miles to the second stake. On this leg the boats were spread all over the lake. After passing the stake it was a free run of four miles to the home line. On the first round Commodore Anderson's *Lorna*, of Pepin Club, sailed by Claude Fuller, came in first, and was a minute and a half ahead of the two Lake City yachts, *Helen* and *Alaska*; the remaining boats of the fleet were close behind.

In the second round *Lorna* still maintained her lead until near the finish line, and then ran into a dead calm. Then the *Helen*, *Gracie*, *Annie B.*, and *Comet* swept by the *Lorna*. The *Helen*, from Lake City Club, finished first, time 58m.; *Gracie* second, time 58m. 30s.; *Annie B.* third, time 58m. 45s. Course sailed, 30 miles.

The second race was sailed on Christmas day, and the start made at 11:42.30 A. M. The ice was in good condition, and a half gale from the west piped free. It was a fine day for the heavy weather boats of the Pepin Club, but rather a dubious one for the Lake City boys, as most of their craft are medium or light weather ice yachts. The course of thirty miles was the same as the first race, but the moment the yachts started they began to rise and shy, lifting their runner boards high in the air and scuttling sidewise over the flinty ice like she-crabs. They finally got down to real work, and rounded the first stake in good shape, with the exception of *Olive B.*, who drew out of the race.

On the second leg it was a long beat to windward. The *Comet*, of the Pepin Club, on this leg overhauled in windward work the entire fleet, and worked up to second place.

The third leg was a run with a beam wind. The *Gracie*, of Lake City, still led the procession at the third stake in the first round, *Comet* a close second. The rest of the rounds were a battle royal, but *Comet* led and kept increasing her lead until the home line was

crossed. The course of twenty miles was sailed by *Comet* in 34m. 30s. *Gracie* finished 1m. and 20s. later; *Irene*, third, 30s. behind the Lake City yacht.

The third and last race was called for on Tuesday, December 26th, at one o'clock in the

afternoon. The *Comet* made the course in 38m. 28s. Near the finish line *Irene's* peak halyard parted, but, notwithstanding, she came in second, only 12 seconds behind the *Comet*. The *Alaska*, a Lake City craft, came in third, being a minute behind the *Irene*.

H. PERCY ASHLEY.

CURLING.

THE twenty-third annual contest for the Gordon medal was played on the rink at Hoboken, N. J., on Jan. 29th and 30th. Ten rinks participated. A great deal of interest was centred on the Van Cortlandt team, last year's winners of the Mitchell medal, who were expected to make a good showing, but they were put out in the second round. The closest match of the series was between Yonkers and Ivanhoe rinks, the former winning by only one point, after an exciting and high-scoring game.

The following are the scores by rinks:

FIRST ROUND.

Van Cortlandt..... 23	St. Andrew's..... 19
Jersey City..... 20	Caledonian, N. Y..... 12
Yonkers..... 25	Ivanhoe, N. J..... 24
Thistle, N. Y..... 19	Manhattan..... 11
Empire City..... 20	New Jersey B. and C. C. 9

SECOND ROUND.

Yonkers..... 18	Van Cortlandt..... 11
Jersey City..... 13	Empire City..... 19
N. Y. Thistles drew a bye.	

THIRD ROUND.

Thistles..... 20	Yonkers..... 11
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FINAL ROUND.

<i>Thistle.</i>	<i>Empire City.</i>
A. McKay,	George Manwell,
R. Loudon,	D. Robertson,
R. Lauder,	J. F. Conley,
Thomas Watt, skip..... 24	Adam Manwell, skip... 7

The ice was in perfect condition on both days, and was so fast that the veterans were obliged to use the dull bed of the stanes to enable them to get good shots. Thomas Watt, the "skip" of the winning team, is a veteran curler and has twice played on the winning team for this event.

The eighteenth annual bonspiel of the Northwestern Curling Association finished at Milwaukee on February 5th.

ICE HOCKEY.

THE steady growth of interest in ice hockey among the schoolboys of this country is one of the surest signs of the game's future progress. Hockey is comparatively new on this side of the border, and like many other forms of sports, proficiency is very hard to gain in a few seasons' play; in fact, in Canada, the home of the game, it is usually conceded that it takes three or four seasons good play to produce a man of first-rank quality. Thus it has always been difficult for our colleges to place good teams on the ice, as the usual college course and the few weeks that the game is played have hardly been enough in which to develop good players. This obstacle will soon be readily overcome, for within the next two or three seasons there will be boys graduating from the larger schools who will be full-fledged players, ready to start at once on their respective college teams, for the American boy is by

no means slow to pick up the fine points of any game he follows.

All forms of sports and athletics are more readily learned by the boy at school than by the young man at college. At the English universities one would stand but a poor chance of excelling in any form of sport had he to learn his game after he entered either Oxford or Cambridge. Like his classics or mathematics, all his preliminary knowledge in pastimes must be gained at school; he will rarely learn any of them at college, and even if he does, will stand a far rarer chance of distinguishing himself at them.

The universities are the place at which a man puts on his finishing touches in sport as well as mental study; and the time is surely coming when the great centers of higher education will no longer have to take the raw material in sport and mold it into form, but will

INTERNATIONAL.

<i>Arlington.</i>	<i>Milwaukee.</i>
Gabe Dunlop, Jr.,	E. Elmore,
G. McMillan,	A. D. McDougall,
Thomas Mair,	E. J. Roberts,
R. Robertson, skip—15.	O. W. Robertson, skip—9.

ST. PAUL CURLING CLUB TROPHY.

<i>Minneapolis.</i>	<i>Arlington.</i>
J. McLeod,	Gabe Dunlop, Jr.,
D. Colquhoun,	Thomas Mair,
Thomas Hastings,	G. McMillan,
S. Hastings, skip—15.	R. Robertson, skip—11.

In the other events the results were as follows:

Phister trophy, Milwaukee, skip J. C. Wall, won from Minneapolis, skip Sam Hastings, by 12 to 9.

St. Paul Jobbers' trophy, won by St. Paul, skip S. F. Fullerton, from Chicago, skip W. Kibbe, by 16 to 13.

Duluth Jobbers' trophy, won by Portage, J. E. Jones skip, from Waupaca, J. L. Sturtevant skip, by a score of 13 to 12.

Consolation prize, won by Baraboo, M. H. Mould skip, from Waupaca, J. L. Sturtevant skip, scores 10 to 9.

It is probable that next year's bonspiel will be held at Minneapolis.



1. Rounding the turn, 5,000 metre. 2. E. A. Thomas.
3. Finish of 5,000 metre championship.
4. F. R. Sager. 5. Officials at the finish.

simply give it that higher finish that the school-boy, by reason of his youth, is unable to attain.

That ice hockey as a game will gain much from its school and college following, there can be no doubt; and it is to be hoped that much of the undue and unnecessary roughness that one now sees too frequently in the game will soon disappear.

At the time of writing, the season in this country and Canada is practically half over. In Canada the race for the Senior Hockey League series shows the champion Shamrocks well in the lead, with a clear board of victories to their credit.

A summary of the games played to February 5th follows:

	Won.	Lost.	To Play.
Shamrock.....	4	0	4
Ottawa.....	3	1	4
Montreal.....	2	2	4
Victoria.....	1	3	4
Quebec.....	0	4	4

In the New York Amateur Hockey League tournament the Crescent Athletic team stand at the head of the list with straight wins. A summary of the League games played to February 7th is as follows:

	Won.	Lost.	Tie.	To Play.
Crescent A. C.....	5	0	0	5
St. Nicholas.....	4	2	0	4
Hockey Club of N. Y.	3	2	1	4
New York A. C.....	2	2	2	4
Brooklyn S. C.....	1	3	1	5
Naval Battalion.....	0	6	0	4

The following was the standing of the Inter-collegiate Hockey Association to February 10th:

	Won.	Lost.	To Play.
Columbia.....	2	0	4
Yale.....	2	0	4
Princeton.....	0	2	4
Brown.....	0	2	4

The schedule of the Long Island Interscholastic League had not very far advanced, but the schools stood as follows:

	Won.	Lost.
Cathedral School.....	2	0
Pratt High School.....	1	0
"Poly Prep".....	1	0
Brooklyn High School.....	0	1
Adelphi.....	0	1
Brooklyn Latin.....	0	1
Erasmus.....	0	1

The first game in the New York School tournament was played January 27th at St. Nicholas Rink, between Berkeley and Drisler. Berkeley won by four goals to nothing.

On January 30th the De La Salle Institute and Dwight School played a tie game in the series at St. Nicholas Rink, each team scoring one goal.

The third contest in championship series was played February 2d, at St. Nicholas Rink, between the Cutler and Columbia schools. The game resulted in a win for Cutler by a score of two goals to nothing.

VIGILANT.

SKATING.

EASTERN CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE Eastern championship speed skating races were held on the lake at Downing Park, Newburgh, on January 27th. The weather was excellent, and the ice in grand condition; in fact, so keen that it was with difficulty that the competitors were able to turn at the end of the stretch. The event was well managed. Unfortunately, the track was a little too small, being six turns to the mile, and this somewhat bothered the Canadian visitors, who are accustomed to a track of four laps to the mile. With the exception of J. Drury, who won the 500-metres, none of the visitors took back any laurels. E. A. Thomas, the local skater, was decidedly the hero of the day, for he carried off two championships and one handicap event. He skated in fine form, and with excellent judgment, and had it not been for a fall in the short race his chances were very good for that event. F. A. Sager, another Newburgher, came off victorious in the long-distance championship. He is a good all-round skater, and a very close second to his townsman, Thomas.

The winners of first and second in the novice race were skaters of considerable promise, especially Williams, who is little more than a boy; I expect to see him in a few seasons among the first on the open championship.

A summary of the events follows:

500-metre championship—Won by James Drury, Montreal; A. E. Pilkie, Montreal, 2; F. D. Gibb, Newburgh, 3. Time, 55.1-55.
10,000-metre championship—Won by F. R. Sager, Newburgh; E. A. Thomas, Newburgh, 2; James Drury, Montreal, 3. Time, 24m. 55s.
1,500-metre championship—Won by E. A. Thomas; F. R. Sager, 2; James Drury, 3. Time, 3m. 25s.

3,000-metre handicap—Won by E. A. Thomas; F. R. Sager, 2; E. A. Leach, 3. Time, 5m. 32s.
5,000-metre championship—Won by E. A. Thomas; F. R. Sager, 2; A. E. Pilkie, 3. Time, 11m. 46s.
1,500-metre novice—Won by E. A. Leach; J. H. Williams, 2; W. Morris, 3. Time, 4m. 58s.

The annual amateur speed skating championships of the Canadian Skating Association, were held at Montreal on Feb. 3d. The ice was in splendid condition. E. A. Thomas who, the week previous, had carried off most of the championships at Newburgh, N. Y., won the three-mile Canadian championship, and F. D. Gibb brought back the five-mile championship. James Drury managed to retain the one-mile championship honors for the home skaters. At last year's meeting Drury won the one, three, and five mile championships, in better times than they were won this year. Considering the fact that the ice on both occasions was in good condition, this year's performances were not especially good.

The summary follows:

Two hundred and twenty yards—Frank Robson, Toronto; F. D. Gibb, Newburgh, N. Y., 2; Brown, Montreal, 3. Time, 21s.
Eight hundred and eighty yards—Robert Sonne, Montreal; E. A. Thomas, Newburgh, N. Y., 2. Time, 1m. 25s.
One mile—James Drury, Montreal; B. Spooner, Montreal, 2; W. Thibeault, Montreal, 3. Time, 3m.
Three miles—E. A. Thomas, Newburgh, N. Y.; James Drury, Montreal, 2. Time, 9m. 22s.
Two hundred and twenty yards, hurdles—R. T. Holcomb, Montreal; F. J. Robson, Toronto, 2. Time, 27s.
Five miles—F. D. Gibb, Newburgh, N. Y.; E. A. Thomas, Newburgh, N. Y., 2; A. E. Pilkie, Montreal, 3. Time, 16m. 17s.
Eight hundred and eighty yards, backwards—Won by Thibeault; Holcomb, 2. Time, 1m. 32s.
Half mile, boys 12 years and under—Kenwood; Laderoute, 2.

T. C. TURNER.



THE TRADE PRODUCTS OF 1900.

AN especial interest attaches to the contemporaneous offerings of the cycle and allied industries in that they are the last of the century whose closing quarter not only gave them practical being, but carried them also a very long way toward fixity in general design and construction. From this viewpoint the latest productions are brought into contrast with their prototypes of the early days, and some sort of conception of future development obtains. But it would hardly require an end-of-the-century line falling athwart the path a little farther on to show the present year a buffer season between the old order of things in the cycling world—sport and trade alike—and the new. Nineteen hundred will round out well one series, or period of mechanical history of the wheel, that another one may begin with 1901. The calendar simply furnishes a ready and familiar means for locating and naming the landmarks which the progress of the industry has itself established.

The broad distinction I have here taken the liberty of drawing between the conditions of this year and next is more reasonable than may at first appear. The bicycle for long thrived on a narrow and unjust conception of its present and ultimate place. It was oftener regarded as a clever machine making its way alone into popular favor than as having but a single part in a great and widespread movement in transportation which it was, in point of time at least, privileged to lead. This fact has been in the serious consideration of the leaders in the trade for three or four years. Elsewhere it has had scant respect. But all men now know that the automobile, the motor-driven cycle and tricycle—which we already have—together with any new contributions which the future may make to the list, are all to share the public's patronage. They are to rationally supplement each other in ministering to recreative and special needs. The balance between them will be subject to disturbance so long as evolution is present in any one of them; and the spirit of change must necessarily dominate another full decade.

RETROGRESSION A PHANTASY.

Just now the bicycle is holding its own with security, and making very likely all reasonably-expected gains. The idea to the contrary arises principally from forgetfulness of the fact that the newer accessories to pleasure travel are coming rapidly to the fore, enveloping but not swallowing up the older ones, while everyday estimate, as fickle in subtracting from the value of the one as it is in adding to the importance of the other, moulds an undue share of opinion. Only those comparisons made at corresponding stages of industry are reliable.

Again, the late overdoing, best known by its newspaper term, the "craze" of wheeling, has gradually passed under a merited eclipse. Now and then a sign of revival appears above the horizon, but it is seldom more than the brilliant flicker of an expiring flame. Meanwhile the word "craze" is already being applied to automobilism. Close familiarity with the limitations as well as with the possibilities of the cycle, and the lapse of marked annual changes in types and models, have wrought this important result. By like means have freakish ideas in machines and their equipments been deprived of support and brushed aside in the interests of common-sense manufacture, and intelligent purchase and use.

OLD-TIME PATTERNS SUMMARIZED.

The lines of chain-driven machines are now so near uniformity that a full list of changes in the current models, taken even at closest range, would be still a short one, without points of special surprise. The individualities of the best-known makes have been even more deftly and deeply fixed, and carried as a rule to medium-priced and cheaper as well as to the higher grades. This is as evident in the productions of the confederated factories as in those of independent manufacture, assuring not only the survival of familiar and favorite names, but also a permanent wide choice to the buyer. It is still astonishing what range of selection fixed general types allow, options not only of frame-heights, weights, gears, tires and saddles, but also of colors, fork-crown and sprocket designs, treads, handle-bar fastenings, crank-hangers, and other minor equipments. If the cyclist of to-day cannot suit not only his needs but also his reasonable fancies to exactness, the fault lies in his inability to discover and catalogue what he desires.

The minimum road weights of last year's chain types have been a trifle shaded, giving a number of nineteen and twenty pound machines built for all-around service. The racer has been practically banished from regular manufacture, though still built to order on a limited scale. Popular styles of tubing are, as heretofore, the D-shaped, circular and oval, with no decided gains of any one over another. Main-frame diameters vary from one to one and a quarter inches, with one and an eighth in the lead. Joining of the upper rear forks to form the seat-post lug are all but universal, though brought about in varied ways. There is a reaction from both the extra-long wheel bases and the extremely short heads of 1898-9. Crank-hanger drops are somewhat less pronounced, eliminating in part the built-to-the-ground appearance. Fork-crowns continue at widest variance, this feature being one of the greatest opportunities for original design. Chain widths display a narrowing to an average of three-sixteenths for singles, and slightly wider and heavier for tandems. One-piece and two-piece hangers strive for supremacy as of old, with negative result. Gears are of range as wide as ever, while crank-lengths, though offering some choice to the rider, average 7 inches. The matter of width of tread for roadsters, so much debated in the past, has apparently settled itself at between four and five inches, thereby joining ample strength with trim effect. Models for

ladies' use follow in some degree the changes evident in men's machines, but they are oftener near duplicates of the 1899 patterns. New departures in tandems are discouraged by the constantly lessening demand for combination mounts.

PROGRESS OF THE CHAINLESS.

In OUTING for March, 1899, description and illustrations were given of the types then leading the chainless wing of the cycle industry in the United States, as follows: (1) The bevel, (2) the Sager roller, and (3) the spinroller gears. Since that time each of these has gained in extent of use, and further established its claim to public confidence. Several additional inventions have been developed, without, however, altering the relative positions of the others.

The first chainless bicycle of thoroughly modern construction—the bevel gear—was placed on exhibition in New York City on October 20, 1897, but no sales of any account were made until the opening of the following season. 1898 was an experimental year pure and simple, the entire product being not only small, but controlled also by the makers by means of very high list prices inflexibly maintained. The caution of the trade acted as a salutary brake upon the enthusiasm of most riders, and dominated the situation until the 1899 models were nearing the market. Then, every claim for them having been more than realized, a show of confidence on the part of a number of manufacturers in the form of a generously multiplied product, coupled with an abrupt decline in list from \$125 to \$75 and \$65, served to challenge the interest of the individual rider. The practicability of the chainless for road work was at this time abundantly proven, but its speed qualities were still in debate. Then followed a series of track tests, whose result was to win most decisively from the old type all important short-distance world's records. The chainless had moved from near the foot to the head of the column within a twelve-month.

The reason for this rapid advancement is not difficult now to see. It was nothing against the novel gears that their ability to compete with the chain was at first doubted. To prove the point it was only necessary to fit the device—already brought to laboratory and workshop fitness—to forms elsewhere prepared, and give it adequate trial on the road and track. The chainless was thus enabled to span at a bound that long and expensive evolution through which the older construction had passed. The models of 1900 are those of 1898-9, with but detailed improvements. The general lines follow, of course, those of the chain-driven mate. Weights have been materially reduced by means of careful refinements in manufacture until twenty-five pounds is very near the average. Cutting down below this would probably attack the strength and vitality of a road machine, and is hardly to be attempted in the near future. Experience proves conclusively that a mount of this heft is more satisfactory all around than a lighter one.

For this, the third season, the chainless incorporates advanced methods of gear-cutting and assembling. Those who attended the cycle-automobile show at Madison Square Gar-

den, Borough of Manhattan, in January last, will remember the gear-cutting machine in the exhibit of the American Bicycle Company, Pope Sales' Department. This clever apparatus has been built from the ground up for the special purpose to which it is applied, and turns out its product in many respects superior to the best hand labor. Assembling of the parts is done more by the gear-maker than by the wheel-maker, the latter contributing the rest of the machine and passing it on through established channels to the purchaser. With reasonable care few chainless gears get out of alignment, but when such is the case it is frequently difficult and sometimes impossible to restore the original and good condition without costly replacements at the factory. Thus is a premium placed upon intelligent usage.

The 1900 bevel type exhibits both side and centre axle-gearing, while the Sager offers a choice between the former double-tube styles and the driving-rod enclosed in a single stout stay. The nature of the spinroller construction confines its operation to the side and back contact.

The United States easily leads the world in chainless manufacture. European running-gears are heavier, and less accurately formed and adjusted than those of this country. Until recently, too, they have been entirely handmade, but now our special means for the machining of these parts are being set up in a number of the more progressive English and Continental factories.

COASTER AND BRAKE DEVICES.

The real novelties of the year centre about the various equipments designed to add to the comfort of cycling, or else to economize propelling power. Chief among these accessories are several efficient devices of a new order of invention, by means of which the mechanical connection between the crank-shaft and running-gear is severed and picked up again at will. In the application of this principle to either chain-driven or chainless machines, the pedals are kept in motion only when some driving force is sustained. At other times, they are at rest, while the cycle expends the momentum it has acquired, unless sooner checked. Usually, but not universally, an added attachment is fitted, controlling a brake, operated by the simple act of back-pedaling, gripping hub or rims, or bearing upon the tire in such a manner as to quickly stop in case of emergency.

The trade name for this combination equipment has come to be "coaster brake," and as such it is listed in most of the 1900 catalogues. It is a sensible addition, especially to the tourist's mount, tending to promote the practice of coasting—a rare joy and keen exhilaration to one who knows it aright—and not necessarily subject to danger. The expert coaster, touring through a rolling country, who takes advantage of his opportunities, will very likely cover a quarter of his daily distance—perhaps more—with limbs at rest, meanwhile gaining strength for the contrary grades. It is the unvaried effort which tires most; and while one comes to a full halt to ease himself, perhaps a dozen will embrace the opportunity to gain much the same result without a dismount by

means of the coaster brake. Coasting and "scorching" do not thrive in the same zone of cycling, and the decline of the latter is contemporaneous with the advance in favor of the former. Four or five years ago various two-speed attachments of merit, embracing this feature also, were brought out, but none met even a shadow of commercial success. That was the era of excessive pace, of hard pedaling up-grades and down-grades alike. A more sober day has come—and to stay.

Curiously enough, the two-speed idea in connection with which the coaster brake was first developed has apparently been forgotten. But there is no good reason why they should not again be joined to good purpose, and 1901 will doubtless witness the fact.

The pioneer of coaster brakes now prominently on the market is the Morrow, the enormous demand for which has led its makers, the Eclipse Bicycle Co., of Elmira, N. Y., to entirely displace a well-known wheel product in its favor. The principle is simple—a friction roller clutch, with guarding blocks, kept in position by hidden springs until needed, and then applied by back-pedaling. The former construction included a spoon-brake, bearing against the rear tire, but that feature is now eliminated and the power applied only at the hub. The latter is, of course, subject to some strain, but it is built with that idea in view, and, reasonably used, lasts as long as any other working part of the machine. The added weight from the fitting of this device is so slight as to be practically unnoticeable, while the increased contribution to comfort is very considerable.

The Nester Coaster & Brake Co., of Buffalo, N. Y., offer in the Nester a device exhibiting some new ideas. Two sets of rollers are used, one to drive and another to operate the brake. Back-pedaling checks the progress of the bicycle by drawing against a large disk on the hub two V-shaped pieces of metal. After the brake is set—either lightly or firmly—whatever force is exerted upon the pedals is transmitted directly to the hub disk, assuring positive control of the mechanism at all times. Release is automatic, taking effect immediately upon reversal of crank-shaft motion, without an unpleasant sensation of disconnecting and engaging parts.

While the operations of all coaster brakes are in general principle alike, the back-pedaling impulse necessary to the action of the New Departure, of which the New Departure Bell Co., of Bristol, Conn., are the manufacturers, and Messrs. John H. Graham & Co., of New York city, the selling agents, is intended to be but slight. The liability of the once-set brake to carry cranks and pedals into continued reversed motion is guarded against, inasmuch that a wheel thus fitted may be trundled either forward or backward with crank-shaft at rest. The merit of this arrangement is at once apparent to the cyclist whose shins have been hit by moving pedals while in the act of carrying a machine up a flight of stairs or walking it over an unridable stretch of road.

WHEEL EQUIPMENTS.

Out of the old-time abundance of cycle accessories only the freakish are missing. This shows not only that we have come to accept or

reject on the score of utility, but also that no thoroughly good article in the way of wheel fitting is allowed to lack for generous support. We may say that here and there are standards—good enough for us—and yet the favor we collectively bestow upon their neighbors keeps the latter a vital part of the industry. In the search after a higher order of comfort in riding, the productions of the immediate past have been hardly more thoroughly reviewed than those of former years. The matter of spring saddles of ample proportions and a certain sort of luxurious ease is an illustration in point. These were once quite popular, then so thoroughly discarded as to make a glimpse of one difficult. Now, however, they are coming into more use, and the changed conditions of the times are giving a more serious place to them.

Thirty-inch wheels will be remembered chiefly as an experiment of 1899. To a certain extent this larger diameter is advantageous, but not sufficiently so to recompense for the necessity, in case of their use, for entirely new sets and sizes of both equipments and repairing facilities. This year they are practically absent from the makers' catalogues. Some built-to-order racing machines are going to the other extreme and showing one-inch tires fitted to 26-inch wheels for track speeding.

Tires remain outwardly as before, with slight alterations in some details of manufacture. Of the standard types the G. & J. (the G. & J. Tire Company, Indianapolis, Ind.,) attracts especial attention by the thorough manner in which its old-time virtues—durability and ease of repair—are brought down to date and carried to the eyes and ears of riders. This style of tire has undergone no radical changes in structure in all the years it has been on the market, being now as then a double-tube clincher detachable, taken from or replaced on the rim in a minute's time.

Oil, acetylene gas, and electric cycle lamps are all in very wide use. The first-named has been for some time perfected, while the last-named gives excellent service within the limits of its capacity. The acetylene type shows the most progress of the three, but its advance has been in confidence of users and in popularity rather than in altered construction.

Saddles are offered in sufficient variety to meet all requirements, although the gross number of models has suffered some decrease. By means of improved locking arrangements the adjustable handle-bar has become as fixed in position as the one-piece kind, and has so gained a long lead. Unless an expert you would be bothered to tell the difference between the pedals of 1899 and those of 1900, were they placed side by side.

WIDE RANGE IN PRICES.

The selling lists of 1900 bicycles show few departures from 1899. Last year's figures are generally conceded to have been fair to the reasonable expectations of buyers; and it is well known that the close economies which now characterize the industry place the means for cycling in the possession of the public at meagre advances over net costs of production and sale. The few changes made are, of course, downward, the additions to the \$25 and \$35 classes being numerous. Extremes range

from \$15 for unguaranteed juveniles to \$75 for highest grade chainless machines, within which lines every purchasing capacity should be suited. Chainless makes are held mainly at \$75, \$65 and \$60, with a top price of \$50 for regular chain models. Such consolidations of interests as have taken place in the cycle and allied trades during the past year have had little or no effect upon the matter of prices either way. Nor is such result to be expected in the future.

NOTEWORTHY INDIVIDUAL PRODUCTS—THE AMERICAN BICYCLE COMPANY.

For the first time in the history of cycling, we have a portion of the trade's product offered by confederated factories. Early in 1899 The American Bicycle Company was organized by the alliance of about forty manufacturers, but working control was not assumed until preparations for the present season began to be made. Among the net results have been, principally, these: (1) coöperation of manufacturing and selling forces in the section of the trade immediately concerned; (2) increasing totals of production contemporaneous with the elimination of some parallel medium grade and cheaper lines; (3) a graduated scale of list prices, uniform in the aforesaid section of the trade; (4) an aggressive movement for export trade inaugurated.

It was at first thought by some, especially veterans of the sport and trade, that the outputs of so many factories under one centralized management would be at the sacrifice of many familiar and favorite names, if not of whole lines of accustomed models. Considering that right here the strongest single asset of the new company is centred, it is only reasonable that the opposite should have proven decisively the case. We still have the Columbias and Hartfords, the Sterlings and Crescents, Road Kings and Road Queens, Monarchs and Waverleys, the Stearns, Syracuse and Barnes, Tribunes, Ramblers and Clippers, the Spalding, Imperial and Crawford, the Cleavelands, and so following to the end of the list. The former individualities have been faithfully preserved; the only apparent difference is the grouping of certain lines in division sales departments. The Columbias, Hartfords and Stormers are, by way of illustration, handled by the Pope Sales' Department, Hartford; the Tribune, Featherstone and Fays, by the Featherstone Sales' Department, Chicago and New York; the Ramblers, Clippers and Ideals, by the Gormully & Jeffery Sales' Department, Chicago; the Monarch, Waverley and Phoenix, by the Monarch Sales' Department, Chicago and New York; the Spalding, Crawford, Imperial and Nyack, by the Spalding Sales' Department, New York, and the Ames & Frost Sales' Department, Chicago; the Stearns, Syracuse and Barnes, by the Stearns Sales' Department, Syracuse, N. Y.; the Crescent and Sterling, by the Western Wheel Works Sales' Department, Chicago and New York; the Cleaveland and Westfield, by the Lozier Sales' Department, Cleaveland, O.

Nor is trade progress at all hindered. On the other hand, a close examination of the different lines will show a full share of the entire trade's advancement in design and construction. The Columbia chainless models, as a case

in point, are considerably lightened. In the running mechanism the sleeve for carrying the forty-tooth driving gear has been enlarged and modified so that the gear itself, with the ball race, is changed to a form better adapted for uniform tempering. The axis of the sleeve has been made accurately perpendicular to the plane of the disk which receives the gear, assuring mechanical uniformity in action. The high-grade chain models of all lines have been retained, void of surprising features because of the near-to-permanence of established types. Chainless models on individual lines are offered also in the Stearns, Monarch, Spalding, Western Wheel Works, and other factory groups. Prices of all models are on practically the same level as those of the rest of the trade, i. e., \$75, \$65 and \$60 for the chainless, and from \$50 downward for the chain-driven machines.

THE AMERICAN SADDLE COMPANY.

Six long and favorably known makes of cycle saddles comprise the 1900 output of the American Saddle Company, of Elyria, Ohio, as follows: The Garford, Hunt, Brown, Wheeler, P. & F., and Gilliam. In the entire list there are no two models alike, and the choice is wide enough to enable the meeting of every requirement, ranging in price and quality from the cheapest compatible with good service to the highest and best grades. Experimental designs have been entirely abandoned, while time-proven lines have been uniformly retained. A modification is noted in the new Garford cavalry saddle, which is materially increased in size, and fitted with slightly raised pads of best wool felt, on a special basis of wood. A plain bid for the maximum of ease and comfort is made with the Brown coil-spring saddle, which is built up on a distinctive plan and covered with oak-tanned bridle leather. Pads of interlaced leather are features of the Wheeler Extra. The P. & F., and the Gilliam are cheaper, but thoroughly good types.

Tool-bag manufacture has come to be an important part of the great enterprise of the American Saddle Company. These accessories are made in every acceptable shape and size, and finished in black, brown, maroon, tan, "grain" and "split" leather as desired.

THE BADGER BRASS MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The "Solar" was one of the pioneers in the use of acetylene gas for cycle lamps, and a complete collection of the models developed by this company would accurately index the gradual progress in this direction. The latest models are like those already well known, having the same large jeweled side-lights which have characterized this make. The new patterns are lighter, however, than the old, and fitted with a new straight-sided carbide cup, with a false bottom to add to the ease of cleaning. The ground lens is secured by means of a patented snap catch which takes the place of the wire spring or other contrivance for the same purpose. The bracket is made entirely from sheet metal.

A larger lamp, but on the same general principles, is offered also for automobiles.

TWENTIETH CENTURY MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Oil and gas lamps continue to be the product of the Twentieth Century Manufacturing Com-

pany, 17 Warren street, New York. The former is still in undiminished demand throughout the country, though it has lost in the larger cities. For 1900 this type is unchanged from 1899.

As the evolution of the gas lamp is not yet complete, changes in its styles are naturally expected. The latest models of the Twentieth Century Company are lighter in weight and handsomer in appearance than before, while simplicity of construction and operation is emphasized. A straight valve tube admits the water at the top, and releases it at the bottom of the carbide. After the valve is closed there can be no accumulation of water, and no amount of jarring will produce a bothersome irregularity of the flame. Absorption of the water by the carbide goes on steadily with no occasional breaking forth of the flame.

A combination bracket is also offered, by means of which the lamp may be fastened to the fork, head, handle-bar, or any other place desired. In all, eight different styles of brackets, including those for carriages, are made.

THE VEEDER MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

There are perhaps one-third as many cyclometer types on the market to-day as there were two and three years ago. Among the survivors is one which, without showing radical changes from past seasons, exhibits an unusual gain in popularity and extent of use. This is the Veeder, manufactured by the Veeder Manufacturing Company, of Hartford, Conn., and sold very widely by the retail trade throughout the country, as well as by the manufacturers. The features of this handy little device are well known. The smaller size, retailing at \$1, registers 10,000 miles and repeats. It is water and dust proof, without springs or unnecessarily delicate parts. The larger size, the "trip cyclometer," retailing at \$1.50, has two indicating faces, one registering up to 10,000 miles and repeating, the other reversible to zero at will, for the measurement of the distance covered in any particular ride.

The watch-shaped cyclometers changed their form more or less when the Veeder "barrel" cyclometer appeared, but the mechanical difficulties encountered in avoiding the Veeder protected form of construction have gradually banished them from the market.

MIAMI CYCLE & MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The end-of-the-century racycle family comprise the following: Model 50, "Pacemaker," 46-inch wheel base, taper head, and large sprocket, at \$60; model 51, track racer, 26-inch front wheel, weight twenty-two pounds, at \$55; model 52, men's roadster, and model 53, women's roadster, both at \$50; model 54, medium-priced roadster, at \$35; model 55, racycle chainless (Bullis gear), and model 56, chainless for women, \$65.

The Miami Cycle and Manufacturing Company have always given especial attention to the crank-hanger mechanism of their entire product. The racycle was the original narrow-tread machine, and every year has witnessed some new departure at that vital section of the wheel. The 1900 hanger not only possesses

the distinctive characteristic of wide-spread ball races, but has some fifteen less parts than formerly. There are no sprocket bolts, nuts, washers or bushings, and the hanger is practically oil-retaining. Before a racycle leaves the factory, the bearing is charged with oil, which is prevented from escaping by the "magnazine oiler." The company warrants one charge of oil to carry a wheel two seasons without attention.

PLUME & ATWOOD MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

The Banner gas lamp, the product of the Plume & Atwood Manufacturing Company, New York and Chicago, is equipped with a new bracket which, after being adjusted to the desired angle, will allow the lamp to be removed and replaced any number of times without alteration of that angle. An original and clever arrangement employs the action of the gas to automatically regulate the water supply, the valve turning the water full on, partially on or off, as is required to maintain a balanced relation necessary to good lighting. The Banner is fully guaranteed, designed in every detail for regularity of action and convenience, and is sold on its merits.

THE SEAL LOCK COMPANY.

The O. K. gas lamp is somewhat larger than heretofore in order that it may carry more carbide and generate a greater volume of gas. A new reversible bracket is also fitted, allowing a total range in elevation of four inches without altering the parts which fasten it to the head of the bicycle. The lamp complete measures only $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$, and weighs eighteen ounces. It has a lava tip (or flat flame) burner, double convex ground-glass lens, and by an ingenious but simple arrangement, clogging up of the burner is rendered well-nigh impossible. The light is strong, clear, steady, and reliable under all reasonable conditions of use. The carbide is kept in a cotton bag, and can be quickly handled.

THE FOWLER CYCLE WORKS.

Fowler bicycles have always enjoyed an excellent reputation with both the trade and the riders, and distinctive features have never been absent from the line. The first-noted characteristic is, of course, the truss frame, joining the seat-pillar to the crank-shaft in a most solid and substantial manner. It was on machines of this construction that Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McIlrath made their famous tour around the world for the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*. Mr. Frank T. Fowler is now, as in 1893-4, the managing head of the organization bearing his name.

The list of the 1900 styles and prices is an interesting one. Model S, in patterns for men and women, with straight seat-post pillar, sells at \$25. Model V, of the same quality of material and workmanship as the preceding, with truss frame and a wider range of equipment, costs \$30. The Fowler "Sunlight," a regular truss-frame roadster, lists at \$40, and the "Bantam" truss-frame light roadster, at \$45. The "King B" racer with truss frame sells for \$60, as does also the chainless machine with either straight or truss frame.

THE OTTO COASTER BRAKE.

Extreme lightness of added equipment combines with clever effectiveness in the Otto coaster brake, offered for 1900 by the Stockton Mfg. Company, of Newark, N. J. Almost entirely shielded from sight and weighing only five ounces, this small device fitted to the tourist's mount may reduce the number of pedal strokes from 25 per cent. to 40 per cent., depending upon the nature of the roadways traversed. There is much opportunity for additional sight-seeing, as well as a vast amount of comfort and ease in the consequent saving of energy; and you will get there almost as quick as the fellow who pedals down-hill as well as up-hill. The Otto is for sprockets of all shapes and sizes. The price is very reasonable, and the convenience of being able to obtain it from first-class cycle agents will be appreciated by wheelmen and wheelwomen.

THE KELLY HANDLEBAR COMPANY.

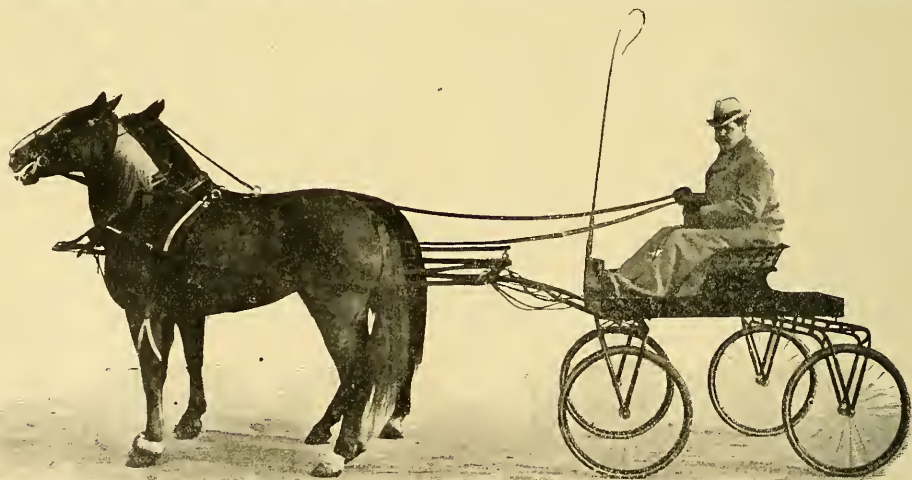
Adjustable handlebars are now not only the usual equipment of highest grade bicycles, but the riders of medium and lower priced machines are coming to demand that the same convenience be allowed also to them. This is quite reasonable, since there are a number of makes on the market, and the additional cost is so slight as to be unfelt. A worthy pioneer is the Kelly, made by the Kelly Handlebar Company, of Cleveland, Ohio. Its introduction dates back to 1895. The essential feature of this design is a divided bar with sections

pivotaly connected to the stem, and provided with serrations which engage and interlock with corresponding parts in the head of the machine, being held from slipping by means of a clamping bolt. This bolt has, for 1900, taken the place of the old-time cap-screw with good effect. All working parts are made from drop-steel forgings, and the stem is of metal untouched by fire after forging. Thousands of these bars are in satisfactory use in the United States alone.

EDWARD MILLER & COMPANY.

The makers of the Majestic and Everlit acetylene gas lamps brought to the cycle accessories field, five years ago, a half century's successful experience in general lamp manufacture. Oil lights were the sole output of this concern in the cycle line until the season of 1899, when the acetylene gas type was taken up, and so satisfactory has the latter proven that for 1900 it has entirely superseded the older models. In the Majestic for this year the water reservoir is built below the combustion chamber, where it is not affected by the upward radiating heat from the flame. The carbide cup has corrugations at the side marked to indicate the amount of fresh carbide needed for one, two, three or four hours' riding, thus enabling one to calculate very near the expected consumption of carbide and supply accordingly. By this means useless waste is guarded against, and the lamp easily cleaned after each ride without removal of accumulated refuse.

THE PROWLER.



CHAMPION PACING TEAM OF THE NEW YORK SPEEDWAY.

The champion pacing team of the New York Speedway is shown with Mr. W. R. Rose driving. The team is made up with Sir Eld, 2:14½, by Storm, on the off side, and Island Belle, 2:16½, by King Gold, on the near side. It is an inspiring picture to see this team at full speed, for they are wonderfully mated in action and speed and can pace a short distance at a sensationally fast gait.

THE LIGHT-HARNESS HORSE.

NEW FOREIGN MARKET FOR TROTTERS.

OUR Austrian friends, who have become such strong bidders in American sale rings for the trotting-bred horse, will, if the signs indicate anything, soon encounter enthusiastic rivals in their neighbors of Poland. Gentlemen of wealth

in the latter country have long had their eyes on the American trotter and, noting the success of Austrians in both breeding and racing operations, they are rapidly cultivating a healthy appetite for "the sport of all sports." Recently a Polish gentleman of wealth sent his emissaries to this country to make pur-

chases, and, among a number of other good ones, has secured that grand racehorse, Dan Cupid, 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$. Dan Cupid is twelve years old. He is by Barney Wilkes, and out of Asternmore, by Strathmore. His record was made over the Lexington mile track in 1897.

A NOTABLE SHIPMENT ABROAD.

When the transatlantic liner *Lahn* sailed from New York on January 23d she carried eleven grandly bred trotters consigned by the well-known breeder, Mr. James Butler, owner of East View Farm, East View, N. Y., to Messrs. Constantin and Franz Blenkle, St. Petersburg, Russia. Among the animals were: Miss Fanny (4), by Direct, 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$, out of that great brood mare Fanny K., dam of Miss Beatrice, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Miss Kate, 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$; Miss Bonner (4), by Director, 2:17, and out of Mambrino Maid, 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$; Katymore (3), by Colonnore; Della Patchen (4), by Wilkes Boy; Annunciata (4), by Wilkes Boy; Bessie Kenney (5), by Simmons; Maggie Jay (4), by Jay Bird; Miss Sophistry (5), by Direct, and Kate Stranger, by Stranger.

RACING ON ICE.

In Northern New York, in Maine, in Canada and the great Northwest advantage is taken of every opportunity to race on the ice and snow. In most places where severe weather is encountered an elaborate track is laid out, straight-away or regulation shape, and regular meetings are held. The winter now drawing to a close has not been conducive to continuous sport in this line, but wherever the ice was strong enough numerous race meets have been held. A very successful matinee was held at Lake of the Isles, Minn., Jan. 17th. A pacing race to solve a disputed supremacy was the first event, but, although five heats were paced, the dispute continues, and each of the favorites has its coterie of supporters, who insist to the point of backing their choice with "coin of the realm." Mollie Foster won the special for pacers and Hazel Herd won the free-for-all for pacers. The latter was officially timed the third heat (quarter-mile) in 31 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds. Hazel Herd is owned and was driven by Mr. W. C. Carling. The special for trotters only had two starters, and was won by Mr. William Hamm's Anthony, the fastest quarter being in 35 seconds.

PROVIDENCE SPEEDWAY.

At a meeting of the Providence, R. I., Driving Association, Jan. 22d, it was reported that the organization was gaining rapidly in membership, and it seems now assured that one thousand members is not an improbable result of the enthusiasm shown in all quarters. Col. Isaac Goff is president of the club. Speeches were made by many people prominent in the political, social and business life of Providence, and the speedway project advocated seems now an assured fact at a very early date.

ON RUNNERS AT SYRACUSE.

Syracuse, N. Y., horsemen have enjoyed rare sport almost uninterruptedly this winter. This may seem strange to many readers who have been so unlucky as to live in unfavored sections where, like New York City, for instance, there

has been practically no severe weather, and not enough snow to whiten the sidewalks; but at Syracuse the sleighing commenced many weeks since, and has never been really bad. The snow-track record, held jointly for two years by Natalie and Harry Jones at 1:12 $\frac{3}{4}$, was this season broken by Prestoria Wilkes, 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$, the new record being 1:10. My report shows that the track was not in the best condition when this new record was made, and good judges believe the mare will yet reduce this mark. Zilla and Pony M., in a match race, established a new four-heat snow record for the track. Zilla won, but she had to step the last heat in 1:14 $\frac{3}{4}$.

WOMEN WHO ENJOY TROTTERS.

At some later date I hope to be privileged to write an article regarding the many women of the United States who find pleasure in holding the reins over a spirited trotter, and who, as a matter of fact, drive with as much skill as any man. If I am not mistaken, Mrs. W. E. D. Stokes, of New York, once drove the mare Josie B., to a cart, a mile in 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, and it is a well-known fact that she is a great admirer of America's light-harness horse. Mrs. H. D. Gill, of New York, is frequently seen on the Speedway behind her favorite pacer Jack, 2:12, and good judges credit her with the ability to drive that horse faster than any man ever has been able to drive him. Mrs. A. J. Beider, of Ashtabula, O., is an accomplished reinswoman. She drives her fast pacer Major Wilkes at top speed and with marked skill. The exhilaration of driving a fast horse is surely as great for woman as man, and there can certainly be no reasonable objection made to it.

IN SUMMER CLIME.

All of the big training stables have already commenced operations for the next season's campaign. A number of the important ones are quartered at the Selma, Ala., track, where everything now reminds one of joyous summer days. The infield is green with oats growing in such rank luxuriance that the constant grazing of the large number of horses fails to keep them down. Flowers add much to the charm of the scene, and with the singing of the birds one feels that there truly are paradises on this earth, and that nature has done much to make man's lot a happy one. Roy Miller, the successful and gentlemanly young reinsman, has a large stable at Selma, headed by Grattan Boy, 2:08; Solon Brandt, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$; Valpa, 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$; Johnny Agan, 2:12 $\frac{3}{4}$, etc. J. B. Shockency has a number of "green" ones by Gazette, 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$. Sam Gilbert has Arch W., 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, and a number of new ones. W. D. McCurdy has six head, none of which have records. The well-known New York reinsman, Ben Rennick, has Flirt, 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$; Midway, trial, 2:12, by Tom Webster, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$, and several others. Ben Kenney has charge of the Schmulbach stable, which includes Eyelet, 2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$; Rita E., 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$; Captain List, 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, and several young ones.

RULES FOR SPEEDWAY.

At the meeting of the Committee on Speedway of the New York Road Drivers' Association, held in New York City, January 6th, Dr. H. H. Kane, one of the most enthusiastic of the



DARIEL, 2:07½, OWNED BY DR. H. H. KANE.

city's many amateur road drivers, presented a communication making several suggestions worthy of consideration. It is quite apparent that the impromptu races on the Speedway at the present time are decidedly unsatisfactory, both to the contestants and the public. Very few of the so-called brushes are started fairly. Two men agree to a friendly contest and they jog toward Dyckman street. One turns several lengths in front and is off at top speed. Granting that the horse turning behind has the greater speed, he cannot overcome the other's lead, or, if he does, he must make a herculean effort, which taxes both his speed and energy to the utmost; and when he has overtaken his competitor his driver finds himself behind a tired horse and unjustly defeated. Out of all the brushes one sees on the Speedway on a busy day not one in twenty is started on even terms. Dr. Kane proposes to remedy this fault by stationing an official starter at the upper end, who should drop a flag to a good start, and unless it was dropped the race should not be counted as a contest. It would be necessary that the starter should be a well-informed person, that he might make a memorandum of the men and horses in each contest. Dr. Kane makes another and important suggestion when he proposes that the quarter, half, three-quarters and mile be marked by flags. He also advocates going the full mile, with a view to retaining in Speedway horses the same stamina as would be required on the professional course. It may be well to suggest here that all successful amateur clubs have adopted the plan of half-mile heats in the early part of the season—say until July—and then following with mile heats after the horses have become "seasoned." Dr. Kane's idea that the committee should have charge of all contests and have them on a regular programme for each day, with a final test for some one day of the week, is a good one. The committee should also arrange handicap races on the basis of Speedway performances. Taken up with the proper spirit and carefully managed, the New York Speedway can be made

even more popular than it now is, and finally we shall be able to bring together on this great boulevard horses of prominence from every *matinée* town in the country.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., SPEEDWAY.

Since the Chief of Police of Binghamton issued an order prohibiting fast driving on Hawley street, horsemen of that city have formed an influential organization and are asking for a speedway, indicating a desire to have Grand Boulevard set aside for their use. In the event of their securing this, the road drivers agree to bear every expense of putting this magnificent driveway in condition for racing. It is generally believed the request will be granted.

ST. JAMES AVENUE SPEEDWAY.

The few days of snow at Springfield, Mass., gave the horsemen of that city an opportunity which they enthusiastically took advantage of. The prominent owners who appeared on the speedway were: Dr. J. H. Carmichael, with Nemoline, 2:11¼, and Susie, 2:11½; Mr. W. F. Young, with Proceda, by Patron; Dr. W. H. Blake, with Elton, 2:12½; Mr. T. J. Foley, with Coaster, 2:18¼; Mr. George W. Rice, with Susie Brockett, 2:26. Many an interesting race occurred, and the sport was enjoyed by hundreds who made daily tours to St. James to enjoy it.

ICE RACING ON SARANAC LAKE.

On January 24th, 25th, 26th, at Saranac Lake, N. Y., occurred a part of the annual ice-racing programme. The track was in splendid condition and the races very exciting. All races were mile heats, three in five. The 2:18 class was won by Graduate at the end of four heats, the best time being 2:29. The 2:30 class was won by Branch in straight heats; best time, 2:33½. The 2:24 class was warmly contested, being won by Trilby at the end of four heats. Best time, 2:34. This race occurred during a drizzling rain. On January 26th there was a blizzard raging and the thermometer registered several degrees below zero. The gale blowing down the lake materially retarded the horses. The 2:40 class was won by Clay Lambert, after Billy O. had won the first heat. Best time, 2:38¼. The free-for-all was won by the gray mare Nell Gwynne, by Alcyone, after losing the first heat to the favorite, Branch. Best time, 2:31. Nell Gwynne is owned by Mr. W. D. Seaman, of New York City.

THE RULING PASSION.

A little more than a year ago I sat at the bedside of a gentleman very prominent among light-harness horsemen. Few among his many friends ever expected to see him live the year out, and probably none anticipated seeing him out of his bed. Discouraged by intense suffering

in both mind and body—for during his own terrible illness he learned that his wife was next to death's door (she soon after died)—he had arranged to dispose of all his extensive trotting-horse interests. On the day when I saw him a sale of his horses was in progress at his farm. However, after the disease had run its course, the gentleman commenced to slowly recover, and his pleasure knew no bounds when he was able for the first time to hobble on crutches to one of the stables. The moment he feasted his eyes on the few animals left on the farm, the old desire and the old love overpowered his decision to go out of the business; and every day, as he gained strength, the desire for old associations grew, until finally, with one arm, which rheumatism had crippled for life, hung in a sling, and one leg stiffened at the knee so that he was compelled to use a cane, he appeared at a Fasig-Tipton sale at Madison Square Garden, New York. The old fever took hold of him, and almost before he himself realized what he was doing he was bidding up into the thousands for animals which tickled his fancy. When that sale ended he was the new owner of several fine animals, and he has since added materially to the number. The gentlemen referred to is Mr. E. S. Wells, owner of Glen-Moore Farm, Glen-Moore, N. J. This case is only one of hundreds which go to prove that man's love for a horse is not only inherent but lasting.

I recently had the pleasure of visiting Mr. Wells' farm, and found a perfect bee-hive of industry. Trainers have again been employed and a number of horses are being put into shape for campaigning, while breeding operations are again in progress on an even more extensive scale than before. Almost the entire seven hundred acres of the farm is devoted to the horse industry. When you come to consider the matter, what greater pleasure can man secure either in his youth or his declining years, than that of watching the motherly instincts of a band of great brood mares caring for their young, and then watching those youngsters as they develop to maturity and become more or less renowned as fast horses?

Mr. Wells has gathered around him a great lot of trotting-bred animals. Among the brood mares are: Cleo, 2:19½; Dawson Lake, 2:20¼ (trial, 2:09¾ in a race); Queen Anne, 2:30; Albrino, 2:27; Belva Lockwood, dam of Knott Allen, 2:13¼; Imla, by Stamboul; Zinda B., dam of Ostrich, 2:19¼; Hazel Nutwood, by Nutwood; Queen Annie, by Red Wilkes, out of Annie C., by Mambrino Patchen; Lady Guy, by Guy Wilkes, out of Zephyr, by Nutwood; Sable Maid, by Sable Wilkes, out of Theo, by Le Grand; Matella A., by Whips, out of Matron, by Clay; Grace Andrews, by Le Grand, out of Venturess, by Arthurton; Neapolitan, by Palo Alto, out of Viola, by Gen. Benton; Princess Minnie, by Prince Allen, out of Minnie H., by J. W. Bailey; Glendell, by Whips, out of Glendale, by Messenger Duroc; Bonniel, by St. Bel, out of Bonnie D. (thoroughbred), by Belmont; Florence Brailey, by Waverly, out of Rosebud, by Thomas Jefferson; Blanche Watson, by Lord Russell, out of Lady Horton, by Sweepstakes; Queen Sweepstakes (dam of three), by Sweepstakes, out of Ina, by Little Ben; Bessie Wilkes, by Sentinel

Wilkes, out of Black Rose, by Mambrino Boy; Albrina, 2:27, by Albrino, out of Hippenheimer by Volunteer, 55; Pamela, by Regal Wilkes, out of Mamie Kohl, by Steinway; Minet, 2:27½, by Electioneer, dam by Don Victor; Alforeta, by Alcantara, dam by Almont; Silver Morn, by Anteo, dam by Piedmont; Silver Dell, by Alcandre, dam by Jerome Eddy; Floss, by Potential, dam by Deucalion; Manota, by Hernando, dam by Egbert; Helen S., by St. Gothard, dam by Epaulet; Helen M., by Vargrave, dam by Happy Medium; Eva Bailey, by Dark Night, dam by Ky. Prince; Montilla, by Allerton, dam by Stranger.

Among the noted stallions at the farm are: Baron Dillon, 2:12 (trial 2:09¼), by Baron Wilkes, 2:18; dam by Nutwood; Red Lake, 2:15¾, by Red King, and Cherrycroft, 2:22¼, by Nutwood. Baron Dillon was a racehorse of rare quality, and at eight years of age is the sire of Lord Linton, 2:25¼, and Lady Dillon, 2:29¼. He is a handsome, stoutly made horse, and certainly worthy of the prominence he will be given at Glen-Moore Farm. Both Red Lake and Cherrycroft are sires of some very promising youngsters, none of which are really old enough to be tested. I noted several fillies worthy of more than passing consideration. Those by Red Lake were: A brown, out of Imla; a black, out of Ostrich, and two chestnuts, one out of Dawson Lake, and one out of Queen Annie. Those by Cherrycroft were: One out of a thoroughbred mare, one out of Neapolitan, one out of Miss Hunter, and one out of Grace Grand. Two by Bowman are also especially fine.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

The Pittsburg, Pa., Driving Club has decided that the pleasure of its members can be best secured by reserving its beautiful track and grounds exclusively for *matinée* racing. Pittsburg's club, made up, as it is, of the best of that city's people, has taken front rank among the amateur associations of the country, and its prestige could not be enhanced by joining the ranks of the professionals.

Racing on the beach at Atlantic City has become an annual fixture which is looked forward to with much pleasure by the visitors at that popular resort. On Friday, January 19th, several races were contested. The free-for-all was won at the end of five heats by that strong-hearted campaigner, Rocky P. Rocky P. won the third, fourth and fifth heats, Rose-mattie, b. m., by Baron Wilkes, winning the first two. The time was 1:12½, 1:11¼, 1:10, 1:15, 1:14¾. A 2:40 class was won by Victor B., by Alcantara. Time, 1:18, 1:17½, 1:15½. The prizes were whips, blankets, etc.

Mr. D. C. McClelland, of Clarion, Pa., is driving his two-year-old colt Milbert, by Allerton, on the road, and the young fellow is showing considerable speed. Mr. A. A. Graham, of the same place, is driving Lon Wood, 2:23, and has that horse in fine condition. Lady Cecilian, by Cecilian, is owned by Mr. C. A. Wheelock, of Clarion. She is showing much speed. Mr. James Haskell is driving his two fast trotters on the road. Mr. I. M. Shannon, who owns Daisy Farm, has quite a promising lot in training, including Palo Alto Chimes, 2:17½; James H. Eckels, 2:24¼, etc.

Regular matinées will be held the coming season at the Merchantville track, near Camden, N. J.

Mr. George Hall, a prominent contractor and builder of Camden, N. J., has recently bought two very fast road horses—Lon Zimmerman (6), by Wilkes Boy, and Lee Adams (7), by Selby. They make a stylish pair, and can trot fast to pole.

Mr. Wm. C. Jones, of Camden, N. J., owns the fast mare Grace R., trial 2:20 $\frac{1}{4}$, and can be seen almost every pleasant day enjoying a fast spurt behind her. She is by Phillip's Blue Bull, and her dam is the dam also of Silver Chimes, 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$, etc.

A race on the snowpath has been arranged between Mr. Jesse MacFarland's Lady Smith and Colonel Clark's Last Chance, to take place at Bradford, Pa.

Col. John B. Hall, the well-known horseman, died at his home, Manchester, N. H., January 15th.

The Rochester Driving Park officers for 1900 are: Mr. George W. Archer, President; Hon. Frederick Cook, Vice-President; Mr. James L. Hotchkiss, Secretary and Treasurer.

The Penn Valley Farm, Morrisville, Pa., I hear, has several sensational youngsters for next season's races, notable among which is one by Directum, 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$. A five-year-old horse by Trevillian is said to be a remarkably fast one for the training he has had. John Kinney has charge of the training stable.

Mr. John Mariner, of Norfolk, Va., recently purchased Walter S., 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$, and will race him as a pacer.

Mr. Emerson E. McCargo, of Philadelphia, has the two fast pacers, Simmons, 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Belladonna, and King of Diamonds, 2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$, by Velocity.

Mr. W. T. Rockwell, Burlington, Vt., is using Arline, 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, on the road, and it is said she can step a quarter any time in 30 seconds.

Mr. Jos. L. Shields, of Punxsutawney, Pa., has bought Judge Holt, 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, pacing, and will retire him to the road. He should make a very clever road animal.

Reading, Pa., will soon have a new driveway, if the plans of some of its best citizens are carried out. Mr. George F. Baer, president of the Park Commission, is organizing a company to construct a speedway on Mount Penn. The plans contemplate a driveway to McKnight Gap, connecting with City Park Drive and the boulevard. It is to be three and one-half miles long, fifty feet wide, and will cost \$25,000.

Mr. Frank Carney, Jr., Marinette, Wis., has bought the fast matinée horse Mark Range.

Mr. E. D. Morgan, of New York, has recently acquired Hazelwood Farm, near Lexington, Ky., and it is stated that he will engage in the trotting-horse business on a large scale.

It is more than probable that the Park Com-

missioners of Toledo, Ohio, will turn the new boulevard being built in that city over to the many trotting-horse people for a speedway.

Members of the Johnstown, N. Y., Driving Club have been enjoying their speedway to the fullest possible extent during the past few weeks.

The Ottawa, Canada, ice races for this year have been arranged on an elaborate plan. The meeting will run four days, and the purses will amount to \$1,500. The date for opening the meeting had not been fixed when this was written, but the classes are announced as 2:50, 2:10, 2:30, 2:17, 2:37, 2:22 and free-for-all, with a five-mile dash as one of the features of the meeting.

Bob Grant, 2:21 $\frac{1}{4}$, and his owner, Col. Turner, United States Consul at Ottawa, Canada, are having plenty of fun on the ice and snow. Bob Grant is a hard one to beat, and the Colonel enjoys riding in front most of the time.

Mr. Harry Darlington, of Pittsburg, Pa., so it is reported, will send Cephas, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Rose Turner, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, to Cleveland, O., for the matinée races this season. From the way Pittsburg horses performed last season, I would believe that the genial Mr. Darlington could find plenty of speed and ample opportunity for argument at home.

The Austrian speedway at Vienna is three and a half miles long, but its surface does not compare with the New York Speedway.

A new driving club has been organized at Topeka, Kansas.

Rochester, N. Y., wants a speedway.

Dr. Fraser, 2:12 $\frac{1}{2}$, is being used on the road in Kansas City, Mo.

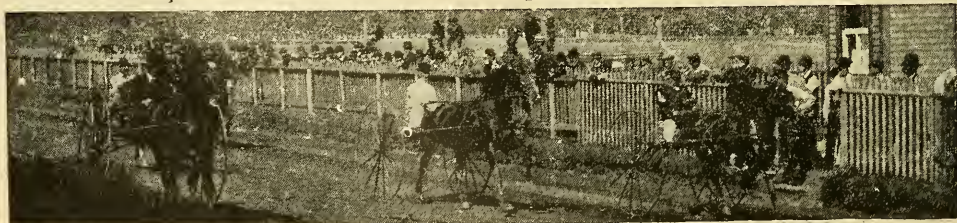
Cleveland, O., is to have a speedway, the Park Commissioners having consented to the construction and maintaining of one extending from Woodland Hills Park to the boulevard connecting Shaker and Garfield parks.

Dr. H. H. Kane, the well-known New York road driver, has leased the Lynbrook, L. I., track, and will give matinée meetings there this season.

Riverhead, L. I., is to have a speedway.

A sleigh ride of a few miles from Copake Iron Works, on the Harlem Division of the New York Central, brought me to Empire Farm, owned by Mr. Delbert Dinehart and in charge of trainer C. H. Burch. Empire Farm is the home of last year's sensational pacer Billy Andrews, by Bow Bells, and I had made the trip expressly to see him in winter condition. He has filled out grandly and is, to the admirer of symmetry and beauty, a handsome horse, strong in every material point. Mr. Burch tells me that there was no time last season when Billy Andrews could not have gone a little faster, and he seems to be fully justified in the belief that the horse will take a record this year faster than 2:05.

A table of the world's amateur records will be published in our next issue. N. A. COLE.



RACQUETS.

RACQUETS and court-tennis have never before occupied so important a position as in the past two months. On January 9th, Boston, Mass., became the center of this interest, when a series of games was started on the courts of the Boston Athletic Association, which lasted the remainder of the week. The first game was four-handed racquets between Pettitt and Standing, and Q. A. Shaw, Jr., and Latham. The match, which was the best four games in seven, was won by Pettitt and G. Standing by four straight, 15-12, 15-6, 15-9, 15-10.

The day following a single's match was played between E. H. Miles and Standing; the professional won in three straight games, with scores of 15-9, 15-9, 15-10.

On the third day two very interesting matches were played, the first between E. H. Miles and Q. A. Shaw, Jr., which resulted in a win for the English champion. The big match of the day was between Standing and Latham. The English champion conceded to Standing three aces in fifteen points. Standing won his three games with scores of 15-6, 15-9, 15-3.

On January 13th the series of games closed with a match at court-tennis between L. M. Stockton and Pettitt on the one side, and E. H. Miles and Latham on the other. These four players put up a game the equal of which one rarely sees. The English pair, Mr. Miles and Latham, won the first set with a score of 7-5, but the three following sets went to the home players by scores of 6-0, 6-3 and 7-5.

The formal opening of the Tuxedo Racquet and Tennis Club took place on January 15th, when the first of a series of games was played. The courts had been much improved since the experimental games played in December.

The opening game was at court-tennis, and was between T. Suffern Tailor and Tompkins, the professional of the New York Racquet and Tennis Club. The conditions called for the best three out of five, but the match ended in a draw after four splendid sets.

On January 16th a match of the best out of five games was played between L. M. Stockton and Latham. Mr. Stockton received a handicap of half-thirty, but these odds were not enough to shut out the English expert, who won in three straight sets, 6-1, 6-2, 6-4.

The day following E. H. Miles played Pettitt a match, the conditions being the best out of five sets. The amateur received a handicap of "fifteen and a bisque." The first, third and fourth sets went to Pettitt, with scores of 6-1, 6-1, 6-4. Mr. Miles won the second with a score of 6-3.

On January 18th the feature of the play was a match calling for the best out of five sets between E. H. Miles and Latham. Mr. Miles received an allowance of half-thirty. The first set went to the professional, with a score of 7-5, but Mr. Miles won the next three sets in succession, with scores of 7-5, 7-5, 7-5.

The week's play was brought to a fitting close with the most important match of the series, in fact, one of the most important matches ever played, for it was practically the world's amateur championship at court-tennis. The only reason it could not be so titled was

that the French amateur champion was not present. The meeting was between the American and English amateur champions, L. M. Stockton and E. H. Miles. The Englishman won, after a splendidly-contested game, by three straight sets of 7-5, 6-3, 6-3.

The inter-city amateur racquet championship match was played on the court of the Philadelphia Racquet Club, January 23d. New York was represented by Edward La Montague and Morton Paton, while the Quaker City's representatives were Hugh D. Scott and Edgar G. Scott. Six games were required to decide the winners. The New Yorkers captured the event, by winning the first, second, fifth and sixth games. The scores were: 17-16, 15-12, 14-18, 6-15, 15-12, 15-13.

The tournament for the amateur racquet championship of America opened on the court of the Boston Athletic Association on February 6th, and continued on the 7th and 8th, the finals being played on the 10th. The entries were: Quincy A. Shaw, Jr., of the B. A. A. (amateur champion); T. S. Gillespie, of the Montreal Racquet Club; Eustace H. Miles, of Tuxedo (English champion); F. F. Rolland (Canadian champion); Clarence Mackey, Payne Whitney, Austin Potter and W. S. Dinsmore, of New York.

The first game brought together Shaw and Gillespie. Shaw won three straight games from his opponent by scores of 15-7, 15-1, 15-6. In the next game Miles and Rolland were together and a good match resulted, in which Miles won his games by 15-8, 15-12 and 15-5.

In the second day's play Potter was drawn with Dinsmore. The former won his games straight by scores of 15-12, 15-11 and 15-12. Potter, who was in condition, played a good all-round game. Dinsmore was slightly handicapped by a night's railroad travel. The final game in the first round was to have been played between Mackey and Whitney. The game went to Whitney owing to the default of Mackey.

The second round brought together Shaw and Whitney and Miles and Potter.

The first match was a good contest, and resulted, after four games, in favor of Shaw. Whitney won the second game; the others went to Shaw. The scores were 15-4, 6-15, 15-6 and 17-15.

The Miles-Potter contest resulted in an easy win for the Englishman, with three straight games, as follows: 15-7, 15-1 and 15-6.

The final match brought together E. H. Miles, the English, and Q. A. Shaw, Jr., the American, champion.

The first game started well for Shaw, but Miles finished up with a rush, and went out an easy winner.

The second game was a hard one for both men. Each had nineteen turns at service, and the final result was in favor of Shaw. The third game was a win for the Englishman.

In contrast to many players, Miles invariably improves as he plays, and in the final game showed well his superior play over his opponent by winning game and championship. The scores were 15-4, 11-15, 15-5 and 15-3.

VIGILANT.



BOSTON A. A. INDOOR GAMES.

THE eleventh annual indoor games of the Boston Athletic Association were held in Mechanic's Hall, Boston, on the evening of February 3d. As usual, these games attracted a large number of entries and a large and enthusiastic gathering of spectators. The numerous intercollegiate team races provided proved specially interesting. Of late great encouragement has been given to this form of athletics, and the teams gain at the various indoor contests a chance to try themselves out before going into the annual contest, now so important a feature, at Philadelphia, under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. The largest entries were those of forty-yard dashes; the "special" once more enabled A. F. Duffy to distinguish himself as a great sprinter. Alex Grant again outran his brother "Dick" and the rest of the field in the invitation two-mile run. B. E. Mulligan, of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, won the three standing jumps. R. C. Ewry, who was on scratch, won second place.

The summary of the events follows:

40-yard dash, novice, scratch—Won by H. S. Pratt, Brown; W. H. Hull, Brown, 2; W. D. Roberts, Worcester Academy, 3. Time, 4.4-5s.
 40 yards, special, scratch—Won by A. F. Duffy, Georgetown; J. W. Tewkesbury, University of Pennsylvania, 2; J. A. Sullivan, Holy Cross, 3. Time, 4.3-5s.
 40 yard dash, handicap—Won by P. Dana, Hopkinson School, 9ft.; A. F. Duffy, Georgetown, scratch, 2; J. A. Sullivan, Holy Cross, 6ft., 3. Time, 3-5s.
 Running high jump—Won by N. F. Glidden, Jr., Harvard, 5in.; F. G. Ware, Harvard, 3in., 2; H. A. Gidney, 4 1-2in., 3. Height, 5ft. 11 5-8in.
 1000-yard run—Won by John Bray, Williams, scratch; R. M. Walsh, Harvard, 40yds., 2; D. S. Bellinger, Cornell, 40yds., 3. Time, 21m. 25 3-5s.
 440-yard run, novice, scratch—Won by G. H. Daniels, Newton High School; C. F. Ashton, Somerville High School, 2; I. Gannon, Holy Cross, 3. Time, 58 1-5s.
 600-yard run, final heat—L. R. Hill, D. A. A. (25yds.), 1; H. E. Hastings, Cornell (15yds.), 2; W. McCarthy, B. C. A. (20yds.), 3. Time, 1m. 19s.
 One-mile run, 60yds. limit—F. S. Doughty, Pr. Y. M. C. A. (60yds.), 1; J. H. Deady, St. Ann's (23yds.), 2; F. M. Kanaly, C. G. A. (40yds.), 3. Time, 4m. 27 3-5s.
 Three standing jumps, 1ft. limit—B. E. Mulligan, K. A. C. (9in.) actual jump, 34ft. 8in., 1; Ray C. Ewry, N. Y. A. C. (scratch), 34ft. 5in., 2; E. H. Smith, H. A. A. (12in.), 34ft. to 1-2in. Mulligan broke previous record of 34ft. 6in.
 Two-mile run—Won by Alex. Grant, U. of P.; "Dick" Grant, 2. Time, 22m. 2-5s. John Cregan, of Princeton University, stopped after running 19 laps.
 Shot put—Won by H. F. Cochems, Harvard, 2ft. 3in., 44ft. 10 1/2in.; C. H. Robinson, Stone's School, 5ft. 6in., 2; 42ft. 10 1/2in.; T. B. Johnson, Williams, 6ft., 42ft. 1in., 3.
 45-yard, low hurdles—Won by G. S. Hasbrouck, Andover, 6ft.; J. W. Horr, 6ft., 2; J. H. Shirk, Harvard 4ft., 3. Time, 5.4 ss.
 Team race, Harvard vs. U. of P.—Won by Harvard.
 Team race, Cornell vs. Columbia—Won by Cornell.
 Team race, Amherst vs. Williams—Won by Williams.
 Team race, Dartmouth vs. Brown—Won by Dartmouth.
 Team race, Harvard, 1901, vs. Harvard, 1903—Won by Harvard, 1901.
 Team race, East Boston A. A. vs. Gloucester A. C.—Won by East Boston.
 Team race, Andover vs. Exeter—Won by Andover.
 Team race, Bowdoin vs. M. I. T.—Won by Bowdoin.

Owing to Curtis fouling M. L. Bernstein in the relay in the race between B. A. A. and Harvard, the race was given to Harvard.

KNICKERBOCKER A. C.

The annual winter indoor athletic meeting of the Knickerbocker Athletic Club was held in Madison Square Garden on the evening of February 10th.

The games brought together a large attendance and the entries from college athletes were very numerous. Their representatives did not return unrewarded.

The 50-yard dashes brought out very large entries. The first of these, for novices, required eight heats before the semi-finals were reached, in which E. Minehan, another of Georgetown's speedy sprinters, came out in the front. The handicap event would, in all probability, have gone to that remarkable representative of Georgetown, A. F. Duffy, who went through his field from scratch in the first heat, but that he had the misfortune to sprain his ankle shortly after, and did not come out to run for the other heats; the race, which was another eight-heat affair, went to Minehan in 5 2-5 seconds.

The three relay races were well contested, especially the four-fifths of a mile between St. Joseph A. A. of Boston and Xavier A. A. of New York. The Boston men made a fine showing and won in good time. It was left to Princeton and Cornell to fight out the college relay race, for the New York University team were outclassed. When the last pair started off the teams were on pretty even terms, but Cregan was too much for Bellinger and the race went to Princeton.

The five-mile relay was an easy win for the Pastime team. One of the surprises of the evening was the failure of R. C. Ewry in the three standing jumps. Ewry, who is at present in very poor form, failed even to gain a place.

A summary of the events follows:

50-yard novice race, scratch—Final heat won by E. Minehan, Georgetown; C. V. Slocovitch, Columbia, 2; A. Wortmann, Columbia, 3. Time, 6s.
 Four-fifths of a mile relay—Won by St. Joseph A. A. of Boston, with J. Doyle, J. Freno, E. Hines and J. Reilly; Xavier A. A. of New York, 2. Time, 2m. 58 2-5s.
 One-mile college team race—Won by Princeton, with J. M. Perry, W. A. Smith, H. T. Willis and J. F. Cregan; Cornell, 2. Time, 3m. 36 1-5s.
 440-yard novice race—Final heat won by W. Dummheller, University of Pennsylvania; R. Campiglio, Xavier A. A., 2; H. Webb, Montclair High School, 3. Time, 57 4-5s.
 50-yard dash, handicap—Final heat won by E. Minehan, Georgetown, 11ft.; dead heat for second place between C. V. Slocovitch, Columbia, 12ft., and G. H. Hoffman, Anchor A. C., 12ft. Time, 5 2-5s.
 Three standing broad jumps, handicap—Won by W. S. Edwards, Knickerbocker A. C., 3ft. 3in., with an actual jump of 32ft. 0 1/2in.; W. J. Feldkamp, Pastime A. C., 3ft. 6in., 2, with 30ft. 9 3/4in.; Henry Arnold, Union Settlement A. C., 3ft. 6in., 3, with 30ft. 6 1/2in.
 Half-mile handicap—Won by L. S. Thurston, Columbia, 50yds.; H. E. Spaulding, Military Academy of Montclair, 40yds., 2; G. D. Arnold, New West Side A. C., 32yds., 3. Time, 2m. 3-5s.
 One-mile run, handicap—Won by A. O. Berry, Cornell University, 58yds.; E. R. Bushnell, University of Pennsylvania, 70yds., 2; W. H. Christie, Fourth Regiment, N. J., 85yds., 3. Time, 4m. 27 4-5s.
 220-yard run—Final heat won by R. Hutcheson, Knickerbocker A. C., 20yds.; C. M. Cohen, Knickerbocker A. C., 24yds., 2; J. F. Miller, St. George A. C., 18yds., 3. Time, 23s.
 Five-mile relay race—Won by Pastime A. C., with D. J. Brennan, T. O'Connor, J. S. Lynch, and M. J. McGarry; Shamrock Harriers, 2, with T. Todd, C. A. Frede, S. A. Mellor, Jr., and L. Schrenkheiser, Time, 24m. 38 2-5s.

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